GCSE

3720UA0-1

S19-3720UA0-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER

WEDNESDAY, 15 MAY 2019 – AFTERNOON

2 hours

SECTION A

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

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 **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:

Look closely at the way George and Lennie speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

Either,

0 2 How is the character of Candy important 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 '*Of Mice and Men* shows how trapped and powerless people were in America in the 1930s.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

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Lennie lumbered to his feet and disappeared in the brush. George lay where he was and whistled softly to himself. There were sounds of splashings down the river in the direction Lennie had taken. George stopped whistling and listened.

'Poor bastard,' he said softly, and then went on whistling again.

In a moment Lennie came crashing back through the brush. He carried one small willow stick in his hand. George sat up. 'Awright,' he said brusquely. 'Gi'me that mouse!'

But Lennie made an elaborate pantomime of innocence. 'What mouse, George? I ain't got no mouse.'

George held out his hand. 'Come on. Give it to me. You ain't puttin' nothing over.'

Lennie hesitated, backed away, looked wildly at the brush line as though he contemplated running for his freedom. George said coldly, 'You gonna give me that mouse or do I have to sock you?'

'Give you what, George?'

'You know God damn well what. I want that mouse.'

Lennie reluctantly reached into his pocket. His voice broke a little. 'I don't know why I can't keep it. It ain't nobody's mouse. I didn't steal it. I found it lyin' right beside the road.'

George's hand remained outstretched imperiously. Slowly, like a terrier who doesn't want to bring a ball to its master, Lennie approached, drew back, approached again. George snapped his fingers sharply, and at the sound Lennie laid the mouse in his hand.

'I wasn't doin' nothing bad with it, George. Jus' strokin' it.'

George stood up and threw the mouse as far as he could into the darkening brush, and then he stepped to the pool and washed his hands. 'You crazy fool. Don't you think I could see your feet was wet where you went acrost the river to get it?' He heard Lennie's whimpering cry and wheeled about. 'Blubberin' like a baby! Jesus Christ! A big guy like you.' Lennie's lip quivered and tears started in his eyes. 'Aw, Lennie!' George put his hand on Lennie's shoulder. 'I ain't takin' it away jus' for meanness. That mouse ain't fresh, Lennie; and besides, you've broke it pettin' it. You get another mouse that's fresh and I'll let you keep it a little while.'

Lennie sat down on the ground and hung his head dejectedly. 'I don't know where there is no other mouse. I remember a lady used to give 'em to me – ever' one she got. But that lady ain't here.'

George scoffed. 'Lady, huh? Don't even remember who that lady was. That was your own Aunt Clara. An' she stopped givin' 'em to ya. You always killed 'em.'

Lennie looked sadly up at him. 'They was so little,' he said, apologetically. 'I'd pet 'em, and pretty soon they bit my fingers and I pinched their heads a little and then they was dead – because they was so little.

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Turn over.

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

Either,

1 2 Show how the character of Meena changes throughout *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 Show how Meera Syal's presentation of the village of Tollington in *Anita and Me* highlights some aspects of British society at the time the novel was set. [20]

‘Meybbe they won’t have missed ya?’ Anita said finally, hopefully, knowing she would have to answer to no one.

I shook my head. I knew it would not matter how many guests were still singing in the front room. I had sneaked out without telling, and worst of all, I knew, as soon as I had looked down at my ravaged jumper, that I had lost mama’s diamond necklace, which I imagined lying at Ganesha’s fat feet like an offering, a single glint amidst the ivy, a fallen star.

‘What was it, that thing you saw?’ was Anita’s parting shot before she turned into the entry.

I shrugged my shoulders, suddenly weary and in pain.

‘Nothing, Nita. Nothing special,’ and began the long march home.

I braced myself for howls of woe and gnashing of teeth when I saw my front door swing open and two of my Aunties appeared shivering on the doorstep. But instead they barely registered my presence, beyond a slight gesture of relief, and looked above and beyond me, scanning the horizon, waiting for something. Then one of them called inside, ‘Meena is here! Don’t let her see!’

I heard the catch in their throats, they turned huge sorrowful gazes at me, I could tell they were frightened for me. Auntie Shaila appeared holding a stack of towels. Wordlessly she grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the kitchen; I caught a glimpse of my father, pale and taut, kneeling in a circle of Aunties, talking softly to someone.

My Uncles were huddled together in the lounge, silent and embarrassed almost, not daring to look up. Then suddenly I was in the darkened kitchen and the door was firmly shut behind me. I stood rooted to the spot, trying to calm my breathing whilst the sounds of muffled, frantic activity continued outside. The street light on the corner outside filled the room with a sickly viscous glow, somewhere a cooling saucepan hissed softly. I heard running water and then the dreadful familiar wail of an approaching ambulance.

