



GCSE

3720UA0-1



W18-3720UA0-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER**

TUESDAY, 9 JANUARY 2018 – MORNING

2 hours

SECTION A

	<i>Pages</i>
<i>Of Mice and Men</i>	2-3
<i>Anita and Me</i>	4-5
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	6-7
<i>I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings</i>	8-9
<i>Chanda's Secrets</i>	10-11

SECTION B

<i>Poetry</i>	12
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in Section A **and** answer the question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer,

e.g.

2	1
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 .

Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A: 30 marks Section B: 20 marks

You are advised to spend your time as follows: Section A – about one hour
Section B – about one hour

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

SECTION A

Of Mice and Men

Answer

0	1
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 and **either**

0	2
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or

0	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

0	1
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 , and about 40 minutes on

0	2
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 or

0	3
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0	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at the way Curley speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

Either,

0	2
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 'In Curley's wife, Steinbeck has created a character who brings all her troubles on herself.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

0	3
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 The world of the ranch in *Of Mice and Men* is a difficult place for weak or vulnerable people. How does Steinbeck show this in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Curley came suddenly to life. 'I know who done it,' he cried. 'That big son-of-a-bitch done it. I know he done it. Why — ever'boday else was out there playin' horseshoes.' He worked himself into a fury. 'I'm gonna get him. I'm going for my shotgun. I'll kill the big son-of-a-bitch myself. I'll shoot 'im in the guts. Come on, you guys.' He ran furiously out of the barn. Carlson said, 'I'll get my Luger,' and he ran out too.

Slim turned quietly to George. 'I guess Lennie done it, all right,' he said. 'Her neck's bust. Lennie coulda did that.'

George didn't answer, but he nodded slowly. His hat was so far down on his forehead that his eyes were covered.

Slim went on, 'Maybe like that time in Weed you was tellin' about.'

Again George nodded.

Slim sighed. 'Well, I guess we got to get him. Where you think he might of went?'

It seemed to take George some time to free his words. 'He — would of went south,' he said. 'We come from north so he would of went south.'

'I guess we gotta get 'im,' Slim repeated.

George stepped close. 'Couldn' we maybe bring him in an' they'll lock him up? He's nuts, Slim. He never done this to be mean.'

Slim nodded. 'We might,' he said. 'If we could keep Curley in, we might. But Curley's gonna want to shoot 'im. Curley's still mad about his hand. An' s'pose they lock him up an' strap him down and put him in a cage. That ain't no good, George.'

'I know,' said George. 'I know.'

Carlson came running in. 'The bastard's stole my Luger,' he shouted. 'It ain't in my bag.' Curley followed him, and Curley carried a shotgun in his good hand. Curley was cold now.

'All right, you guys,' he said. 'The nigger's got a shotgun. You take it, Carlson. When you see 'um, don't give 'im no chance. Shoot for his guts. That'll double 'im over.'

Whit said excitedly, 'I ain't got a gun.'

Curley said, 'You go in Soledad an' get a cop. Get Al Wilts, he's deputy sheriff. Le's go now.' He turned suspiciously on George. 'You're comin' with us, fella.'

'Yeah,' said George. 'I'll come. But listen, Curley. The poor bastard's nuts. Don't shoot 'im. He di'n't know what he was doin'.'

'Don't shoot 'im?' Curley cried. 'He got Carlson's Luger. 'Course we'll shoot 'im.'

George said weakly, 'Maybe Carlson lost his gun.'

'I seen it this morning,' said Carlson. 'No, it's been took.'

Slim stood looking down at Curley's wife. He said, 'Curley — maybe you better stay here with your wife.'

Curley's face reddened. 'I'm goin',' he said. 'I'm gonna shoot the guts outta that big bastard myself, even if I only got one hand. I'm gonna get 'im.'

Slim turned to Candy. 'You stay here with her then, Candy. The rest of us better get goin'.'

They moved away. George stopped a moment beside Candy and they both looked down at the dead girl until Curley called, 'You George! You stick with us so we don't think you had nothin' to do with this.'

