



New GCSE

4201/02

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER**

P.M. FRIDAY, 10 June 2011

2 hours

SECTION A

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

SECTION B

6.	<i>Poetry</i>	12
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **two** questions: **one** from Section A (Questions 1 - 5) and Section B (Question 6).

All questions in Section A consist of two parts. Part (a) is based on an extract from the set text. You are then asked to answer **either** (b) **or** (c), which requires some longer writing on the text.

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

SECTION A

1. *Of Mice and Men*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how John Steinbeck presents Slim's character here. [10]

Either,

(b) How does John Steinbeck's presentation of George throughout the novel affect your feelings towards him? [20]

Or,

(c) "Loneliness is at the heart of this novel." To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

A tall man stood in the doorway. He held a crushed Stetson hat under his arm while he combed his long, black, damp hair straight back. Like the others, he wore blue jeans and a short denim jacket. When he had finished combing his hair he moved into the room, and he moved with a majesty only achieved by royalty and master craftsmen. He was a jerkline skinner, the prince of the ranch, capable of driving ten, sixteen, even twenty mules with a single line to the leaders. He was capable of killing a fly on the wheeler's butt with a bull whip without touching the mule. There was a gravity in his manner and a quiet so profound that all talk stopped when he spoke. His authority was so great that his word was taken on any subject, be it politics or love. This was Slim, the jerkline skinner. His hatchet face was ageless. He might have been thirty-five or fifty. His ear heard more than was said to him, and his slow speech had overtones not of thought, but of understanding beyond thought. His hands, large and lean, were as delicate in their action as those of a temple dancer.

He smoothed out his crushed hat, creased it in the middle and put it on. He looked kindly at the two in the bunk-house. 'It's brighter'n a bitch outside,' he said gently. 'Can't hardly see nothing in here. You the new guys?'

'Just come,' said George.

'Gonna buck barley?'

'That's what the boss says.'

Slim sat down on a box across the table from George. He studied the solitaire hand that was upside-down to him. 'Hope you get on my team,' he said. His voice was very gentle. 'I gotta pair of punks on my team that don't know a barley bag from a blue ball. You guys ever bucked any barley?'

'Hell, yes,' said George. 'I ain't nothing to scream about, but that big bastard there can put up more grain alone than most pairs can.'

Lennie, who had been following the conversation back and forth with his eyes, smiled complacently at the compliment. Slim leaned over the table and snapped the corner of a loose card. 'You guys travel around together?' His tone was friendly. It invited confidence without demanding it.

2. *Anita and Me*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Meera Syal creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) How does Meera Syal present the character of Sam Lowbridge in *Anita and Me*? [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Meera Syal presents the changes in Meena's character in *Anita and Me*. [20]

Still, that evening our house seemed to vibrate with goodwill and hope, the air felt heady and rare, the food seemed mountainous and never ending, even Sunil giggled and chirruped his way through dinner from his usual position on mama's hip, trying to form passing adult words like some drunk parrot. It was such an unseasonably warm evening that every possible window was flung open as the house became more crowded and noisy, until suddenly, the front door was ajar and our guests began spilling out into the garden, still clutching their drinks and balancing plates of food. This threw me into a minor panic; Tollington front gardens were purely for display purposes, everyone knew that. And here were all my relatives using our scrubby patch of lawn like a marquee, laughing and joking and generally behaving as if they were still within the security of four soundproofed walls.

It felt so strange to hear Punjabi under the stars. It was an indoor language to me, an almost guilty secret which the Elders would only share away from prying English eyes and ears. On the street, in shops, on buses, in parks, I noticed how the volume would go up when they spoke English, telling us kids to not wander off, asking the price of something; and yet when they wanted to say something intimate, personal, about feelings as opposed to acquisitions, they switched to Punjabi and the volume became a conspiratorial whisper. 'That woman over there, her hat looks like a dead dog . . . The bastard is asking too much, let's go . . . Do you think if I burped here, anyone would hear it?'

