



GCSE

3720UA0-1



W25-3720UA0-1

WEDNESDAY, 8 JANUARY 2025 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
HIGHER TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

	Pages
<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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3720UA01
01**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use gel pen or 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 booklet provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

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

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

2	1
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.

Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

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

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

0	1
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 and **either**

0	2
---	---

or

0	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

0	1
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 , and about 40 minutes on

0	2
---	---

 or

0	3
---	---

 .

0	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Answer the following question:

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

Either,

0	2
---	---

 What does the presentation of George in *Of Mice and Men* tell us about life in America in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

0	3
---	---

 'Loneliness is the main reason why many characters in *Of Mice and Men* behave the way they do.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

During the conversation Carlson had refused to be drawn in. He continued to look down at the old dog. Candy watched him uneasily. At last Carlson said, 'If you want me to, I'll put the old devil out of his misery right now and get it over with. Ain't nothing left for him. Can't eat, can't see, can't even walk without hurtin'.'

Candy said hopefully, 'You ain't got no gun.'

'The hell I ain't. Got a Luger. It won't hurt him none at all.'

Candy said, 'Maybe tomorra. Le's wait till tomorra.'

'I don't see no reason for it,' said Carlson. He went to his bunk, pulled his bag from underneath it and took out a Luger pistol. 'Let's get it over with,' he said. 'We can't sleep with him stinkin' around in here.' He put the pistol in his hip pocket.

Candy looked a long time at Slim to try to find some reversal. And Slim gave him none. At last Candy said softly and hopelessly, 'Awright – take 'im.' He did not look down at his dog at all. He lay back on his bunk and crossed his arms behind his head and stared at the ceiling.

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.

Anita and Me

Answer

1	1
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 and **either**

1	2
---	---

or

1	3
---	---

 .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

1	1
---	---

 , and about 40 minutes on

1	2
---	---

 or

1	3
---	---

 .

1	1
---	---

 Read the extract on the opposite page. Answer the following question:

How is Meena's attitude to her mother presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

1	2
---	---

 In *Anita and Me*, how is the character of Anita important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

1	3
---	---

 How is the theme of prejudice presented in *Anita and Me*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

My mother would right now be standing in a haze of spicy steam, crowded by huge bubbling saucepans where onions and tomatoes simmered and spat, molehills of chopped vegetables and fresh herbs jostling for space with bitter, bright heaps of turmeric, masala, cumin and coarse black pepper whilst a softly breathing mound of dough would be waiting in a china bowl, ready to be divided and flattened into round, grainy chapatti. And she, sweaty and absorbed, would move from one chaotic work surface to another, preparing the fresh, home-made meal that my father expected, needed like air, after a day at the office about which he never talked.

From the moment mama stepped in from her teaching job, swapping saris for M & S separates, she was in that kitchen; it would never occur to her, at least not for many years, to suggest instant or take-away food which would give her a precious few hours to sit, think, smell the roses – that would be tantamount to spouse abuse. This food was not just something to fill a hole, it was soul food, it was the food their far-away mothers made and came seasoned with memory and longing, this was the nearest they would get for many years, to home.

So far, I had resisted all my mother's attempts to teach me the rudiments of Indian cuisine; she'd often pull me in from the yard and ask me to stand with her while she prepared a simple *sabzi* or rolled out a chapatti before making it dance and blow out over a naked gas flame. 'Just watch, it is so easy, beti' she'd say encouragingly. I did not see what was easy about peeling, grinding, kneading and burning your fingers in this culinary Turkish bath, only to present your masterpiece and have my father wolf it down in ten minutes flat in front of the nine o'clock news whilst sitting cross-legged on the floor surrounded by spread sheets from yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*.

Once, she made the fatal mistake of saying, 'You are going to have to learn to cook if you want to get married, aren't you?'

I reeled back, horrified, and vowed if I ended up with someone who made me go through all that, I would poison the bastard immediately. My mother must have cottoned on; she would not mention marriage again for another fifteen years.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer

2	1
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 and **either**

2	2
---	---

or

2	3
---	---

 .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

2	1
---	---

 , and about 40 minutes on

2	2
---	---

 or

2	3
---	---

 .

