



GCSE – **NEW**

3720UA0-1



W17-3720UA0-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER**

WEDNESDAY, 4 JANUARY 2017 – MORNING

2 hours

SECTION A

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

SECTION B

<i>Poetry</i>	12
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet. Should you run out of space, use a pink 4-page continuation booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in Section A **and** answer the question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the book.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer,

e.g.

2	1
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 .

Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

SECTION A

Of Mice and Men

Answer

1	1
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 and **either**

1	2
---	---

or

1	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

1	1
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 , and about 40 minutes on

1	2
---	---

 or

1	3
---	---

 .

1	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does John Steinbeck create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

1	2
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 Show how John Steinbeck uses the character of Crooks to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s. [20]

Or,

1	3
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 To what extent does violence, or the threat of violence, affect relationships in *Of Mice and Men*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

From his pocket Carlson took a little leather thong. He stooped over and tied it around the old dog's neck. All the men except Candy watched him. 'Come boy. Come on, boy,' he said gently. And he said apologetically to Candy, 'He won't even feel it.' Candy did not move nor answer him. He twitched the thong. 'Come on, boy.' The old dog got slowly and stiffly to his feet and followed the gently pulling leash.

Slim said, 'Carlson.'

'Yeah?'

'You know what to do.'

'What ya mean, Slim?'

'Take a shovel,' said Slim shortly.

'Oh, sure! I get you.' He led the dog out into the darkness.

George followed to the door and shut the door and set the latch gently in its place. Candy lay rigidly on his bed staring at the ceiling.

Slim said loudly, 'One of my lead mules got a bad hoof. Got to get some tar on it.' His voice trailed off. It was silent outside. Carlson's footsteps died away. The silence came into the room. And the silence lasted.

George chuckled, 'I bet Lennie's right out there in the barn with his pup. He won't want to come in here no more now he's got a pup.'

Slim said, 'Candy, you can have any one of them pups you want.'

Candy did not answer. The silence fell on the room again. It came out of the night and invaded the room. George said, 'Anybody like to play a little euchre?'

'I'll play out a few with you,' said Whit.

They took places opposite each other at the table under the light, but George did not shuffle the cards. He rippled the edge of the deck nervously, and the little snapping noise drew the eyes of all the men in the room, so that he stopped doing it. The silence fell on the room again. A minute passed, and another minute. Candy lay still, staring at the ceiling. Slim gazed at him for a moment and then looked down at his hands; he subdued one hand with the other, and held it down. There came a little gnawing sound from under the floor and all the men looked down toward it gratefully. Only Candy continued to stare at the ceiling.

'Sounds like there was a rat under there,' said George. 'We ought to get a trap down there.'

Whit broke out, 'What the hell's takin' him so long? Lay out some cards, why don't you? We ain't going to get no euchre played this way.'

George brought the cards together tightly and studied the backs of them. The silence was in the room again.

Anita and Me

Answer

2	1
---	---

 and **either**

2	2
---	---

 or

2	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

2	1
---	---

, and about 40 minutes on

2	2
---	---

 or

2	3
---	---

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2	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Meera Syal present the character of Anita here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2	2
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 There are several characters who influence Meena as she grows up in Tollington. Who do you think influences her most? Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

Or,

2	3
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 'Meera Syal's portrayal of British Indian family life is surprisingly warm and funny.' How far do you agree with this statement? [20]

Anita, of course, had been a 'comp wench' for a couple of years now. All the comprehensive school girls shared the same indolent walk and bored stare that distinguished them as effectively as a uniform. In fact, I could not imagine Anita as a bouncy junior school pupil; she always seemed older than her peers. But when I spied her sitting alone on the park swings, from a distance, her crumpled face and hunched shoulders turned her momentarily into a little old lady. She was in the standard comprehensive school uniform of shiny green sweater, grey pleated skirt, white blouse, grey and green striped tie and knee-length pristine white socks, but the socks were the only things that vaguely fitted her. The cardigan sleeves had been turned up several times and the skirt rested below her knees, even though she was sitting down, swinging gently to and fro. 'Wow, yow look bosting!' I called out, tumbling down the grassy slope towards her. Anita barely looked at me. At first I thought she was in one of her moods and automatically began racking my brains for what I could have done wrong the last time we met. I had said sorry about her dog dying, hadn't I? But as I got closer, I saw that her eyes were red and crusty, and there were tiny snail trails of moisture and dirt running to her mouth.

