



GCSE

4201/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

A.M. TUESDAY, 20 May 2014

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

You are reminded that assessment will take 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 the way Curley's wife speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal (tell you) about her character? [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the character of Crooks important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

- (c) 'Dreams do the characters more harm than good in *Of Mice and Men*.' How much do you agree with this statement? [20]

'Any you boys seen Curley?'

They swung their heads toward the door. Looking in was Curley's wife. Her face was heavily made up. Her lips were slightly parted. She breathed strongly, as though she had been running.

'Curley ain't been here,' Candy said sourly.

She stood still in the doorway, smiling a little at them, rubbing the nails of one hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other. And her eyes traveled from one face to another. 'They left all the weak ones here,' she said finally. 'Think I don't know where they all went? Even Curley. I know where they all went.'

Lennie watched her, fascinated; but Candy and Crooks were scowling down away from her eyes. Candy said, 'Then if you know, why you want to ast us where Curley is at?'

She regarded them amusedly. 'Funny thing,' she said. 'If I catch any one man, and he's alone, I get along fine with him. But just let two of the guys get together an' you won't talk. Jus' nothing but mad.' She dropped her fingers and put her hands on her hips. 'You're all scared of each other, that's what. Ever' one of you's scared the rest is goin' to get something on you.'

After a pause Crooks said, 'Maybe you better go along to your own house now. We don't want no trouble.'

'Well, I ain't giving you no trouble. Think I don't like to talk to somebody ever' once in a while? Think I like to stick in that house alla time?'

Candy laid the stump of his wrist on his knee and rubbed it gently with his hand. He said accusingly, 'You gotta husban'. You got no call foolin' aroun' with other guys, causin' trouble.'

The girl flared up. 'Sure I gotta husban'. You all seen him. Swell guy, ain't he? Spends all his time sayin' what he's gonna do to guys he don't like, and he don't like nobody. Think I'm gonna stay in that two-by-four house and listen how Curley's gonna lead with his left twice, and then bring in the ol' right cross? "One-two," he says. "Jus' the ol' one-two an' he'll go down." ' She paused and her face lost its sullenness and grew interested. 'Say – what happened to Curley's han'?'

There was an embarrassed silence. Candy stole a look at Lennie. Then he coughed. 'Why ... Curley ... he got his han' caught in a machine, ma'am. Bust his han'.'

She watched for a moment, and then she laughed. 'Baloney! What you think you're sellin' me? Curley started som'pin' he didn' finish. Caught in a machine – baloney! Why, he ain't give nobody the good ol' one-two since he got his han' bust. Who bust him?'

Candy repeated sullenly, 'Got it caught in a machine.'

'Awright,' she said contemptuously. 'Awright, cover 'im up if ya wanta. Whatta I care? You bindle bums think you're so damn good. Whatta ya think I am, a kid? I tell ya I could of went with shows. Not jus' one, neither. An' a guy tol' me he could put me in pitchers ...' She was breathless with indignation. '– Sat'iday night. Ever'body out doin' som'pin'. Ever'body! An' what am I doin'? Standin' here talkin' to a bunch of bindle stiffs – a nigger an' a dum-dum and a lousy ol' sheep – an' likin' it because they ain't nobody else.'

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:

Look closely at how Nanima speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal (tell you) about her character? [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the character of Meena's mother presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

- (c) 'Meera Syal portrays Tollington life with warmth and humour, despite the prejudice Meena suffers there.' How much do you agree with this statement? [20]

Papa held Sunil out for inspection; his bottom lip began quivering as soon as Nanima tried to cuddle him, so she laughed instead and pinched his cheek, handing him back to mama who kept up an excited monologue, 'See beti? That's your Nanima! Your Nanima has come to see you! Say Nanima! Say it!' Then I found myself looking up into my mama's face, except it was darker and more wrinkled and the eyes were rheumy and mischievous, but it was mama's face alright, and suddenly I was in the middle of a soft warm pillow which smelt of cardamom and sweet sharp sweat, and there was hot breath whispering in my ear, endearments in Punjabi which needed no translation, and the tears I was praying would come to prove I was a dutiful granddaughter, came spilling out with no effort at all.

