



GCSE

3720UA0-1



W22-3720UA0-1

TUESDAY, 11 JANUARY 2022 – 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
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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
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 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
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0	1
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 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does John Steinbeck present the character of Lennie here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

0	2
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 Loneliness affects the characters in *Of Mice and Men* in different ways. How does Steinbeck use the loneliness of these characters to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s? [20]

**Or,**

0	3
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 'Ideas about masculinity are central to Steinbeck's portrayal of 1930s America in *Of Mice and Men*.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Only Lennie was in the barn, and Lennie sat in the hay beside a packing case under a manger in the end of the barn that had not been filled with hay. Lennie sat in the hay and looked at a little dead puppy that lay in front of him. Lennie looked at it for a long time, and then he put out his huge hand and stroked it, stroked it clear from one end to the other.

And Lennie said softly to the puppy, 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice. I didn't bounce you hard.' He bent the pup's head up and looked in its face, and he said to it, 'Now maybe George ain't gonna let me tend no rabbits, if he fin's out you got killed.'

He scooped a little hollow and laid the puppy in it and covered it over with hay, out of sight; but he continued to stare at the mound he had made. He said, 'This ain't no bad thing like I got to go hide in the brush. Oh! no. This ain't. I'll tell George I foun' it dead.'

He unburied the puppy and inspected it, and he stroked it from ears to tail. He went on sorrowfully, 'But he'll know. George always knows. He'll say, "You done it. Don't try to put nothing over on me." An' he'll say, "Now jus' for that you don't get to tend no rabbits!"'

Suddenly his anger rose. 'God damn you,' he cried. 'Why do you got to get killed? You ain't so little as mice.' He picked up the pup and hurled it from him. He turned his back on it. He sat bent over his knees and he whispered, 'Now I won't get to tend the rabbits. Now he won't let me.' He rocked himself back and forth in his sorrow.

From outside came the clang of horseshoes on the iron stake, and then a little chorus-of cries. Lennie got up and brought the puppy back and laid it on the hay and sat down. He stroked the pup again. 'You wasn't big enough,' he said. 'They tol' me and tol' me you wasn't. I di'n't know you'd get killed so easy.' He worked his fingers on the pup's limp ear. 'Maybe George won't care,' he said. 'This here God damn little son-of-a-bitch wasn't nothing to George.'

**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
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 , and about 40 minutes on 

1	2
---	---

 or 

1	3
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 .

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

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

**Either,**

1	2
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 Which of the young people in Meena's life do you think influences her most? Give reasons for what you say. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

**Or,**

1	3
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 'Meera Syal offers hope that white and Asian people in Britain in the 1960s could learn to live together.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

I decided that either I must be getting soft in my old age, or that Nanima was indeed some kind of sorcerer.

Most of all I enjoyed her stories, usually told by the light of the flickering TV screen when the last plate had been wiped and put away and papa was absorbed in one of his favourite programmes, *The Prisoner* or *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*. By now he had become an expert in stereo-speak, translating Nanima's words before they had barely left her mouth without even having to turn round. Nanima's stories never followed any pattern, and mostly she would come out with anecdotes sparked off by something on the television, to which she was heavily addicted. 'Go To Work On An Egg!' sang the advert, and Nanima would tell us of how some passing British soldiers once took away all the family's chickens claiming they needed the eggs to sustain them during a long march to visit the Rajah of Patiala. 'But the way those chickens fought and shat, they knew they were going to be eaten ...'

Once, during an episode of *Randall and Hopkirk Deceased*, when Hopkirk, a friendly ghost, appeared at his living friend's side to offer him some tasty clues on an ongoing murder hunt, Nanima chipped in with 'My grandmother's ghost lives at the top of our house in the village. I've never seen her, I only hear her walking around, carrying the son I had who died at birth. Only one person has seen her, my sister's husband, and he has turned out to be a madman anyway ...' She even claimed that Peter Wyngarde, the Mexican moustachioed TV detective with a natty line in flowered cravats, was the spitting image of my grandfather's brother, who tried to flee with the family assets whilst my nana (her husband), was lying supposedly on his death bed, following a terrible accident in one of his fleet of village trucks. 'No one thought your nana would survive, his leg was so badly crushed. But the doctor-saab replaced the bone with a goat's bone, cut him open after feeding your nanaji a whole bottle of whisky. You could hear his cries from the other side of the village. And just a few months later, the British came to put him in prison because he would not fight in their army. He was still limping when they took him away. I did not know he was alive for four years, until he limped back into our courtyard and I fell down in a faint.'

