



GCSE

4201/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

A.M. THURSDAY, 9 January 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
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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

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:

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

Either,

- (b) How is the relationship between George and Lennie presented in *Of Mice and Men*? [20]

Or,

- (c) 'Most of the characters in *Of Mice and Men* lack the strength of character to change their lives.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Only the topmost ridges were in the sun now. The shadow in the valley was blue and soft. From the distance came the sound of men shouting to one another. George turned his head and listened to the shouts.

Lennie said, 'George.'

'Yeah?'

'Ain't you gonna give me hell?'

'Give ya hell?'

'Sure, like you always done before. Like, "If di'n't have you I'd take my fifty bucks —"'

'Jesus Christ, Lennie! You can't remember nothing that happens, but you remember ever' word I say.'

'Well, ain't you gonna say it?'

George shook himself. He said woodenly, 'If I was alone I could live so easy.' His voice was monotonous, had no emphasis. 'I could get a job an' not have no mess.' He stopped.

'Go on,' said Lennie. 'An' when the enda the month come—'

'An' when the end of the month come I could take my fifty bucks an' go to a ... cat house ...' He stopped again.

Lennie looked eagerly at him. 'Go on, George. Ain't you gonna give me no more hell?'

'No,' said George.

'Well, I can go away,' said Lennie. 'I'll go right off in the hills an' find a cave if you don' want me.'

George shook himself again. 'No,' he said. 'I want you to stay with me here.'

Lennie said craftily— 'Tell me like you done before.'

'Tell you what?'

"Bout the other guys an' about us.'

George said, 'Guys like us got no fambly. They make a little stake an' then they blow it in. They ain't got nobody in the worl' that gives a hoot in hell about 'em—'

'*But not us,*' Lennie cried happily. 'Tell about us now.'

George was quiet for a moment. 'But not us,' he said.

'Because—'

'Because I got you an' —'

'An' I got you. We got each other, that's what, that gives a hoot in hell about us,' Lennie cried in triumph.

The little evening breeze blew over the clearing and the leaves rustled and the wind waves flowed up the green pool. And the shouts of men sounded again, this time much closer than before.

George took off his hat. He said shakily, 'Take off your hat, Lennie. The air feels fine.'

Lennie removed his hat dutifully and laid it on the ground in front of him. The shadow in the valley was bluer, and the evening came fast. On the wind the sound of crashing in the brush came to them.

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 Mama speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

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

Or,

- (c) Meena's attitude to her Indian background changes during the novel. Show how and why her attitude changes. [20]

Mama had not gone out of her way to be friendly with Anita's mother, since discovering how she had chosen to name their piddly poodle, but trapped in such a small space, it would have been tantamount to GBH not to at least greet each other. Deirdre nodded her head curtly, 'Alright?'

Mama smiled briefly, 'Hello Mrs Rutter. I wonder, you have not seen my mother wandering around anywhere?'

'Thought yowr mam was back in Pakistan,' she sniffed, glancing quickly behind her as if she expected someone.

'India,' mama said stiffly. 'We are from India.' The tone she used clearly said, not that you would know the difference you naughty tramp.

I gulped and shifted backwards into our yard, feeling I was somehow the cause of this icy exchange. Sunil whimpered in protest and wiped his filmy hands all down the front of my school blouse. I pinched his leg and he burst into tears. Mama shot me a hard look and continued over his wails, 'She's visiting us for a few weeks and ...'

Before she could continue, Mrs Worrall's voice came booming from behind me, 'Ey! Am yow back, Daljeet? I've got yowr mom in here with me!'

Mama relaxed visibly and shouted back, 'Okay Mrs Worrall! Thank you so much!' and was already on her way back to the yard when Deirdre's sharp call stopped her in her tracks.

'Mrs K, have yow stopped yowr Meena seeing my Anita?'

Mama turned round slowly, wearing that dangerously patient expression that always made me want to slink into a corner wearing a conical hat with a D on it. 'Now why should I want to do that, Mrs Rutter?'

'Cos we ain't good enough for yow lot, is that it?'

Mama and I both picked up Deirdre's tone, which was one not of hostility but disbelief; she was waiting for an answer to the question that obviously deeply puzzled her and upset her, how could we possibly think ourselves better than her?

I had always been a little afraid of Deirdre, with her scarlet gash of a mouth and her backhanded conversation, but now I could see something else, something unexpected in her face – she was frightened of us. Of course it made sense; we were not one of those faceless hordes depicted in the television news, arriving at airports with baggage and children, lost and already defeated, begging for sanctuary. We were not the barely literate, perpetually grinning idiots I occasionally saw in TV comedies, or the confused, helpless innocents I spotted in bus and supermarket queues whilst they tried to make sense of their small change or the gesticulating wanderers who would sometimes stop my papa for directions, holding up pieces of paper with 'Mr Singh, Wolverhampton, England' written on them.

