



GCSE – **NEW**

3720UA0-1



S17-3720UA0-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE  
UNIT 1  
HIGHER TIER**

MONDAY, 22 MAY 2017 – 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 |
|---------------|----|

**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet. Should you run out of space, use a pink 4-page continuation 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 |
|---|---|

 .

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 |
|---|---|

 and **either**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 2 |
|---|---|

**or**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 1 |
|---|---|

, and about 40 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 2 |
|---|---|

 or 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

How does John Steinbeck present the character of Crooks here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 2 |
|---|---|

 How is the relationship between George and Lennie presented in *Of Mice and Men*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 0 | 3 |
|---|---|

 'Dreams in *Of Mice and Men* offer the characters nothing but false hope.' 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, cultural and historical context. [20]

Crooks seemed to come slowly out of the layers of protection he had put on. 'Was that the truth what you said about the guys come back?' he asked.

'Sure. I heard 'em.'

'Well, I didn't hear nothing.'

'The gate banged,' Candy said, and he went on, 'Jesus Christ, Curley's wife can move quiet. I guess she had a lot of practice, though.'

Crooks avoided the whole subject now. 'Maybe you guys better go,' he said. 'I ain't sure I want you in here no more. A colored man got to have some rights even if he don't like 'em.'

Candy said, 'That bitch didn't ought to of said that to you.'

'It wasn't nothing,' Crooks said dully. 'You guys comin' in an' settin' made me forget. What she says is true.'

The horses snorted out in the barn and the chains rang and a voice called, 'Lennie. Oh, Lennie. You in the barn?'

'It's George,' Lennie cried. And he answered, 'Here, George. I'm right in here.'

In a second George stood framed in the door, and he looked disapprovingly about. 'What you doin' in Crooks' room? You hadn't ought to be in here.'

Crooks nodded. 'I tol' 'em, but they come in anyways.'

'Well, why'n't you kick 'em out?'

'I di'n't care much,' said Crooks. 'Lennie's a nice fella.'

Now Candy aroused himself. 'Oh, George! I been figurin' and figurin'. I got it doped out how we can even make some money on them rabbits.'

George scowled. 'I thought I tol' you not to tell nobody about that.'

Candy was crestfallen. 'Didn't tell nobody but Crooks.'

George said, 'Well you guys get outta here. Jesus, seems like I can't go away for a minute.'

Candy and Lennie stood up and went toward the door. Crooks called, 'Candy!'

'Huh?'

'Member what I said about hoein' and doin' odd jobs?'

'Yeah,' said Candy. 'I remember.'

'Well, jus' forget it,' said Crooks. 'I didn' mean it. Jus' foolin'. I wouldn' want to go no place like that.'

'Well, OK, if you feel like that. Goodnight.'

The three men went out of the door. As they went through the barn the horses snorted and the halter chains rattled.

Crooks sat on his bunk and looked at the door for a moment, and then he reached for the liniment bottle. He pulled out his shirt in back, poured a little liniment in his pink palm, and, reaching around, he fell slowly to rubbing his back.

**Anita and Me**

Answer 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 1 |
|---|---|

 and **either**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 2 |
|---|---|

**or**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 1 |
|---|---|

, and about 40 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 2 |
|---|---|

 or 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

How does Meera Syal present Meena here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 2 |
|---|---|

 How is the character of Nanima presented in *Anita and Me*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | 3 |
|---|---|

 'Meera Syal's *Anita and Me* takes a nostalgic view of life for immigrant families in Britain in the 1960s.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

By the time I reached the last car, a Hillman Imp containing a sweet-faced elderly woman, I was almost enjoying myself, swept up by the drama of the occasion, imagining how I would recite and embroider the story for my friends at school the next day. I tapped on the window and the old dear slowly rolled it down. 'Sorry, but me mum's at the top of the hill and she's rolling down, ar ... can yow move back just a bit? Ta.'