I heard strange male voices entering the house, papa yelling, ‘Careful! For God’s sake …’ and I hurled myself at the door, yanking it open. Mama was lying on a stretcher covered with a red blanket, her eyes screwed up with pain. Papa walked beside her, holding her hand as the two ambulancemen negotiated their way through my relatives who had formed a macabre farewell committee at the door.

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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 present the character of Burris Ewell here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2 2 Show how the character of Boo Radley is important to the novel as a whole. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

2 3 Atticus says, 'I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand.' How does Harper Lee present the theme of courage in *To Kill a Mockingbird*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

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Burris stood up. He was the filthiest human I had ever seen. His neck was dark grey, the backs of his hands were rusty, and his finger-nails were black deep into the quick. He peered at Miss Caroline from a fist-sized clean space on his face. No one had noticed him, probably, because Miss Caroline and I had entertained the class most of the morning.

'And, Burris,' said Miss Caroline, 'please bathe yourself before you come back tomorrow.'

The boy laughed rudely. 'You ain't sendin' me home, missus. I was on the verge of leavin' – I done done my time for this year.'

Miss Caroline looked puzzled. 'What do you mean by that?'

The boy did not answer. He gave a short contemptuous snort.

One of the elderly members of the class answered her: 'He's one of the Ewells, ma'am,' and I wondered if this explanation would be as unsuccessful as my attempt. But Miss Caroline seemed willing to listen. 'Whole school's full of 'em. They come first day every year and then leave. The truant lady gets 'em here 'cause she threatens 'em with the sheriff, but she's give up tryin' to hold 'em. She reckons she's carried out the law just gettin' their names on the roll and runnin' 'em here the first day. You're supposed to mark 'em absent the rest of the year…'

'But what about their parents?' asked Miss Caroline, in genuine concern.

'Ain't got no mother,' was the answer, 'and their paw's right contentious.'

Burris Ewell was flattered by the recital. 'Been comin' to the first day o' the first grade fer three year now,' he said expansively. 'Reckon if I'm smart this year they'll promote me to the second. …'

Miss Caroline said, 'Sit back down, please, Burris,' and the moment she said it I knew she had made a serious mistake. The boy's condescension flashed to anger.

'You try and make me, missus.'

Little Chuck Little got to his feet. 'Let him go, ma'am,' he said. 'He's a mean one, a hard-down mean one. He's liable to start somethin', and there's some little folks here.'

He was among the most diminutive of men, but when Burris Ewell turned towards him, Little Chuck's right hand went to his pocket. 'Watch your step, Burris,' he said. 'I'd soon's kill you as look at you. Now go home.'

Burris seemed to be afraid of a child half his height, and Miss Caroline took advantage of his indecision: 'Burris, go home. If you don't I'll call the principal,' she said. 'I'll have to report this, anyway.'

The boy snorted and slouched leisurely to the door.

Safely out of range, he turned and shouted: 'Report and be damned to ye! Ain't no snot-nosed slut of a schoolteacher ever born c'n make me do nothin'! You ain't makin' me go nowhere, missus. You just remember that, you ain't makin' me go nowhere!'

He waited until he was sure she was crying, then he shuffled out of the building.

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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 does Maya change throughout *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

3 3 What does Maya Angelou's presentation of Stamps in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* show us about what it was like to live in America in the 1930s? [20]

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Momma said, ‘Now, Brother Taylor, could be you was dreaming. You know, they say whatever you goes to bed with on your mind …’

‘No, ma’am, Sister Henderson, I was as wide awake as I am right now.’

‘Did she let you see her?’ Uncle Willie had a dreamy look on his face.

‘No, Willie, all I seed was that fat little white baby angel. But wasn’t no mistaking that voice … “I want some children.”’

The cold wind had frozen my feet and my spine, and Mr Taylor’s impersonation had chilled my blood.

Momma said, ‘Sister, go bring the long fork to take the potatoes out.’

‘Ma’am?’ Surely she didn’t mean the long fork that hung on the wall behind the kitchen stove – a scary million miles away.

‘I said, go get the fork. The potatoes are burning.’

I unwound my legs from the gripping fear and almost tripped onto the stove. Momma said, ‘That child would stumble over the pattern in a rug. Go on, Brother Taylor, did she say any more?’

I didn’t want to hear it if she did, but I wasn’t eager to leave the lighted room where my family sat around the friendly fire.

‘Well, she said “Aaah” a few more times and then that angel started to walk off the ceiling. I tell you I was purt’ near scared stiff.’

