GCSE

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WEDNESDAY, 11 JANUARY 2023 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

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Of Mice and Men	2 – 3
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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 gel pen or 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, for example, **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 **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 create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

0 2 'Curley's wife is just a foolish girl who makes foolish choices.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

0 3 Ideas about freedom are important in *Of Mice and Men*. How are these ideas presented in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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George turned and went quickly out of the barn.

Old Candy watched him go. He looked helplessly back at Curley's wife, and gradually his sorrow and his anger grew into words. 'You God damn tramp,' he said viciously. 'You done it, di'n't you? I s'pose you're glad. Ever'body knowed you'd mess things up. You wasn't no good. You ain't no good now, you lousy tart.' He sniveled, and his voice shook. 'I could of hoed in the garden and washed dishes for them guys.' He paused, and then went on in a singsong. And he repeated the old words: 'If they was a circus or a baseball game … we would of went to her … jus' said "ta hell with work," an' went to her. Never ast nobody's say so. An' they'd of been a pig and chickens … an' in the winter … the little fat stove … an' the rain comin' … an' us jus' settin' there.' His eyes blinded with tears and he turned and went weakly out of the barn, and he rubbed his bristly whiskers with his wrist stump.

Outside the noise of the game stopped. There was a rise of voices in question, a drum of running feet and the men burst into the barn. Slim and Carlson and young Whit and Curley, and Crooks keeping back out of attention range. Candy came after them, and last of all came George. George had put on his blue denim coat and buttoned it, and his black hat was pulled down low over his eyes. The men raced around the last stall. Their eyes found Curley's wife in the gloom, they stopped and stood still and looked.

Then Slim went quietly over to her, and he felt her wrist. One lean finger touched her cheek, and then his hand went under her slightly twisted neck and his fingers explored her neck. When he stood up the men crowded near and the spell was broken.

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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 is the relationship between Sam and Meena presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

1 2 How are relationships between parents and their children presented in *Anita and Me*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

1 3 The theme of friendship is important in *Anita and Me*. How is this theme presented in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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‘So where you been, Meena?’ he asked in that soft drawl, as familiar as if we’d been chatting over the garden fence this morning.

‘I still live here,’ I said, and then I added, ‘You haven’t driven me out yet.’

Sam arched his eyebrows, genuinely surprised, ‘Me?’ he asked. ‘Wharrave I done?’

‘Oh, I got your notes,’ I spat at him. The cold was gradually dulling every sensation including fear. ‘Supposed to frighten me away, were they?’

‘No,’ said Sam. ‘To bring yow back. I only wrote half of ’em, the nice ones mind. Anita did the others, wouldn’t let me send mine on me own. She’s dead jealous you know. About us.’

Sparks of recognition momentarily flew between us. I knew that weary bewilderment in his face, the resignation in his voice – all the consequences of getting involved with Anita, wondering why you hung around for more when every sensible part of you was saying get the hell out. But Sam under Anita’s spell? Surely it was the other way round? There were still traces of his weird magic in the droop of his eyes right now, in the curve of his scarred cheek, but with every passing second, the illusion faded, revealing strings and sleight of hand. For all his bluster, I had the feeling that Sam was truly nothing more than a puppet and the knowledge that he would never have the character to cut the wires made me furious, for the waste, for his cowardice, for both of us.

‘Those things you said at the spring fete, what were you trying to do?’ I tasted grit, maybe I had ground my molars into dust.

Sam shrugged and dragged his heel along a muddy edge. ‘I wanted to make people listen,’ he said finally.

‘You wanted to hurt people, you mean!’ I yelled at him. ‘How could you say it, in front of me? My dad? To anyone? How can you believe that shit?’

Sam grabbed me by the wrists and I sucked in air and held it. ‘When I said them,’ he rasped, ‘I never meant you, Meena! It was all the others, not yow!’

I put my face right up to his; I could smell the smoke on his breath. ‘You mean the others like the Bank Manager?’

Sam looked confused.

‘The man from the building site. The Indian man. I know you did it. I *am* the others, Sam. You did mean me.’