**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
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, 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 Harper Lee present the character of Miss Maudie here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

2	2
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 How does Harper Lee present the character of Aunt Alexandra 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. [20]

**Or,**

2	3
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 '*To Kill a Mockingbird* reveals the cruelty beneath the respectable surface of American society in the 1930s.' 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]

Miss Maudie's sunhat was suspended in a thin layer of ice, like a fly in amber, and we had to dig under the dirt for her hedge-clippers. We found her in her back yard, gazing at her frozen charred azaleas.

'We're bringing back your things, Miss Maudie,' said Jem. 'We're awful sorry.'

Miss Maudie looked around, and the shadow of her old grin crossed her face. 'Always wanted a smaller house, Jem Finch. Gives me more yard. Just think, I'll have more room for my azaleas now!'

'You ain't grievin,' Miss Maudie?' I asked, surprised. Atticus said her house was nearly all she had.

'Grieving, child? Why, I hated that old cow barn. Thought of settin' fire to it a hundred times myself, except they'd lock me up.'

'But –'

'Don't you worry about me, Jean Louise Finch. There are ways of doing things you don't know about. Why, I'll build me a little house and take me a couple of roomers and – gracious, I'll have the finest yard in Alabama. Those Bellingraths'll look plain puny when I get started!'

Jem and I looked at each other. 'How'd it catch, Miss Maudie?' he asked.

'I don't know, Jem. Probably the flue in the kitchen. I kept a fire in there last night for my potted plants. Hear you had some unexpected company last night, Miss Jean Louise.'

'How'd you know?'

'Atticus told me on his way to town this morning. Tell you the truth, I'd like to've been with you. And I'd've had sense enough to turn around too.'

Miss Maudie puzzled me. With most of her possessions gone and her beloved yard a shambles, she still took a lively and cordial interest in Jem's and my affairs.

She must have seen my perplexity. She said, 'Only thing I worried about last night was all the danger and commotion it caused. This whole neighbourhood could have gone up. Mr Avery'll be in bed for a week – he's right stove up. He's too old to do things like that and I told him so. Soon as I can get my hands clean and when Stephanie Crawford's not looking, I'll make him a Lane cake. That Stephanie's been after my recipe for thirty years, and if she thinks I'll give it to her just because I'm staying with her she's got another think coming.'

***I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings***

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
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, and about 40 minutes on 

3	2
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 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 Maya Angelou create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

3	2
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 How does Maya Angelou present the character of Uncle Willie 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 knew I knew very little, but I was certain that the things I had yet to learn wouldn’t be taught to me at George Washington High School.” What important lessons do you think Maya learns outside of school as she grows up? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [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.

"Was that the first time the accused touched you?" The question stopped me. Mr. Freeman had surely done something very wrong, but I was convinced that I had helped him to do it. I didn't want to lie, but the lawyer wouldn't let me think, so I used silence as a retreat.

"Did the accused try to touch you before the time he or rather you say he raped you?"

I couldn't say yes and tell them how he had loved me once for a few minutes and how he had held me close before he thought I had peed in the bed. My uncles would kill me and Grandmother Baxter would stop speaking, as she often did when she was angry. And all those people in the court would stone me as they had stoned the harlot in the Bible. And Mother, who thought I was such a good girl, would be so disappointed. But most important, there was Bailey. I had kept a big secret from him.

"Marguerite, answer the question. Did the accused touch you before the occasion on which you claim he raped you?"

Everyone in the court knew that the answer had to be No. Everyone except Mr. Freeman and me. I looked at his heavy face trying to look as if he would have liked me to say No. I said No.

The lie lumped in my throat and I couldn't get air. How I despised the man for making me lie. Old, mean, nasty thing. Old, black, nasty thing. The tears didn't soothe my heart as they usually did. I screamed, "Ole, mean, dirty thing, you. Dirty old thing." Our lawyer brought me off the stand and to my mother's arms. The fact that I had arrived at my desired destination by lies made it less appealing to me.