I had reached the no man’s ocean of darkness. No great decision was called for. I knew it would be tortuous to go through the thick blackness of Uncle Willie’s bedroom, but it would be easier than staying around to hear the ghoulish story. Also, I couldn’t afford to aggravate Momma. When she was displeased she made me sleep on the edge of the bed and that night I knew I needed to be close to her.

One foot into the darkness and the sense of detachment from reality nearly made me panic. The idea came to me that I might never get out into the light again. Quickly I found the door leading back to the familiar, but as I opened it the awful story reached out and tried to grab my ears. I closed the door.

Naturally, I believed in hants and ghosts and ‘thangs’. Having been raised by a super-religious Southern Negro grandmother, it would have been abnormal had I not been superstitious.

The trip to the kitchen and back could not have taken more than two minutes, yet in that time I tramped through swampy cemeteries, climbed over dusty gravestones and eluded litters of night-black cats.

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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 does Allan Stratton present the character of Mama here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

4 2 How is the relationship between Chanda and Mrs Tafa 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 Allan Stratton present the theme of responsibility 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]

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After class I hurry home. I've got used to finding Mama in bed. Instead, today I find her sitting outside with Mrs Tafa. She's wearing a fresh dress and a bright kerchief.

'Have a good day?' she asks. Her voice sparkles like I haven't heard in weeks.

'Really good,' I say.

'Me too,' she smiles. 'I was just telling Mrs Tafa, one day of treatment and I feel like a whole new person.'

Mama's still unsteady on her feet, but she's got a lot more energy. Before supper she's able to chop potatoes for the soup, and afterwards to tell Iris and Soly a story using rags for hand puppets.

I'm not the only one to notice the change. Next day, Mrs Tafa waves me over on my way to the standpipe. 'Your mama's doing so much better,' she whispers. 'Yesterday, outside, talking. And this afternoon, why, I had her for a walk to the store.'

'It's almost too good to be true!' I say, walking on air.

'"Oh ye of little faith",' Mrs Tafa nods smugly. 'Dr Chilume's a genius.'

I bite my tongue. Whether Mama's recovery is because of Mr Chilume's herbs – or Mama's belief in his herbs – it doesn't matter. She's starting to be Mama again. It's a miracle.

All week she makes progress. She spends more and more time outside, manages some errands, and best of all never stops smiling. I'm so happy I find myself singing for no reason.

The miracle comes to an end on Friday evening.

Mama's clearing plates after dinner. Out of the blue, she stiffens. The dishes crash to the floor. Mama sucks in her breath and grabs for a chair, her face frozen in pain. For a second she stands suspended. Then, she drops like a stone.

'Bed. Get me to bed.' She clutches her head in agony.

Iris and Soly hide under the table as I drag Mama to her room. She's ripping the kerchief from her forehead. Now I see why she hasn't been rubbing her temples. It isn't because of the herbs. It's because of a support bandage. She's hidden it under her kerchief. Tied it so tight I'm surprised it hasn't taken her head off.

I watch in horror as her magical recovery vanishes before my eyes. Her energy's shrivelled back up. She's small again. Frail.

'It's no use,' she moans. 'Nothing works. Not the herbs. Not anything.'

'That's a lie,' I cry. 'You've had a spasm. That's all. You're getting better. You have to. For Iris. And Soly. And me. Please, Mama. Please. You've got to try.'

'I *am* trying,' she weeps. 'I've been trying as hard as I can.'

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SECTION B

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

Both poets write about people's lives and relationships.

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]

Ending

The love we thought would never stop
now cools like a congealing chop.
The kisses that were hot as curry
are bird-pecks taken in a hurry.
The hands that held electric charges
now lie inert as four moored barges.
The feet that ran to meet a date
are running slow and running late.
The eyes that shone and seldom shut
are victims of a power cut.
The parts that then transmitted joy
are now reserved and cold and coy.
Romance, expected once to stay,
has left a note saying GONE AWAY.

by Gavin Ewart

The Way We Live

In rooms whose lights
On winter evenings
Make peepshows of our lives –

Behind each window
A stage so cluttered up
With props and furniture

It's not surprising
We make a mess of what began
So simply with *I love you*.

Look at us: some
Slumped in chairs
And hardly ever speaking

And others mouthing
The same tired lines to ears
That long ago stopped listening.

Once we must have dreamed
Of something better.
But even those who swapped

One partner for another
Have ended up
Just like the rest of us:

Behind doors, moving outside
Only to go to work
Or spend weekends with mother.

by Vicki Feaver

END OF PAPER

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