I knew Nanima was going to be fun when she rolled backwards into the farty settee and let out a howl of laughter. As Auntie Shaila tried to haul her out, she continued laughing, shouting something to mama which turned into a loud chesty cough as she finally regained her balance. 'Meena, don't titter like that, have some respect,' papa admonished me gently. But as I handed Nanima a glass of water, one of our best glasses with the yellow and red roses around the rim, she chucked me under the chin conspiratorially and said something to papa who shook his head resignedly.

'What?' I badgered him. 'What did she say?'

'Nanima said you are a "jungle", a wild girl, uncivilised ...' papa said. I ran around the front room whooping 'Junglee! Junglee!' and doing mock kung fu kicks at my shadow on the wall to make Nanima laugh even harder.

'Oy!' papa shouted over the din. 'It is not a compliment, you know!' But Nanima's expression told me it was exactly that.

The rest of the evening passed in a stream of constant visitors bearing gifts of sweetmeats and homemade *sabzis*, anxious to meet one of the generation they had left behind and to catch up on the latest news from the Motherland. However, those of my Uncles and Aunties seeking the latest political intrigue in Delhi or the hot filmi gossip from Bombay ended up sorely disappointed as Nanima now resided in a tiny village in the Punjab and was not exactly equipped to be India's latest Reuter's correspondent. Most of the conversations began with someone asking, 'So! Tell us the latest, Mataji ...' Nanima then launched into a jaunty monologue, punctuated by loud slurpings of tea and surreptitious massaging of her feet which silenced the questioner into a series of polite smiling nods.

'What did she say?' I tugged on papa's sleeve.

'She said that they are building a new road into Bessian town centre and that Mrs Lal's daughter is finally getting married to a divorced army officer ...'

'Who is Mrs Lal?' I continued.

Papa shrugged his shoulders. 'Who knows?' he whispered back, stifling a grin.

But frankly, Nanima could have answered their continuous questions with a series of burps or simply fallen asleep mid-sentence, and every gesture would have still been received with the same reverence and adoration. For her audience was there not because of what she said but because of who she was, a beloved parent, a familiar symbol in her billowing *salwar kameez* suit whose slow deliberate gestures and modest dignity reminded them of their own mothers.

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 show about his character? [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the character of Scout presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

- (c) In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Atticus says 'You never really understand a person until you climb into his skin and walk around in it.' How is this idea presented in the novel? [20]

In ones and twos, men got out of the cars. Shadows became substance as light revealed solid shapes moving towards the jail door. Atticus remained where he was. The men hid him from view.

'He in there, Mr Finch?' a man said.

'He is,' we heard Atticus answer, 'and he's asleep. Don't wake him up.'

In obedience to my father, there followed what I later realized was a sickeningly comic aspect of an unfunny situation: the men talked in near-whispers.

'You know what we want,' another man said. 'Get aside from the door, Mr Finch.'

'You can turn around and go home again, Walter,' Atticus said pleasantly. 'Heck Tate's around somewhere.'

'The hell he is,' said another man. 'Heck's bunch's so deep in the woods they won't get out till mornin'.'

'Indeed? Why so?'

'Called 'em off on a snipe hunt,' was the succinct answer. 'Didn't you think a'that, Mr Finch?'

'Thought about it, but didn't believe it. Well, then,' my father's voice was still the same, 'that changes things, doesn't it?'

'It do,' another deep voice said. Its owner was a shadow.

'Do you really think so?'

This was the second time I heard Atticus ask that question in two days, and it meant somebody's man would get jumped. This was too good to miss. I broke away from Jem and ran as fast as I could to Atticus.

Jem shrieked and tried to catch me, but I had a lead on him and Dill. I pushed my way through dark smelly bodies and burst into the circle of light.

'H-ey, Atticus?'

I thought he would have a fine surprise, but his face killed my joy. A flash of plain fear was going out of his eyes, but returned when Dill and Jem wriggled into the light.

There was a smell of stale whisky and pig-pen about, and when I glanced around I discovered that these men were strangers. They were not the people I saw last night. Hot embarrassment shot through me: I had leaped triumphantly into a ring of people I had never seen before.

Atticus got up from his chair, but he was moving slowly, like an old man. He put the newspaper down very carefully, adjusting its creases with lingering fingers. They were trembling a little.

