GCSE

3720U10-1

S18-3720U10-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER

TUESDAY, 22 MAY 2018 – MORNING

2 hours

SECTION A

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SECTION B

Poetry	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** .

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.

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SECTION A

Of Mice and Men

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:

What do you think of the way Lennie speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

1 2 Write about George and what he shows us about society in America in the 1930s.

Think about:

- his relationship with Lennie
- his relationships with others on the ranch
- the way he speaks and behaves at different points in the novel [20]

Or,

1 3 '*Of Mice and Men* shows that in America in the 1930s it was difficult for people to form important relationships.' Write about **one** or **two** of the characters in the novel who you think show that this is true. [20]

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The light climbed on out of the valley, and as it went, the tops of the mountains seemed to blaze with increasing brightness.

Lennie said softly, 'I di'n't forget, you bet, God damn. Hide in the brush an' wait for George.' He pulled his hat down low over his eyes. 'George gonna give me hell,' he said. 'George gonna wish he was alone an' not have me botherin' him.' He turned his head and looked at the bright mountain tops. 'I can go right off there an' find a cave,' he said. And he continued sadly,' – an' never have no ketchup – but I won't care. If George don't want me ... I'll go away. I'll go away.'

And then from out of Lennie's head there came a little fat old woman. She wore thick bull's-eye glasses and she wore a huge gingham apron with pockets, and she was starched and clean. She stood in front of Lennie and put her hands on her hips, and she frowned disapprovingly at him.

And when she spoke, it was in Lennie's voice. 'I tol' you an' tol' you,' she said. 'I tol' you, "Min' George because he's such a nice fella an' good to you." But you don't never take no care. You do bad things.'

And Lennie answered her, 'I tried, Aunt Clara, ma'am. I tried and tried. I couldn' help it.'

'You never give a thought to George,' she went on in Lennie's voice. 'He been doin' nice things for you alla time. When he got a piece a pie you always got half or more'n half. An' if they was any ketchup, why he'd give it all to you.'

'I know,' said Lennie miserably. 'I tried, Aunt Clara, ma'am. I tried and tried.'

She interrupted him. 'All the time he coulda had such a good time if it wasn't for you. He woulda took his pay an' raised hell in a whore house, and he coulda set in a pool room an' played snooker. But he got to take care of you.'

Lennie moaned with grief. 'I know, Aunt Clara, ma'am. I'll go right off in the hills an' I'll fin' a cave an' I'll live there so I won't be no more trouble to George.'

'You jus' say that,' she said sharply. 'You're always sayin' that, an' you know sonofabitching well you ain't never gonna do it. You'll jus' stick around an' stew the b'Jesus outta George all the time.'

Lennie said, 'I might jus' as well go away. George ain't gonna let me tend no rabbits now.'

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Turn over.

Anita and Me

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:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read the extract? Write about words and phrases you find effective in creating these thoughts and feelings, and explain why you find them effective. [10]

Either,

2 2 Write about Meena's mother, Daljit, in *Anita and Me* and what she shows us about life in Britain in the 1960s.

Think about:

- her relationship with Meena at different points in the novel
- her relationship with her mother, Nanima
- her relationship with her Indian friends and relatives
- her attitudes and behaviour towards other people in Tollington [20]

Or,

2 3 Write about some of the characters and events in *Anita and Me* which show what childhood was like in Britain in the 1960s. [20]

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Uncle Alan had turned on his heel and was about to walk away when a loud barking voice cut through the air, jerking him back like he was on a leash. ‘Bloody rubbish, the lot of you! Bloody crap, you lot!’ We turned as one to see Sam Lowbridge standing at the gates, a smouldering cigarette dangling from his lips. The rest of his gang lounged around their mopeds smirking self-consciously, a pile of empty lager cans at their feet. ‘Bloody church roof? What’s that gonna do for us, eh? Wharra about us?’

