GCSE

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MONDAY, 13 MAY 2024 – 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 following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

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 Crooks presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

0 2 How does Steinbeck use the character of Curley to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

0 3 'In the world Steinbeck creates in *Of Mice and Men*, no one is capable of kindness.' 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 in your answer. [20]

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Suddenly Lennie's eyes centered and grew quiet, and mad. He stood up and walked dangerously toward Crooks. 'Who hurt George?' he demanded.

Crooks saw the danger as it approached him. He edged back on his bunk to get out of the way. 'I was just supposin',' he said. 'George ain't hurt. He's all right. He'll be back all right.'

Lennie stood over him. 'What you supposin' for? Ain't nobody goin' to suppose no hurt to George.'

Crooks removed his glasses and wiped his eyes with his fingers. 'Jus' set down,' he said. 'George ain't hurt.'

Lennie growled back to his seat on the nail keg. 'Ain't nobody goin' to talk no hurt to George,' he grumbled.

Crooks said gently, 'Maybe you can see now. You got George. You *know* he's goin' to come back. S'pose you didn't have nobody. S'pose you couldn't go into the bunk house and play rummy 'cause you was black. How'd you like that? S'pose you had to sit out here an' read books. Sure you could play horseshoes till it got dark, but then you got to read books. Books ain't no good. A guy needs somebody – to be near him.' He whined, 'A guy goes nuts if he ain't got nobody. Don't make no difference who the guy is, long's he's with you. I tell ya,' he cried, 'I tell ya a guy gets too lonely an' he gets sick.'

'George gonna come back,' Lennie reassured himself in a frightened voice. 'Maybe George come back already. Maybe I better go see.'

Crooks said, 'I didn't mean to scare you. He'll come back. I was talkin' about myself. A guy sets alone out here at night, maybe readin' books or thinkin' or stuff like that. Sometimes he gets thinkin', an' he got nothing to tell him what's so an' what ain't so. Maybe if he sees somethin', he don't know whether it's right or not. He can't turn to some other guy and ast him if he sees it too. He can't tell. He got nothing to measure by. I seen things out here. I wasn't drunk. I don't know if I was asleep. If some guy was with me, he could tell me I was asleep, an' then it would be all right. But I jus' don't know.' Crooks was looking across the room now, looking toward the window.

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

Either,

1 2 In *Anita and Me*, how is the character of Nanima, Meena's grandmother, important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context in your answer. [20]

Or,

1 3 How is the theme of childhood 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 in your answer. [20]

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Anita was standing below us near the water's edge, mechanically picking up rubble from the ground and hurling it wildly at our heads. Sam pushed me out of the firing line and I slid halfway down the overhang on my bottom towards the ground.

'Nita,' he shouted. She was muttering to herself scrabbling round urgently for more missiles. 'You wanna chuck me for her? Her! Yow like her better? Her! Her?' A rock hit Sam full in the face, he staggered back slightly, his boots slipping over the gravel, holding a hand to his nose and registering the warmth of his own blood. 'NITA!' he roared and raced towards her with his fist raised. And then there are only freeze frames: Tracey appearing from nowhere, leaping at Sam like a terrier; Anita following her up towards the overhang; Sam backing towards the edge, laughing at this absurd challenge; Tracey flying through the air, suspended in the moonlight, arms outstretched like wings, Sam dodging sideways; and then that terrible splash which sucked in half the night with it - and silence.

'Trace?' Anita said softly, after a pause. 'Trace?' Then frantic watery leaps, wading through mud and bulrushes, Anita's harsh sobs, muffled as she fought off Sam. 'Get her, Sam! She can't swim!' 'Nor me! Nor me! Where's she gone?' 'Trace! Our Trace!' 'Somebody!'

I was already running, cracking my head on branches and snagging my bare arms on brambles. Where was the path, who was nearest, phone the police somebody, which was the way out, every moment on dry land is another one underwater, I Have An Exam Tomorrow . . .

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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 Caroline Fisher presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2 2 In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, how is the character of Boo Radley important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

2 3 Ideas about courage are important in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. 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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Miss Caroline began the day by reading us a story about cats. The cats had long conversations with one another, they wore cunning little clothes and lived in a warm house beneath a kitchen stove. By the time Mrs Cat called the drug store for an order of chocolate malted mice the class was wriggling like a bucketful of catawba worms. Miss Caroline seemed unaware that the ragged, denim-shirted and floursack-skirted first grade, most of whom had chopped cotton and fed hogs from the time they were able to walk, were immune to imaginative literature. Miss Caroline came to the end of the story and said, '*Oh*, my, wasn't that nice?'

Then she went to the blackboard and printed the alphabet in enormous square capitals, turned to the class and asked, 'Does anybody know what these are?'

Everybody did; most of the first grade had failed it last year.

I suppose she chose me because she knew my name; as I read the alphabet a faint line appeared between her eyebrows, and after making me read most of *My First Reader* and the stock-market quotations from *The Mobile Register* aloud, she discovered that I was literate and looked at me with more than faint distaste. Miss Caroline told me to tell my father not to teach me any more, it would interfere with my reading.

'Teach me?' I said in surprise. 'He hasn't taught me anything, Miss Caroline. Atticus ain't got time to teach me anything,' I added, when Miss Caroline smiled and shook her head. 'Why, he's so tired at night he just sits in the living-room and reads.'

'If he didn't teach you, who did?' Miss Caroline asked good-naturedly. 'Somebody did. You weren't born reading *The Mobile Register*.'

