



GCSE

4201/02



W15-4201-02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

A.M. THURSDAY, 8 January 2015

2 hours

SECTION A

| <i>Question</i> | <i>Pages</i> |
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| 1. <i>Of Mice and Men</i> | 2-3 |
| 2. <i>Anita and Me</i> | 4-5 |
| 3. <i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i> | 6-7 |
| 4. <i>I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings</i> | 8-9 |
| 5. <i>Chanda's Secrets</i> | 10-11 |

SECTION B

| | |
|------------------|----|
| 6. <i>Poetry</i> | 12 |
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **two** questions: **one** from Section A (Questions 1-5) and Section B (Question 6).

All questions in Section A consist of two parts. Part (a) is based on an extract from the set text. You are then asked to answer **either** (b) **or** (c), which requires some longer writing on the text.

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

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

SECTION A**1. *Of Mice and Men***

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at the way George speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (b) How does John Steinbeck use the character of Curley's wife to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

- (c) '*Of Mice and Men* is Steinbeck's protest against the unfairness of American society in the 1930s.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

George stared at his solitaire lay, and then he flounced the cards together and turned around to Lennie. Lennie was lying down on the bunk watching him.

‘Look, Lennie! This here ain’t no set up. I’m scared. You gonna have trouble with that Curley guy. I seen that kind before. He was kinda feelin’ you out. He figures he’s got you scared and he’s gonna take a sock at you the first chance he gets.’

Lennie’s eyes were frightened. ‘I don’t want no trouble,’ he said plaintively. ‘Don’t let him sock me, George.’

George got up and went over to Lennie’s bunk and sat down on it. ‘I hate that kinda bastard,’ he said. ‘I seen plenty of ’em. Like the old guy says, Curley don’t take no chances. He always wins.’ He thought for a moment. ‘If he tangles with you, Lennie, we’re gonna get the can. Don’t make no mistake about that. He’s the boss’s son. Look, Lennie. You try to keep away from him, will you? Don’t never speak to him. If he comes in here you move clear to the other side of the room. Will you do that, Lennie?’

‘I don’t want no trouble,’ Lennie mourned. ‘I never done nothing to him.’

‘Well, that won’t do you no good if Curley wants to plug himself up for a fighter. Just don’t have nothing to do with him. Will you remember?’

‘Sure, George. I ain’t gonna say a word.’

The sound of the approaching grain teams was louder, thud of big hooves on hard ground, drag of brakes and the jingle of trace chains. Men were calling back and forth from the teams. George, sitting on the bunk beside Lennie, frowned as he thought. Lennie asked timidly, ‘You ain’t mad, George?’

‘I ain’t mad at you. I’m mad at this here Curley bastard. I hoped we was gonna get a little stake together – maybe a hundred dollars.’ His tone grew decisive. ‘You keep away from Curley, Lennie.’

‘Sure I will, George. I won’t say a word.’

‘Don’t let him pull you in – but – if the son-of-a-bitch socks you – let ’im have it.’

‘Let ’im have what, George?’

‘Never mind, never mind. I’ll tell you when. I hate that kind of a guy. Look, Lennie, if you get in any kind of trouble, you remember what I told you to do?’

Lennie raised up on his elbow. His face contorted with thought. Then his eyes moved sadly to George’s face. ‘If I get in any trouble, you ain’t gonna let me tend the rabbits.’

‘That’s not what I meant. You remember where we slept last night? Down by the river?’

‘Yeah. I remember. Oh, sure I remember! I go there an’ hide in the brush.’

‘Hide till I come for you. Don’t let nobody see you. Hide in the brush by the river. Say that over.’

2. Anita and Me

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

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

Either,

- (b) How does Meera Syal use the character of Meena to highlight some aspects of British society at the time the novel is set? [20]

Or,

- (c) 'Some characters' experiences of life in Tollington depend on the colour of their skin.' 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]

Papa's *mehfils* were legendary, evenings where our usual crowd plus a few dozen extra families would squeeze themselves into our house to hear papa and selected Uncles sing their favourite Urdu *ghazals* and Punjabi folk songs. Once the mammoth task of feeding everyone in shifts was over (kids first, men second, then the women who by then were usually sick of the sight of food), the youngsters would be banished to the TV room. A white sheet was spread in the lounge upon which the elders sat cross-legged, playing cards, chatting, until someone would say 'Acha Kumar saab let's go!' Then papa would take down his harmonium from the top of the wardrobe, unwrap it from its psychedelic bedspread, and run his fingers over the keys whilst the other hand pumped the back, and it coughed into life like a rudely-awakened grumpy old man.