'Go home, Jem,' he said. 'Take Scout and Dill home.'

We were accustomed to prompt, if not always cheerful acquiescence to Atticus's instructions, but from the way he stood Jem was not thinking of budging.

'Go home, I said.'

Jem shook his head. As Atticus's fists went to his hips, so did Jem's, and as they faced each other I could see little resemblance between them: Jem's soft brown hair and eyes, his oval face and snug-fitting ears were our mother's, contrasting oddly with Atticus's greying black hair and square-cut features, but they were somehow alike. Mutual defiance made them alike.

'Son, I said go home.'

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 Bailey speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal (tell you) about his character? [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the relationship between Maya and her father, Bailey Senior, presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Or,

- (c) 'Maya grows up to be a confident young woman despite her parents' influence, not because of it.' How much do you agree with this statement? [20]

“Bailey!”

My watch hands made the uneven V of one o'clock.

“Yes, Mother Dear?” En garde. His voice thrust sweet and sour, and he accented the “dear.”

“I guess you're a man ... Turn down that record player.” She shouted the last to the revelers.

“I'm your son, Mother Dear.” A swift parry.

“Is it eleven o'clock, Bailey?” That was a feint, designed to catch the opponent offguard.

“It's after one o'clock, Mother Dear.” He had opened up the game, and the strokes from then on would have to be direct.

“Clidell is the only man in this house, and if you think you're so much of a man ...” Her voice popped like a razor on a strap.

“I'm leaving now, Mother Dear.” The deferential tone heightened the content of his announcement. In a bloodless coup he had thrust beneath her visor.

Now, laid open, she had no recourse but to hurry along the tunnel of her anger, headlong.

“Then Goddammit, get your heels to clicking.” And her heels were clicking down the linoleum hall as Bailey tap-danced up the stairs to his room.

When rain comes finally, washing away a low sky of muddy ocher, we who could not control the phenomenon are pressed into relief. The near-occult feeling: The fact of being witness to the end of the world gives way to tangible things. Even if the succeeding sensations are not common, they are at least not mysterious.

Bailey was leaving home. At one o'clock in the morning, my little brother, who in my lonely days of inferno dwelling had protected me from goblins, gnomes, gremlins and devils, was leaving home.

I had known all along the inevitable outcome and that I dared not poke into his knapsack of misery, even with the offer to help him carry it.

I went to his room, against my judgment, and found him throwing his carefully tended clothes into a pillowcase. His maturity embarrassed me. In his little face, balled up like a fist, I found no vestige of my brother, and when, not knowing what to say, I asked if I could help, he answered, “Leave me the shit alone.”

I leaned on the doorjamb, lending him my physical presence but said no more.

“She wants me out, does she? Well, I'll get out of here so fast I'll leave the air on fire. She calls herself a mother? Huh! I'll be damned. She's seen the last of me. I can make it. I'll always make it.”

At some point he noticed me still in the doorway, and his consciousness stretched to remember our relationship.

“Maya, if you want to leave now, come on. I'll take care of you.”

He didn't wait for an answer, but as quickly went back to speaking to his soul. “She won't miss me, and I sure as hell won't miss her. To hell with her and everybody else.”

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:

Show how Allan Stratton creates mood and atmosphere here. Make close reference to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the character of Jonah presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? [20]

Or,

- (c) '*Chanda's Secrets* is the story of one girl's struggle to rescue the people she loves from a tragedy that is destroying her world.' How is Chanda's struggle to do this presented in the novel? [20]

Mrs Gulubane lowers the lamp flame. Shadows dart up and down the walls. She takes an old shoe polish tin from her basket. Inside is a small quantity of greenish brown powder. She chants a prayer and rubs the powder between her fingers, sprinkling it into the pot of water. Then, stirring the water with the whisk brush, she dances about the room flicking a light spray into the corners, and over and under the windows and doorways.

I'm not sure what Mama is thinking, but Soly and Iris are frightened. 'It's all right,' I whisper. 'It's just a show.' Mrs Gulubane stops in her tracks, tilts her ear towards us, and growls at the air. Soly buries his head in my waist.

