



GCSE
ENGLISH LITERATURE
 Foundation Tier
UNIT 1
Specimen Assessment Materials
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
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **both** Section A **and** Section B.

Answer **one** question in Section A **and** the question in Section B.

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**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:

What do you think of the way Curley speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Choose a character whom you think is a victim of the society in which he or she lives. Write about this character, explaining the reasons for your choice. [20]

Or,

(c) Write about Crooks and the ways in which he is affected by the society in which he lives.

Think about:

- his job on the ranch;
- his relationships with other characters;
- the way he speaks and behaves at different times in the novel. [20]

At that moment a young man came into the bunkhouse; a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair. He wore a work glove on his left hand, and like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots. 'Seen my old man?' he asked.

The swamper said: 'He was here jus' a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cook-house, I think.'

'I'll try to catch him,' said Curley. His eyes passed over the new men and he stopped. He glanced coldly at George and then at Lennie. His arms gradually bent at the elbows and his hands closed into fists. He stiffened and went into a slight crouch. His glance was at once calculating and pugnacious. Lennie squirmed under the look and shifted his feet nervously. Curley stepped gingerly close to him. 'You the new guys the old man was waitin' for?'

'We just come in,' said George.

'Let the big guy talk.'

Lennie twisted with embarrassment.

George said: 'S'pose he don't want to talk?'

Curley lashed his body around. 'By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoke to. What the hell are you gettin' into it for?'

'We travel together,' said George coldly.

'Oh, so it's that way.'

George was tense and motionless. 'Yeah, it's that way.'

Lennie was looking helplessly to George for instruction.

'An' you won't let the big guy talk, is that it?'

'He can talk if he want to tell you anything.' He nodded slightly to Lennie.

'We jus' come in,' said Lennie softly.

Curley stared levelly at him. 'Well, nex' time you answer when you're spoke to.' He turned towards the door and walked out, and his elbows were still bent out a little.

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:

What does this extract show you about Meena's feelings? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Sam Lowbridge and what he shows us about the community in which he lives. [20]

Or,

(c) Write about how Meena is influenced by her Punjabi background as she grows up.

Think about:

- her homelife;
- the influence of her parents;
- the influence of Nanima;
- the influence of other people;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Sam interrupted, a sly grin curling the corners of his mouth: ‘Yow don’t do nothing but talk, “Uncle”. And give everything away to some darkies we’ve never met. We don’t give a toss for anybody else. This is our patch. Not some wogs’ handout.’

I felt as if I had been punched in the stomach. My legs felt watery and a hot panic softened my insides to mush. It was as if the whole crowd had turned into one huge eyeball which swivelled slowly between me and papa. I wished I had stood next to papa; I could feel Anita shifting beside me, I knew she would not hold me or take my hand. Papa was staring into the distance, seemingly unconcerned, gripping his bottle of whisky like a weapon. Uncle Alan’s mouth was opening and closing like a goldfish, Reverend Ince whispered to him ‘Good work, Alan. One of your supporters, is he?’

And then a rasping voice came from somewhere in the throng, ‘You tell him, son.’

I jerked my head towards the sound. Who was that? Who said that? Who had thought that all this time and why had I never known about it? And then another voice, a woman’s, ‘Go on, lad! Tell him some more!’ The sound had come from somewhere around Mr Ormerod, I stared at him, straight into his eyes. He shifted from foot to foot and glanced away.

My mind was turning cartwheels; I wanted to find these people, tell them Sam Lowbridge was my mate, the boy who had taught me how to shoot a fairground rifle, who terrorised everyone else except me. I was his favourite. There must have been some mistake. When my ears had stopped ringing and I gradually returned to my body, I could hear catcalls coming from all over the grounds; ‘Yow shuttit, yow bloody skinhead idiot! Bloody disgrace, Sam Lowbridge! Yow wanna good birching, yow do! Yow don’t talk for me, son! I’d be on my deathbed before that’d happen!’

Uncle Alan was half-running towards the gate, towards Sam who was strolling back to his moped to the cheers and claps of his gang. ‘Wait! Sam!’ Uncle Alan puffed. ‘Listen! Don’t do this! Don’t turn all this energy the wrong way!’ Sam was not listening. He was already revving up, clouds of bluey-grey smoke wheezing from his exhaust. ‘Anger is good! But not used this way! Please! You’re going the wrong way!’