'Jem says I was. He read in a book where I was a Bullfinch instead of a Finch. Jem says my name's really Jean Louise Bullfinch, that I got swapped when I was born and I'm really a – '

Miss Caroline apparently thought I was lying. 'Let's not let our imaginations run away with us dear,' she said. 'Now you tell your father not to teach you any more. It's best to begin reading with a fresh mind. You tell him I'll take over from here and try to undo the damage – '

'Ma'am?'

'Your father does not know how to teach. You can have a seat now.'

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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 Maya's mother presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3 2 In *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, which character do you think influences Maya the most as she grows up? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context in your answer. [20]

Or,

3 3 How is the theme of prejudice presented in *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 in your answer. [20]

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Mother closed the kitchen door and told me to sit beside Bailey. She put her hands on her hips and said we had been invited to a party.

Was that enough to wake us in the middle of the night! Neither of us said anything.

She continued, “I am giving a party and you are my honored and only guests.”

She opened the oven and took out a pan of her crispy brown biscuits and showed us a pot of milk chocolate on the back of the stove. There was nothing for it but to laugh at our beautiful and wild mother. When Bailey and I started laughing, she joined in, except that she kept her finger in front of her mouth to try to quiet us.

We were served formally, and she apologized for having no orchestra to play for us but said she’d sing as a substitute. She sang and did the Time Step and the Snake Hips and the Suzy Q. What child can resist a mother who laughs freely and often, especially if the child’s wit is mature enough to catch the sense of the joke?

Mother’s beauty made her powerful and her power made her unflinchingly honest. When we asked her what she did, what her job was, she walked us to Oakland’s Seventh Street, where dusty bars and smoke shops sat in the laps of storefront churches. She pointed out Raincoat’s Pinochle Parlor and Slim Jenkins’ pretentious saloon. Some nights she played pinochle for money or ran a poker game at Mother Smith’s or stopped at Slim’s for a few drinks. She told us that she had never cheated anybody and wasn’t making any preparations to do so. Her work was as honest as the job held by fat Mrs. Walker (a maid), who lived next door to us, and “a damn sight better paid.” She wouldn’t bust suds for anybody nor be anyone’s kitchen bitch. The good Lord gave her a mind and she intended to use it to support her mother and her children. She didn’t need to add “And have a little fun along the way.”

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

Either,

4 2 How is the character of Chanda's mother 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 Superstition is important in *Chanda's Secrets*. 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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The limo takes off. Esther stands in front of me holding a plastic grocery bag. Inside the bag, I see her ordinary clothes. They're bright as usual, but nothing like what she's wearing now. A ribbon of orange vinyl mini-skirt and a pink lace bikini top. Her face is covered in cheap makeup. The lipstick is smudged.

'What are you doing here?' I say, as if it isn't obvious.

'None of your business,' she snaps. 'How dare you spy on me?'

'I'm not. I got your note. I went to your place.'

'I told you never to go there!'

'I was worried.'

'Who cares? You promised you wouldn't. You lied.'

'*I* lied?' My eyes pop.

'Anyway, I don't know why you're so upset,' she says, more defiant than ever. 'It's not like I'm doing anything. I'm giving guided tours, that's all. I take people around the city. Show them places of interest. What's wrong with that?'

'Nothing, if it's the truth. But it's not.'

'How do you know? I thought we were friends. Friends are supposed to trust each other.'

'Trust!' My eyes fill up. 'Do you know how stupid you sound?'

'Me? Stupid?' Esther reaches into her panties and pulls out a roll of paper money. 'Does this look stupid? You don't make half this in a month selling your eggs and vegetables. I make it in an afternoon. And you think *I'm* stupid?'

I look from her eyes to the money and back again. The air leaves my body. I totter on my feet. 'I believed in you,' I whisper. 'When people called you names, I always took your side.'

Esther's face crumples. 'It's easy for you,' she says. 'You have your mama, your sister, your brother. My mama's dead. My brothers and sister are scattered all over. I want my family. I need the money to get them back.'

'By doing *this*?'

'How else can I get enough to support us? To rent a room? Buy food?' She tosses her arms in the air, flops on a nearby bench and turns away.

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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 their pleasure in noticing people doing ordinary things.

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]

Happiness

So early it's still almost dark out.
I'm near the window with coffee,
and the usual early morning stuff
that passes for thought.
When I see the boy and his friend
walking up the road
to deliver the newspaper.
They wear caps and sweaters,
and one boy has a bag over his shoulder.
They are so happy
they aren't saying anything, these boys.
I think if they could, they would take
each other's arm.
It's early in the morning,
and they are doing this thing together.
They come on, slowly.
The sky is taking on light,
though the moon still hangs pale over the water.
Such beauty that for a minute
death and ambition, even love,
doesn't enter into this.
Happiness. It comes on
unexpectedly. And goes beyond, really,
any early morning talk about it.

by Raymond Carver

Those Who Make Paths

Here's a song of praise for all those people
who live at the forgotten edge of things;
who come out at night and take long walks
under the lamp-posts, remembering;
women who stay behind to clean old churches,
rubbing the shining faces week by week,
speaking their thoughts to angels and the dead,
a silent congregation at their back.

Men who go out in the early morning
to gather sticks from urban river banks;
old men with allotments, or with bikes
piled with panniers of spuds;
women who push home-made carts or carry
wood on prams, grandchildren riding high
and sucking kaylee. Where are they
in the world's eye?

And those who make the paths that run through hedges,
through the corners of fields, who leave charred
sticks and charcoal deep in hidden copses;
kids who dream in corners of the yard;
anglers, and cyclists going nowhere really
but away, happy to be alone;
those who live beneath the world's dignity;
those who've been poets, and have never known.

by Catherine Fisher

END OF PAPER

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