GCSE

Z22-C722U10-B

C722U10-B

WEDNESDAY, 25 MAY 2022 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
COMPONENT 1
Post-1914 Prose/Drama

1 hour

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

The use of a dictionary is not permitted in this examination.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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

Answer the **one** question on the **one** text you have studied.

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, for example, **2** **1** .

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

5 marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures where indicated.

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Post 1914 Prose/Drama

Answer on **one** text only.

0 1 ***Lord of the Flies***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about some of the violent events in *Lord of the Flies*. How are they important to the novel as a whole?

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Ralph heard the great rock long before he saw it. He was aware of a jolt in the earth that came to him through the soles of his feet, and the breaking sound of stones at the top of the cliff. Then the monstrous red thing bounded across the neck and he flung himself flat while the tribe shrieked.

The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow from chin to knee; the conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy, saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, travelled through the air sideways from the rock, turning over as he went. The rock bounded twice and was lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty feet and landed on his back across that square, red rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out and turned red. Piggy's arms and legs twitched a bit, like a pig's after it has been killed. Then the sea breathed again in a long slow sigh, the water boiled white and pink over the rock; and when it went, sucking back again, the body of Piggy was gone.

This time the silence was complete. Ralph's lips formed a word but no sound came.

Suddenly Jack bounded out from the tribe and began screaming wildly.

"See? See? That's what you'll get! I meant that! There isn't a tribe for you any more! The conch is gone–"

He ran forward, stooping.

"I'm Chief!"

Viciously, with full intention, he hurled his spear at Ralph. The point tore the skin and flesh over Ralph's ribs, then sheared off and fell in the water. Ralph stumbled, feeling not pain but panic, and the tribe, screaming now like the Chief, began to advance. Another spear, a bent one that would not fly straight, went past his face and one fell from on high where Roger was. The twins lay hidden behind the tribe and the anonymous devils' faces swarmed across the neck. Ralph turned and ran. A great noise as of sea-gulls rose behind him. He obeyed an instinct that he did not know he possessed and swerved over the open space so that the spears went wide. He saw the headless body of the sow and jumped in time. Then he was crashing through foliage and small boughs and was hidden by the forest.

The Chief stopped by the pig, turned and held up his hands.

"Back! Back to the fort!"

0 2 ***Anita and Me***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Anita and Me is a novel about growing up. Write about growing up in *Anita and Me* and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

I did once overhear them discussing me in guilty whispers in the kitchen whilst I was putting my bike away in the shed, my T-shirt stuck to my back in Friesian patches and my healing leg tingling with renewed hope. '… used to be such a happy child!' I froze at papa's urgent tone, carefully leaning my bike against the wall and deadening its slowly turning spokes. 'She is happy, Shyam!' mama hissed back. 'You still expect her to jump onto your lap and pull on your nose hairs? She's not a little girl anymore, of course she's going to get a bit more serious about things, and so she should! We should put the house on the market now …' 'Let her pass the exam first!' papa said, his voice getting louder. 'She will pass it, no problem. She's my daughter,' mama replied. I could hear the grin in her voice. There was a brief pause, some movement and a sigh, I realised with amazement that they had just kissed. Was it like Sam and Anita kissed, mouths clamped together, tongues drilling each other's cavities? Was it this that endured through fifteen years of marriage and welded people together?

'But the accident,' papa said finally. 'It definitely affected her. And that boy she was sweet on, she's never mentioned him since. Do you think …' 'Oh don't be silly, Shyam! She's much too young to be bothering about such things. She doesn't even know what a boyfriend is.' Papa's silence told me how much better he knew me than mama, at this point.

