



GCSE

4201/02

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 22 May 2012

2 hours

**Suitable for Modified
Language Candidates**

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>	12-13
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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:

Look closely at how Candy speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

Either,

(b) How does John Steinbeck create sympathy for Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*? [20]

Or,

(c) How does John Steinbeck present different types of strength and weakness in *Of Mice and Men*? [20]

Candy sat on the edge of his bunk. He scratched the stump of his wrist nervously. 'I got hurt four year ago,' he said. 'They'll can me purty soon. Jus' as soon as I can't swamp out no bunk-houses they'll put me on the county. Maybe if I give you guys my money, you'll let me hoe in the garden even after I ain't no good at it. An' I'll wash dishes an' little chicken stuff like that. But I'll be on our own place, an' I'll be let to work on our own place.' He said miserably: 'You seen what they done to my dog tonight? They says he wasn't no good to himself nor nobody else. When they can me here I wish't somebody'd shoot me. But they won't do nothing like that. I won't have no place to go, an' I can't get no more jobs. I'll have thirty dollars more comin', time you guys is ready to quit.'

George stood up. 'We'll do her,' he said. 'We'll fix up that little old place an' we'll go live there.' He sat down again. They all sat still, all bemused by the beauty of the thing, each mind was popped into the future when this lovely thing should come about.

George said wanderingly: 'S'pose they was a carnival or a circus come to town, or a ball game, or any damn thing.' Old Candy nodded in appreciation of the idea. 'We'd just go to her,' George said. 'We wouldn't ask nobody if we could. Jus' say: "We'll go to her," an' we would. Jus' milk the cow and sling some grain to the chickens an' go to her.'

'An put some grass to the rabbits,' Lennie broke in. 'I wouldn't never forget to feed them. When we gon'ta do it, George?'

'In one month. Right squack in one month. Know what I'm gon'ta do? I'm gon'ta write to them old people that owns the place that we'll take it. An' Candy'll send a hunderd dollars to bind her.'

'Sure will,' said Candy. 'They got a good stove there?'

'Sure, got a nice stove, burns coal or wood.'

'I'm gonna take my pup,' said Lennie. "I bet by Christ he likes it there, by Jesus.'

Voices were approaching from outside. George said quickly: 'Don't tell nobody about it. Jus' us three an' nobody else. They li'ble to can us so we can't make no stake. Jus' go on like we was gonna buck barley the rest of our lives, then all of a sudden some day we'll go get our pay an' scam outa here.'

Lennie and Candy nodded, and they were grinning with delight. 'Don't tell nobody,' Lennie said to himself.

Candy said, 'George.'

'Huh?'

'I ought to of shot that dog myself, George. I shouldn't ought to of let no stranger shoot my dog.'

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:

How does Meera Syal create mood and atmosphere here? Make close reference to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) *Anita and Me* is about a young girl growing up. Show **how** and **why** Meena changes from the beginning of the novel, to its end, when she leaves Tollington. [20]

‘Those things you said at the spring fete, what were you trying to do?’ I tasted grit, maybe I had ground my molars into dust.

Sam shrugged and dragged his heel along a muddy edge. ‘I wanted to make people listen,’ he said finally.

‘You wanted to hurt people, you mean!’ I yelled at him. ‘How could you say it, in front of me? My dad? To anyone? How can you believe that shit?’

Sam grabbed me by the wrists and I sucked in air and held it. ‘When I said them,’ he rasped, ‘I never meant you, Meena! It was all the others, not yow!’

I put my face right up to his; I could smell the smoke on his breath. ‘You mean the others like the Bank Manager?’

Sam looked confused.

‘The man from the building site. The Indian man. I know you did it. I *am* the others, Sam. You did mean me.’

Sam gripped my wrists tighter for support. ‘Yow’ve always been the best wench in Tollington. Anywhere! Dead funny.’ His face darkened, maybe it was another shift of the moon. ‘But yow was never gonna look at me, yow won’t be staying will ya? You can move on. How come? How come I can’t?’ And then he kissed me like I thought he would, and I let him, feeling mighty and huge, knowing I had won and that every time he saw another Meena on a street corner he would remember this and feel totally powerless. It lasted five seconds and then we heard the splash in the water behind us, then another, then a rock hit my recently broken leg and I gasped in pain. 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 scabbling 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!’

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:

Look closely at how Atticus speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

(c) How does Harper Lee present the theme of justice in *To Kill a Mockingbird*? [20]

I was beginning to notice a subtle change in my father these days, that came out when he talked with Aunt Alexandra. It was a quiet digging in, never outright irritation. There was a faint starchiness in his voice when he said, ‘Anything fit to say at the table’s fit to say in front of Calpurnia. She knows what she means to this family.’