2	1
---	---

 Read the extract on the opposite page. Answer the following question:

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

Either,

2	2
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 In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, the influence of parents on their children is important. How is parenting important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

2	3
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 'In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, the town of Maycomb has all the characteristics of American society in the 1930s, both good and bad.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

The back of the Radley house was less inviting than the front: a ramshackle porch ran the width of the house; there were two doors and two dark windows between the doors. Instead of a column, a rough two-by-four supported one end of the roof. An old Franklin stove sat in a corner of the porch; above it a hat-rack mirror caught the moon and shone eerily.

‘Ar-r,’ said Jem softly, lifting his foot.

‘Smatter?’

‘Chickens,’ he breathed.

That we would be obliged to dodge the unseen from all directions was confirmed when Dill ahead of us spelled G-o-d in a whisper. We crept to the side of the house, around to the window with the hanging shutter. The sill was several inches taller than Jem.

‘Give you a hand up,’ he muttered to Dill. ‘Wait, though.’ Jem grabbed his left wrist and my right wrist, I grabbed my left wrist and Jem’s right wrist, we crouched, and Dill sat on our saddle. We raised him and he caught the window sill.

‘Hurry,’ Jem whispered, ‘we can’t last much longer.’

Dill punched my shoulder, and we lowered him to the ground.

‘What’d you see?’

‘Nothing. Curtains. There’s a little teeny light way off somewhere, though.’

‘Let’s get away from here,’ breathed Jem. ‘Let’s go ’round in back again. Sh-h,’ he warned me, as I was about to protest.

‘Let’s try the back window.’

‘Dill, *no*,’ I said.

Dill stopped and let Jem go ahead. When Jem put his foot on the bottom step, the step squeaked. He stood still, then tried his weight by degrees. The step was silent. Jem skipped two steps, put his foot on the porch, heaved himself to it, and teetered a long moment. He regained his balance and dropped to his knees. He crawled to the window, raised his head and looked in.

Then I saw the shadow. It was the shadow of a man with a hat on. At first I thought it was a tree, but there was no wind blowing, and tree-trunks never walked. The back porch was bathed in moonlight, and the shadow, crisp as toast, moved across the porch toward Jem.

Dill saw it next. He put his hands to his face.

When it crossed Jem, Jem saw it. He put his arms over his head and went rigid.

The shadow stopped about a foot beyond Jem. Its arm came out from its side, dropped, and was still. Then it turned and moved back across Jem, walked along the porch and off the side of the house, returning as it had come.

Jem leaped off the porch and galloped toward us. He flung open the gate, danced Dill and me through, and shooed us between two rows of swishing collards. Halfway through the collards I tripped; as I tripped the roar of a shotgun shattered the neighbourhood.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Answer

3	1
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 and **either**

3	2
---	---

or

3	3
---	---

 .

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. Answer the following question:

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

Either,

3	2
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 How is the character of Maya's mother, Mother Dear, presented in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

3	3
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 '*I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* is about the resistance of black people to the racism of American society in the 1930s.' How does Maya Angelou present this? [20]

The court was filled. Some people even stood behind the churchlike benches in the rear. Overhead fans moved with the detachment of old men. Grandmother Baxter's clients were there in gay and flippant array. The gamblers in pin-striped suits and their makeup-deep women whispered to me out of blood-red mouths that now I knew as much as they did. I was eight, and grown. Even the nurses in the hospital had told me that now I had nothing to fear. "The worst is over for you," they had said. So I put the words in all the smirking mouths.

I sat with my family (Bailey couldn't come) and they rested still on the seats like solid, cold gray tombstones. Thick and forevermore unmoving.

Poor Mr. Freeman twisted in his chair to look empty threats over to me. He didn't know that he couldn't kill Bailey ... and Bailey didn't lie ... to me.

"What was the defendant wearing?" That was Mr. Freeman's lawyer.

"I don't know."

"You mean to say this man raped you and you don't know what he was wearing?" He snickered as if I had raped Mr. Freeman. "Do you know if you were raped?"

A sound pushed in the air of the court (I was sure it was laughter). I was glad that Mother had let me wear the navy-blue winter coat with brass buttons. Although it was too short and the weather was typical St. Louis hot, the coat was a friend that I hugged to me in the strange and unfriendly place.

