



GCSE

3720UA0-1



W20-3720UA0-1

WEDNESDAY, 8 JANUARY 2020 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

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
---	---

 .

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
---	---

, and about 40 minutes on

0	2
---	---

 or

0	3
---	---

.

0	1
---	---

 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,

0	2
---	---

 How does Steinbeck use the relationship between Curley and his wife to highlight some aspects of society in 1930s America? [20]

Or,

0	3
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 'In *Of Mice and Men*, Steinbeck offers little hope for the future of American society in the 1930s.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Lennie turned his head and looked off across the pool and up the darkening slopes of the Gabilans. 'We gonna get a little place,' George began. He reached in his side pocket and brought out Carlson's Luger; he snapped off the safety, and the hand and gun lay on the ground behind Lennie's back. He looked at the back of Lennie's head, at the place where the spine and skull were joined.

A man's voice called from up the river, and another man answered.

'Go on,' said Lennie.

George raised the gun and his hand shook, and he dropped his hand to the ground again.

'Go on,' said Lennie. 'How's it gonna be. We gonna get a little place.'

'We'll have a cow,' said George, 'An' we'll have maybe a pig an' chickens ... an' down the flat we'll have a ... little piece alfalfa –'

'For the rabbits,' Lennie shouted.

'For the rabbits,' George repeated.

'And I get to tend the rabbits.'

'An' you get to tend the rabbits.'

Lennie giggled with happiness. 'An' live on the fatta the lan!'

'Yes.'

Lennie turned his head.

'No, Lennie. Look down there acrost the river, like you can almost see the place.'

Lennie obeyed him. George looked down at the gun.

There were crashing footsteps in the brush now! George turned and looked toward them.

'Go on, George. When we gonna do it?'

'Gonna do it soon.'

'Me an' you.'

'You ... an' me. Ever'body gonna be nice to you. Ain't gonna be no more trouble. Nobody gonna hurt nobody nor steal from 'em.'

Lennie said, 'I thought you was mad at me, George.'

'No,' said George. 'No, Lennie. I ain't mad. I never been mad, an' I ain't now. That's a thing I want ya to know.'

The voices came close now. George raised the gun and listened to the voices.

Lennie begged, 'Le's do it now. Le's get that place now.'

'Sure, right now. I gotta. We gotta.'

And George raised the gun and steadied it, and he brought the muzzle of it close to the back of Lennie's head. The hand shook violently, but his face set and his hand steadied. He pulled the trigger. The crash of the shot rolled up the hills and rolled down again. Lennie jarred, and then settled slowly forward to the sand, and he lay without quivering.

George shivered and looked at the gun, and then he threw it from him, back up on the bank, near the pile of old ashes.

The brush seemed filled with cries and with the sound of running feet. Slim's voice shouted, 'George. Where you at, George?'

But George sat stiffly on the bank and looked at his right hand that had thrown the gun away.

Anita and Me

Answer

1	1
---	---

 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:

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

Either,

1	2
---	---

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

Or,

1	3
---	---

 'Meera Syal makes us see that the Asian and white characters in *Anita and Me* have much in common, despite their differences.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Mr Ormerod was back behind the counter, brandishing a small pot of Brasso. I handed him the two shillings and he smiled as he gave me back the change.

‘Giz a couple more bananas then please,’ I added nonchalantly.

As he counted the sweets into a small brown paper bag, he looked over my shoulder, from where I could hear Baby breathing heavily. ‘You okay chick?’ he asked suspiciously.

I turned to see large silent tears coursing down Baby’s cheeks; she was standing as if someone had a gun to her back and one hand was clamped over her crotch.

‘Oh, she needs the toilet, we’d better get home,’ I said hurriedly and put a protective arm around Baby’s shoulder, claspng the tin to her and did not let go until we were all halfway down the hill. Baby cried the whole way to Sherrie’s farm, and was still snuffling when Anita and I settled down in the long grass to count our booty.

‘Eighteen shillings and eight pence!’ I breathed, enjoying the feel of the coins in my hand. ‘We could buy all the top ten singles for that!’

‘We could buy a ticket to London,’ added Anita. ‘We could just get up now and goo to London and no one would ever see us again.’

At this, Baby broke into fresh sobs and clung to Pinky’s leg: ‘Don’t want to go to London, didi!’ she wailed. ‘Mummy will be angry! And I’ve got a maths test tomorrow!’

‘Who said yow was coming anyway?’ snapped Anita.

I could see she was getting bored of having the moral majority following us around. Pinky finally spoke, she sounded so calm and grown up I wanted to gob on her T-bar sandals. ‘The man in the shop. He will soon find out you have taken the tin. Then what will you do Meena?’

‘Then what will you do, Meena?’ Anita mocked her, in a bad parody of Pinky’s accent which came out as adenoidal Welsh.