Reverend Ince stroked his nose, feigning amusement, but I could tell he was seething at this public humiliation. Mr Pembridge was looking round, ineffectually, for help, as if he expected two burly minders to appear and drag this heckler off for a good pasting. I tried to spot Mrs Lowbridge in the crowd, I knew if I had made such a spectacle of myself, mama would have dragged me off by the hair by now to a quiet corner for some moral rehabilitation. But strangely, there was little reaction from the crowd; I expected the Ballbearings women to be up in arms, defending the honour of their village, but instead they all stood with crossed arms, looking from Sam Lowbridge to the Reverend, expectant, and I thought, somewhat pleased with themselves.

Sam sensed this unspoken support, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and moved closer, confident now, high on the sound of his own unchallenged voice. I did not care for his new haircut; it made him look like a blonde bullet, and I wondered where all the soft shadows I had so admired in his face had gone. ‘Yow don’t know what we want! None of yow lot! Kowtowing to the big lord and bloody master here like he’s doing us a favour! Yow want to stop the motorway, ask him! He’s a bloody builder and all, in’t he?’

The crowd erupted now, some people shouting at Sam to ‘shuttit’, others calling to each other excitedly, ‘He’s got a point! He could stop the diggers! Maybe they’re his diggers, eh? Ask him!’

Only Uncle Alan’s voice cut through the babble, ‘Sam! Listen! We do understand! You’re right! Maybe this isn’t the best way to use the money!’

Reverend Ince grabbed hold of Uncle Alan, who threw him off with such violence that the crowd gasped and instinctively moved back, clearing a pathway between Alan and Sam. The grounds had become some great leafy arena, the air fell quiet, punctuated only by distant birdsong and a collective intake of anticipatory breath; we all knew something important was happening, epic even, and our job was to witness and listen. Uncle Alan took a step forward, ignoring the fierce exchange starting behind him between Mr Pembridge and Reverend Ince. ‘Sam, a lot of people feel the same as you. This is our money. We could have a vote, yeah? A meeting, let’s talk about …’

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To Kill a Mockingbird

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:

What do you think of the way Dill speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

3 2 Write about **one** or **two** of the women in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and what they show us about America in the 1930s. [20]

Or,

3 3 'People who live in Maycomb have to fit in or they will suffer.' Do you agree with this statement? Give reasons for what you say. Remember to refer to characters and events in the novel and comment on its social, historical and cultural context in your answer. [20]

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That was the summer Dill came to us.

Early one morning as we were beginning our day's play in the back yard, Jem and I heard something next door in Miss Rachel Haverford's collard patch. We went to the wire fence to see if there was a puppy — Miss Rachel's rat terrier was expecting — instead we found someone sitting looking at us. Sitting down, he wasn't much higher than the collards. We stared at him until he spoke:

'Hey.'

'Hey yourself,' said Jem pleasantly.

'I'm Charles Baker Harris,' he said. 'I can read.'

'So what?' I said.

'I just thought you'd like to know I can read. You got anything needs readin' I can do it...'

'How old are you,' asked Jem, 'four-and-a-half?'

'Goin' on seven.'

'Shoot no wonder, then,' said Jem, jerking his thumb at me. 'Scout yonder's been readin' ever since she was born, and she ain't even started to school yet. You look right puny for goin' on seven.'

'I'm little but I'm old,' he said.

Jem brushed his hair back to get a better look. 'Why don't you come over, Charles Baker Harris?' he said. 'Lord what a name.'

' 's not any funnier'n yours. Aunt Rachel says your name's Jeremy Atticus Finch.'

Jem scowled. 'I'm big enough to fit mine,' he said. 'Your names longer'n you are. Bet it's a foot longer.'

'Folks call me Dill,' said Dill, struggling under the fence.

'Do better if you go over it instead of under it,' I said. 'Where'd you come from?'