Sam gripped my wrists tighter for support. ‘Yow’ve always been the best wench in Tollington. Anywhere! Dead funny.’ His face darkened, maybe it was another shift of the moon. ‘But yow wos never gonna look at me, yow won’t be stayin will ya? You can move on. How come? How come I can’t?’ And then he kissed me like I thought he would, and I let him, feeling mighty and huge, knowing I had won and that every time he saw another Meena on a street corner he would remember this and feel totally powerless.

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

Either,

2 2 How is the Ewell family important to the novel as a whole in *To Kill A Mockingbird*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

2 3 How is the mockingbird theme presented in *To Kill A Mockingbird*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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Atticus was holding out my bathrobe and coat. ‘Put your robe on first,’ he said.

Jem was standing beside Atticus, groggy and tousled. He was holding his overcoat closed at the neck, his other hand was jammed into his pocket. He looked strangely overweight.

‘Hurry, hon,’ said Atticus. ‘Here’re your shoes and socks.’

Stupidly, I put them on. ‘Is it morning?’

‘No, it’s a little after one. Hurry now.’

That something was wrong finally got through to me.

‘What’s the matter?’

By then he did not have to tell me. Just as the birds know where to go when it rains, I knew when there was trouble in our street. Soft taffeta-like sounds and muffled scurrying sounds filled me with helpless dread.

‘Whose is it?’

‘Miss Maudie’s, hon,’ said Atticus gently.

At the front door, we saw fire spewing from Miss Maudie’s dining-room windows. As if to confirm what we saw, the town fire siren wailed up the scale to a treble pitch and remained there, screaming.

‘It’s gone, ain’t it?’ moaned Jem.

‘I expect so,’ said Atticus. ‘Now listen, both of you. Go down and stand in front of the Radley Place. Keep out of the way, do you hear? See which way the wind’s blowing?’

‘Oh,’ said Jem. ‘Atticus, reckon we oughta start moving the furniture out?’

‘Not yet, son. Do as I tell you. Run now. Take care of Scout, you hear? Don’t let her out of your sight.’

With a push, Atticus started us towards the Radley front gate. We stood watching the street fill with men and cars while fire silently devoured Miss Maudie’s house. ‘Why don’t they hurry, why don’t they hurry … ’ muttered Jem.

We saw why. The old fire truck, killed by the cold, was being pushed from town by a crowd of men. When the men attached its hose to a hydrant, the hose burst and water shot up, tinkling down on the pavement.

‘Oh-h Lord, Jem … ’

Jem put his arm around me. ‘Hush, Scout,’ he said. ‘It ain’t time to worry yet. I’ll let you know when.’

The men of Maycomb, in all degrees of dress and undress, took furniture from Miss Maudie’s house to a yard across the street. I saw Atticus carrying Miss Maudie’s heavy oak rocking-chair, and thought it sensible of him to save what she valued most.

Sometimes we heard shouts. Then Mr Avery’s face appeared in an upstairs window. He pushed a mattress out of the window into the street and threw down furniture until men shouted, ‘Come down from there, Dick! The stairs are going! Get outta there, Mr Avery!’

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Turn over.

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 is the character of Bailey Junior presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 2 How are the lives of women in America in the 1930s presented in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Or,

3 3 'Maya's childhood is traumatic, filled with hardship and abandonment.' 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]

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Bailey was the greatest person in my world. And the fact that he was my brother, my only brother, and I had no sisters to share him with, was such good fortune that it made me want to live a Christian life just to show God that I was grateful. Where I was big, elbowy and grating, he was small, graceful and smooth. When I was described by our playmates as being shit color, he was lauded for his velvet-black skin. His hair fell down in black curls, and my head was covered with black steel wool. And yet he loved me.

When our elders said unkind things about my features (my family was handsome to a point of pain for me), Bailey would wink at me from across the room, and I knew that it was a matter of time before he would take revenge. He would allow the old ladies to finish wondering how on earth I came about, then he would ask, in a voice like cooling bacon grease, “Oh Mizeriz Coleman, how is your son? I saw him the other day and he looked sick enough to die.”

Aghast, the ladies would ask, “Die? From what? He ain’t sick.”

And in a voice oilier than the one before he’d answer with a straight face, “From the Uglies.”

I would hold my laugh, bite my tongue, grit my teeth and very seriously erase even the touch of a smile from my face. Later, behind the house by the black-walnut tree, we’d laugh and laugh and howl.

Bailey could count on very few punishments for his consistently outrageous behavior, for he was the pride of the Henderson/Johnson family.