‘He won’t know it was us. Unless you tell him,’ I added, staring at Pinky.

‘Us?’ she blinked. ‘But me and Baby ...’

‘Baby carried the tin didn’t she?’ I continued. ‘That means you helped us doesn’t it? That’s what I’ll tell the police anyway.’ I finished off with a wink to Anita.

Pinky gulped and blinked rapidly for a few moments; I had not noticed before how long and luxuriant her eyelashes were, she looked like Bambi with a nervous tic. ‘We will not tell, Meena,’ she said finally. ‘But we want to go home now.’ And with that, she turned on her heel and led Baby through the long grass, both of them picking their way carefully through the cow pats and nettles like two old ladies negotiating a slalom.

‘Hey, our Meena,’ Anita said softly. ‘Yow’m a real Wench. That was bostin what yow did. Yow can be joint leader with me now if yow want, you know, of our gang. Want to?’ I nodded stupidly, too overcome to speak. I had earned my Wench Wings without even trying, and it had been so simple and natural, and what thrilled me most of all was that I did not feel at all guilty or ashamed. I had finally broken free, of what I did not quite know, but I felt my chest expand as if each rib had been a prison bar and they had all snapped slowly one by one, leaving my heart unfettered and drunk with space.

‘Let’s goo and buy summat, right now!’ I said, heady with my triumph and Anita’s praise.

To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer

2	1
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 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
---	---

.

2	1
---	---

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

How does Harper Lee present the character of Boo Radley here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

Either,

2	2
---	---

 Relationships between fathers and sons are important in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. How does Harper Lee use these relationships to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

Or,

2	3
---	---

 In what ways do you think Harper Lee's choice of Scout as the narrator is important in *To Kill a Mockingbird*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context in your answer. [20]

When Boo Radley shuffled to his feet, light from the living-room windows glistened on his forehead. Every move he made was uncertain, as if he were not sure his hands and feet could make proper contact with the things he touched. He coughed his dreadful raling cough, and was so shaken he had to sit down again. His hand searched for his hip-pocket, and he pulled out a handkerchief. He coughed into it, then he wiped his forehead.

Having been so accustomed to his absence, I found it incredible that he had been sitting beside me all this time, present. He had not made a sound.

Once more, he got to his feet. He turned to me and nodded towards the front door.

‘You’d like to say good night to Jem, wouldn’t you, Mr Arthur? Come right in.’

I led him down the hall. Aunt Alexandra was sitting by Jem’s bed. ‘Come in, Arthur,’ she said. ‘He’s still asleep. Dr Reynolds gave him a heavy sedative. Jean Louise, is your father in the living-room?’

‘Yes ma’am, I think so.’

‘I’ll just go to speak to him a minute. Dr Reynolds left some ...’ her voice trailed away.

Boo had drifted to a corner of the room, where he stood with his chin up, peering from a distance at Jem. I took him by the hand, a hand surprisingly warm for its whiteness. I tugged him a little, and he allowed me to lead him to Jem’s bed.

Dr Reynolds had made a tent-like arrangement over Jem’s arm, to keep the cover off, I guess, and Boo leaned forward and looked over it. An expression of timid curiosity was on his face, as though he had never seen a boy before. His mouth was slightly open, and he looked at Jem from head to foot. Boo’s hand came up, but he let it drop to his side.

‘You can pet him, Mr Arthur, he’s asleep. You couldn’t if he was awake, though, he wouldn’t let you ...’ I found myself explaining. ‘Go ahead.’

Boo’s hand hovered over Jem’s head.

‘Go on, sir, he’s asleep.’

His hand came down lightly on Jem’s hair.

I was beginning to learn his body English. His hand tightened on mine and he indicated that he wanted to leave.

I led him to the front porch, where his uneasy steps halted. He was still holding my hand and he gave no sign of letting me go.

‘Will you take me home?’

He almost whispered it, in the voice of a child afraid of the dark.

I put my foot on the top step and stopped. I would lead him through our house, but I would never lead him home.

‘Mr Arthur, bend your arm down here, like that. That’s right, sir.’

I slipped my hand into the crook of his arm.

He had to stoop a little to accommodate me, but if Miss Stephanie Crawford was watching from her upstairs window, she would see Arthur Radley escorting me down the sidewalk, as any gentleman would do.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Answer

3	1
---	---

 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
---	---

.

3	1
---	---

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

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

Either,

3	2
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 How is 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 in your answer. [20]

Or,

3	3
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 'In *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou makes us appreciate the courage of ordinary black people in mid twentieth century America.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Coming home from school one day, I saw a dark car in our front yard. I rushed in to find a strange man and woman (Uncle Willie said later they were schoolteachers from Little Rock) drinking Dr. Pepper in the cool of the Store. I sensed a wrongness around me, like an alarm clock that had gone off without being set.

