



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.

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## 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:**

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**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.**

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### Task (b)

**Creative writing:** Write your entry for a creative essay writing competition. The audience is teenagers. The picture on page 2 is to be the basis for your competition entry. You may provide your own title.

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Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal lines spaced evenly down the page.

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## 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>

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**DO NOT WRITE ON THIS PAGE**

| <b>For Examiner's use only</b> |              |
|--------------------------------|--------------|
| <b>Section</b>                 | <b>Marks</b> |
| A                              |              |
| B                              |              |
| <b>Total Marks</b>             |              |

**Examiner Number**

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*Rewarding Learning*

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2019**

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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.

"Excerpt from FOLLOW YOU HOME by Mark Edwards, reprinted under license arrangement, originating with Amazon publishing [www.apub.com](http://www.apub.com)"