Mrs Gulubane returns to the mat. She pulls a length of red skipping rope from her basket, folds it in two, and begins to whip herself. Strange noises rattle up her throat. Spittle flies from her lips. Her eyes roll into her head. 'HI-E-YA!' She throws back her arms, stiffens, and slumps forward in a heap.

A moment of silence. Then she sits up slowly and reaches for the bones. They're flat and worn, sliced from the ribs of a large animal. Mrs Gulubane takes three in each hand. Chanting, she claps them together three times and lets them fall. She peers at the pattern they make. Something upsets her. She puts two of the bones aside. More chanting as she claps the remaining four and lets them fall. Her forehead knots tighter. She sets a second pair of bones aside and picks up the remaining two. A final chant. She claps them together. One breaks into three pieces in her hand. The fragments fall on the mat. She studies them closely, muttering heavily and shaking her head.

She looks up. Under the lamplight, Mrs Gulubane's face contorts into the face of an old man. Her voice changes, too. It's low and guttural. She swallows air and belches words. 'An evil wind is blowing from the north. There is a village. I see the letter "T".'

A pause. 'Tiro,' Mama says. Her voice is tired, resigned.

'Yes, Tiro. It is Tiro. Someone in Tiro wishes you harm.'

'Only one?' asks Mama. I look over. Is there mockery in her voice?

Mrs Gulubane glares. 'No. More than one,' she says. 'But one above all others.' She moves the bones around, cocks her head, and makes a deep whopping sound. 'I see a crow. It hops on one claw.'

Mrs Tafa's breath seizes. 'Lilian's sister has a clubfoot,' she whispers from the corner.

Mrs Gulubane claps her hands in triumph. 'The bones are never wrong. This sister of yours,' she says to Mama, 'she has visited your home?'

'She came for the burial of my child,' Mama replies. 'And when I buried my late husband.'

'Death. She has come for death,' Mrs Gulubane growls. 'And to steal for her spells.'

'Lizbet?' Mrs Tafa gasps.

Mrs Gulubane nods darkly. 'When she has left, what things have been missing?'

'Nothing,' Mama says.

'Nothing you remember. But maybe an old kerchief? An old hankie?'

'I don't know.'

'The evil one is clever!' Mrs Gulubane exclaims. 'Each time she has come, she has taken a hankie, a kerchief, something so old it hasn't been missed. And she has snipped a braid of your hair – oh yes, each time a single braid – while you lay sleeping. With these she has bewitched you. She has put a spell on your womb. Even as we speak, the demon is coiled in your belly.'

SECTION B

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

Both poets explore their memories of parents.

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]

Coat

When it was bitter in New York City,
I would go out with my mother
past the icy buildings,

stay against her, just behind her
so she would stop the wind and snow,
and bury my face in her coat,

just there under her arm.
All winter, like her walk-in closet,
Its yellow light, I would walk into her,

Shake out my raw thoughts.
I didn't know who or what we were passing
or even if the city was still there,

the long radiant hairs against my face
like my grandmother's stole*
with fox's head that lay on her breast,

me, clinging to my mortal mother,
our slow progress down that black, warm street.

Jane Duran

** stole – a scarf made of fur*

The Armada

Long long ago
 when everything I was told was believable
 and the little I knew was less limited than now,
 I stretched belly down on the grass beside a pond
 and to the far bank launched a child's armada*.

A broken fortress of twigs,
 The paper-tissue sails of galleons,
 the water-logged branches of submarines –
 all came to ruin and were on flame
 In that dusk-red pond.
 And you, mother, stood behind me,
 impatient to be going,
 old at twenty-three, alone,
 thin overcoat flapping.

How closely the past shadows us.
 In a hospital a mile or so from that pond
 I kneel beside your bed and, closing my eyes,
 reach out across forty years to touch once more
 that pond's cool surface,
 and it is your cool skin I'm touching;
 for as on a pond a child's paper boat
 was blown out of reach
 by the smallest gust of wind,
 so too have you been blown out of reach
 by the smallest whisper of death,
 and a childhood memory is sharpened,
 and the heart burns as that armada burnt,
 long, long ago.

Brian Patten

* *armada – a large group of ships*

END OF PAPER

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 20 Powis Mews, London, W11 1JN

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