Sam aimed his moped straight at Uncle Alan who was now outside the gates, making him jump back and stumble, and then he sped off up the hill followed by the rest of his three-wheeler lackeys, who manoeuvred in and out of each other like a bunch of May-mad midges until they were nothing but annoying buzzy specks in the distance. Uncle Alan sat heavily down on the grass and rested his head on his arms. People were now crowding round papa, offering condolences and back pats like he’d just come last in the annual church egg and spoon race. ‘Yow don’t mind him, Mr Ku-mar, he’s always been a bad-un . . .’ Papa smiled graciously at them, shrugging his shoulders, not wanting to draw any more attention to himself or what had just happened. I knew he was trying to get to me and I began pushing forward, encountering a wall of solid backs and legs.

Anita was tugging my sleeve as she held onto me. I turned round to face her, my cheeks still felt warm and taut. ‘Wharrabout that then!’ she grinned, ‘Isn’t he bosting!’

‘What?’ I croaked.

‘Sam Lowbridge, He’s dead bloody hard, in’t he?’

‘Anita Rutter, yow am a bloody stupid cow sometimes,’ I said, and did not look back until I had reached the haven of papa’s arms.

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:

What do you think of the way Tom Robinson speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Calpurnia and what she shows us about the society in which she lives.

Think about:

- her place in the Finch household;
- her place in the local community;
- her relationships with other characters;
- the way she speaks and behaves at different points in the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) What impressions do you have of the society in Maycomb, the town where Scout, Jem and Atticus live?

Think about:

- some of the people who live there;
- some of the events that happen there;
- the way Scout describes the town. [20]

Tom's black velvet skin had begun to shine, and he ran his hand over his face.

'I say where the chillun?' he continued, 'an' she says – she was laughin', sort of – she says they all gone to town to get ice-creams. She says, "Took me a slap year to save seb'm nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town."

Tom's discomfort was not from the humidity. 'What did you say then, Tom?' asked Atticus.

'I said somethin' like, why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o' you to treat 'em. An' she said, "You think so?" I don't think she understood what I was thinkin' – I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat 'em.'

'I understand you, Tom. Go on,' said Atticus.

'Well, I said I best be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the chiffarobe.'

'Not the same chiffarobe you busted up?' Asked Atticus.

The witness smiled. 'Naw suh, another one. Most as tall as the room. So I done what she told me, an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she – she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round th' legs, Mr Finch. She scared me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over – that was the only thing, only furniture, 'sturbed in that room, Mr Finch, when I left it. I swear 'fore God.'

'What happened after you turned the chair over?'

Tom Robinson had come to a dead stop. He glanced at Atticus, then at the jury, then at Mr Underwood sitting across the room.

'Tom, you've sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you tell it?'

Tom ran his hand nervously over his mouth.

'What happened after that?'

'Answer the question,' said Judge Taylor. One-third of his cigar had vanished.

'Mr Finch, I got down offa that chair an' turned around an' she sorta jumped on me.'

'Jumped on you? Violently?'

'No suh, she – she hugged me. She hugged me round the waist.'

This time Judge Taylor's gavel came down with a bang, and as it did the overhead lights went on in the courtroom. Darkness had not come, but the afternoon sun had left the windows. Judge Taylor quickly restored order.

'Then what did she do?'

The witness swallowed hard. 'She reached up an' kissed me 'side of th' face. She says she never kissed a grown man before an' she might as well kiss a nigger. She says what her papa do to her don't count. She says, "Kiss me back, nigger." I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an' tried to run but she got her back to the door an' I'da had to push her. I didn't wanta harm her, Mr Finch, an' I say lemme pass, but just when I say it Mr Ewell yonder hollered through th' window.'

'What did he say?'

Tom Robinson swallowed again, and his eyes widened. 'Some-thin' not fittin' to say – not fittin' for these folks'n chillun to hear–'

'What did he say, Tom? You must tell the jury what he said.'

Tom Robinson shut his eyes tight. 'He says you goddamn whore, I'll kill ya.'

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:

What impressions do you get of the church service here? Remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) What have you found out about the town of Stamps and its community from your reading of *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*?

