



**GCSE**

3720UA0-1



W19-3720UA0-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE  
UNIT 1  
HIGHER TIER**

WEDNESDAY, 9 JANUARY 2019 – 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.

**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 booklet provided.

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,

e.g. 

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. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at the way Slim speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

**Either,**

0	2
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 How does John Steinbeck use the character of Curley to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

**Or,**

0	3
---	---

 'Animals and the natural world are important in Steinbeck's portrayal of 1930s America in *Of Mice and Men*.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

George shouted over and over, 'Leggo his hand, Lennie. Leggo. Slim, come help me while the guy got any hand left.'

Suddenly Lennie let go his hold. He crouched cowering against the wall. 'You tol' me to, George,' he said miserably.

Curley sat down on the floor, looking in wonder at his crushed hand. Slim and Carlson bent over him. Then Slim straightened up and regarded Lennie with horror. 'We got to get him in to a doctor,' he said. 'Looks to me like ever' bone in his han' is bust.'

'I didn't wanta,' Lennie cried. 'I didn't wanta hurt him.'

Slim said, 'Carlson, you get the candy wagon hitched up. We'll take 'um into Soledad an' get 'um fixed up.' Carlson hurried out. Slim turned to the whimpering Lennie. 'It ain't your fault,' he said. 'This punk sure had it comin' to him. But – Jesus! He ain't hardly got no han' left.' Slim hurried out, and in a moment returned with a tin cup of water. He held it to Curley's lips.

George said, 'Slim, will we get canned now? We need the stake. Will Curley's old man can us now?'

Slim smiled wryly. He knelt down beside Curley. 'You got your senses in hand enough to listen?' he asked. Curley nodded. 'Well, then listen,' Slim went on. 'I think you got your han' caught in a machine. If you don't tell nobody what happened, we ain't going to. But you jus' tell an' try to get this guy canned and we'll tell ever'body, an' then will you get the laugh.'

'I won't tell,' said Curley. He avoided looking at Lennie.

Buggy wheels sounded outside. Slim helped Curley up. 'Come on now. Carlson's gonna take you to a doctor.' He helped Curley out the door. The sound of wheels drew away. In a moment Slim came back into the bunk house. He looked at Lennie, still crouched fearfully against the wall. 'Le's see your hands,' he asked.

Lennie stuck out his hands.

'Christ awmighty, I hate to have you mad at me,' Slim said.

**Anita and Me**

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
---	---

, and about 40 minutes on 

1	2
---	---

 or 

1	3
---	---

.

1	1
---	---

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

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

**Either,**

1	2
---	---

 How does the character of Anita highlight some aspects of British society in the 1960s? [20]

**Or,**

1	3
---	---

 'Meena reacts to prejudice in a different way from her parents.' 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]

I turned my face to the wall, as much as I could do to get away from her, and became aware of an insistent tapping at my right shoulder and shifted myself to see Robert banging on his window with a hospital spoon. His painfully thin frame held up a pair of stripey pyjamas but his face, framed by curly brown hair, was illuminated by a pair of energetic, electric blue eyes. He breathed onto the window and began writing, 'Is ... she ...' and then changed his mind and dived out of sight for a moment, reappearing with a sketch pad and marker pen. He wrote down his message quickly and held it against the glass. 'Is she driving you mad?' I nodded wildly and rolled my eyes. He laughed, wrote again, this time the message said, 'Has she told you she's a Gemini yet?' I nodded again, infected by his soundless chortle. It startled me, the realisation that he was not only handsome but that he was talking to me. He does not have much choice, I told myself. He's bored, you're the nearest. Trust you to end up next to a dishy bloke when you're in your oldest nightie with no lip gloss and your leg in the air. But I was definitely feeling better, feeling something which was not boredom or pain or misery, all of whom were my bedfellows at night when the radio was finally switched off and I lay awake longing for my own bed, my family, my freedom.

I scrabbled around for a pen and paper; mama seemed to have brought everything in the house except for those two items. Food, comics, books, puzzles, knitting ('Now's the time to learn!' mama said. I never did.), photographs of everyone I loved, even yesterday's *Express and Star* with the crossword half-completed in Mrs Worrall's large uneven capitals. 'No paper!' I mouthed to Robert who wagged his finger at me mock-angrily. 'Tomorrow!' he mouthed back and eased himself back onto his bed like a very old man.