Dill was from Meridian, Mississippi, was spending the summer with his aunt, Miss Rachel, and would be spending every summer in Maycomb from now on. His family was from Maycomb County originally, his mother worked for a photographer in Meridian, had entered his picture in a Beautiful Child contest and won five dollars. She gave the money to Dill, who went to the picture show twenty times on it.

'Don't have any picture shows here, except Jesus ones In the court-house sometimes,' said Jem. 'Ever see anything good?'

Dill had seen *Dracula*, a revelation that moved Jem to eye him with the beginning of respect. 'Tell it to us,' he said.

Dill was a curiosity. He wore blue linen shorts that buttoned to his shirt, his hair was snow white and stuck to his head like duck-fluff; he was a year my senior but I towered over him. As he told us the old tale his blue eyes would lighten and darken; his laugh was sudden and happy; he habitually pulled at a cowlick in the centre of his forehead.

When Dill reduced Dracula to dust, and Jem said the show sounded better than the book, I asked Dill where his father was: 'You ain't said anything about him.'

'I haven't got one.'

'Is he dead?'

'No …'

'Then if he's not dead you've got one, haven't you?'

Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush, a sure sign that Dill had been studied and found acceptable.

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I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

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:

What do you think of the way Momma speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

4 2 Write about **one** or **two** of the characters who you think influence Maya the most as she grows up. Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

Or,

4 3 Some people say that Maya's childhood in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* is full of difficult times and hostile people. Do you agree? Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

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It was darker in the road than I'd thought it would be. Momma swung the flashlight's arc over the path and weeds and scary tree trunks. The night suddenly became enemy territory, and I knew that if my brother was lost in this land he was forever lost. He was eleven and very smart, that I granted, but after all he was so small. The Bluebeards and tigers and Rippers could eat him up before he could scream for help.

Momma told me to take the light and she reached for my hand. Her voice came from a high hill above me and in the dark my hand was enclosed in hers. I loved her with a rush. She said nothing– no "Don't worry" or "Don't get tender-hearted." Just the gentle pressure of her rough hand conveyed her own concern and assurance to me.

We passed houses which I knew well by daylight but couldn't recollect in the swarthy gloom.

"Evening, Miz Jenkins." Walking and pulling me along.

"Sister Henderson? Anything wrong?" That was from an outline blacker than the night.

"No, ma'am. Not a thing. Bless the Lord." By the time she finished speaking we had left the worried neighbors far behind.

Mr. Willie Williams' Do Drop Inn was bright with furry red lights in the distance and the pond's fishy smell enveloped us. Momma's hand tightened and let go, and I saw the small figure plodding along, tired and old-mannish. Hands in his pockets and head bent, he walked like a man trudging up the hill behind a coffin.

"Bailey." It jumped out as Momma said, "Ju," and I started to run, but her hand caught mine again and became a vise. I pulled, but she yanked me back to her side. "We'll walk, just like we been walking, young lady." There was no chance to warn Bailey that he was dangerously late, that everybody had been worried and that he should create a good lie or, better, a great one.

Momma said, "Bailey, Junior," and he looked up without surprise. "You know it's night and you just now getting home?'"

"Yes, ma'am." He was empty. Where was his alibi?

"What you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"That's all you got to say?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, young man. We'll see when you get home."

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Chanda's Secrets

Answer **5 1** *and* ***either*** **5 2** ***or*** **5 3** *.*

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **5 1** *, and about 40 minutes on* **5 2** *or* **5 3** *.*

5 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Esther speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

5 2 Write about Jonah and what he shows us about the community in which he lives. Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer.

Think about:

- his relationship with Lilian, his wife
- his relationship with Chanda
- how he speaks and behaves at different times in the novel [20]

Or,

5 3 'Superstition is important in *Chanda's Secrets*.' Write about how superstition affects the lives of some of the characters in the novel. Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

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As usual, this Sunday Esther's already waiting for me when I roll up. She's lying on her mama's grave daydreaming, in those lime capri pants she picked up at the bazaar. They're filthy and torn. But that's not what I notice first. It's her right eye, all purple and swollen shut.

