GCSE

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WEDNESDAY, 25 MAY 2022 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

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

Either,

0 2 'Steinbeck uses Crooks to show us the worst aspects of American society in the 1930s.' How far do you agree? [20]

Or,

0 3 How is the theme of injustice presented in *Of Mice and Men*? 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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Slim and George came into the darkening bunk house together. Slim reached up over the card table and turned on the tin-shaded electric light. Instantly the table was brilliant with light, and the cone of the shade threw its brightness straight downward, leaving the corners of the bunk house still in dusk. Slim sat down on a box and George took his place opposite.

'It wasn't nothing,' said Slim. 'I would of had to drowned most of 'em anyways. No need to thank me about that.'

George said, 'It wasn't much to you, maybe, but it was a hell of a lot to him. Jesus Christ, I don't know how we're gonna get him to sleep in here. He'll want to sleep right out in the barn with 'em. We'll have trouble keepin' him from getting right in the box with them pups.'

'It wasn't nothing,' Slim repeated. 'Say, you sure was right about him. Maybe he ain't bright, but I never seen such a worker. He damn near killed his partner buckin' barley. There ain't nobody can keep up with him. God awmighty I never seen such a strong guy.'

George spoke proudly. 'Jus' tell Lennie what to do an' he'll do it if it don't take no figuring. He can't think of nothing to do himself, but he sure can take orders.'

There was a clang of horseshoe on iron stake outside and a little cheer of voices.

Slim moved back slightly so the light was not on his face. 'Funny how you an' him string along together.' It was Slim's calm invitation to confidence.

'What's funny about it?' George demanded defensively.

'Oh, I dunno. Hardly none of the guys ever travel together. I hardly never seen two guys travel together. You know how the hands are, they just come in and get their bunk and work a month, and then they quit and go out alone. Never seem to give a damn about nobody. It jus' seems kinda funny a cuckoo like him and a smart little guy like you travelin' together.'

'He ain't no cuckoo,' said George. 'He's dumb as hell, but he ain't crazy. An' I ain't so bright neither, or I wouldn't be buckin' barley for my fifty and found. If I was bright, if I was even a little bit smart, I'd have my own little place, an' I'd be bringin' in my own crops, 'stead of doin' all the work and not getting what comes up outta the ground.' George fell silent. He wanted to talk. Slim neither encouraged nor discouraged him. He just sat back quiet and receptive.

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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 character of Uncle Alan presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

1 2 How is the relationship between Sam Lowbridge and Meena 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 Show how the theme of belonging is important 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]

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Uncle Alan was the nearest thing we had to a sex symbol in a ten-mile radius. He seemed ancient, at least twenty-eight, but he did have chestnut brown curly hair, a huge smile, an obscene amount of energy and a huge dimple right in the centre of his chin which looked like someone had got a pencil, placed it on his skin and slowly twirled it round and round on the spot. (I knew this because I had spent many a happy hour creating dimples in my arms using this very method.) We kids always braced ourselves if we saw him bounding across the yard from the vicar's house, eager and slobbery as a Labrador, because we knew he'd be looking for volunteers for another of his good-egg schemes. 'Well littl'uns!' he'd gasp, rubbing his hands together in what he thought was a matey, streetwise kind of manner. 'How about we get together and do something about this litter, eh?' And the next thing you know, you'd be wearing one of his canvas aprons with 'Tollington Methodist Tinies' plastered all over it and picking up fag butts from underneath parked cars.

But we never said no; though we would rather die than admit it, we actually enjoyed trailing after him, gathering blackberries for the 'Jam In', washing down the swings in the adjoining park with Fairy Liquid, even sitting in on his Youth Chats every Sunday afternoon, in which we'd have two minutes of talk vaguely connected to Jesus and then get on with making up plays or drawing pictures or playing 'Tick You're It' in and around the pews. Frankly, there was nothing else to do, as many of us were not privy to the big boys' leisure activities which were mainly cat torturing or peeing competitions behind the pigsties, and he knew it.

'Oh I could give him one,' Sandy had once said to Anita's mother, Deirdre, as they watched Uncle Alan leap across the yard. 'Don't he wear nice shoes? You can always tell a bloke by his shoes.'

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

Either,

2 2 How is the character of Calpurnia 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]

Or,

2 3 How is the theme of innocence important to the novel *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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‘Soon’s school starts I’m gonna ask Walter home to dinner,’ I planned, having forgotten my private resolve to beat him up next time I saw him. ‘He can stay over sometimes after school, too. Atticus could drive him back to Old Sarum. Maybe he could spend the night with us sometime, okay, Jem?’

‘We’ll see about that,’ Aunt Alexandra said, a declaration that with her was always a threat, never a promise. Surprised, I turned to her. ‘Why not, Aunty? They’re good folks.’

She looked at me over her sewing glasses. ‘Jean Louise, there is no doubt in my mind that they’re good folks. But they’re not our kind of folks.’

Jem says, ‘She means they’re yappy, Scout.’

‘What’s a yap?’

‘Aw, tacky. They like fiddlin’ and things like that.’

‘Well I do too – ’

‘Don’t be silly, Jean Louise,’ said Aunt Alexandra. ‘The thing is, you can scrub Walter Cunningham till he shines, you can put him in shoes and a new suit, but he’ll never be like Jem. Besides, there’s a drinking streak in that family a mile wide. Finch women aren’t interested in that sort of people.’

‘Aun-ty,’ said Jem, ‘she ain’t nine yet.’

‘She may as well learn it now.’