Then the fun would begin; papa would start off slowly, practising scales maybe, then playing a simple folk song with a chorus that everyone could join in with. '*Ni babhi mere guthe na keree*' ... he would intone, singing in the voice of a young unmarried girl who is begging her sister-in-law not to do her hair as the long oily plaits remind her of snakes ... Why she was worried about dreaming about snakes, I did not figure out till I was much older. The men would shout the refrain to the verse, holding their hands to the sky, as if expecting gold to be thrown in the face of their massive talent. The Aunties would grab nearby utensils, spoons, pans, even using the bangles on their wrists, to keep a beat going, performing mock blushes and flirty reprimands in the face of their husbands' smiling innuendoes.

Then suddenly the mood would change. Papa would wait for the laughter and joking to die down and close his eyes, drawing breath deeply from down in his stomach. And then he would open his mouth and a sound came out which was something between a sob and a sigh, notes I could not recognise hung in the air, so close in tone yet each one different, a gradual ascent and then pure flight as his throat opened up to swallow the room. Then the words, words always about love, a lover departing or arriving and how the heart bled or bloomed in response, a whole song about the shadow cast by a lover's eyelashes on her cheek, a single line which somehow captured life, death and the unknown.

During these *ghazals*, my elders became strangers to me. The Uncles would close their eyes with papa, heads inclined, passions and secrets turning their familiar faces into heroes and gods. The Aunties would weep silently, letting the tears hang like jewels from their eyelids, tragedy and memory illuminating their features, each face a *diya*. The only sound besides papa's voice came occasionally from one of the Uncles who would raise their hands and simply shout, '*Wah!*' The word had no literal meaning, mama told me later, but what word would there be for these feelings that papa's songs awoke in everyone? I did not often stay for these mournful *ghazals*, preferring to creep off to bed unnoticed whilst my younger cousins slept in milky heaps like an abandoned litter. There was no point in my being there; when I looked at my elders, in these moments, they were all far, far away.

3. *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Harper Lee present Mayella here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (b) Show how Harper Lee uses the character of Atticus to highlight some aspects of American society at the time the novel is set. [20]

Or,

- (c) At the end of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Miss Maudie says that Maycomb has ‘taken a step – it’s just a baby step but it’s a step’. How does Harper Lee present change in the society of Maycomb? [20]

But someone was booming again.

'Mayella Violet Ewell –!'

A young girl walked to the witness stand. As she raised her hand and swore that the evidence she gave would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help her God, she seemed somehow fragile-looking, but when she sat facing us in the witness chair she became what she was, a thick-bodied girl accustomed to strenuous labour.

In Maycomb County, it was easy to tell when someone bathed regularly, as opposed to yearly lavations: Mr Ewell had a scalded look; as if an overnight soaking had deprived him of protective layers of dirt, his skin appeared to be sensitive to the elements. Mayella looked as if she tried to keep clean, and I was reminded of the row of red geraniums in the Ewell yard.

Mr Gilmer asked Mayella to tell the jury in her own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first of last year, just in her own words, please.

Mayella sat silently.

'Where were you at dusk on that evening?' began Mr Gilmer patiently.

'On the porch.'

'Which porch?'

'Ain't but one, the front porch.'

'What were you doing on the porch?'

'Nothin'.'

Judge Taylor said, 'Just tell us what happened. You can do that, can't you?'

Mayella stared at him and burst into tears. She covered her mouth with her hands and sobbed. Judge Taylor let her cry for a while, then he said, 'That's enough now. Don't be 'fraid of anybody here, as long as you tell the truth. All this is strange to you, I know, but you've nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear. What are you scared of?'

Mayella said something behind her hands. 'What was that?' asked the judge.

'Him,' she sobbed, pointing at Atticus.

'Mr Finch?'

She nodded vigorously, saying, 'Don't want him doin' me like he done Papa, tryin' to make him out left-handed ...'

Judge Taylor scratched his thick white hair. It was plain that he had never been confronted with a problem of this kind. 'How old are you?' he asked.

'Nineteen-and-a-half,' Mayella said.