Anita and Me

Answer

1	1
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 and **either**

1	2
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or

1	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

1	1
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, and about 40 minutes on

1	2
---	---

 or

1	3
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1	1
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Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Meera Syal creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

1	2
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How does Meera Syal use the relationship between Meena and her father to highlight some aspects of British society at the time the novel is set? [20]

Or,

1	3
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'*Anita and Me* is about friendships, and the lessons we learn from them.' How is the theme of friendship presented in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

At first I could see nothing; the darkness had a texture so dense I fancied my outstretched hands were pushing against giant elastic cobwebs. The ground under me conspired to disorientate me. It was spongy and silent under my uncertain feet, no crackling branches or noisy heather to reassure me that I walked on the earth and owned it; I felt this forest now owned *me*. After slapping head-first into a few low branches I became accustomed to the gloom and began to pick my way more confidently through the trees, fixing my gaze on the back of Anita's shoes which seemed to glow like low, uneven landing lights. Then I suddenly realised that I could not hear the fairground any more. It had been replaced by a much louder noise, a low breathing made up of night breeze, whispering leaves, insects humming in morse code and the sporadic mournful hoots of a lone high owl.

'Hee-yaar!' whispered Anita, who came from nowhere to appear next to me and yanked my hand, pulling me after her up a pebbly rise until we were looking down at an immense black hole, which I only realised was water when I saw the moon suspended in its centre, a perfect silver disc in what looked like another upside-down sky.

'Hollow Pond!' I breathed reverently.

I had been here once before, I have a vague memory of sitting at the water's edge with someone, papa maybe, listening to him explain how this old mine shaft had filled with water and formed a natural pool. But I was not to ever swim there because it led into a huge labyrinth of other shafts and was therefore bottomless, unforgiving. There must have been a time when Hollow Pond was open to the village as I could not imagine papa sneaking around and snagging his trousers on some barbed wire to get in. But of course, since Jodie Bagshot's drowning, no one ventured here anymore.

As I thought of Jodie, I saw a flash of something from the corner of my eye, a movement in amongst the tall blurred bulrushes that could have been a child scrabbling for air. I began shivering so hard that my teeth actually sounded like castanets, which made Anita giggle. 'Come on... this ain't special. I'll show yow my secret...' I continued holding onto Anita's hand as she pulled me down the slope and around a crumbling brick wall which I realised with a shock was the actual perimeter of the Big House garden. I was too short and the wall too high to afford a clear view through the windows, tall thin windows with many concave panes like the surface of a fly's eye, all of which were dark except one. We paused by the wall opposite the illuminated square, both of us panting for breath. If I strained my neck there it was, my first ever glimpse into the Big House; two foot square of unveiled mystery, bordered with heavy red velvet curtains, and in its centre was a chandelier out of a fairy story, a huge layered crystal cake dripping with tiers of diamonds spilling off it like an over-generous filling. I felt I could taste it, taste something. It was a sickly sweet flavour that left a sharp aftertaste, it was carefree, spoiled, unobtainable. It made me hungry and resentful all at once, and in spite of my chattering teeth, I felt my cheeks flush as I stared and stared.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer

2	1
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 and **either**

2	2
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 or

2	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

2	1
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 , and about 40 minutes on

2	2
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 or

2	3
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2	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Harper Lee create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2	2
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 How does Harper Lee use the character of Dill to highlight some aspects of American society at the time the novel is set? [20]

Or,

2	3
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 How is the theme of prejudice used in *To Kill a Mockingbird* to comment on some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

It was then, I suppose, that Jem and I first began to part company. Sometimes I did not understand him, but my periods of bewilderment were short-lived. This was beyond me. 'Please,' I pleaded, 'can'tcha just think about it for a minute – by yourself on that place –'

'Shut up!'

'It's not like he'd never speak to you again or somethin' ... I'm gonna wake him up, Jem, I swear I am –'

Jem grabbed my pyjama collar and wrenched it tight. 'Then I'm goin' with you –' I choked.

'No you ain't, you'll just make noise.'

It was no use. I unlatched the back door and held it while he crept down the steps. It must have been two o'clock. The moon was setting and the lattice-work shadows were fading into fuzzy nothingness. Jem's white shirt-tail dipped and bobbed like a small ghost dancing away to escape the coming morning. A faint breeze stirred and cooled the sweat running down my sides.

