



GCSE

4201/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

P.M. WEDNESDAY, 9 January 2013

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>	12-13
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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

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

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 Carlson speaks and behaves here. How does it affect your feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

(b) “Every character in *Of Mice and Men* can be regarded as a victim of one sort or another.” For which character do you think this is most true? Show how John Steinbeck presents your chosen character as a victim. [20]

Or,

(c) How are animals important in *Of Mice and Men*? [20]

The thick-bodied Carlson came in out of the darkening yard. He walked to the other end of the bunk-house and turned on the second shaded light. 'Darker'n'hell in here,' he said. 'Jesus, how that nigger can pitch shoes.'

'He's plenty good,' said Slim.

'Damn right he is,' said Carlson. 'He don't give nobody else a chance to win ...' He stopped and sniffed the air, and still sniffing, looked down at the old dog. 'God Awmighty that dog stinks. Get him outa here, Candy! I don't know nothing that stinks so bad as an old dog. You gotta get him out.'

Candy rolled to the edge of his bunk. He reached over and patted the ancient dog, and he apologized: 'I been around him so much I never notice how he stinks.'

'Well, I can't stand him in here,' said Carlson. 'That stink hangs around even after he's gone.' He walked over with his heavy-legged stride and looked down at the dog. 'Got no teeth,' he said. 'He's all stiff with rheumatism. He ain't no good to you, Candy. An' he ain't no good to himself. Why'n't you shoot him, Candy?'

The old man squirmed uncomfortably. 'Well – hell! I had him so long. Had him since he was a pup. I herded sheep with him.' He said proudly: 'You wouldn't think it to look at him now, but he was the best damn sheep dog I ever seen.'

George said: 'I seen a guy in Weed that had an Airedale could herd sheep. Learned it from the other dogs.'

Carlson was not to be put off. 'Look, Candy. This ol' dog jus' suffers hisself all the time. If you was to take him out and shoot him right in the back of the head' – he leaned over and pointed – 'right there, why he'd never know what hit him.'

Candy looked about unhappily. 'No,' he said softly. 'No, I couldn't do that. I had 'im too long.'

'He don't have no fun,' Carlson insisted. 'And he stinks to beat hell. Tell you what. I'll shoot him for you. Then it won't be you that does it.'

Candy threw his legs off his bunk. He scratched the white stubble whiskers on his cheek nervously. 'I'm so used to him,' he said softly. 'I had him from a pup.'

'Well, you ain't bein' kind to him keepin' him alive,' said Carlson. 'Look, Slim's bitch got a litter right now. I bet Slim would give you one of them pups to raise up, wouldn't you, Slim?'

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 relationship between Meena and her parents? [20]

Or,

(c) “In *Anita and Me*, Meena develops from a self absorbed little girl into a confident person in her own right.” Show how Meera Syal presents this development in her novel. [20]

I don't remember fetching Trixie from the stable, I must have passed Anita and Sherrie but if I try and recall whether they looked surprised or guilty, I see nothing except my shaking hands as I fastened the bit into Trixie's foam-flecked mouth. I smoothed out the hair on her back before placing the saddle carefully, tightened the girth gradually so the tension was just right over the drum of her belly. Trixie stood patiently as I mounted her, encouraging me to settle myself and to feel for the stirrups with my plimsolled feet.

I pressed my knees into the soft sofa of Trixie's haunches, the way I had watched Anita do it a hundred times, and she responded so immediately, so trustingly, it intensified my sense of loss. 'Hey! Meena! Hey! You daft cow, gerrof!' Sherrie's voice was already being whipped away by the rushing of air which filled my ears, my eyes and nose, entered my open mouth like a flock of birds, my cheeks flapping in time to their wings. The reins felt heavy and stiff in my hands. I loosened the slack; Trixie felt the surrender in the gesture and speeded up from a trot into a gallop, the fields and farmhouse and tarmacked road, the distant motorway lights and the rooftops of my village all sped by like a revolving painted backdrop, time rushing past me again, but this time I was going to catch it up. I yanked hard on the left hand rein and Trixie swerved sharply towards the series of jumps leading up to the paddock fence where Anita and Sherrie now stood, their arms jerking in terrified semaphore. My feet were slipping in minutes off the metal stirrup bars, my backside had not made contact with Trixie's back for several years, the first red-and-white-striped jump bar was coming up, at least a century away.

But one single thought kept repeating itself over and over. All that time I wasted waiting for something to happen, when all I had to do was make something happen, it was waiting for me, it was as easy as this. I held onto Trixie's mane but she knew before I did that we would be parting company soon. She scrambled to a halt, inches from the jump, her hair streaming through my hands like a waterfall. I clutched air, then metal, then slapped palms with dark solid ground and heard a sharp loud crack. There goes the jump, I thought, and opened one eye, how heavy it was, to see the striped bar swinging in its grooves, complete and unbroken.