Aunt Alexandra had spoken. I was reminded vividly of the last time she had put her foot down. I never knew why. It was when I was absorbed with plans to visit Calpurnia’s house – I was curious, interested; I wanted to be her ‘company’, to see how she lived, who her friends were. I might as well have wanted to see the other side of the moon. This time the tactics were different, but Aunt Alexandra’s aim was the same. Perhaps this was why she had come to live with us – to help us choose our friends. I would hold her off as long as I could: ‘If they’re good folks, then why can’t I be nice to Walter?’

‘I didn’t say not to be nice to him. You should be friendly and polite to him, you should be gracious to everybody, dear. But you don’t have to invite him home.’

‘What if he was kin to us, Aunty?’

‘The fact is that he is not kin to us, but if he were, my answer would be the same.’

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

Either,

3 2 'Maya is let down by her own family as much as she is by American society in the 1930s.' How far do you agree with this statement? [20]

Or,

3 3 Which relationship in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* do you think is the most interesting? Show how this relationship is presented. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

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The odors in the house surprised me. Somehow I had never connected Mrs. Flowers with food or eating or any other common experience of common people. There must have been an outhouse, too, but my mind never recorded it.

The sweet scent of vanilla had met us as she opened the door.

"I made tea cookies this morning. You see, I had planned to invite you for cookies and lemonade so we could have this little chat. The lemonade is in the icebox."

It followed that Mrs. Flowers would have ice on an ordinary day, when most families in our town bought ice late on Saturdays only a few times during the summer to be used in the wooden ice-cream freezers.

She took the bags from me and disappeared through the kitchen door. I looked around the room that I had never in my wildest fantasies imagined I would see. Browned photographs leered or threatened from the walls and the white, freshly done curtains pushed against themselves and against the wind. I wanted to gobble up the room entire and take it to Bailey, who would help me analyze and enjoy it.

"Have a seat, Marguerite. Over there by the table." She carried a platter covered with a tea towel. Although she warned that she hadn't tried her hand at baking sweets for some time, I was certain that like everything else about her the cookies would be perfect.

They were flat round wafers, slightly browned on the edges and butter-yellow in the center. With the cold lemonade they were sufficient for childhood's lifelong diet. Remembering my manners, I took nice little lady-like bites off the edges. She said she had made them expressly for me and that she had a few in the kitchen that I could take home to my brother. So I jammed one whole cake in my mouth and the rough crumbs scratched the insides of my jaws, and if I hadn't had to swallow, it would have been a dream come true.

As I ate she began the first of what we later called "my lessons in living." She said that I must always be intolerant of ignorance but understanding of illiteracy. That some people, unable to go to school, were more educated and even more intelligent than college professors. She encouraged me to listen carefully to what country people called mother wit. That in those homely sayings was couched the collective wisdom of generations.

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

Either,

4 2 How is the character of Esther presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

4 3 Loyalty is important in *Chanda's Secrets*. How is the theme of loyalty 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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Pretty soon after that, I stopped eating. At first, Mama thought I had a tummy bug. Then she got worried. ‘What’s the matter?’ she asked.

‘Nothing.’

The truth was, everything was the matter. Since the night of the party, Isaac had been after me. Even in the middle of the night with Mama in the next room. Daytime too. When Mama went to fetch water at the standpipe, he’d say: ‘Sit on my lap.’ That’s how it would start. I told Mama I wanted to help her with the water, but she always said she needed me to chop carrots, or to keep an eye on the baby.

I wanted to scream what was happening. But I thought he’d just deny it and I’d get in trouble. Even worse, if Mama believed me, she’d say we had to leave – we’d be homeless with nothing to eat and it would be all my fault. Or that’s what I thought.

It turned out differently. That afternoon Mama came back from the standpipe early and caught him with his pants down.

‘You’re not a man! You’re a monster!’ she screamed. She heaved the water at him and bashed him over the head with the pail. He threw her across the room.

‘Go whore in the streets with your slut daughter!’ he yelled, loud enough that the neighbours would hear. Then he grabbed our clothes and threw them out the windows.

Mama stuffed them into a couple of plastic bags. She put Iris on a sling over her shoulder, took the bags in one hand and my hand in her other. ‘I curse you, Isaac Pheto,’ she spat at him. ‘By all that is holy, I curse your name, and the bones of the ancestors who bore you.’

The neighbourhood women were listening to the fight from inside their homes, but some of the men had come out for the show. Mama spiked them with a look. ‘What are you gawking at, misters?’

She stuck out her chin and together we strode down the street. As we were about to turn the corner, I felt the tears coming. ‘Don’t cry, Chanda,’ Mama whispered calmly. ‘Never let them see you cry.’

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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 write about birds.

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]

Starlings

Something repels me in starlings,
It's their panic-stricken gluttony,
And evil greens and purples,
Like bluebottles;
But most of all
It's their cocky ugliness,
That sleek and rakish look,
Like men with patent leather hair.

I look for the bibbed robin
With its baby charm
And mouse-ish fur.
Or the blue tit,
That glob of twinkling iridescence.
Even the dull sparrow is welcome,
Reliable like a working man.
They're all welcome at my table;
Except starlings.

I know all life is sacred
And I wouldn't see it starve.
But a few seconds of its presence
Angers me.
I have to knock
And make it fly away.
Am I wrong in this?
Should ugliness be allowed an equal share?
Or am I right
To repel it,
And prefer beauty in its place?

by Barry Hines

A Blackbird Singing

It seems wrong that out of this bird,
Black, bold, a suggestion of dark
Places about it, there yet should come
Such rich music, as though the notes'
Ore were changed to a rare metal
At one touch of that bright bill.

You have heard it often, alone at your desk
In a green April, your mind drawn
Away from its work by sweet disturbance
Of the mild evening outside your room.

A slow singer, but loading each phrase
With history's overtones, love, joy
And grief learned by his dark tribe
In other orchards and passed on
Instinctively as they are now,
But fresh always with new tears.

by RS Thomas

END OF PAPER

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