He went the back way, through Deer's Pasture, across the school yard and around to the fence, I thought – at least that was the way he was headed. It would take longer, so it was not time to worry yet. I waited until it was time to worry and listened for Mr Radley's shotgun. Then I thought I heard the back fence squeak. It was wishful thinking.

Then I heard Atticus cough. I held my breath. Sometimes when we made a midnight pilgrimage to the bathroom we would find him reading. He said he often woke up during the night, checked on us, and read himself back to sleep. I waited for his light to go on, straining my eyes to see it flood the hall. It stayed off, and I breathed again.

The night-crawlers had retired, but ripe chinaberries drummed on the roof when the wind stirred, and the darkness was desolate with the barking of distant dogs.

There he was, returning to me. His white shirt bobbed over the back fence and slowly grew larger. He came up the back steps, latched the door behind him, and sat on his cot. Wordlessly, he held up his pants. He lay down and for a while I heard his cot trembling. Soon he was still. I did not hear him stir again.

I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

Answer

3	1
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 and **either**

3	2
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 or

3	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

3	1
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, and about 40 minutes on

3	2
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 or

3	3
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3	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How is the character of Maya's mother presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3	2
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 How does Maya Angelou use the character of Momma, Maya's grandmother, to highlight some features of American society in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

3	3
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 'In *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, male characters influence Maya less than the women in her life.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the book and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Mother's beauty made her powerful and her power made her unflinchingly honest. When we asked her what she did, what her job was, she walked us to Oakland's Seventh Street, where dusty bars and smoke shops sat in the laps of storefront churches. She pointed out Raincoat's Pinochle Parlor and Slim Jenkins' pretentious saloon. Some nights she played pinochle for money or ran a poker game at Mother Smith's or stopped at Slim's for a few drinks. She told us that she had never cheated anybody and wasn't making any preparations to do so. Her work was as honest as the job held by fat Mrs. Walker (a maid), who lived next door to us, and "a damn sight better paid." She wouldn't bust suds for anybody nor be anyone's kitchen bitch. The good Lord gave her a mind and she intended to use it to support her mother and her children. She didn't need to add "And have a little fun along the way."

In the street people were genuinely happy to see her. "Hey, baby. What's the news?"

"Everything's steady, baby, steady."

"How you doing, pretty?"

"I can't win, 'cause of the shape I'm in." (Said with a laugh that belied the content.)

"You all right, momma?"

"Aw, they tell me the whitefolks still in the lead." (Said as if that was not quite the whole truth.)

She supported us efficiently with humor and imagination. Occasionally we were taken to Chinese restaurants or Italian pizza parlors. We were introduced to Hungarian goulash and Irish stew. Through food we learned that there were other people in the world.

With all her jollity, Vivian Baxter had no mercy. There was a saying in Oakland at the time which, if she didn't say it herself, explained her attitude. The saying was, "Sympathy is next to shit in the dictionary, and I can't even read." Her temper had not diminished with the passing of time, and when a passionate nature is not eased with moments of compassion, melodrama is likely to take the stage. In each outburst of anger my mother was *fair*.

Chanda's Secrets

Answer

4	1
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 and **either**

4	2
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or

4	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

4	1
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, and about 40 minutes on

4	2
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 or

4	3
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4	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Mary speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

4	2
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 How is the character of Mama, Chanda's mother, presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

4	3
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 Which character in *Chanda's Secrets* do you think is most important in making Bonang face up to its secrets about AIDS? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

'Hey, Chanda!' The voice is loud. I turn around. It's Mary. She's propped against one of the shade posts, waving haphazardly. 'Heard about Sara ... Sorry, old friend.'

Everyone is 'old friend' to Mary. She knows the whole neighbourhood. Or at least the whole neighbourhood knows her. She went to school with my oldest brother. Back then, she was popular. She was fun and pretty and could sing and imitate people and wasn't stuck-up or anything.