Judge Taylor cleared his throat and tried unsuccessfully to speak in soothing tones. 'Mr Finch has no idea of scaring you,' he growled, 'and if he did, I'm here to stop him. That's one thing I'm sitting up here for. Now you're a big girl, so you just sit up straight and tell the – tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?'

I whispered to Jem, 'Has she got good sense?'

Jem was squinting down at the witness stand. 'Can't tell yet,' he said. 'She's got enough sense to get the judge sorry for her, but she might be just – oh, I don't know.'

Mollified, Mayella gave Atticus a final terrified glance and said to Mr Gilmer, 'Well sir, I was on the porch and – and he came along and, you see, there was this old chiffarobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin' – Papa told me to do it while he was off in the woods, but I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by –'

'Who is "he"?''

Mayella pointed to Tom Robinson. 'I'll have to ask you to be more specific, please,' said Mr Gilmer. 'The reporter can't put down gestures very well.'

'That'n yonder,' she said. 'Robinson.'

'Then what happened?'

'I said, "Come here, nigger, and bust up this chiffarobe for me, I gotta nickel for you." He coulda done it easy enough, he could. So he come in the yard an' I went in the house to get him the nickel and I turned around an'fore I knew it he was on me. Just run up behind me, he did. He got me round the neck, cussin' me and sayin' dirt – I fought 'n'hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin an' agin –'

Mr Gilmer waited for Mayella to collect herself: she had twisted her handkerchief into a sweaty rope: when she opened it to wipe her face it was a mass of creases from her hot hands. She waited for Mr Gilmer to ask another question, but when he didn't, she said, '– he chunked me on the floor an' choked me'n took advantage of me.'

4. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) 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,

- (b) How does Maya Angelou use her childhood experiences to highlight some aspects of the society in which she grew up? [20]

Or,

- (c) In *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou says that the black people of America were 'a people whose history and future were threatened each day'. How does Maya Angelou present this in her autobiography? [20]

Bailey and I lay the coins on top of the cash register. Uncle Willie didn't allow us to ring up sales during a fight. It was too noisy and might shake up the atmosphere. When the gong rang for the next round we pushed through the near-sacred quiet to the herd of children outside.

"He's got Louis against the ropes and now it's a left to the body and a right to the ribs. Another right to the body, it looks like it was low ... Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the referee is signaling but the contender keeps raining the blows on Louis. It's another to the body and it looks like Louis is going down."

My race groaned. It was our people falling. It was another lynching, yet another Black man hanging on a tree. One more woman ambushed and raped. A Black boy whipped and maimed. It was hounds on the trail of a man running through slimy swamps. It was a white woman slapping her maid for being forgetful.

The men in the Store stood away from the walls and at attention. Women greedily clutched the babes on their laps while on the porch the shufflings and smiles, flirtings and pinching of a few minutes before were gone. This might be the end of the world. If Joe lost we were back in slavery and beyond help. It would all be true, the accusations that we were lower types of human beings. Only a little higher than the apes. True that we were stupid and ugly and lazy and dirty and, unlucky and worst of all, that God Himself hated us and ordained us to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, forever and ever, world without end.

We didn't breathe. We didn't hope. We waited.

"He's off the ropes, ladies and gentlemen. He's moving towards the center of the ring." There was no time to be relieved. The worst might still happen.

"And now it looks like Joe is mad. He's caught Carnera with a left hook to the head and a right to the head. It's a left jab to the body and another left to the head. There's a left cross and a right to the head. The contender's right eye is bleeding and he can't seem to keep his block up. Louis is penetrating every block. The referee is moving in, but Louis sends a left to the body and it's the upper-cut to the chin and the contender is dropping. He's on the canvas, ladies and gentlemen."

Babies slid to the floor as women stood up and men leaned toward the radio.

"Here's the referee. He's counting. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven ... Is the contender trying to get up again?"

All the men in the store shouted, "NO."

"—eight, nine, ten." There were a few sounds from the audience, but they seemed to be holding themselves in against tremendous pressure.

"The fight is all over, ladies and gentlemen. Let's get the microphone over to the referee ... Here he is. He's got the Brown Bomber's hand, he's holding it up ... Here he is ..."

Then the voice, husky and familiar, came to wash over us—"The winnah, and still heavyweight champeen of the world ... Joe Louis."

Champion of the world. A Black boy. Some Black mother's son. He was the strongest man in the world. People drank Coca-Colas like ambrosia and ate candy bars like Christmas. Some of the men went behind the Store and poured white lightning in their soft-drink bottles, and a few of the bigger boys followed them. Those who were not chased away came back blowing their breath in front of themselves like proud smokers.