‘I don’t think it’s a good habit, Atticus. It encourages them. You know how they talk among themselves. Everything that happens in this town’s out to the Quarters before sundown.’

My father put down his knife. ‘I don’t know of any law that says they can’t talk. Maybe if we didn’t give them so much to talk about they’d be quiet. Why don’t you drink your coffee, Scout?’

I was playing in it with the spoon. ‘I thought Mr Cunningham was a friend of ours. You told me a long time ago he was.’

‘He still is.’

‘But last night he wanted to hurt you.’

Atticus placed his fork beside his knife and pushed his plate aside. ‘Mr Cunningham’s basically a good man,’ he said, ‘he just has his blind spots along with the rest of us.’

Jem spoke. ‘Don’t call that a blind spot. He’d a killed you last night when he first went there.’

‘He might have hurt me a little,’ Atticus conceded, ‘but son, you’ll understand folks a little better when you’re older. A mob’s always made up of people, no matter what. Mr Cunningham was part of a mob last night, but he was still a man. Every mob in every little Southern town is always made up of people you know – doesn’t say much for them, does it?’

‘I’ll say not,’ said Jem.

‘So it took an eight-year-old child to bring ’em to their senses, didn’t it?’ said Atticus. ‘That proves something – that a gang of wild animals *can* be stopped, simply because they’re still human. Hmp, maybe we need a police force of children . . . you children last night made Walter Cunningham stand in my shoes for a minute. That was enough.’

Well, I hoped Jem would understand folks a little better when he was older; I wouldn’t. ‘First day Walter comes back to school’ll be his last,’ I affirmed.

‘You will not touch him,’ Atticus said flatly. ‘I don’t want either of you bearing a grudge about this thing, no matter what happens.’

‘You see, don’t you,’ said Aunt Alexandra, ‘what comes of things like this. Don’t say I haven’t told you.’

Atticus said he’d never say that, pushed out his chair and got up. ‘There’s a day ahead, so excuse me. Jem, I don’t want you and Scout downtown today, please.’

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:

How does Maya Angelou create mood and atmosphere here? Make close reference to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

(b) How does Maya Angelou present the relationship between herself and her grandmother (Momma) in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Or,

(c) Maya Angelou lived in many places during the time she writes about in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*. Which places do you think was the most significant to her development, and why? [20]

On an afternoon a few weeks before Momma revealed her plan to take us West, Bailey came into the Store shaking. His little face was no longer black but a dirty, colorless gray. As was our habit upon entering the Store, he walked behind the candy counter and leaned on the cash register. Uncle Willie had sent him on an errand to whitefolks' town and he wanted an explanation for Bailey's tardiness. After a brief moment our uncle could see that something was wrong, and feeling unable to cope, he called Momma from the kitchen.

'What's the matter, Bailey Junior?'

He said nothing. I knew when I saw him that it would be useless to ask anything while he was in that state. It meant that he had seen or heard of something so ugly or frightening that he was paralyzed as a result. He explained when we were smaller that when things were very bad his soul just crawled behind his heart and curled up and went to sleep. When it awoke, the fearful thing had gone away. Ever since we read *The Fall of the House of Usher*, we had made a pact that neither of us would allow the other to be buried without making "absolutely, positively sure" (his favorite phrase) that the person was dead. I also had to swear that when his soul was sleeping I would never try to wake it, for the shock might make it go to sleep forever. So I let him be, and after a while Momma had to let him alone too.

I waited on customers, and walked around him or leaned over him and, as I suspected, he didn't respond. When the spell wore off he asked Uncle Willie what colored people had done to white people in the first place. Uncle Willie, who never was one for explaining things because he took after Momma, said little except that "colored people hadn't even bothered a hair on whitefolks' heads". Momma added that some people said that whitefolks had come over to Africa (she made it sound like a hidden valley on the moon) and stole the colored people and made them slaves, but nobody really believed it was true. No way to explain what happened "blows and scores" ago, but right now they had the upper hand. Their time wasn't long, though. Didn't Moses lead the children of Israel out of the bloody hands of Pharaoh and into the Promised Land? Didn't the Lord protect the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and didn't my Lord deliver Daniel? We only had to wait on the Lord.

Bailey said he saw a man, a colored man, whom nobody had delivered. He was dead. (If the news hadn't been so important, we would have been visited with one of Momma's outbursts and prayers. Bailey was nearly blaspheming.) He said, "The man was dead and rotten. Not stinking but rotten."

Momma ordered, "Ju, watch your tongue."