Now she's twenty-five, and has four kids being raised by her mama. She spends her days going from shebeen to shebeen, looking for free drinks. Whenever I see her, she's wearing the same wool cap, pulled down to hide the scar over her right eye-brow. Today she's wearing a pair of drawstring pyjama bottoms; they cover the sores on her legs. After her front teeth were broken, she used to put her hand over her mouth when she talked; now she doesn't bother.

There're rumours that when Mary's passed out, men drag her into an outhouse and have their fun. She made a big scene last year, staggering up and down the streets banging on doors demanding to know who stole her underpants. Luckily for Mary, she never remembers anything. Or pretends that it's all a big joke. Even now, a year later, people come up and say, 'Hey, Mary, found your underpants?' Then they laugh. And she laughs with them. I wonder what she's really feeling?

Maybe that's why I don't blow up when I see Jonah's head in her lap. Mary isn't the first woman he's messed with. She won't be the last. Besides, he's so juiced up he couldn't do anything even if he wanted to. His eyes are crusty. He blinks to keep out the flies.

Mary cradles him. 'He hurts so much,' she says. 'All he can say is, "Sara. Sara." '

Jonah rocks his head. 'Sara,' he echoes, from some other world.

'Chanda's here,' Mary tells him.

Jonah gets a puzzled look. His eyes drift shut.

Mary sees me staring at a fresh gash on his forehead. 'He took a rock an' smashed his head to let the demons out,' she whispers.

'He should have smashed harder.'

At first Mary can't believe her ears. Then she laughs. 'I like you, friend. You always make jokes.'

'Do I?' I kick Jonah's leg. He surfaces. 'Jonah,' I say, 'Mr Bateman is picking up Sara at one. Understand?'

'Sara,' he murmurs.

'Right. Sara. One o'clock. Home. Be there.'

Jonah nods and passes out. I rifle through his pockets.

Mary focuses fast. 'What're you doing?'

'Nothing.' I find what I'm looking for. A small wad of cash, minus the elastic that held it together. The money from the hiding place. It's almost all there. I get up to go.

Mary shoves Jonah's head aside and hurls herself to her feet. 'Where you going with Jonah's money?' she yells. At the word 'money', a circle of drunks forms around us.

'It's for the funeral,' I say.

'Says who?' She takes a swing at me and almost falls over.

'Settle down, Mary,' I say. 'You don't need to fight for drink money. Today Jonah will get all the free drinks he wants.'

Mary's arms fall to her sides. She rocks on her feet, laughs, and shakes my hand. 'You're a good friend, Chanda. A good friend.'

SECTION B

Spend about 1 hour on this section. Think carefully about the poems before you write your answer.

Both poets describe grandparents.

5	1
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Write about both poems and their effect on you. Show how they are similar and how they are different.

You may write about the poems separately and then compare them, or make comparisons where appropriate in your answer as a whole. [20]

***Bamp**

That's him, with the tweed and corduroy skin, wearing the slack gloves of his hands, those liver spots like big full stops. That's him

passing time with his favourite hobby, which is you know, pottering, or staring closely at the middle distance, enjoying the magic tricks

his watch does. His pockets are for special things he has forgotten, no one fills the holes in crumpets like he does, and in his wallet

is a licence from the Queen and what it means is he can say what the hell he likes and you can't do nothing. That's him, with a cupboard full

of tea cosies, a severe hearing problem round those he doesn't like, gaps in his smile and stories, a head full of buried treasure

and look, that's him now, twiddling his thumbs so furiously, it's like he's knitting air. It's only him can hold the air together.

by Jonathan Edwards

My Grandparents

sit on their own in Palmers Green, day after day, in a room full of must and dried flowers, keeping company with their ornaments.

They frown at the chip on their willow pattern vase, while the lovers run across the bridge unnoticed.

They breathe fast and rub hard on their proud brass plates, but the faces gasping back at them are past reviving.

Afterwards, they settle down on studded armchairs, while they drink milky tea, and mask the sound of swallowing with talk of other people.

Everyone they know is a Mr or a Mrs — except each other. My grandparents have no names for each other. I'd have introduced them, if I only knew how.

by Jean Long

*Bamp – An informal word meaning grandfather

END OF PAPER