Ah, my darling parents, how much they had tried to cushion me from anything unpleasant or unusual, never guessing that this would only make me seek out the thrill of the dark and dramatic, afraid of what I might be missing, defiant that I would know and experience much more than them. And now I was reaping the karma of all those lies and longings; I had lost a Nanima, a soul mate and temporarily, a leg – enough excitement for a lifetime already. If mama and papa knew the whole picture, they might have called it punishment. But this was the oddest thing, this is what I realised, standing in the yard, a sweaty eavesdropper holding my breath, that at this moment, I was content. I had absorbed Nanima's absence and Robert's departure like rain on parched earth, drew it in deep and drank from it. I now knew I was not a bad girl, a mixed-up girl, a girl with no name or no place.

© WJEC CBAC Ltd. **Turn over.**

0 3 ***Never Let Me Go***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Never Let Me Go is a novel about the characters discovering truths. Write about some of the times when truths are discovered and their importance to the novel as a whole.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

'Peter, go on. Please tell the others what you were just saying.'

Peter shrugged. 'We were just talking about what it would feel like if we became actors. What sort of life it would be.'

'Yes,' Miss Lucy said, 'and you were saying to Gordon you'd have to go to America to stand the best chance.'

Peter J. shrugged again and muttered quietly: 'Yes, Miss Lucy.'

But Miss Lucy was now moving her gaze over the lot of us. 'I know you don't mean any harm. But there's just too much talk like this. I hear it all the time, it's been allowed to go on, and it's not right.' I could see more drops coming off the gutter and landing on her shoulder, but she didn't seem to notice. 'If no one else will talk to you,' she continued, 'then I will. The problem, as I see it, is that you've been told and not told. You've been told, but none of you really understand, and I dare say, some people are quite happy to leave it that way. But I'm not. If you're going to have decent lives, then you've got to know and know properly. None of you will go to America, none of you will be film stars. And none of you will be working in supermarkets as I heard some of you planning the other day. Your lives are set out for you. You'll become adults, then before you're old, before you're even middle-aged, you'll start to donate your vital organs. That's what each of you was created to do. You're not like the actors you watch on your videos, you're not even like me. You were brought into this world for a purpose, and your futures, all of them, have been decided. So you're not to talk that way any more. You'll be leaving Hailsham before long, and it's not so far off, the day you'll be preparing for your first donations. You need to remember that. If you're to have decent lives, you have to know who you are and what lies ahead of you, every one of you.'

Then she went silent, but my impression was that she was continuing to say things inside her head, because for some time her gaze kept roving over us, going from face to face just as if she were still speaking to us. We were all pretty relieved when she turned to look out over the playing field again.

'It's not so bad now,' she said, even though the rain was as steady as ever. 'Let's just go out there. Then maybe the sun will come out too.'

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0 4 ***The Woman in Black***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about some of the ghostly experiences described in *The Woman in Black* and how they are important to the novel as a whole.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

After a while, I heard the odd sound again. It seemed to be coming from along the passage to my left, at the far end. But it was still quite impossible to identify. Very cautiously, listening, hardly breathing, I ventured a few steps in that direction. Spider went ahead of me. The passage led only to three other bedrooms on either side and, one by one, regaining my nerve as I went, I opened them and looked inside each one. Nothing, only heavy old furniture and empty unmade beds and, in the rooms at the back of the house, moonlight. Down below me on the ground floor of the house, silence, a seething, blanketing, almost tangible silence, and a musty darkness, thick as felt.

And then I reached the door at the very end of the passage. Spider was there before me and her body, as she sniffed beneath it, went rigid, her growling grew louder. I put my hand on her collar, stroked the rough, short hair, as much for my own reassurance as for hers. I could feel the tension in her limbs and body and it answered to my own.

This was the door without a keyhole, which I had been unable to open on my first visit to Eel Marsh House. I had no idea what was beyond it. Except the sound. It was coming from within that room, not very loud but just to hand, on the other side of that single wooden partition. It was a sound of something bumping gently on the floor, in a rhythmic sort of way, a familiar sort of sound and yet one I still could not exactly place, a sound that seemed to belong to my past, to waken old, half-forgotten memories and associations deep within me, a sound that, in any other place, would not have made me afraid but would, I thought, have been curiously comforting, friendly.