His movements, as he was later to describe those of an acquaintance, were activated with oiled precision. He was also able to find more hours in the day than I thought existed. He finished chores, homework, read more books than I and played the group games on the side of the hill with the best of them. He could even pray out loud in church, and was apt at stealing pickles from the barrel that sat under the fruit counter and Uncle Willie’s nose.

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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:

How is the relationship between Chanda and Mrs Tafa presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

4 2 *Chanda's Secrets* is a novel about how people can transform a community. Which character do you think transforms the community of Bonang the most? [20]

Or,

4 3 At the end of *Chanda's Secrets* Chanda says, 'Where there is life there is hope.' How is the theme of resilience presented in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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Meanwhile, things with Mrs Tafa are really tense. She keeps babysitting Soly, but she ignores me. The morning after our fight, she stayed out of sight when I lifted him over the hedge.

When I got back at lunch, she was in her lawn chair. I hollered hello. She pretended to be sleeping. I hollered again. She turned her back.

'Mrs Tafa,' I said, 'thanks for letting me use your phone yesterday. I'm sorry I was rude.'

She got up and walked into her house. Since then we haven't said a word to each other. It's got so uncomfortable, I try not to be outside at the same time as her. She'll never forgive me. Not until I get rid of Esther. And I won't do that, ever.

Mealtimes are the worst. Mrs Tafa manages to get Iris and Soly into her house right beforehand and spoils them with treats. At first they claimed they couldn't hear me calling them. So I started ringing a cowbell. That worked on Soly. Not Iris.

The first time she refused to come, I said, 'Soly, is Mrs Tafa keeping Iris inside her place?'

His little eyes got big as moons. 'If I tell, they'll be mad at me.'

'Well, if you *don't* tell, *I'll* be mad at you.'

'I know. So what am I supposed to do?'

I didn't know what to answer. I just told him to wash his hands and come to the table. Around about the time we were cleaning up, the Little Herself strolled in, eager to let Soly know about the sweets he missed.

'Iris,' I said, 'Mama put me in charge. From now on, you come when I call.'

'I'll come when I want,' she taunted. 'Maybe I won't even come at all.'

'Iris–'

She stuck out her tongue, put her hands over her ears and ran around the table yelling at the top of her lungs. I wrestled her to the ground. Sat on her. 'You're going to listen to me, Iris.'

'Leave me alone. This isn't my real home. You aren't my real sister. I hate you.'

I hate you? I thought I was going to die. I went limp. Iris pushed me off and ran outside.

'You should lock her up in her room,' said Esther.

'She'd just get out. Then she'd go to Mrs Tafa. Next thing you know she'd be staying there.' I buried my face in my hands. 'Why does she hate me?'

'She doesn't hate you.'

I want to ask Mrs Tafa to back me up. But she won't. She wants to be the boss. And she has treats to give. I can't compete.

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SECTION B

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

Both poets describe their thoughts about a younger member of their family.

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

Poem for My Sister

My little sister likes to try my shoes,
to strut in them,
admire her spindle-thin twelve-year-old legs
in this season's styles.
She says they fit her perfectly,
but wobbles
on their high heels, they're
hard to balance.

I like to watch my little sister
playing hopscotch,
admire the neat hops-and-skips of her,
their quick peck,
never-missing their mark, not
over-stepping the line.
She is competent at peever.*

I try to warn my little sister
about unsuitable shoes,
point out my own distorted feet, the callouses,
odd patches of hard skin.
I should not like to see her
in my shoes.
I wish she could stay
sure footed,
sensibly shod.

by Liz Lochhead

*peever: A Scottish word for the game hopscotch.

For a Five-Year-Old

A snail is climbing up the window-sill
Into your room, after a night of rain.
You call me in to see, and I explain
That it would be unkind to leave it there:
It might crawl to the floor; we must take care
That no one squashes it. You understand,
And carry it outside, with careful hand,
To eat a daffodil.

I see, then, that a kind of faith prevails:
Your gentleness is moulded still by words
From me, who have trapped mice and shot wild birds,
From me, who drowned your kittens, who betrayed
Your closest relatives, and who purveyed
The harshest kind of truth to many another.
But that is how things are: I am your mother,
And we are kind to snails.

by Fleur Adcock

END OF PAPER

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