**Chanda's Secrets**

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:

What do you learn about Jonah and Chanda's mother here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10]

**Either,**

4	2
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 How is the character of Mrs Tafa 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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 'In *Chanda's Secrets*, the fear of AIDS destroys relationships more than the disease itself does.' How far do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.

[20]

Most men don't look twice at a woman who's forty with three children. But Jonah didn't care. From the very beginning, despite everything, he's always loved Mama. He's treated us kids like we were his own, too. When he moved in, Mama started to sing again – just sing for no reason. And for the first time since Papa died, I saw her dance.

On his sober days, Jonah can still make Mama glow. He hugs her, and helps with problems, and plays with Soly and Iris. He works hard, too – fixing up the place, doing odd jobs, and repairing and selling things he collects at the junkyard. Best of all, he makes Mama laugh. I love her laugh. It's stout and strong, like a mama with huge breasts, chubby thighs, and a round belly for babies to bounce on.

Mama used to look like her laugh, but not any more. She's lost weight worrying about Sara. 'I need to put on a few pounds,' she'll say when she looks in the mirror. 'Don't be silly,' Jonah tells her. 'You look perfect the way you are.' That makes her smile.

When Jonah first moved in, those little things made me like him. Not now. Since Mama's miscarriages, his good days – the sober days – have got fewer and fewer. Most nights, his friends ask him out for a drink. He always goes. Once, when Sara had a bad fever, Mama begged him to stay at home. She even blocked the doorway. His friends laughed. Jonah said she was shaming him. He smashed some plates to show who was boss and went on a bender for a week.

Esther says I should count my blessings. No matter how drunk Jonah gets, he never hits us. And he always crawls back full of tears and regrets.

'So what?' I said. 'When he drinks, he's a whole other person. He falls down, he stinks, and worst of all he cheats on Mama.'

'Don't be a baby,' Esther said. 'Lots of men cheat. All over the world.'

## SECTION B

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

**Both poets write about returning to places they knew in the past.**

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]

**Chellow Dean**

Walking where once we courted  
Down to Chellow Dean  
The muddy track skirts the council estate  
Built when houses were people sized  
And gardens a necessity.  
Across the edge of the golf course  
The figures tugging brilliant umbrellas  
As if they've strayed from some warm riviera  
Onto this windy pennine hill.  
I search but cannot spy the witch's house  
All millstone grit and rounded turrets.  
Down in the woods the reservoirs are hidden  
My brother sailed them once, in a cardboard box  
We kissed there once, drunk with longing  
Today they are empty, drained, disappointing.  
Sludge and stray car exhausts.  
The banks and stone built sides bare and ugly.  
My shoes leak.  
I cannot see the grassy field  
Where we once loved  
The smell of hay, the prickling ground  
A million miles away.  
But when I squeeze your hand with mine  
Knitted gloves and all  
And you turn those lovely eyes on me  
The present is preferred.

by Cath Staincliffe

**\*Syringa**

The syringa's out. That's nice for me:  
all along Charing Cross Embankment  
the sweet dragging scent reinventing  
one of my childhood gardens.  
Nice for the drunks and drop-outs too,  
if they like it. I'm walking to work:  
they'll be here all day under the blossom  
with their cider and their British sherry  
and their carrier-bags of secrets.  
There's been a change in the population:  
the ones I had names for – Fat Billy,  
the Happy Couple, the Lady with the Dog –  
have moved on or been moved off.  
But it doesn't do to wonder:  
staring hurts in two directions. Once  
a tall man chased me here, and I ran  
for no good reason: afraid, perhaps,  
of turning into Mrs Toothless  
with her ankle-socks and her pony-tailed skull  
whose eyes avoided mine so many mornings.  
And she's gone too. The place has been,  
as whatever office will have termed it,  
cleaned up. Except that it's not clean  
and not really a place: a hesitation  
between the traffic fumes and a fragrance,  
where this evening I shall walk again.

by Fleur Adcock

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\*A scented, flowering plant.

**END OF PAPER**