Uncle Willie asked, "Who, who was it?"

Bailey was just tall enough to clear his face over the cash register. He said, "When I passed the calaboose, some men had just fished him out of the pond. He was wrapped in a sheet, all rolled up like a mummy, then a white man walked over and pulled the sheet off. The man was on his back but the white man stuck his foot under the sheet and rolled him over on the stomach."

He turned to me. "My, he had no color at all. He was bloated like a ball." (We had had a running argument for months. Bailey said there was no such thing as colorlessness, and I argued that if there was color there also had to be an opposite and now he was admitting that it was possible. But I didn't feel good about my win.) "The colored men backed off and I did too, but the white man stood there, looking down, and grinned. Uncle Willie, why do they hate us so much?"

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:

How does Allan Stratton create mood and atmosphere here? Make close reference to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

(b) How is the character of Mrs. Tafa important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

(c) *Chanda's Secrets* has been described as “painful and powerful in equal measure.” To what extent (how much) do you agree with this statement? [20]

The cemetery is a rocky field on the outskirts of town. It only opened last year but already it's almost full. Sara's being buried in the northeast corner, about a ten-minute walk from Esther's parents.

We drive through a gate in the barbed-wire fence, past a metal sign announcing township bylaws for behaviour: no screaming, shouting, or other indecent behaviour; no defacing or stealing memorials; no grazing of livestock.

The winding dirt roads are filled with potholes. Last rainy season, hearses got stuck in them. So did the tow trucks that came to pull them out. Today, as the Chevy bounces along, I'm more afraid the bouncing may break Sara's coffin.

We pull up to the site. We're not alone. There's a row of eight fresh graves, the earth piled high at the head of each hole. Mr Bateman says we're the third one down. Funerals are already in progress on either side. In the distance I see the dust of other processions driving through the gates. Mourners hop off pickup trucks and search for their dead. A fight breaks out over who's supposed to be in holes five and six.

Meanwhile, our priest climbs to the top of Sara's mound and delivers a scripture reading about eternal life. I want to believe in God and Sara being with the ancestors. But suddenly I'm scared it's just something priests make up to take away the nightmares. (I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me. I'm sorry God, forgive me.)

The priest starts the Lord's prayer. 'Raetsho yoo ko le godimong.' Everyone bows their heads except for me. As we join the priest in chanting the prayer, I stare at this field covered with bricks. Each brick marks a grave. A date's scrawled in black paint. There's not even room for a name. The dead have disappeared as if they never lived.

This is what Sara will have.

'Sara,' I whisper, 'forgive us.' I know we can never afford to buy her a headstone, but I want to save for a memorial; I want her to have a grave marked with its own little fence and canvas top, her name soldered in wire at the front. I want there to be a gate and a lock, too, so I can leave toys for her without them disappearing.

Mama says memorials are just another way to make the undertakers rich. Papa's and my brothers' lost their canvas tops years ago, and the fences bent out of shape the moment the graves collapsed in the rainy season. But I don't care.

SECTION B

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

In each poem a mother describes her feelings about her daughter.

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]

A Child's Sleep

I stood at the edge of my child's sleep
hearing her breathe;
although I could not enter there,
I could not leave.

Her sleep was a small wood,
perfumed with flowers;
dark, peaceful, sacred,
acred in hours.

And she was the spirit that lives
in the heart of such woods;
without time, without history,
wordlessly good.

I spoke her name,
pebble dropped in the still night
and saw her stir, open both palms
cupping their soft light.

Then went to the window.
The greater dark
outside the room
gazed back, maternal, wise,
with its face of moon.

Carol Ann Duffy

Night feed

This is dawn
 Believe me
 This is your season, little daughter.
 The moment daisies open,
 The hour mercurial* rainwater
 Makes a mirror for sparrows.
 It's time we drowned our sorrows.

I tiptoe in.
 I lift you up
 Wriggling
 In your rosy, zipped sleeper.
 Yes, this is the hour
 For the early bird and me
 When finder is keeper.

I crook the bottle.
 How you suckle!
 This is the best I can be,
 Housewife
 To this nursery
 Where you hold on,
 Dear life.

A silt* of milk.
 The last suck
 And now your eyes are open,
 Birth-coloured and offended.
 Earth wakes.
 You go back to sleep.
 The feed is ended.

Worms turn.
 Stars go in.
 Even the moon is losing face.
 Poplars* stilt for dawn.
 And we begin
 The long fall from grace.
 I tuck you in.

Eavan Boland

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* *mercurial* – shining

* *silt* – the last bit at the bottom of the bottle

* *poplars* – tall, straight trees