But, at my feet, the dog Spider began to whine, a thin, pitiful, frightened moan, and to back away from the door a little and press against my legs. My throat felt constricted and dry and I had begun to shiver. There was something in that room and I could not get to it, nor would I dare to, if I were able. I told myself it was a rat or a trapped bird, fallen down the chimney into the hearth and unable to get out again. But the sound was not that of some small, panic-stricken creature. Bump bump. Pause. Bump bump. Pause. Bump bump. Bump bump. Bump bump.

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0 5 ***Oranges are not the Only Fruit***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.

Write about some of the turning points in Jeanette's life and how they are presented in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit.*

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Week after week I went back there, just to watch.
Then one week she wasn't there any more.
There was nothing I could do but stare and stare at the whelks.
Whelks are strange and comforting.
They have no notion of community life and they breed very quietly.
But they have a strong sense of personal dignity.
Even lying face down in a tray of vinegar, there is something noble about a whelk.
Which cannot be said for everybody.

'Why do I feel like this?' I wondered. Then, just as I was about to turn away and buy myself a baked potato for comfort, I saw Melanie walking round to the stall. I went straight up to her. She looked a bit surprised.

'Hello, I thought you'd left.'

'I have left, I've got a job in the library now, just Saturday mornings.'

What could I say next? How could I make her stay?

'Would you like a baked potato?' I offered wildly.

She smiled, and said she would and we went to eat it on the bench outside Woolworth's. I was very nervous, and the pigeons got most of mine. She talked about the weather and her mother, that she had no father. 'I haven't either,' I said, to make her feel better. 'Well, not much.' Then I had to explain about our church and my mother and me being dedicated to the Lord. It sounded odd for a moment, but I knew that was because I felt nervous. I asked her if she went to church, and she said she did, but not a very lively one, so of course I invited her to ours the next day.

'Melanie,' I plucked up courage to ask at last, 'why do you have such a funny name?'

She blushed. 'When I was born I looked like a melon.'

'Don't worry,' I reassured her, 'you don't any more.'

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0 6 ***The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

There is a lot of conflict between the characters in *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time.* Write about some of the times there is conflict and how this is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

ED What else did I say, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER I don't know.

ED Come on, you're the memory man. Not to go round sticking your nose into other people's business. And what do you do? You go around sticking your nose into other people's business. You go around raking up the past and sharing it with every Tom, Dick and Harry you bump into. What am I going to do with you, Christopher? What am I going to do with you, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER I was just chatting with Mrs Alexander. I wasn't doing investigating.

ED I ask you to do one thing for me, Christopher. One thing.

CHRISTOPHER I didn't want to talk to Mrs Alexander. It was Mrs Alexander who ...

ED *grabs* CHRISTOPHER'S *arm.*

CHRISTOPHER *screams.*

ED *shakes* CHRISTOPHER *hard with both hands.*

CHRISTOPHER *punches* ED *repeatedly in the face. He cuts his mouth.*

ED *hits the side of* CHRISTOPHER'S *head.*

CHRISTOPHER *falls unconscious for a few seconds.*

ED *stands above him. He is still holding the book.*

ED I need a drink.

He leaves.
He comes back without the book. He looks at CHRISTOPHER *for a while before he speaks.*
Everybody else on stage watches what he says.

ED I'm sorry I hit you.
I didn't mean to.
I love you very much, Christopher. Don't ever forget that. I know I lose my rag occasionally. And I know I shouldn't. But I only do it because I worry about you, because I don't want to see you getting into trouble, because I don't want you to get hurt. Do you understand?

CHRISTOPHER Where's my book?

ED Christopher, do you understand that I love you?

ED *holds his right hand up and spreads his fingers out in a fan.*
CHRISTOPHER *does the same with his left hand.*
They make their fingers and thumbs touch each other.

CHRISTOPHER Is it in the dustbin at the front of the house?