Chanda's Secrets

Answer

4	1
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 and **either**

4	2
---	---

or

4	3
---	---

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on

4	1
---	---

 , and about 40 minutes on

4	2
---	---

 or

4	3
---	---

 .

4	1
---	---

Read the extract on the opposite page. Answer the following question:

How is the character of Mrs Tafa presented here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

4	2
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How is the character of Esther presented in *Chanda's Secrets*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

4	3
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Secrets are important in *Chanda's Secrets*. How is this theme presented in the novel? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

As I come through the gate, Mrs Tafa is sitting under a tree on her lawn chair, with a pillow plumped behind her back. Her daughter's dropped off some grandkids. They sit at her feet gulping juice from plastic cups. The oldest fans her with an oversized fly swatter. Iris and Soly are watching through the cactus fence that separates our yards.

Mrs Tafa hollers a greeting: 'Dumêla!'

'Dumêla,' I say back. I nod to her grandkids: 'Dumêlang.'

Mrs Tafa doesn't bother getting up, just points to the bench opposite her. 'I dropped by this morning,' she says, 'but no one would open your door.'

'I'm sorry.' I sit. 'Something awful's happened.'

'So I hear.' I'm not surprised she's heard. She has the ears of an elephant.

I glare at Iris and Soly. 'Stop eavesdropping. Go and pile up stones.' They do. 'Mama doesn't want them to know,' I whisper.

'She's right,' Mrs Tafa nods approvingly. 'There's no need to involve little ones with things like that.' She shoos her grandchildren away. 'So ... you want to use my telephone?'

'If it's all right, yes, please. I need to let Mama's people know.'

'It's your mama who should call.'

'She wants to stay with Sara.'

'I see.' A pause. Mrs Tafa stretches her arms and wobbles the flab. 'A lot of folks want to use my telephone,' she says at last. 'If I let everyone use it, I'd never get any peace.' She tilts her head and wipes the dribbles of sweat from under her chins.

'I know, and I'm sorry for bothering you.' I take a deep breath, 'It's just ... I hoped you wouldn't mind ... you being my "Auntie" Rose.'

Mrs Tafa smiles. She sucks the end of her lemonade through a straw. 'Who's doing the arrangements?'

'Mr Bateman.'

'Ah.' The way she says 'Ah' makes me feel like dirt.

'I tried the other mortuaries,' I lie, 'but they were full up.'

'No need for excuses. People will understand,' Mrs Tafa says. 'Besides, Mr Bateman did up the Moses boy, no complaints. All the same, you should have come to me. I have connections.'

'Sorry, Auntie.' I shift in my seat. 'So, about your telephone ...?'

'How many calls do you want to make?'

'Just one. To the general dealer in Tiro. He can get the word to my mama-granny, Granny Thela. She'll see to the rest.'

Mrs Tafa sucks her teeth. 'Tiro. That's two hundred miles away. Calls to Tiro don't come cheap.'

'Mama will pay you back.'

Mrs Tafa waves her hand. 'Don't be silly. I'm your auntie. Glad to help.' She heaves her rump out of the chair and leads me into her house.

SECTION B

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

Both poets write about brief encounters between people.

5	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]

Somewhere Along the Line

You met me to apologise, you were saying
as we waited in the drizzle for the slow train.
When it focused in we said goodbye and we
kissed
and from the window you were caught; teary
and fixed.

You ran across the wooden bridge, I knew you
would,
to get down on the other platform and to wave,
but as you did the eastbound Leeds train
flickered past
and ran you like a movie through its
window-frames.

I keep those animated moments of you as
our catalogue of chances rushed and chances
missed.

by Simon Armitage

Lieutenant Schmidt's Ideal Lady

1. The Lady at the Kiev Racecourse

A new century not long begun:
a young man, unhappily married
and between trains, is at a loose end
on a sultry Kiev afternoon.

He goes to the races: sees a lady
in the crowd, the most beautiful lady
imaginable. Her black eyes, her hair,
the darkest night flowing like water.

He thinks she might be Spanish; he pictures her
on a warm shore he has only seen
from the deck of his ship. She is swept away
on the tide of racegoers; he never meets her,

never hears her voice. This does not displease
him:

he is a man who lives in fancy
and will simply love her for ever.
That night, he takes the train to Sevastopol.

by Sheenagh Pugh

END OF PAPER