I should have been in a film; in a film everything would have dissolved into hazy lines and I would open my eyes to the sound of distant birdsong and my tear-stained but relieved loved ones in a circle around my bed, a stage sticking plaster artfully arranged on my temple. But no, I was awake for every awful painful moment; I saw Anita and Sherrie shimmering around my head.

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) How is the character of Miss Maudie important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

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

I ran up the steps and into the house. Aunt Alexandra had gone to bed, and Atticus's room was dark. I would see if Jem might be reviving. Atticus was in Jem's room, sitting by his bed. He was reading a book.

'Is Jem awake yet?'

'Sleeping peacefully. He won't be awake until morning.'

'Oh. Are you sittin' up with him?'

'Just for an hour or so. Go to bed, Scout. You've had a long day.'

'Well, I think I'll stay with you for a while.'

'Suit yourself,' said Atticus. It must have been after midnight, and I was puzzled by his amiable acquiescence. He was shrewder than I, however: the moment I sat down I began to feel sleepy.

'Whatcha readin'?' I asked.

Atticus turned the book over. 'Something of Jem's. Called *The Grey Ghost*.'

I was suddenly awake. 'Why'd you get that one?'

'Honey, I don't know. Just picked it up. One of the few things I haven't read,' he said pointedly.

'Read it out loud, please, Atticus. It's real scary.'

'No,' he said. 'You've had enough scaring for a while. This is too—'

'Atticus, I wasn't scared.'

He raised his eyebrows, and I protested: 'Leastways not till I started telling Mr Tate about it. Jem wasn't scared. Asked him and he said he wasn't. Besides, nothin's real scary except in books.'

Atticus opened his mouth to say something, but shut it again. He took his thumb from the middle of the book and turned back to the first page. I moved over and leaned my head against his knee. 'H'm,' he said. '*The Grey Ghost*, by Seckatary Hawkins, Chapter One ...'

I willed myself to stay awake, but the rain was so soft and the room was so warm and his voice was so deep and his knee was so snug that I slept.

Seconds later, it seemed, his shoe was gently nudging my ribs. He lifted me to my feet and walked me to my room. 'Heard every word you said,' I muttered. '... wasn't sleep at all, 's about a ship an' Three-Fingered Fred 'n' Stoner's Boy ...'

He unhooked my overalls, leaned me against him, and pulled them off. He held me up with one hand and reached for my pyjamas with the other.

'Yeah, an' they all thought it was Stoner's Boy messin' up their clubhouse an' throwin' ink all over it an' ...'

He guided me to the bed and sat me down. He lifted my legs and put me under the cover.

'An' they chased him 'n' never could catch him 'cause they didn't know what he looked like, an' Atticus, when they finally saw him, why he hadn't done any of those things ... Atticus, he was real nice ...'

His hands were under my chin, pulling up the cover, tucking it around me.

'Most people are, Scout, when you finally see them.'

He turned out the light and went into Jem's room. He would be there all night, and he would be there when Jem waked up in the morning.

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:

Look closely at how Uncle Willie speaks and behaves here. How does it affect your feelings towards him? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Momma, Maya's grandmother. After the times described in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, you think back over the years you spent helping to bring up Maya and Bailey Junior. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Momma would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Maya Angelou presents **one** or **two** characters, **apart from** family members, who had an important impact on Maya as she grew up. [20]

Coming home from school one day, I saw a dark car in our front yard. I rushed in to find a strange man and woman (Uncle Willie said later they were schoolteachers from Little Rock) drinking Dr. Pepper in the cool of the Store. I sensed a wrongness around me, like an alarm clock that had gone off without being set.

I knew it couldn't be the strangers. Not frequently, but often enough, travelers pulled off the main road to buy tobacco or soft drinks in the only Negro store in Stamps. When I looked at Uncle Willie, I knew what was pulling my mind's coattails. He was standing erect behind the counter, not leaning forward or resting on the small shelf that had been built for him. Erect. His eyes seemed to hold me with a mixture of threats and appeal.

I dutifully greeted the strangers and roamed my eyes around for his walking stick. It was nowhere to be seen. He said, "Uh ... this this ... this ... uh, my niece. She's ... uh ... just come from school." Then to the couple — "You know ... how, uh, children are ... th-th—these days ... they play all d-d—day at school and c-c—can't wait to get home and pl—play some more."

The people smiled, very friendly.

He added, "Go on out and pl—play, Sister."

The lady laughed in a soft Arkansas voice and said, "Well, you know, Mr. Johnson, they say, you're only a child once. Have you children of your own?"

Uncle Willie looked at me with an impatience I hadn't seen in his face even when he took thirty minutes to loop the laces over his high-topped shoes. "I ... I thought I told you to go ... go outside and play."

Before I left I saw him lean back on the shelves of Garret Snuff, Prince Albert and Spark Plug chewing tobacco.