I stood uncertainly on the front porch and watched helplessly as the Aunties and Uncles began reclaiming the Tollington night in big Indian portions, guffawing Punjabi over fences and hedges, wafting curried vegetable smells through tight-mouthed letterboxes, sprinkling notes from old Hindi movie songs over jagged rooftops, challenging the single street light on the crossroads with their twinkling jewels and brazen silks. Usually, mama and papa were the most polite and careful neighbours, always shushing me if I made too much noise down the entries, always careful to keep all windows closed during papa's musical evenings. But tonight, I noted disapprovingly, they were as noisy and hysterical as everyone else. I had never seen the Elders so expansive and unconcerned, and knew that this somehow had something to do with Nanima.

3. *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Harper Lee creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Miss Maudie. At the end of the novel, you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Miss Maudie would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) One of the themes in *To Kill A Mockingbird* is prejudice. How does Harper Lee present this theme in her novel? [20]

Ours were adjoining rooms; as I shut the door between them Jem said ‘Night, Scout.’

‘Night,’ I murmured, picking my way across the room to turn on the light. As I passed the bed I stepped on something warm, resilient, and rather smooth. It was not quite like hard rubber, and I had the sensation that it was alive. I also heard it move.

I switched on the light and looked at the floor by the bed. Whatever I had stepped on was gone. I tapped on Jem’s door.

‘What,’ he said.

‘How does a snake feel?’

‘Sort of rough. Cold. Dusty. Why?’

‘I think there’s one under my bed. Can you come look?’

‘Are you bein’ funny?’ Jem opened the door. He was in his pyjama bottoms. I noticed not without satisfaction that the mark of my knuckles was still on his mouth. When he saw I meant what I said, he said, ‘If you think I’m gonna put my face down to a snake you’ve got another think comin’. Hold on a minute.’

He went to the kitchen and fetched the broom. ‘You better get up on the bed,’ he said.

‘You reckon it’s really one?’ I asked. This was an occasion. Our houses had no cellars; they were built on stone blocks a few feet above the ground, and the entry of reptiles was not unknown but was not commonplace. Miss Rachel Haverford’s excuse for a glass of neat whisky every morning was that she never got over the fright of finding a rattler coiled in her bedroom closet, on her washing, when she went to hang up her negligee.

Jem make a tentative swipe under the bed. I looked over the foot to see if a snake would come out. None did. Jem made a deeper swipe.

‘Do snakes grunt?’

‘It ain’t a snake,’ Jem said. ‘It’s somebody.’

Suddenly a filthy brown package shot from under the bed. Jem raised the broom and missed Dill’s head by an inch when it appeared.

‘God Almighty,’ Jem’s voice was reverent.

We watched Dill emerge by degrees. He was a tight fit. He stood up and eased his shoulders, turned his feet in their ankle sockets, rubbed the back of his neck. His circulation restored, he said, ‘Hey.’

Jem petitioned God again. I was speechless.

‘I’m ’bout to perish,’ said Dill. ‘Got anything to eat?’

4. *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*

Answer part (a) and **either** part (b) **or** part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract show how Maya Angelou creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about the character of Bailey Junior, Maya's brother, and the way he is presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*. [20]

Or,

(c) Maya says, "Life had a conveyor-belt quality. It went on unpursued and unpursuing, and my only thought was to remain erect."

Write about how Maya managed to keep her balance and "remain erect" at difficult times in her life. [20]

The last inch of space was filled, yet people continued to wedge themselves along the walls of the Store. Uncle Willie had turned the radio up to its last notch so that youngsters on the porch wouldn't miss a word. Women sat on kitchen chairs, dining-room chairs, stools and upturned wooden boxes. Small children and babies perched on every lap available and men leaned on the shelves or on each other.

The apprehensive mood was shot through with shafts of gaiety, as a black sky is streaked with lightning.

"I ain't worried 'bout this fight. Joe's gonna whip that cracker like it's open season."

"He gone whip him till that white boy call him Momma."

At last the talking was finished and the string-along songs about razor blades were over and the fight began.

"A quick jab to the head." In the Store the crowd grunted. "A left to the head and a right and another left." One of the listeners cackled like a hen and was quieted.

"They're in a clench, Louis is trying to fight his way out."

Some bitter comedian on the porch said, "That white man don't mind hugging that niggah now, I betcha."

"The referee is moving in to break them up, but Louis finally pushed the contender away and it's an uppercut to the chin. The contender is hanging on, now he's backing away. Louis catches him with a short left to the jaw."

A tide of murmuring assent poured out the doors and into the yard.