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

Look closely at how Dolphus Raymond speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

**Either,**

2	2
---	---

 'Some relationships with adults outside the Finch family influence Jem and Scout as much as their family does.' 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]

**Or,**

2	3
---	---

 Justice, or the lack of it, is an important theme in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. 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]

‘Come on round here, son, I got something that’ll settle your stomach.’

As Mr Dolphus Raymond was an evil man I accepted his invitation reluctantly, but I followed Dill. Somehow, I didn’t think Atticus would like it if we became friendly with Mr Raymond, and I knew Aunt Alexandra wouldn’t.

‘Here,’ he said, offering Dill his paper sack with straws in it. ‘Take a good sip, it’ll quieten you.’

Dill sucked on the straws, smiled, and pulled at length.

‘Hee hee,’ said Mr Raymond, evidently taking delight in corrupting a child.

‘Dill, you watch out, now,’ I warned.

Dill released the straws and grinned. ‘Scout, it’s nothing but Coca-Cola.’

Mr Raymond sat up against the tree-trunk. He had been lying on the grass. ‘You little folks won’t tell on me now, will you? It’d ruin my reputation if you did.’

‘You mean all you drink in that sack’s Coca-Cola? Just plain Coca-Cola?’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ Mr Raymond nodded. I liked his smell: it was of leather, horses, cottonseed. He wore the only English riding boots I had ever seen. ‘That’s all I drink, most of the time.’

‘Then you just pretend you’re half –? I beg your pardon, sir,’ I caught myself. ‘I didn’t mean to be –’

Mr Raymond chuckled, not at all offended, and I tried to frame a discreet question: ‘Why do you do like you do?’

‘Wh – oh yes, you mean why do I pretend? Well, it’s very simple,’ he said. ‘Some folks don’t – like the way I live. Now I could say the hell with ’em, I don’t care if they don’t like it. I do say I don’t care if they don’t like it, right enough – but I don’t say the hell with ’em, see?’

Dill and I said, ‘No sir.’

‘I try to give ’em a reason, you see. It helps folks if they can latch on to a reason. When I come to town, which is seldom, if I weave a little and drink out of this sack, folks can say Dolphus Raymond’s in the clutches of whisky – that’s why he won’t change his ways. He can’t help himself, that’s why he lives the way he does.’

‘That ain’t honest, Mr Raymond, making yourself out badder’n you are already –’

‘It ain’t honest but it’s mighty helpful to folks. Secretly, Miss Finch, I’m not much of a drinker, but you see they could never, never understand that I live like I do because that’s the way I want to live.’

I had a feeling that I shouldn’t be here listening to this sinful man who had mixed children and didn’t care who knew it, but he was fascinating. I had never encountered a being who deliberately perpetrated fraud against himself.

***I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings***

Answer 

3	1
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 and **either**

3	2
---	---

 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
---	---

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

Look closely at how Maya speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

**Either,**

3	2
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 'Maya's mother and father are both bad parents who let her down repeatedly as she grows up.' How far 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]

**Or,**

3	3
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 In *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou shows how prejudice ruins lives in 1930s America. How is the theme of prejudice presented in the novel? [20]



In the offices of the Market Street Railway Company, the receptionist seemed as surprised to see me there as I was surprised to find the interior dingy and the décor drab. Somehow I had expected waxed surfaces and carpeted floors. If I had met no resistance, I might have decided against working for such a poor-mouth-looking concern. As it was, I explained that I had come to see about a job. She asked, was I sent by an agency, and when I replied that I was not, she told me they were only accepting applicants from agencies.

The classified pages of the morning papers had listed advertisements for motorettes and conductorettes and I reminded her of that. She gave me a face full of astonishment that my suspicious nature would not accept.

"I am applying for the job listed in this morning's *Chronicle* and I'd like to be presented to your personnel manager." While I spoke in supercilious accents, and looked at the room as if I had an oil well in my own back-yard, my armpits were being pricked by millions of hot pointed needles. She saw her escape and dived into it.

"He's out. He's out for the day. You might call tomorrow and if he's in, I'm sure you can see him." Then she swiveled her chair around on its rusty screws and with that I was supposed to be dismissed.

"May I ask his name?"

She half turned, acting surprised to find me still there.

"His name? Whose name?"

"Your personnel manager."

We were firmly joined in the hypocrisy to play out the scene.

"The personnel manager? Oh, he's Mr. Cooper, but I'm not sure you'll find him here tomorrow. He's... Oh, but you can try."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

And I was out of the musty room and into the even mustier lobby. In the street I saw the receptionist and myself going faithfully through paces that were stale with familiarity, although I had never encountered that kind of situation before and, probably, neither had she. We were like actors who, knowing the play by heart, were still able to cry afresh over the old tragedies and laugh spontaneously at the comic situations.