"No, ma'am ... no ch—children and no wife." He tried a laugh. "I have an old m—m—mother and my brother's t—two children to l—look after."

I didn't mind his using us to make himself look good. In fact, I would have pretended to be his daughter if he wanted me to. Not only did I not feel any loyalty to my own father, I figured that if I had been Uncle Willie's child I would have received much better treatment.

The couple left after a few minutes, and from the back of the house I watched the red car scare chickens, raise dust and disappear toward Magnolia.

Uncle Willie was making his way down the long shadowed aisle between the shelves and the counter— hand over hand, like a man climbing out of a dream. I stayed quiet and watched him lurch from one side, bumping to the other, until he reached the coal-oil tank. He put his hand behind that dark recess and took his cane in the strong fist and shifted his weight on the wooden support. He thought he had pulled it off.

I'll never know why it was important to him that the couple (he said later that he'd never seen them before) would take a picture of a whole Mr. Johnson back to Little Rock.

He must have tired of being crippled, as prisoners tire of penitentiary bars and the guilty tire of blame. The high-topped shoes and the cane, his uncontrollable muscles and thick tongue, and the looks he suffered of either contempt or pity had simply worn him out, and for one afternoon, one part of an afternoon, he wanted no part of them.

I understood and felt closer to him at that moment than ever before or since.

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:

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

Either,

(b) What do you think of Chanda's mother and the way she is presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

(c) Chanda faces many difficulties in the novel. Show how she learns to overcome them. [20]

I pedal hard to the Liberty. Esther a whore? It's a lie. An evil lie. She only lets tourists take her picture. Or maybe pictures count as whoring to the holy hypocrites at Bethel Gospel Hall.

All the same ... why did Esther lie about going home? What's the real reason she made me promise not to visit her place?

I think about the Polaroids. I think about the men who take them. Who give her name to their friends. Who write to her on the Internet. Esther laughed when I got upset about it. But I'm right. Tourists can take pictures of anyone. They don't need to send e-mails for that.

I think about the rumours. What Mrs Tafa's said. And Mama. And the boys at school. The girls too. I've always taken Esther's side. But what if they're right? What if I'm a fool? No, stop it, stop it. If I think like that, what kind of a friend am I?

I wheel around the Liberty's circular drive. No Esther. What a relief. Or maybe not.

I head for the side streets. At night they're alive with whores in short skirts and bright plastic knee-high boots who hop into cars at stop signs. By day they're quiet. Clients are shy of the light, so the action moves into the Sir Cecil Rhodes Commemorative Garden. That's what the guidebooks call it. We just call it hooker park.

It's a kilometre long, half as wide. There's rapes and murders, but it's OK in the afternoon if you stick to the main path. Hookers hang out on the benches soaking up sun or catching some sleep. If a guy's interested, they go into the bushes. Or if he's a trucker he'll take them to his van. That's what they say at school, anyway.

The park's surrounded by a stone wall. I go in by the iron gate on the south side and ride around the main route – it's a large figure eight – taking a quick peek up the side trails. At the north end, there's a gully and the path turns into a footbridge. I hear noises underneath, but I'm sensible enough not to stop. The third time I bike around, a man is scrambling up the embankment in a hurry. Below, a woman is wiping the inside of her legs with a rag.

SECTION B

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

In both of these poems the poets write about making the most of every opportunity in life.

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]

Dawn Revisited

Imagine you wake up
with a second chance: The blue jay*
hawks his pretty wares*
and the oak still stands, spreading
glorious shade. If you don't look back,

the future never happens.
How good to rise in sunlight,
in the prodigal smell of biscuits –
eggs and sausage on the grill.
The whole sky is yours

to write on, blown open
to a blank page. Come on,
shake a leg! You'll never know
who's down there, frying those eggs,
if you don't get up and see.

Rita Dove

From 'On the Bus With Rosa Parks'
(W.W. Norton & Company)

**blue jay – a type of bird.*

**hawks his pretty wares – draws attention to itself.*

Carpe Diem*

From my study window
 I see you
 below in the garden, a hand
 here pruning
 or leaning across to snip
 a wayward shoot;

a daub of powder-blue in a
 profusion of green,
 then next moment, you are
 no longer there –
 only to reappear, this time
 perfectly framed

in dappling sunlight, with
 an armful of ivy
 you've trimmed, topped by
 hyacinth blooms,
 fragrant survivors of last
 night's frost.

And my heart misses a beat
 at love for you,
 knowing a time will come
 when you are
 no longer there, nor I here
 to watch you

on a day of such simplicity.
 Meantime let us
 make sure we clasp each
 shared moment
 in cupped hands, like water
 we dare not spill.

Stewart Conn

From 'The Breakfast Room'
 (Bloodaxe Books, 2010)

**Carpe Diem – an expression meaning “seize the day.”*