Mama and papa charmed people, they had bought a new car, they held parties, they did not ask for approval or acceptance but it came to them nevertheless. Deirdre had been seeking approval all her life in this village, her village, and I suppose she wanted to know why life was so bloody unfair. Mama must have picked this up, she softened slightly, 'We have been very busy with my mother lately. Anita, you know, is welcome any time.' I was so shocked that I did not even feel Sunil sinking four very sharp teeth into my shoulder. Mama had never uttered Anita's name without adding some derogatory prefix, 'That Anita Rutter' or 'Your Anita Rutter' and here she was declaring open house. Was she scared of Deirdre? I could not bear that, I did not want her to cower to Deirdre the way I had so often swallowed myself to please Anita. My parents were not supposed to make my mistakes. But mama's face told a different story, she was smiling, gracious, mama the bounty giver. She felt victorious enough to be charitable, she had won, and Deirdre knew that too.

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 Calpurnia speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

- (b) Some of the characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird* suffer because of other people's prejudice. Show how Harper Lee presents this in her novel. [20]

Or,

- (c) How is the character of Dill presented in *To Kill a Mockingbird*? [20]

We raced home and ran to the kitchen.

‘Cal,’ said Jem, ‘can you come down the sidewalk a minute?’

‘What for, Jem? I can’t come down the sidewalk every time you want me.’

‘There’s somethin’ wrong with an old dog down yonder.’

Calpurnia sighed. ‘I can’t wrap up any dog’s foot now. There’s some gauze in the bathroom, go get it and do it yourself.’

Jem shook his head. ‘He’s sick, Cal. Something’s wrong with him.’

‘What’s he doin’, trying to catch his tail?’

‘No, he’s doin’ like this.’

Jem gulped like a goldfish, hunched his shoulders and twitched his torso. ‘He’s goin’ like that, only not like he means to.’

‘Are you telling me a story, Jem Finch?’ Calpurnia’s voice hardened.

‘No Cal, I swear I’m not.’

‘Was he runnin’?’

‘No, he’s just moseyin’ along, so slow you can’t hardly tell it. He’s comin’ this way.’

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.

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:

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

Either,

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

Or,

- (c) How is education presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Momma knocked on the back door and a young white girl opened it to show surprise at seeing us there. Momma said she wanted to see Dentist Lincoln and to tell him Annie was there. The girl closed the door firmly. Now the humiliation of hearing Momma describe herself as if she had no last name to the young white girl was equal to the physical pain. It seemed terribly unfair to have a toothache and a headache and have to bear at the same time the heavy burden of Blackness.

It was always possible that the teeth would quiet down and maybe drop out of their own accord. Momma said we would wait. We leaned in the harsh sunlight on the shaky railings of the dentist's back porch for over an hour.

He opened the door and looked at Momma. "Well, Annie, what can I do for you?"

He didn't see the towel around my jaw or notice my swollen face.

Momma said, "Dentist Lincoln. It's my grandbaby here. She got two rotten teeth that's giving her a fit."

She waited for him to acknowledge the truth of her statement. He made no comment, orally or facially.

"She had this toothache purt' near four days now, and today I said, 'Young lady, you going to the Dentist.'"

"Annie?"

"Yes, sir, Dentist Lincoln."

He was choosing words the way people hunt for shells. "Annie, you know I don't treat nigra, colored people."

"I know, Dentist Lincoln. But this here is just my little grandbaby, and she ain't gone be no trouble to you ..."

"Annie, everybody has a policy. In this world you have to have a policy. Now, my policy is I don't treat colored people."

The sun had baked the oil out of Momma's skin and melted the Vaseline in her hair. She shone greasily as she leaned out of the dentist's shadow.

"Seem like to me, Dentist Lincoln, you might look after her, she ain't nothing but a little mite. And seems like maybe you owe me a favor or two."

He reddened slightly. "Favor or no favor. The money has all been repaid to you and that's the end of it. Sorry, Annie." He had his hand on the doorknob. "Sorry." His voice was a bit kinder on the second "Sorry," as if he really was.

Momma said, "I wouldn't press on you like this for myself but I can't take No. Not for my grandbaby. When you come to borrow my money you didn't have to beg. You asked me, and I lent it. Now, it wasn't my policy. I ain't no moneylender, but you stood to lose this building and I tried to help you out."

"It's been paid, and raising your voice won't make me change my mind. My policy ..."

He let go of the door and stepped nearer Momma. The three of us were crowded on the small landing. "Annie, my policy is I'd rather stick my hand in a dog's mouth than in a nigger's."