"Another left and another left. Louis is saving that mighty right . . ." The mutter in the Store had grown into a baby roar and it was pierced by the clang of a bell and the announcer's "That's the bell for round three, ladies and gentlemen."

As I pushed my way into the Store I wondered if the announcer gave any thought to the fact that he was addressing as "ladies and gentlemen" all the Negroes around the world who sat sweating and praying, glued to their "master's voice."

There were only a few calls for R.C. Colas, Dr. Peppers, and Hire's root beer. The real festivities would begin after the fight. Then even the old Christian ladies who taught their children and tried themselves to practice turning the other cheek would buy soft drinks, and if the Brown Bomber's victory was a particularly bloody one they would order peanut patties and Baby Ruths also.

5. *Chanda's Secrets*

Answer part (a) and either part (b) or part (c).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (a), and about 40 minutes on part (b) or part (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Chanda speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal of her state of mind? [10]

Either,

(b) How does Alan Stratton's presentation of Esther affect your attitude towards her? [20]

Or,

(c) To what extent do you find *Chanda's Secrets* an effective title for the novel? [20]

Waiting for Mama is strange. Sometimes I fill with hope. Other times, like tonight, I lie in bed sweating with terror.

Soly is right. Mama should have called again. What's wrong? Is her sickness worse?

Her AIDS, I mean. Why can't I say the truth even now? Who am I trying to fool? How long before she dies? How long before we're alone? What then?

I see Jonah's face. I flash with hate. He gave it to her. I know it. I hope he's dead in some ditch. Stinking. Rotting.

No. That's awful. Anyway, why think the worst? Mama hasn't been tested. I don't know anything for sure. *Maybe* she has AIDS. But maybe not.

'Mama doesn't have AIDS. Mama doesn't have AIDS.' I say it over and over. But I don't believe it. Instead, I get a more terrible thought: What if Mama has AIDS, but not from Jonah? What if she gave it to him?

No! I hit myself. But the idea won't go away. It itches and itches.

I calm down. I tell myself not to be stupid. If Mama didn't get AIDS from Jonah, then from who? From nobody, that's who.

Then I think of Mr Dube. He was a widower for a long time. Did he spend all those nights alone? Or was there a trip to a boxcar? A stroll to hooker park?

No. Mr Dube was nice.

So what? Nobody's perfect. People make mistakes. They do things they shouldn't. That they normally wouldn't. That they wish they hadn't.

I start to sweat. If Mr Dube gave Mama AIDS – then what about their baby? What about Soly?

No! If Soly had the virus, he would have died before Sara! Wouldn't he?

Maybe not. By the time Sara was born, Mama would've had it longer. Sara could've been born sicker.

Oh no, an even worse thought: What if Mama didn't get sick from Jonah or from Mr Dube? What if she got sick from Isaac Pheto?

Then what about *their* baby? What about Iris?

My heart stops. What about me?

SECTION B

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

Both poems describe people's reactions to individuals on the edge of society.

6. 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.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- *the content of the poems – what they are about;*
- *the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poems;*
- *how they are written – words and phrases you find interesting, the way they are organised, and so on;*
- *your responses to the poems, including how they are similar and how they are different.*

[20]

Tramp

This mad prophet
gibbers* mid-traffic,
wringing his hands
whilst mouthing at heaven.

No messages for us.
His conversation is simply
a passage through time.
He points and calls.

Our uneven stares dissuade*
approach. We fear him, his
matted hair, patched coat,
grey look from sleeping out.

We mutter amongst ourselves
and hope he keeps away. No
place for him in our heaven,
there it's clean and empty.

* *gibbers – speaks so fast it sounds like nonsense*

* *dissuade – persuade against*

Rupert M. Loydell.

Decomposition

I have a picture I took in Bombay
of a beggar asleep on the pavement:
grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,
his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone;
routes for the ants' journeys, the flies'
descents.
brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,
he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.

Behind him, there is a crowd passingly
bemused by a pavement trickster and quite
indifferent to this very common sight
of an old man asleep on the pavement.

I thought it was a good composition
and glibly called it *The Man in the Street*,
remarking how typical it was of
India that the man in the street lived there.

His head in the posture of one weeping
into a pillow chides me* now for my
presumption at attempting to compose
art out of his hunger and solitude.

* *chides me – tells me off*

Zulfikar Ghose