It would take an hour or more before the people would leave the Store and head for home. Those who lived too far had made arrangements to stay in town. It wouldn't do for a Black man and his family to be caught on a lonely country road on a night when Joe Louis had proved that we were the strongest people in the world.

5. Chanda's Secrets

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

- (a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Allan Stratton present the relationship between Esther and Chanda here?
Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (b) How does Allan Stratton use the character of Mrs Tafa to show some aspects of the society in which she lives? [20]

Or,

- (c) How does Allan Stratton present the importance of secrets in the society described in *Chanda's Secrets*? [20]

The first day I arrived, I was sitting in my yard feeling lonely and thinking about running away back to Tiro. That's when Esther skipped up. She had the biggest combs in her hair I'd ever seen. 'Hi,' she said. 'I'm Esther. I'm six.'

'I'm Chanda. I'm six, too.'

'Hooray, that makes us twins. I've lived here since forever and ever. Watch me get dizzy.' She spun around in circles and fell down. 'Guess what? My papa's a foreman. We have a flush toilet. Want to see it?' She grabbed me by the hand and yanked me down the road to her house. Her mama was shelling peas on the front doorstep when we arrived.

'This is Chanda. I'm showing her our toilet,' Esther said, pulling me inside before I had a chance to say 'hello'.

At first, I couldn't believe that I was looking at a toilet. I thought it was a fancy soup bowl. 'Watch this!' Esther crowed. She yanked a chain. There was a roar like a giant waterfall. I screamed.

Esther giggled. 'When boys give me a hard time, I tell them I'm going to stuff them in my toilet, and flush them into the river with the crocodiles.'

'Can I try it?'

Esther nodded. 'But then we have to disappear fast, because Mama will be after us for wasting water.'

I yanked the chain, the waterfall roared, and we ran out the back door as Esther's mama came down the corridor yelling, 'That's enough flushing, Esther. It's not a toy.'

A couple of houses away we collapsed in laughter. 'I thought our outhouse was special, with the cement shelf to sit on,' I said. 'But your toilet – it's like magic! You'll never guess where we had to pee at the cattle post.'

'Where?' Esther's eyes danced in anticipation.

I scrunched up my face to make it sound as awful as possible. 'In a tiny reed hut. All the women had to squat over a hole in the ground.'

'Eaow!' Esther squealed in delight. 'What about the men?'

'They peed on the walls!'

'Eaow! Eaow! Eaow!' she shrieked.

'They had to,' I roared. 'Too much liquid in the hole made the sides collapse.'

'And you could fall in!'

'Maybe even drown!'

'EAOWOOOO!!!' We both howled with laughter and rolled around hysterically. I tried to explain that when the reeds got too stinky we threw them away and got new ones, but I couldn't get past the word 'stinky' without setting off another explosion of giggles.

SECTION B

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

In both of these poems the poets describe what their homes mean to them.

6. 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]

Table

We were going to sell the table.
It's big where it is,
with those elbowing edges
coming after us
and corners
that force us into corners.

But we decided not to. Instead,
we said
we'd rub down the surface,
get rid of each burn and dent
and moon of stain
and the stuck inch of newsprint.

But we've not even been able
to start cleaning our old table.

It's had too many babies
changed on it,
too many trumpets
and spoons whanged on it,
too many whales and witches
drawn on it
to do anything with it;

there's been too much homework and grief
dumped on it, too much laughter
heard round it, too many candles
burned down over it,
to do anything else but leave it there,
in the awkward place it's in,

elbowing us with its edges,
reminding us.

Robert Hull

Sold

Others want this house and soon
we must either leave or stay.
Is it the house or love
we are moving out of?
Perhaps we cannot say

but it hurts, all afternoon
our marriage has moved inside me –
the boys, the prints on the stairs,
the broken down cars, the holidays
in heaven and hell, long Saturdays
in market towns, mad neighbours ...

I pick you a pear from the tree
but you have disappeared again
into silence you inhabit,
your second home, where a whisper
might fall heavily to the floor –
an incendiary, pear-shaped
and loaded with pain.

Shall we stay or leave then, love?
It's only the years moving inside us
and everything hurts in the autumn.
Where shall we put them,
the years, in our new house?
The years we are moving out of?

Paul Henry