'What's up?'

She cracked a hard smile. 'Nothing. Got me third year uniform today.'

I nodded stupidly, thinking it was a good job she had not passed the eleven-plus as I could not imagine her in the girls' grammar school uniform, an all-in-one shapeless blue smock accompanied by a droopy tam-o'-shanter. 'Me mom's gone,' Anita said flatly.

'Oh,' I said. 'Where?'

'Dunno. She left a note, only dad read it. She's gone off with a butcher from Cannock. Dad says she'll feel at home with the other scrag ends and good riddance ...' I did not know what to say. I knew if mama had run away leaving a note, I would now be rolling around in hysterics tearing my hair, the way they did in the Indian films, and then I would have followed the butcher in a car with darkened windows and stabbed him with his own cleaver while his back was turned, I would have emptied mama's wardrobes and set fire to all her clothes and danced round the flaming saris vowing vengeance. I would not have sat calmly swinging and picking lint off my new school skirt.

'These came this morning,' Anita continued in that same matter-of-fact tone, indicating her outfit. 'She must have ordered them ages ago. She must have known she was going.' Anita plucked at her sleeve hanging from her like a bat's wing. 'And look, silly cow still don't know my size ...' I thought back to that chance meeting in the entry, when Deirdre was so subdued and secretive, kindly almost, and had given her stamp of approval to my relationship with her daughter. It was her way, I decided, of asking me to look after Anita after she had gone. I then did something I had never done before, swept away by a surge of protective tenderness, I put my arm around Anita and kissed her, whispering, 'Sorry, Nita, I really am.' She pushed me away so violently that I almost fell off the swing.

'Whassup with you?' Anita shouted, wiping her cheek furiously. 'Am yow a lezzie or summat?'

To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer

3	1
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 and **either**

3	2
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 or

3	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

3	1
---	---

 , and about 40 minutes on

3	2
---	---

 or

3	3
---	---

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3	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Harper Lee create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

3	2
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 Show how Harper Lee uses the character of Calpurnia to highlight some aspects of American society at the time the novel is set. [20]

Or,

3	3
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 'The town of Maycomb itself is one of the main characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird*.' Show how Harper Lee uses the town of Maycomb to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s. [20]

‘Cal,’ Atticus said, ‘I want you to go with me out to Helen Robinson’s house –’

‘What’s the matter?’ Aunt Alexandra asked, alarmed by the look on my father’s face.

‘Tom’s dead.’

Aunt Alexandra put her hands to her mouth.

‘They shot him,’ said Atticus. ‘He was running. It was during their exercise period. They said he just broke into a blind raving charge at the fence and started climbing over. Right in front of them—’

‘Didn’t they try to stop him? Didn’t they give him any warning?’ Aunt Alexandra’s voice shook.

‘Oh yes, the guards called to him to stop. They fired a few shots in the air, then to kill. They got him just as he went over the fence. They said if he’d had two good arms he’d have made it, he was moving that fast. Seventeen bullet holes in him. They didn’t have to shoot him that much. Cal, I want you to come with me and help me tell Helen.’

‘Yes sir,’ she murmured, fumbling at her apron. Miss Maudie went to Calpurnia and untied it.

‘This is the last straw, Atticus,’ Aunt Alexandra said.

‘Depends on how you look at it,’ he said. ‘What was one Negro, more or less, among two hundred of ‘em? He wasn’t Tom to them, he was an escaping prisoner.’

Atticus leaned against the refrigerator, pushed up his glasses, and rubbed his eyes. ‘We had such a good chance,’ he said. ‘I told him what I thought, but I couldn’t in truth say that we had more than a good chance. I guess Tom was tired of white men’s chances and preferred to take his own. Ready, Cal?’