He had never once looked at me. He turned his back and went through the door into the cool beyond. Momma backed up inside herself for a few minutes. I forgot everything except her face which was almost a new one to me. She leaned over and took the doorknob, and in her everyday soft voice she said, "Sister, go on downstairs. Wait for me. I'll be there directly."

Under the most common of circumstances I knew it did no good to argue with Momma. So I walked down the steep stairs, afraid to look back and afraid not to do so. I turned as the door slammed, and she was gone.

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 Mrs Tafa speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

Either,

- (b) How is the relationship between Chanda and Esther presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

- (c) In *Chanda's Secrets*, Chanda says, 'I'm tired of lies'. Show how lies are important in the novel. [20]

‘Chanda,’ she says at last, ‘forgive me. Your mama and me, we thought we knew best. We thought if the traditional doctor came, your mama would have an excuse to disappear, to pass in secret. Your mama thought she’d spare you shame. Me, I just thought about myself. People knew we were friends. To have her die here ... like this ... after everything I’d said about the sickness ... I was afraid.’

‘It’s all right,’ I say.

The minute I say it’s all right, Mrs Tafa buries her head between her knees and wails. I put my arm around her shoulder. She grabs hold of me and blubbers like a baby.

‘You thanked me for what I did out there,’ she weeps. ‘It’s not me you should thank. It’s my son. My Emmanuel.’

But Emmanuel’s dead, I think.

‘When you called from the hospital,’ Mrs Tafa continues, ‘I was so terrified. I closed the shutters and hid behind the closed curtain. When the van drove up, I peeked between the shutter slats. I saw the neighbours coming. I went back to hide, to leave you to face them alone. That’s when I saw the shrine to my Emmanuel sitting on the side table. His baptismal certificate, funeral programme, envelope of baby hair, and in the middle of it all, his photograph. His eyes called to me from the grave, “Mama, for my sake, you know what to do.” He was right. I knew. And this time I didn’t betray him.’

‘But you’ve never betrayed him.’

‘Oh, yes, I have. Ever since he died.’ She wrings her hankie. ‘When Emmanuel won his scholarship to study law in Jo’burg, we were all so proud. He’d never been one to waste his time on girls. Only on books. Now his studies had paid off. I remember the last time we spoke. He was at a phone booth on his way to his doctor to take the physical for his travel documents.’

‘Just before his hunting accident, right?’

She shakes her head. ‘My boy didn’t hunt. There was no accident. He shot himself.’

My head swims. ‘What?’

‘As part of the physical, his doctor gave him an AIDS test. The test came back positive. Emmanuel borrowed a rifle from a friend. He went into the bush, put the rifle in his mouth and blew his head off. You see, he didn’t know how to tell us, my husband and me. He was afraid we wouldn’t understand. He was afraid we wouldn’t love him any more.’

‘But that’s crazy.’

‘Is it?’ She wipes her eyes. ‘Then why have we dishonoured his death with a lie?’

We sit very still.

‘I won’t tell anyone,’ I whisper.

‘It’s all right if you do,’ she says. ‘Seeing how you’ve stood by your mama, well, it’s how I want to stand by my Emmanuel. Facing the neighbours today, I’ve never felt so tall. I hope my boy was watching.’

Before Mrs Tafa goes, she takes my mama’s hand and whispers in her ear: ‘Oh Lilian, you have such a daughter. Such a daughter.’

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 the effect animals have on people.

In each poem the poet describes his thoughts and feelings as he observes a creature.

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 you may 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]

Considering the Snail

The snail pushes through a green night, for the grass is heavy with water and meets over the bright path he makes, where rain has darkened the earth's dark. He moves in a wood of desire,

pale antlers barely stirring as he hunts. I cannot tell what power is at work, drenched there with purpose, knowing nothing. What is a snail's fury? All I think is that if later

I parted the blades above the tunnel and saw the thin trail of broken white across litter, I would never have imagined the slow passion to that deliberate progress.

Thom Gunn

A Gull

A seagull stood on my window ledge today, said nothing, but had a good look inside. That was a cold inspection I can tell you! North winds, icebergs, flash of salt crashed through the glass without a sound. He shifted from leg to leg, swivelled his head. There was not a fish in the house – only me. Did he smell my flesh, that white one? Did he think I would soon open the window and scatter bread? Calculation in those eyes is quick. 'I tell you, my chick, there is food *everywhere*.' He eyed my furniture, my plants, an apple. Perhaps he was a mutation, a supergull. Perhaps he was, instead, a visitation which only used that tight firm forward body to bring the waste and dread of open waters, foundered voyages, matchless predators, into a dry room. I knew nothing. I moved; I moved an arm. When the thing saw the shadow of that, it suddenly flapped, scuttered claws along the sill, and was off, silent still. Who would be next for those eyes, I wondered, and were they ready, and in order?

Edwin Morgan

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