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Turn over.

0 7 ***A Taste of Honey***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about the character of Geof and how he is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

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GEOF Mrs. Smith, I … I …

HELEN Are you talking to me?

GEOF Yes. I wanted to ask you something.

HELEN Well, get it said. Don't mumble.

GEOF I don't want you to take offence.

HELEN Do I look the type to take offence?

GEOF Would you not frighten Jo?

HELEN I thought you said you were going.

GEOF I said would you not frighten Jo.

HELEN What are you talking about, frightening her?

GEOF You know, telling her that it might be tricky or that she might have trouble, because she's going to be all right.

HELEN Are you trying to tell me what to do with my own daughter?

GEOF Oh no.

HELEN Well, are you going?

GEOF Yes, although she said she didn't want a woman with her when she had it.

HELEN She said what?

GEOF She said she wanted me with her when she had it because she said she wouldn't be frightened if I was with her.

HELEN How disgusting!

GEOF There's nothing disgusting about it.

HELEN A man in the room at a time like this!

GEOF Husbands stay with their wives.

HELEN Are you her husband?

GEOF No.

HELEN Well, get.

GEOF I'm going. She can't cope with the two of us. Only just don't frighten her, that's all.

HELEN I've told you we don't want that.

GEOF Yes I know, but she likes it.

HELEN You can bloody well take it with you, we don't want it.
(GEOFFREY *empties food from his pack on to the table while* HELEN *thrusts it back.* HELEN *finally throws the whole thing, pack and all, on the floor.)*

GEOF Yes, the one thing civilisation couldn't do anything about – women. Good-bye Jo, and good luck. *(He goes.)*

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0 8 ***An Inspector Calls***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Eric Birling and how he is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

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INSPECTOR *(Turning to* ERIC*.)* Now then.

ERIC *(miserably)* Could I have a drink first?

BIRLING *(explosively)* No.

INSPECTOR *(firmly)* Yes. (*As* BIRLING *looks like interrupting explosively.)* I know – he's your son and this is your house – but look at him. He needs a drink now just to see him through.

BIRLING (*to* ERIC) All right. Go on.
ERIC *goes for a whisky. His whole manner of handling the decanter and then the drink shows his familiarity with quick heavy drinking. The others watch him narrowly.*
(Bitterly) I understand a lot of things now I didn't understand before.

INSPECTOR Don't start on that. I want to get on. (*To* ERIC.) When did you first meet this girl?

ERIC One night last November.

INSPECTOR Where did you meet her?

ERIC In the Palace bar. I'd been there an hour or so with two or three chaps. I was a bit squiffy.

INSPECTOR What happened then?

ERIC I began talking to her, and stood her a few drinks. I was rather far gone by the time we had to go.

INSPECTOR Was she drunk too?

ERIC She told me afterwards that she was a bit, chiefly because she'd not had much to eat that day.

INSPECTOR Why had she gone there–?

ERIC She wasn't the usual sort. But – well, I suppose she didn't know what to do. There was some woman who wanted her to go there. I never quite understood about that.

INSPECTOR You went with her to her lodgings that night?

ERIC Yes, I insisted – it seems. I'm not very clear about it, but afterwards she told me she didn't want me to go in but that – well, I was in that state when a chap easily turns nasty – and I threatened to make a row.

INSPECTOR So she let you in?

ERIC Yes. And that's when it happened. And I didn't even remember – that's the hellish thing. Oh – my God! – how stupid it all is!

MRS B. *(with a cry)* Oh – Eric – how could you?

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0 9 ***The History Boys***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Write about Dakin and how he is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

This is quite a pausy conversation, with Dakin more master than pupil.

DAKIN Do you think we'll be happy … say we get in?

IRWIN You'll be happy anyway.

DAKIN I'm not sure I like that. Why?

Irwin shrugs.

Uncomplicated, is that what you mean?
Outgoing?
Straight?

IRWIN None of them bad things to be.