‘Yessir, Mr Finch.’

‘Then let’s go.’

Aunt Alexandra sat down in Calpurnia’s chair and put her hands to her face. She sat quite still; she was so quiet I wondered if she would faint. I heard Miss Maudie breathing as if she had just climbed the steps, and in the dining-room the ladies chattered happily.

I thought Aunt Alexandra was crying, but when she took her hands away from her face, she was not. She looked weary. She spoke, and her voice was flat.

‘I can’t say I approve of everything he does, Maudie, but he’s my brother, and I just want to know when this will ever end.’ Her voice rose: ‘It tears him to pieces. He doesn’t show it much, but it tears him to pieces. I’ve seen him when – what else do they want from him, Maudie, what else?’

I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

Answer

4	1
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 and **either**

4	2
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 or

4	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

4	1
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, and about 40 minutes on

4	2
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 or

4	3
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4	1
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Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Maya Angelou present Mrs. Flowers here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

4	2
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How does Maya Angelou use her relationship with her father, Bailey Senior, to highlight some aspects of American society as she grew up? [20]

Or,

4	3
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'In *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, the reader reacts to Maya's story with sympathy and admiration in equal measure.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* in your answer. [20]

For nearly a year, I sopped around the house, the Store, the school and the church, like an old biscuit, dirty and inedible. Then I met, or rather got to know, the lady who threw me my first life line.

Mrs. Bertha Flowers was the aristocrat of Black Stamps. She had the grace of control to appear warm in the coldest weather, and on the Arkansas summer days it seemed she had a private breeze which swirled around, cooling her. She was thin without the taut look of wiry people, and her printed voile dresses and flowered hats were as right for her as denim overalls for a farmer. She was our side's answer to the richest white woman in town.

Her skin was a rich black that would have peeled like a plum if snagged, but then no one would have thought of getting close enough to Mrs. Flowers to ruffle her dress, let alone snag her skin. She didn't encourage familiarity. She wore gloves too.

I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Flowers laugh, but she smiled often. A slow widening of her thin black lips to show even, small white teeth, then the slow effortless closing. When she chose to smile on me, I always wanted to thank her. The action was so graceful and inclusively benign.

She was one of the few gentlewomen I have ever known, and has remained throughout my life the measure of what a human being can be.

Momma had a strange relationship with her. Most often when she passed on the road in front of the Store, she spoke to Momma in that soft yet carrying voice, "Good day, Mrs. Henderson." Momma responded with "How you, Sister Flowers?"

Mrs. Flowers didn't belong to our church, nor was she Momma's familiar. Why on earth did she insist on calling her Sister Flowers? Shame made me want to hide my face. Mrs. Flowers deserved better than to be called Sister. Then, Momma left out the verb. Why not ask, "How *are* you, *Mrs.* Flowers?" With the unbalanced passion of the young, I hated her for showing her ignorance to Mrs. Flowers. It didn't occur to me for many years that they were as alike as sisters, separated only by formal education.

Although I was upset, neither of the women was in the least shaken by what I thought an unceremonious greeting. Mrs. Flowers would continue her easy gait up the hill to her little bungalow, and Momma kept on shelling peas or doing whatever had brought her to the front porch.

Occasionally, though, Mrs. Flowers would drift off the road and down to the Store and Momma would say to me, "Sister, you go on and play." As I left I would hear the beginning of an intimate conversation. Momma persistently using the wrong verb, or none at all.

"Brother and Sister Wilcox is sho'ly the meanest—"

"Is," Momma? "Is"? Oh, please, not "is," Momma, for two or more. But they talked, and from the side of the building where I waited for the ground to open up and swallow me, I heard the soft-voiced Mrs. Flowers and the textured voice of my grandmother merging and melting.

They were interrupted from time to time by giggles that must have come from Mrs. Flowers (Momma never giggled in her life). Then she was gone.