She blinked once and fumbled with the gear stick and said casually, 'Bloody stupid wog. Stupid woggy wog. Stupid.'

I backed off as if I had been punched and began running up the hill to our Mini, where mama was waiting with the door open and the lights were green. I jumped into the front seat and mama shot off, from nought to thirty in five seconds in first gear, just as the lights changed to amber behind us, trapping the bus which tooted furiously at our retreating bumper. We did not speak at all until we pulled into the car park of the *gurudwara*, a converted church in an anonymous, treeless side street. Mama said, 'Wipe your nose,' and handed me a tissue and we went inside.

I don't remember much about the rest of the day; there were lots of women, some of whom mama obviously knew, who pinched my cheek and sang along loudly and sharply to the *bhajans*, led by a solemn turbaned priest. There was a draped canopy beneath which sat the Holy Book, the poles supporting the tented roof were spiralled with fairy lights, and portraits of the Gurus engaged in various bloody acts of martyrdom adorned the walls. There was a small anteroom with a sectioned, open cupboard which contained hundreds of pairs of shoes, which everyone had to remove on entering, and a small cracked sink where we washed our hands before leaving.

But I never left mama's side the whole time and although she may have intended to talk me through every aspect of the worship, explaining the rituals, translating the elaborate Punjabi, teaching me one of the hymns, she seemed to be preoccupied. I knew she was already thinking about how she would handle the long journey back home, and my mind was too full of the old lady to think about God.

Later that evening, papa pulled me onto his lap and asked me what I had learned that day. I wanted to tell him about the old lady, but then I looked at his face and saw something I had never seen before, a million of these encounters written in the lines around his warm, hopeful eyes, lurking in the furrows of his brow, shadowing the soft curves of his mouth. I suddenly realised that what had happened to me must have happened to papa countless times, but not once had he ever shared his upset with me. He must have known it would have made me feel as I felt right now, hurt, angry, confused, and horribly powerless because this kind of hatred could not be explained. I decided to return the compliment. 'I learned,' I replied, 'that mama is a really good driver.'

**To Kill a Mockingbird**

Answer 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 1 |
|---|---|

 and **either**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 2 |
|---|---|

**or**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 1 |
|---|---|

, and about 40 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 2 |
|---|---|

 or 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

How is the character of Mrs Dubose presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 2 |
|---|---|

 Atticus and his sister Alexandra have very different views and values. How does Harper Lee present the differences between them throughout the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 | 3 |
|---|---|

 'To Kill a Mockingbird is a novel of hope, despite the horror it portrays.' 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, cultural and historical context. [20]

Mrs Dubose was stationed on her porch when we went by. 'Where are you two going at this time of day?' she shouted. 'Playing hooky, I suppose. I'll just call up the principal and tell him!' She put her hands on the wheels of her chair and executed a perfect right face.

'Aw, it's Saturday, Mrs Dubose,' said Jem.

'Makes no difference if it's Saturday,' she said obscurely.

'I wonder if your father knows where you are?'

'Mrs Dubose, we've been goin' to town by ourselves since we were this high.' Jem placed his hand palm-down about two feet above the sidewalk.

'Don't you lie to me!' she yelled. 'Jeremy Finch, Maudie Atkinson told me you broke down her scuppernong arbour this morning. She's going to tell your father and then you'll wish you never saw the light of day! If you aren't sent to the reform school before next week, my name's not Dubose!'

Jem, who hadn't been near Miss Maudie's scuppernong arbour since last summer, and who knew Miss Maudie wouldn't tell Atticus if he had, issued a general denial.

'Don't you contradict me!' Mrs Dubose bawled. 'And *you* —' she pointed an arthritic finger at me — 'what are you doing in those overalls? You should be in a dress and camisole, young lady! You'll grow up waiting on tables if somebody doesn't change your ways — a Finch waiting on tables at the O.K. Café — hah!'

I was terrified. The O.K. Café was a dim organization on the north side of the square. I grabbed Jem's hand but he shook me loose.