DAKIN Depends. Nice to be a bit more complicated.

IRWIN Or to be thought so.
How's Posner?

DAKIN Why?

IRWIN He likes you, doesn't he?

DAKIN It's his age.
He's growing up.

IRWIN Hard for him.

DAKIN Boring for me.
You're not suggesting I do something about it. It happens.
I wouldn't anyway.
Too young.

Irwin says nothing.

You still look quite young.

IRWIN That's because I am, I suppose.

There is an interminable pause.

DAKIN How do you think history happens?

IRWIN What?

DAKIN How does stuff happen, do you think?
People decide to do stuff.
Make moves. Alter things.

IRWIN I'm not sure what you're talking about.

DAKIN No? *(He smiles.)* Think about it.

IRWIN Some do … make moves, I suppose.
Others react to events.
In 1939 Hitler made a move on Poland.
Poland …

DAKIN … gave in.

IRWIN *(simultaneously)* … defended itself.

IRWIN Is that what you mean?

DAKIN *(unperturbed)* No.
Not Poland anyway.
Was Poland taken by surprise?

IRWIN To some extent.
Though they knew something was up.
What was your essay about?

DAKIN Turning points.

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Turn over.

1 0 ***Blood Brothers***

You have one hour to answer this question.

You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.

Even though they are twins, Mickey and Edward have very different lives. Write about some of these differences and how they are important to the play as a whole.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Bored and petulant, MICKEY *sits and shoots an imaginary Sammy.*
EDWARD*, also aged 'seven' appears. He is bright and forthcoming.*

EDWARD Hello.
MICKEY *(suspiciously)*: Hello.
EDWARD I've seen you before.
MICKEY Where?
EDWARD You were playing with some other boys near my house.
MICKEY Do you live up in the park?
EDWARD Yes. Are you going to come and play up there again?
MICKEY No. I would do but I'm not allowed.
EDWARD Why?
MICKEY 'Cos me mam says.
EDWARD Well, my mummy doesn't allow me to play down here actually.
MICKEY 'Gis a sweet.
EDWARD All right. *(He offers a bag from his pocket.)*
MICKEY *(shocked)*: What?
EDWARD Here.
MICKEY *(trying to work out the catch. Suspiciously taking one)*: Can I have another one. For our Sammy?
EDWARD Yes, of course. Take as many as you want.
MICKEY *(taking a handful)*: Are you soft?
EDWARD I don't think so.
MICKEY Round here if y' ask for a sweet, y' have to ask about, about twenty million times. An' y' know what?
EDWARD *(sitting beside* MICKEY): What?
MICKEY They still don't bleedin' give y' one. Sometimes our Sammy does but y' have to be dead careful if our Sammy gives y' a sweet.
EDWARD Why?
MICKEY 'Cos, if our Sammy gives y' a sweet he's usually weed on it first.
EDWARD *(exploding in giggles)*: Oh, that sounds like super fun.
MICKEY It is. If y' our Sammy.
EDWARD Do you want to come and play?
MICKEY I might do. But I'm not playin' now 'cos I'm pissed off.
EDWARD *(awed)*: Pissed off. You say smashing things don't you? Do you know any more words like that?
MICKEY Yeh. Yeh, I know loads of words like that. Y' know, like the 'F' word.
EDWARD *(clueless)*: Pardon?
MICKEY The 'F' word.
EDWARD *is still puzzled.* MICKEY *looks round to check that he cannot be overheard, then whispers the word to* EDWARD. *The two of them immediately wriggle and giggle with glee.*
EDWARD What does it mean?
MICKEY I don't know. It sounds good though, doesn't it?
EDWARD Fantastic. When I get home I'll look it up in the dictionary.
MICKEY In the what?
EDWARD The dictionary. Don't you know what a dictionary is?
MICKEY 'Course I do … It's a, it's a thingy innit?
EDWARD A book which explains the meaning of words.
MICKEY The meaning of words, yeh.

END OF PAPER

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