I knew it couldn't be the strangers. Not frequently, but often enough, travelers pulled off the main road to buy tobacco or soft drinks in the only Negro store in Stamps. When I looked at Uncle Willie, I knew what was pulling my mind's coattails. He was standing erect behind the counter, not leaning forward or resting on the small shelf that had been built for him. Erect. His eyes seemed to hold me with a mixture of threats and appeal.

I dutifully greeted the strangers and roamed my eyes around for his walking stick. It was nowhere to be seen. He said, "Uh ... this this ... this ... uh, my niece. She's ... uh ... just come from school." Then to the couple—"You know ... how, uh, children are ... th-th-these days ... they play all d-d-day at school and c-c-can't wait to get home and pl-play some more."

The people smiled, very friendly.

He added, "Go on out and pl-play, Sister."

The lady laughed in a soft Arkansas voice and said, "Well, you know, Mr. Johnson, they say, you're only a child once. Have you children of your own?"

Uncle Willie looked at me with an impatience I hadn't seen in his face even when he took thirty minutes to loop the laces over his high-topped shoes. "I ... I thought I told you to go ... go outside and play."

Before I left I saw him lean back on the shelves of Garret Snuff, Prince Albert and Spark Plug chewing tobacco.

"No, ma'am . . . no ch-children and no wife." He tried a laugh. "I have an old m-m-mother and my brother's t-two children to l-look after."

I didn't mind his using us to make himself look good. In fact, I would have pretended to be his daughter if he wanted me to. Not only did I not feel any loyalty to my own father, I figured that if I had been Uncle Willie's child I would have received much better treatment.

The couple left after a few minutes, and from the back of the house I watched the red car scare chickens, raise dust and disappear toward Magnolia.

Uncle Willie was making his way down the long shadowed aisle between the shelves and the counter—hand over hand, like a man climbing out of a dream. I stayed quiet and watched him lurch from one side, bumping to the other, until he reached the coal-oil tank. He put his hand behind that dark recess and took his cane in the strong fist and shifted his weight on the wooden support. He thought he had pulled it off.

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
---	---

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4	1
---	---

 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,

4	2
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 'The friendship between Esther and Chanda benefits Esther but damages Chanda.' 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 in your answer. [20]

Or,

4	3
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 How does Allan Stratton use the theme of secrets to comment on the society in which *Chanda's Secrets* is set? [20]

When Mrs Tafa and I enter the house, Esther whisks Soly and Iris to their room. I close the front door and Mrs Tafa starts shaking. She looks out the window to make sure everyone's truly gone. Then she clutches her hand to her chest and collapses in a chair at the kitchen table. 'Water! Water!'

I bring her a glass. She gulps it down and has another.

'Mrs Tafa,' I say, 'thank you for what you did out there.'

She gives me a wave of her hankie as if it was nothing. 'Is it all right if I see your mama?'

I nearly fall on the floor. It's the first time I've ever heard Mrs Tafa ask permission for anything. 'Come,' I say, and take her into Mama's room. We sit together by the side of the bed. As I watch her watching Mama, she doesn't seem so fierce any more. Instead she seems like I feel: scared and alone.

'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 closet 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.'

SECTION B

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

Both poets describe a disaster in a coal mine.

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]

Surprise Surprise

The placards read

MINING DISASTER
30 DEAD.

Mining disasters
Are spaced through the years
Like volcanoes erupting
And snow at Whitsuntide.

Through the years
The same pit-head shots
The quiet groups,
The children strangely still.
The manager
In white official's helmet,
Stern faced
Like a headmaster late for morning prayers.

And we're shocked to read
That a few steel props
Can't hold
A billion tons of rock,

That a cutting machine
Can spark a light
Causing undetected gas
To ignite.

And next time
We'll be just as shocked.
We'll pick up the papers and say
You wouldn't think this could happen today.

by Barry Hines

The Explosion

On the day of the explosion
Shadows pointed towards the pithead:
In the sun the slagheap slept.

Down the lane came men in pitboots
Coughing oath-edged talk and pipe-smoke,
Shouldering off the freshened silence.

One chased after rabbits; lost them;
Came back with a nest of lark's eggs;
Showed them; lodged them in the grasses.

So they passed in beards and moleskins,
Fathers, brothers, nicknames, laughter,
Through the tall gates standing open.

At noon, there came a tremor; cows
Stopped chewing for a second; sun,
Scarfed as in a heat-haze, dimmed.

*The dead go on before us, they
Are sitting in God's house in comfort,
We shall see them face to face –*

Plain as lettering in the chapels
It was said, and for a second
Wives saw men of the explosion

Larger than in life they managed –
Gold as on a coin, or walking
Somehow from the sun towards them,

One showing the eggs unbroken.

by Philip Larkin

END OF PAPER