Chanda's Secrets

Answer

5	1
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 and **either**

5	2
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or

5	3
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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

5	1
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, and about 40 minutes on

5	2
---	---

 or

5	3
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5	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

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

Either,

5	2
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 With which character in *Chanda's Secrets* do you have the most sympathy? Show how the presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

Or,

5	3
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 'There are no heroes in *Chanda's Secrets*, only victims.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to refer to the social, historical and cultural context of the novel in your answer. [20]

It's past sundown by the time I leave the hospital. The main strip is bright with neon lights, but the side streets are dark, except for the headlights of slow-moving cars cruising for hookers. The strip ends at the edge of downtown. I keep to the main roads, streaking through the patches of night that fall between the street lamps.

All the while, I think: should I have told Nurse Viser about Mama? About her problems? About my fears? I don't know. It's too confusing. Let sleeping dogs lie.

I reach my section. Something isn't right. It's too quiet for a Saturday. Where's the singing? The yard parties? Nowhere, that's where. Even the Lesoles' boom box is still. Two blocks from home, I spot a funeral tent. At last, I think, people. I ride up expecting to see some life. But the mourners sit around the firepit, frozen as corpses.

A cold knot grows in my stomach. It gets bigger the closer I get to home. A lamp glows in the main room. Soly and Iris are at the window, peeking out from between the slats of the shutters. Everything is as it should be. And yet ...

Before heading in, I go to the wagon. Jonah's bowl is over-turned by the yard-side wheel. I kneel and peer into the darkness underneath. 'Jonah?'

I listen hard for a chatter of teeth, a whisper of breath, a rustle of blanket. Nothing.

'Jonah?' I say again.

A voice comes out of the night behind me. 'Jonah's gone.'

I whirl around. It's Mama.

'What are you doing out here?' I gasp.

'Waiting for you.'

'Where's Jonah?'

'I don't know.' Mama's voice is far away. 'They say he wandered off at sundown.'

'Who's "they"?'

'Mrs Tafa.'

My mind races. 'Oh my god, Mama, he's dead, isn't he? Somebody came back and did something.'

'Why would anybody do anything? He left on his own. He wanted to go. To be alone. Mrs Tafa said so.' Mama leans heavily on her walking stick. 'Now come inside,' she says. 'We've got a visitor.'

SECTION B

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

Both poets describe their surroundings during the night.

6	1
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Write about both poems and their effect on you. Show how they are similar and how they are different.

You may write about the poems separately and then compare them, or make comparisons where appropriate in your answer as a whole. [20]

Night Life

Disturbed at 2 a.m. I hear a claw
scratching the window, tapping at the pane,
and then I realise, a broken branch,
and yet I can't turn back to sleep again.

Slowly, not to wake you, I get up,
thinking of food, perhaps a quiet read.
A cockroach runs across the kitchen floor,
its lacquered shell as quick and dry as seed.

Outside the chalice lily lifts its cup
in adoration to the mirrored moon,
full of purpose as it trembles there,
collecting drops of moisture on its spoon.

Noises of the night, it's all alive,
birds shifting in the steady trees,
slugs and snails eating fallen flowers,
a moth freighted with fragilities.

Nocturnal life, the other side of things,
proceeding whether we observe or not,
like rows and rows of brown coastal ants
transporting food from here to another spot.

Vivian Smith

The World in the Evening

As this suburban summer wanders toward dark
cats watch from their driveways – they are bored
and await miracles. The houses show, through windows
flashes of knife and fork, the blue light
of televisions, inconsequential fights
between wife and husband in the guest bathroom

voices sound like echoes in these streets
the chattering of awful boys as they plot
behind the juniper and ivy, miniature guerillas
that mimic the ancient news of the world
and shout threats, piped high across mock fences
to girls riding by in the last pieces of light

the color of the sky makes brilliant reflection
in the water and oil along the curb
deepened aqua and the sharp pure rose of the clouds
there is no sun or moon, few stars wheel
above the domestic scene – this half-lit world
still, quiet calming the dogs worried by distant alarms

there – a woman in a window washes a glass
a man across the street laughs through an open door
utterly alien, alone. There is a time, seconds between
the last light and the dark stretch ahead, when color
is lost – the girl on her swing becomes a swift
apparition, black and white flowing suddenly into night.

Rachel Sherwood

END OF PAPER