'Come on, Scout,' he whispered. 'Don't pay any attention to her, just hold your head high and be a gentleman.'

But Mrs Dubose held us: 'Not only a Finch waiting on tables but one in the court-house lawing for niggers!'

Jem stiffened. Mrs Dubose's shot had gone home and she knew it.

'Yes indeed, what has this world come to when a Finch goes against his raising? I'll tell you!' She put her hand to her mouth. When she drew it away, it trailed a long silver thread of saliva. 'Your father's no better than the niggers and trash he works for!'

Jem was scarlet. I pulled at his sleeve, and we were followed up the sidewalk by a philippic on our family's moral degeneration, the major premise of which was that half the Finches were in the asylum anyway, but if our mother were living we would not have come to such a state.

***I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings***

Answer 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 1 |
|---|---|

 and **either**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 2 |
|---|---|

**or**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 1 |
|---|---|

, and about 40 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 2 |
|---|---|

 or 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

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

**Either,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 2 |
|---|---|

 How is Maya's relationship with her brother, Bailey Junior, presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the book and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 | 3 |
|---|---|

 'Most of the female characters in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* could be described as 'survivors'.' 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, cultural and historical context. [20]



Late one day, as we were attending to the pigs, I heard a horse in the front yard (it really should have been called a driveway, except that there was nothing to drive into it), and ran to find out who had come riding up on a Thursday evening when even Mr. Steward, the quiet, bitter man who owned a riding horse, would be resting by his warm fire until the morning called him out to turn over his field.

The used-to-be sheriff sat rakishly astraddle his horse. His nonchalance was meant to convey his authority and power over even dumb animals. How much more capable he would be with Negroes. It went without saying.

His twang jogged in the brittle air. From the side of the Store, Bailey and I heard him say to Momma, "Annie, tell Willie he better lay low tonight. A crazy nigger messed with a white lady today. Some of the boys'll be coming over here later." Even after the slow drag of years, I remember the sense of fear which filled my mouth with hot, dry air, and made my body light.

The "boys"? Those cement faces and eyes of hate that burned the clothes off you if they happened to see you lounging on the main street downtown on Saturday. Boys? It seemed that youth had never happened to them. Boys? No, rather men who were covered with graves' dust and age without beauty or learning. The ugliness and rottenness of old abominations.

If on Judgment Day I were summoned by St. Peter to give testimony to the used-to-be sheriff's act of kindness, I would be unable to say anything in his behalf. His confidence that my uncle and every other Black man who heard of the Klan's coming ride would scurry under their houses to hide in chicken droppings was too humiliating to hear. Without waiting for Momma's thanks, he rode out of the yard, sure that things were as they should be and that he was a gentle squire, saving those deserving serfs from the laws of the land, which he condoned.

Immediately, while his horse's hoofs were still loudly thudding the ground, Momma blew out the coal-oil lamps. She had a quiet, hard talk with Uncle Willie and called Bailey and me into the Store.

We were told to take the potatoes and onions out of their bins and knock out the dividing walls that kept them apart. Then with a tedious and fearful slowness Uncle Willie gave me his rubber-tipped cane and bent down to get into the now-enlarged empty bin. It took forever before he lay down flat, and then we covered him with potatoes and onions, layer upon layer, like a casserole. Grandmother knelt praying in the darkened Store.

**Chanda's Secrets**

Answer 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 1 |
|---|---|

 and **either**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 2 |
|---|---|

**or**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 1 |
|---|---|

, and about 40 minutes on 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 2 |
|---|---|

 or 

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 3 |
|---|---|

.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

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

**Either,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 2 |
|---|---|

 How is the relationship between Chanda and Esther presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 4 | 3 |
|---|---|

 How does Alan Stratton present the theme of lies and secrets in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Two days later, Mama slips into a coma.

