GCSE

3720UA0-1

S25-3720UA0-1

MONDAY, 12 MAY 2025 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

	Pages
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. Answer the following question:

How is the boss presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

0 2 Which relationship in *Of Mice and Men* shows us most about life in America in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

0 3 In *Of Mice and Men*, Curley's wife says, 'You're all scared of each other, that's what.' To what extent do you agree that the men on the ranch are afraid of each other? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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The boss squinted his eyes. ‘Well, I had to send out the grain teams short two buckers. Won’t do any good to go out now till after dinner.’ He pulled his time book out of his pocket and opened it where a pencil was stuck between the leaves. George scowled meaningfully at Lennie, and Lennie nodded to show that he understood. The boss licked his pencil. ‘What’s your name?’

‘George Milton.’

‘And what’s yours?’

George said, ‘His name’s Lennie Small.’

The names were entered in the book. ‘Le’s see, this is the twentieth, noon the twentieth.’ He closed the book. ‘Where you boys been working?’

‘Up around Weed,’ said George.

‘You, too?’ to Lennie.

‘Yeah, him too,’ said George.

The boss pointed a playful finger at Lennie. ‘He ain’t much of a talker, is he?’

‘No, he ain’t, but he’s sure a hell of a good worker. Strong as a bull.’

Lennie smiled to himself. ‘Strong as a bull,’ he repeated.

George scowled at him, and Lennie dropped his head in shame at having forgotten.

The boss said suddenly, ‘Listen, Small!’ Lennie raised his head. ‘What can you do?’

In a panic, Lennie looked at George for help. ‘He can do anything you tell him,’ said George. ‘He’s a good skinner. He can rassel grain bags, drive a cultivator. He can do anything. Just give him a try.’

The boss turned on George. ‘Then why don’t you let him answer? What you trying to put over?’

George broke in loudly, ‘Oh! I ain’t saying he’s bright. He ain’t. But I say he’s a God damn good worker. He can put up a four hundred pound bale.’

The boss deliberately put the little book in his pocket. He hooked his thumbs in his belt and squinted one eye nearly closed. ‘Say – what you sellin’?’

‘Huh?’

‘I said what stake you got in this guy? You takin’ his pay away from him?’

‘No, ’course I ain’t. Why ya think I’m sellin’ him out?’

‘Well, I never seen one guy take so much trouble for another guy. I just like to know what your interest is.’

George said, ‘He’s my … cousin. I told his old lady I’d take care of him. He got kicked in the head by a horse when he was a kid. He’s awright. Just ain’t bright. But he can do anything you tell him.’

The boss turned half away. ‘Well. God knows he don’t need any brains to buck barley bags. But don’t you try to put nothing over, Milton. I got my eye on you.’

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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. Answer the following question:

How is Anita presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

1 2 What does the relationship between Meena and Sam show us about life in Britain in the 1960s? [20]

Or,

1 3 In *Anita and Me*, how are relationships between parents and their children important to the novel? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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Mama had gone to the trouble of preparing two menus, which was fortunate considering Anita's reaction when the serving dishes of various curries were placed in front of her. 'What's that!' she demanded, as if confronted with a festering sheep's head on a platter. 'Oh that's mattar-paneer,' mama said proudly, always happy to educate the sad English palate. 'A sort of Indian cheese, and these are peas with it, of course …'

'Cheese and peas?' said Anita faintly. 'Together?'

'Well,' mama went on hurriedly. 'This is chicken curry … You have had chicken before, haven't you?'

'What's that stuff round it?'

'Um, just gravy, you know, tomatoes, onions, garlic …' Mama was losing confidence now, she trailed off as she picked up Anita's increasing panic.

'Chicken with tomatoes? What's garlic?'

'Don't you worry!' papa interjected heartily, fearing a culinary cat fight was about to shatter his fragile peace. 'We've also got fishfingers and chips. Is tomato sauce too dangerous for you?'

Anita's relief made her oblivious to his attempt at a joke. She simply picked up her knife and fork and rested her elbows on the table, waiting to be served with something she could recognise. 'I'll have fishfingers, mum! Um, please!' I called out after her. I could tell from the set of mama's back that her charity was wearing a little thin. Although I had yet to cast Anita in the mould of one of the Rainbow orphan kids, I did wonder if food was a problem at her house after seeing her eat. Any romantic idea I had about witty stories over the dinner table disappeared when Anita made a fortress of her arms and chewed stolidly behind it, daring anyone to approach and disturb her concentration or risk losing an eye if they attempted to steal a chip. She looked up only twice, once when my parents began eating, as always, with their fingers, using their chapatti as scoops to ferry the banquet of curries into their mouths.