The miserable little encounter had nothing to do with me, the me of me, any more than it had to do with that silly clerk. The incident was a recurring dream, concocted years before by stupid whites and it eternally came back to haunt us all. The secretary and I were like Hamlet and Laertes in the final scene, where, because of harm done by one ancestor to another, we were bound to duel to the death. Also because the play must end somewhere.

I went further than forgiving the clerk, I accepted her as a fellow victim of the same puppeteer.

**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
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, and about 40 minutes on 

4	2
---	---

  
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:

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

**Either,**

4	2
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 Which character do you think changes the most throughout *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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 '*Chanda's Secrets* is an optimistic novel.' 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]

A week after the funerals, a man from the mine drove by. Mama was hanging out laundry. She always used to wipe off a plastic chair for visitors to sit on. But not for him. She just stood there with her hands on her hips.

The man hemmed and hawed: 'The company's very sorry for your loss, Mrs Kabelo.'

Mama kept staring.

'Nothing can replace your husband or sons,' the man went on, 'but the company wants to offer you a little money to get you on your feet again.' He gave her an envelope.

Mama threw it at his head. 'Blood money!' she said. 'You killed my man! You killed my babies! Get out of my yard, you sonofabitch!'

The man scrambled to his car. He yelled that our yard was company land. It was only for miners. Since Papa and my brothers were dead, we'd have to leave or pay rent. Mama threw stones at him as he sped away.

Next day, our ration cards were cut off, and we got an order to pay rent or have our belongings seized. Neither Papa nor my brothers had saved a penny. They hadn't made a will or taken out insurance, either. They thought those things were bad luck. So we had to use the blood money, even though it wasn't much. I thought for sure we'd be going back to Tiro.

'No,' Mama said. 'Not even if it's the last place on earth.'

'Why not?'

'Because.'

'But we could live at Papa's cattle post. Or in the village with Granny Kabelo. Or at Granny and Grampa Thela's. Or with Lily – her husband wouldn't mind, would he? We hardly ever get to see her, and she only has one baby so far and there'd be lots of room.'

'Chanda,' Mama said sharply, 'there're things you don't understand.'

'Like what?'

'I'll tell you when you're older.'

'But I need to know now. Where are we going to live? How are we going to eat?'

Mama held me close and kissed my forehead. Then out of nowhere she let out a laugh. I'm not sure if it was to make me feel better, or because I looked so serious, or because she didn't know what else to do. All I know is, after she laughed, she rocked me. 'Don't you worry,' she said. 'Mama will figure out something.' And she closed her eyes.

I stayed very still, but my mind was racing. Why wouldn't Mama take us back to Tiro? What was the terrible secret she was afraid to tell me?

## SECTION B

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

**Both poets describe their experiences during a time of conflict.**

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]

**More Dangerous Air**

Newsmen call it the Cuban Missile Crisis.  
Teachers say it's the end of the world.

At school, they instruct us to look up  
and watch the Cuban-cursed sky.  
Search for a streak of light.  
Listen for a piercing shriek,  
the whistle that will warn us  
as poisonous A-bombs  
zoom close.

Hide under a desk.  
Pretend that furniture is enough  
to protect us against perilous flames.  
Radiation. Contamination. Toxic breath.

Each air-raid drill is sheer terror,  
but some of the city kids giggle.  
They don't believe that death  
is real.

They've never touched a bullet,  
or seen a vulture, or made music  
by shaking  
the jawbone  
of a mule.

When I hide under my frail school desk,  
my heart grows as rough and brittle  
as the slab of wood  
that fails to protect me  
from reality's  
gloom.

*Margarita Engle*

**September, 1918**

This afternoon was the colour of water falling through sunlight;  
The trees glittered with the tumbling of leaves;  
The sidewalks shone like alleys of dropped maple leaves,  
And the houses ran along them laughing out of square, open  
windows.  
Under a tree in the park,  
Two little boys, lying flat on their faces,  
Were carefully gathering red berries  
To put in a pasteboard box.  
Some day there will be no war,  
Then I shall take out this afternoon  
And turn it in my fingers,  
And remark the sweet taste of it upon my palate,  
And note the crisp variety of its flights of leaves.  
To-day I can only gather it  
And put it into my lunch-box,  
For I have time for nothing  
But the endeavour to balance myself  
Upon a broken world.

*Amy Lowell*

**END OF PAPER**