I hop off my bike. 'What happened?'

Esther looks up with a lopsided grin. 'Last night Auntie threw the iron at my head.'

'Why?'

She roars with laughter. 'She told me to do the laundry. I told her to shove it up her ass.'

'That's not funny. You've been beaten before. Next time call the cops.'

'Don't be stupid.' Esther stretches. 'Auntie'd say I was lying and I'd get another whipping from my uncle. Either that or they'd kick me on to the street. Then what would I do?'

'You could live with us.'

Esther groans. 'Your mama doesn't want me around.'

'That's not true,' I lie.

'It is. Anyway, I don't want to talk about it.' She cartwheels in my direction.

I leap out of her way. 'You're worse than Soly and Iris put together!'

'I hope so,' she winks. Or tries to wink.

We walk to our favourite spot, an uprooted tree stump by a bend in the road. As we go, we collect flat, smooth stones. Once we've arrived, we squat on the stump and take turns tossing them at the pothole on the far side of the bend. It's a game we started weeks ago. In the beginning, we thought we'd have it filled by rainy season, but at the rate we're going I wouldn't count on it.

I tell Esther about yesterday, and how Iris claims she's playing with Sara.

'If you want my opinion,' Esther says, 'you should bring her to Sara's grave.' She lands a stone perfectly. 'I mean it. Seeing where Sara's buried would make it real for her. Then maybe this imaginary friend would go away.' She lands a second.

'Mama says she's not old enough.'

'According to adults we're never old enough. For anything.' She lands her third in a row. 'If it weren't for me, my brothers and sister would still be asking when they're coming home.'

Esther's forehead wrinkles up. She's with me in body, but her mind is far away. We sit like this for a while, Esther thinking and me watching her think. At last I say: 'Any news from your brothers?'

Esther shakes her head. 'It's not like the cattle posts have phones.' She looks away. 'Anyway, maybe not hearing from them is better. I hate when blind Auntie travels to town with my little sister. When they have to leave, my sister hangs off my neck crying, "Keep me with you!" I tell her I can't, but she doesn't understand.' Esther gets up and pitches a stone as far as she can. 'Well, things are going to change. I have a plan. This time next year we'll all be together.'

'How?'

'It's a secret.'

'Tell me.' But before I can get her to explain, she's let out a hoot and begun to run back to her parents' gravesite. 'Race you to the bikes!'

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Turn over.

SECTION B

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

Both poets write about old age in these poems.

6 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.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- *the content of the poems – what they are about*
- *the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poems*
- *how they are written – words and phrases you find interesting, the way they are organised, and so on*
- *your responses to the poems, including how they are similar and how they are different* [20]

On Ageing

When you see me sitting quietly,
Like a sack left on the shelf,
Don't think I need your chattering,
I'm listening to myself.
Hold! Stop! Don't pity me!
Hold! Stop your sympathy!
Understanding if you got it,
Otherwise I'll do without it!

When my bones are stiff and aching
And my feet won't climb the stairs,
I will only ask one favour:
Don't bring me no rocking chair.

When you see me walking, stumbling,
Don't study and get it wrong.
'Cause tired don't mean lazy
And every goodbye ain't gone.
I'm the same person I was back then,
A little less hair, a little less chin,
A lot less lungs and much less wind,
But ain't I lucky I can still breathe in.

Maya Angelou

Childhood

I used to think that grown-up people chose
To have stiff backs and wrinkles round their nose,
And veins like small fat snakes on either hand,
On purpose to be grand.
Till through the banisters I watched one day
My great-aunt Etty's friend who was going away,
And how her onyx beads had come unstrung.
I saw her grope to find them as they rolled;
And then I knew she was helplessly old,
As I was helplessly young.

Frances Cornford

END OF PAPER

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