Anita stopped in mid-chew, looking from her knife and fork to mama and papa's fingers with faint disgust, apparently unaware that all of us had a great view of a lump of half masticated fishfinger sitting on her tongue.

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Turn over.

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. Answer the following question:

How is Calpurnia presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2 2 How does Lee use the character of Scout to show American society in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

2 3 'Poverty divides the people of Maycomb as much as the colour of their skin.' To what extent do you agree? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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Calpurnia rinsed her hands and followed Jem into the yard. ‘I don’t see any dog,’ she said.

She followed us beyond the Radley Place and looked where Jem pointed. Tim Johnson was not much more than a speck in the distance, but he was closer to us. He walked erratically, as if his right legs were shorter than his left legs. He reminded me of a car stuck in a sand-bed.

‘He’s gone lopsided,’ said Jem.

Calpurnia stared, then grabbed us by the shoulders and ran us home. She shut the wood door behind us, went to the telephone and shouted, ‘Gimme Mr Finch’s office!’

‘Mr Finch!’ she shouted. ‘This is Cal. I swear to God there’s a mad dog down the street a piece – he’s comin’ this way, yes sir, he’s – Mr Finch, I declare he is – old Tim Johnson, yes sir … yessir … yes – ’

She hung up and shook her head when we tried to ask her what Atticus had said. She rattled the telephone hook and said, ‘Miss Eula May – now ma’am, I’m through talkin’ to Mr Finch, please don’t connect me no more – listen Miss Eula May, can you call Miss Rachel and Miss Stephanie Crawford and whoever’s got a phone on this street and tell ’em a mad dog’s comin’? Please ma’am!’

Calpurnia listened. ‘I know it’s February, Miss Eula May, but I know a mad dog when I see one. Please ma’am hurry!’

Calpurnia asked Jem, ‘Radleys got a phone?’

Jem looked in the book and said no. ‘They won’t come out anyway, Cal.’

‘I don’t care, I’m gonna tell ’em.’

She ran to the front porch, Jem and I at her heels. ‘You stay in that house!’ she yelled.

Calpurnia’s message had been received by the neighbourhood. Every wood door within our range of vision was closed tight. We saw no trace of Tim Johnson. We watched Calpurnia running towards the Radley Place, holding her skirt and apron above her knees. She went up to the front steps and banged on the door. She got no answer, and she shouted, ‘Mr Nathan, Mr Arthur, mad dog’s comin’! Mad dog’s comin’!’

‘She’s supposed to go around in back,’ I said.

Jem shook his head. ‘Don’t make any difference now,’ he said.

Calpurnia pounded on the door in vain. No one acknowledged her warning; no one seemed to have heard it.

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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. Answer the following question:

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

Either,

3 2 How is the character of Bailey Senior, Maya's father, presented in the novel? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

3 3 How is courage in a racist society presented in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

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In the afternoon I went to a bay-windowed house which boasted ROOMS, in green and orange letters, through the glass. A woman of any age past thirty answered my ring and said Bailey Johnson was at the top of the stairs.

His eyes were as red as Mother's had been, but his face had loosened a little from the tightness of the night before. In an almost formal manner I was invited into a room with a clean chenille-covered bed, an easy chair, a gas fireplace and a table.

He began to talk, covering up the unusual situation that we found ourselves in.

"Nice room, isn't it? You know it's very hard to find rooms now. The war and all … Betty lives here [she was the white prostitute] and she got this place for me … Maya, you know, it's better this way … I mean, I'm a man, and I have to be on my own …"

I was furious that he didn't curse and abuse the Fates or Mother or at least act put upon.

"Well"—I thought to start it—"If Mother was really a mother, she wouldn't have—"

He stopped me, his little black hand held up as if I were to read his palm. "Wait, Maya, she was right. There is a tide and time in every man's life—"

"Bailey, you're sixteen."

"Chronologically, yes, but I haven't been sixteen for years. Anyway, there comes a time when a man must cut the apron strings and face life on his own … As I was saying to Mother Dear, I've come to—"

"When were you talking to Mother …?"