Think about:

- the people who live there;
- some key events that Maya Angelou writes about;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

(c) Write about some of Maya's experiences of racism in the 1930s and 1940s in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* and explain how she coped with them. [20]

Sister Monroe's fuse was already lit, and she sizzled somewhere to the right behind me. Elder Thomas jumped into the sermon, determined, I suppose, to give the members what they came for. I saw the ushers from the left side of the church near the big windows begin to move discreetly, like pallbearers, toward Sister Monroe's bench. Bailey jogged my knee. When the incident with Sister Monroe, which we always called simply "the incident," had taken place, we had been too astounded to laugh. But for weeks after, all we needed to send us into violent out-bursts of laughter was a whispered "Preach it." Anyway, he pushed my knee, covered his mouth and whispered, "I say, preach it."

I looked toward Momma, across that square of stained boards, over the collection table, hoping that a look from her would root me safely to my sanity. But for the first time in memory Momma was staring behind me at Sister Monroe. I supposed that she was counting on bringing that emotional lady up short with a severe look or two. But Sister Monroe's voice had already reached the danger point. "Preach it!"

There were a few smothered giggles from the children's section, and Bailey nudged me again. "I say, preach it" – in a whisper. Sister Monroe echoed him loudly, "I say, preach it!"

Two deacons wedged themselves around Brother Jackson as a preventative measure and two large determined looking men walked down the aisle toward Sister Monroe.

While the sounds in the church were increasing, Elder Thomas made the regrettable mistake of increasing his volume too. Then suddenly, like a summer rain, Sister Monroe broke through the cloud of people trying to hem her in, and flooded up to the pulpit. She didn't stop this time but continued immediately to the altar, bound for Elder Thomas, crying "I say, preach it."

Bailey said out loud, "Hot dog" and "Damn" and "She's going to beat his butt."

But Reverend Thomas didn't intend to wait for that eventuality, so as Sister Monroe approached the pulpit from the right he started descending from the left. He was not intimidated by his change of venue. He continued preaching and moving. He finally stopped right in front of the collection table, which put him almost in our laps, and Sister Monroe rounded the altar on his heels, followed by the deacons, ushers, some unofficial members and a few of the bigger children.

Just as the elder opened his mouth, pink tongue waving, and said, "Great God of Mount Nebo," Sister Monroe hit him on the back of his head with her purse. Twice. Before he could bring his lips together, his teeth fell, no, actually his teeth jumped, out of his mouth.

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:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Write about words and phrases you find effective in creating these thoughts and feelings, and explain why you find them effective. [10]

Either,

(b) Rumours and superstitions are important in *Chanda's Secrets*. Write about some rumours and superstitions in the novel and explain the effect they have on events. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

Or,

(c) Chanda only gradually comes to understand the truth about the AIDS epidemic and its effect on her family and community. Write about some of the ways in which she comes to this understanding. [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 ke 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.

Both poems are about relationships that have gone wrong.

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]

First Love

I knew it had to come. I couldn't bear
it then; can't take it now. I'll make amends. I'm
willing to agree, now. So - be fair,
There's no need to split up. We'll just be friends.

Like you suggested. Not see quite so much
of each other. Please! I agree. You're right. I
made too much of what we had. Been such a
fool. I'll take the blame. We'll start tonight
- The New Improved Regime*. We'll both be free

to do just as we want - the adult way.
I'll do just as you want me to. You'll see. I'm
willing to do anything you say.
I promise. I won't make a scene. Won't cry. If
you'll do just one thing. Don't say goodbye.

Mick Gowar

**regime - system*

Rejection

Rejection is orange Not,
as one might think, Grey
and nondescript*. It is the
vivid orange of A council
worker's jacket. A coat of
shame that says 'he
doesn't want you.'

Rejection tastes like ashes
Acrid, bitter.

It sounds
Like the whisper of voices
Behind my back.
'He didn't want her.
He dumped her.'

It feels
Like the scraping of fingernails
On a blackboard,
Not ache or stab of pain
But like having
a layer of skin missing.
Rejection looks like - me,
I suppose.

Slightly leftover
Like the last, curled sandwich
When all the guests
Have gone.

Jenny Sullivan

** nondescript - ordinary*