Esther looks after Iris and Soly, while Mrs Tafa organizes different neighbours to bring food and help with chores. I stay with Mama the whole time, changing her, and turning her over to keep away bedsores. At night I pass out on a mat beside her. I'm glad I don't have time to think. If I did, I'd go crazy.

In the middle of the week, I get a visitor. Mr Selalame. Without thinking, I throw myself into his arms. 'Oh, Mr Selalame, I'm frightened.'

When I settle down, I have Esther sit with Mama, and Mr Selalame and I go for a walk. We end up at the park around the block, sitting on the swings.

'I'm sorry about school,' I say. 'I'm sorry for letting you down.'

'You didn't.'

I wipe my eyes. 'I don't think I can go back. When this is over, I'll have to work.'

'I know.' He pauses. 'Chanda, this isn't the right time to make decisions. But I want you to know I've made enquiries. A lot of teachers are ill. There aren't enough qualified replacements. You were one of my best students. I've recommended you at the elementary school. When you're ready — if you're interested — the principal says you can have a job as a supply.'

I know this is wonderful news. Working supply will help us get by — and I can keep an eye on Iris — Soly too, he'll be starting school next year. All the same, I think of my dreams. How I wanted to graduate. Get a scholarship. Be a lawyer. A doctor. A full teacher. My dreams are over. I choke up.

Mr Selalame knows why I'm crying. He puts a hand on my shoulder. 'Chanda, you keep your dreams alive, you hear? This is only for now. Dreams are for your whole life.'

At night I sit with Mama after everyone's asleep. I hold her hand and tell her what Mr Selalame said. 'It's not perfect,' I say quietly, 'but there's always the future. And meanwhile, Soly and Iris and I will be all right. We'll survive.'

They tell me Mama can't hear me. All the same, when I say my news, her body relaxes. She begins to rest easy.

She stays with us for one last day. Iris and Soly know what's coming. They sit beside her and tell her stories. I say that even though Mama's sleeping, deep inside she knows they're there.

Every so often, one of them cries. I try not to show how afraid I am. 'It's all right,' I say. 'I'll be with you.'

'But we want Mama. We don't want her to go.'

'She won't be gone. Not really. Whenever you miss her, just close your eyes. She'll be as close as your nearest thought.' I hope that's true. Even if it isn't, I don't know what else to say.

## SECTION B

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

**Both poets write about groups of school pupils.**

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 5 | 1 |
|---|---|

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

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

**Assembly**

Somebody whispered something  
and a little titter  
skittered and scuttled along the rows  
then burrowed under a heap of teachers' frowns.  
Nobody spoke.  
The hall was huge with silence.  
No words fluttered on the empty air,  
only dust motes moved  
in the curious light  
that chinned itself up to the window  
and peered through.  
Somebody coughed.  
Feet shuffled themselves.  
The headmaster banged his fist  
until the startled lectern jumped with fright.

"You! You down there!  
That boy in the green shirt!"  
His signpost finger zapped us all,  
but nobody moved;  
nobody spoke.  
Only the titter, feral as anything,  
blundered around the room,  
seeking escape.

Well, I mean, the school uniform —  
it's grey trousers —  
and the shirt is green.

*by Anne Bell*

**The Nighthawks**

This little harbour  
Where bored pupils moor their boots  
In the faggy mist. School is forgotten now,  
Stubbed out  
As we dawdle and drag.  
Trawling for laughter,  
Our words are puffed out  
Or held in the heart  
Expelled in perfect gossiping rings.  
Through the window,  
In the streets,  
Afternoon spills into evening  
A rush-hour tide of flowing feet and faces.  
The moon is a silver spoon.  
Lights come on in the café.

Every word has been said now.  
The chink of cup and spoon is done  
As we fumble for change  
And disperse like sugar  
Dissolving into the caffeine city  
With peppermints handy for questioning parents;  
But for the moment we are sails,  
Filled up with ourselves  
Heading homeward  
Through the dregs  
Of dusk.

*by Andrew Fusek Peters and Polly Peters*

**END OF PAPER**