"This morning, I said to Mother Dear—"

"Did you phone her?"

"Yes. And she came by here. We had a very fruitful discussion"—he chose his words with the precision of a Sunday school teacher—"She understands completely. There is a time in every man's life when he must push off from the wharf of safety into the sea of chance … Anyway, she is arranging with a friend of hers in Oakland to get me on the Southern Pacific. Maya, it's just a start. I'll begin as a dining-car waiter and then a steward, and when I know all there is to know about that, I'll branch out … The future looks good. The Black man hasn't even begun to storm the battlefronts. I'm going for broke myself."

His room smelled of cooked grease, Lysol and age, but his face believed the freshness of his words, and I had no heart nor art to drag him back to the reeking reality of our life and times.

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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. Answer the following question:

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

Either,

4 2 How is Jonah presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

4 3 'In *Chanda's Secrets*, the children are more responsible than the adults.' To what extent do you agree? Support your answer with reference to the novel. Comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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I peek inside the Internet cafe next door. Last week I saw Esther at a keyboard. I thought I was hallucinating. There she was in her bright orange flip-flops and her secondhand sequinned halter top, popping gum and clicking the mouse.

'What are you doing here?' I asked.

'Getting my e-mails,' she replied smugly.

I laughed in her face. There's a computer in the main office at school, and we've all been taken down to see how it works, but the idea of using one in real life seemed as bizarre as flying to Mars.

Esther patted my hand like I was a baby and told me her e-mail address: esthermacholo@hotmail.com. She whispered that the cafe manager lets her use leftover time on his Internet coupons because he likes her. She winked and showed me her collection of business cards. 'They're from the tourists who take my picture,' she bragged. 'When I'm bored, I send them e-mails. Sometimes they write back. If their friends are coming to town, for instance.'

'"If their *friends* are coming to town?"'

'What's wrong with that?'

'Guess.'

'It's not like I go to their rooms, or anything. I just stand in front of that fountain and let them take my photo.'

'Make sure you keep it that way.'

'Meaning?'

'Don't pretend you don't know. I've seen them get down on one knee to look up your skirt.'

Esther rolled her eyes. 'They go on one knee so the top of the statue will fit in the picture. You and your dirty mind. You're worse than my auntie.'

'It's not just me,' I pleaded. 'Kids at school are talking.'

'Let them.'

'Look, Esther—'

'No, *you* look, Chanda!' she snapped. 'Maybe you want to be stuck in Bonang having babies, but not me. I'm getting out. I'm going to America or Australia or Europe.'

'How? You think some tourist is going to put you in his suitcase?'

'No.'

'What then? Marry you?'

'Maybe,' she said. 'Or hire me as a nanny.'

I snorted.

'Why not?'

'Because. That's why not.'

Esther shot me a look. She got up from the computer, stormed out, and marched across the car park.

I ran after her. 'Esther!' I shouted. 'Stop. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry.' I wasn't sorry, but I hate it when we fight. I caught up with her at an abandoned shopping trolley. She gripped the bar and stared at an advertising flyer in the basket.

'I know I talk crazy,' she said. 'It's just … sometimes I like to dream, OK?'

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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 how a parent thinks about their child.

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]

To A Daughter Leaving Home

When I taught you
at eight to ride
a bicycle, loping along
beside you
as you wobbled away
on two round wheels,
my own mouth rounding
in surprise when you pulled
ahead down the curved
path of the park,
I kept waiting
for the thud
of your crash as I
sprinted to catch up,
while you grew
smaller, more breakable
with distance,
pumping, pumping
for your life, screaming
with laughter,
the hair flapping
behind you like a
handkerchief waving
goodbye.

by Linda Pastan

Shoulders

A man crosses the street in rain,
stepping gently, looking two times north and south,
because his son is asleep on his shoulder.

No car must splash him.
No car drive too near to his shadow.

This man carries the world's most sensitive cargo
but he's not marked.
Nowhere does his jacket say FRAGILE,
HANDLE WITH CARE.

His ear fills up with breathing.
He hears the hum of a boy's dream
deep inside him.

We're not going to be able
to live in this world
if we're not willing to do what he's doing
with one another.

The road will only be wide.
The rain will never stop falling.

by Naomi Shihab Nye

END OF PAPER

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