



GCSE

4201/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 1

HIGHER TIER

A.M. MONDAY, 20 May 2013

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>	12-13
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **two** questions: **one** from Section A (Questions 1-5) and Section B (Question 6).

All questions in Section A consist of two parts. Part (*a*) is based on an extract from the set text. You are then asked to answer **either** (*b*) **or** (*c*), which requires some longer writing on the text.

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

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

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:

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

Either,

(b) How is the character of Curley important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

(c) In the novel *Of Mice and Men*, Slim says, 'Maybe ever'body in the whole damn world is scared of each other.' Show how John Steinbeck creates an atmosphere of fear and suspicion in the novel.

[20]

Crooks said, "I didn't mean to scare you. He'll come back. I was talkin' about myself. A guy sets alone out here at night, maybe readin' books or thinkin' or stuff like that. Sometimes he gets thinkin', an' he got nothing to tell him what's so an' what ain't so. Maybe if he sees somethin', he don't know whether it's right or not. He can't turn to some other guy and ast him if he sees it too. He can't tell. He got nothing to measure by. I seen things out here. I wasn't drunk. I don't know if I was asleep. If some guy was with me, he could tell me I was asleep, an' then it would be all right. But I jus' don't know." Crooks was looking across the room now, looking toward the window.

Lennie said miserably, "George wun't go away and leave me. I know George wun't do that."

The stable buck went on dreamily, "I remember when I was a little kid on my old man's chicken ranch. Had two brothers. They was always near me, always there. Used to sleep right in the same room, right in the same bed—all three. Had a strawberry patch. Had an alfalfa patch. Used to turn the chickens out in the alfalfa on a sunny morning. My brothers'd set on a fence rail an' watch 'em—white chickens they was."

Gradually Lennie's interest came around to what was being said. "George says we're gonna have alfalfa for the rabbits."

"What rabbits?"

"We're gonna have rabbits an' a berry patch."

"You're nuts."

"We are too. You ast George."

"You're nuts." Crooks was scornful. "I seen hunderds of men come by on the road an' on the ranches, with their bindles on their back an' that same damn thing in their heads. Hunderds of them. They come, an' they quit an' go on; an' every damn one of 'em's got a little piece of land in his head. An' never a God damn one of 'em ever gets it. Just like heaven. Ever'body wants a little piece of lan'. I read plenty of books out here. Nobody never gets to heaven, and nobody gets no land. It's just in their head. They're all the time talkin' about it, but it's jus' in their head."

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Meera Syal presents Anita's character here. [10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of Nanima, and the way she is presented in the novel? [20]

Or,

(c) How is the relationship between Meena and Anita presented in *Anita and Me*? [20]

A shadow fell over my T-bar sandals and I looked up to see Anita Rutter staring at me through squinted eyes ringed in bright blue eyeshadow. She broke off a twig from our privet hedge and thrust it under my nose, pointing at a part of the branch where the leaves were not their usual straight darts but were rolled up in on themselves, neat and packaged as school dinner sandwiches. ‘See them leaves?’ She carefully unrolled one of them: it came away slowly like sticky tape, to reveal a sprinkling of tiny black eggs. ‘Butterflies’ eggs, them is. They roll up the leaf to hide them, see.’

She stripped all the leaves off the twig in one movement and smelled her fingers, before flicking the naked branch at my ankles. It stung but I did not pull my legs back. I knew this was a test.

‘What you got?’

I held out my crumpled bag of stolen sweets. She peered inside disdainfully, then snatched the bag off me and began walking away as she ate. I watched her go, confused. I could still hear my parents talking inside, their voices now calmer, conciliatory. Anita stopped momentarily, shouting over her shoulder, ‘Yow coming then?’

It was the first day of the long summer holidays and I had six whole weeks which I could waste or taste. So I got up and followed her without a word.

I was happy to follow her a respectable few paces behind, knowing that I was privileged to be in her company. Anita was the undisputed ‘cock’ of our yard, maybe that should have been hen, but her foghorn voice, foul mouth, and proficiency at lassoing victims with her frayed skipping rope indicated she was carrying enough testosterone around to earn the title. She ruled over all the kids in the yard with a mixture of pre-pubescent feminine wiles, pouting, sulking, clumsy cack-handed flirting and unsettling mood swings which would often end in minor violence. She had the face of a pissed-off cherub, huge green eyes, blonde hair, a curling mouth with slightly too many teeth and a brown birthmark under one eye which when she was angry, which was often, seemed to throb and glow like a lump of Superman’s kryptonite.

Although she always had a posse of ‘littl’uns’ tagging after her, all saggy socks and scabby elbows, her constant cohorts were Fat Sally, a shy lump of a girl from one of the posh semis, and Sherrie, the farmer’s daughter, lanky and gamine, who, it was rumoured, had her own pony. I would watch them strolling round the yard, arms linked, feet dragging along in their mothers’ old slingbacks, and physically ache to be with them. But they were much older – ‘Comp wenches’ – and I never expected them to even notice me. Until today.

We stood on the corner of the crossroads a moment whilst Anita rummaged around for another sweet, tossing a discarded wrapper to the floor.

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Harper Lee creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) There are several strong female characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Which do you find most interesting and why? [20]

Or,

(c) In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, parents influence their children in different ways. How does Harper Lee show the ways that parents influence their children? [20]

We had not gone five paces before he made me stop again.

‘Jem, are you tryin’ to scare me? You know I’m too old –’

‘Be quiet,’ he said, and I knew he was not joking.

The night was still. I could hear his breath coming easily beside me. Occasionally there was a sudden breeze that hit my bare legs, but it was all that remained of a promised windy night. This was the stillness before the thunder-storm. We listened.

‘Heard an old dog just then,’ I said.

‘It’s not that,’ Jem answered. ‘I hear it when we’re walkin’ along, but when we stop I don’t hear it.’

‘You hear my costume rustlin’? Aw, it’s just Halloween got you ...’

I said it more to convince myself than Jem, for sure enough, as we began walking, I heard what he was talking about. It was not my costume.

‘It’s just old Cecil,’ said Jem presently. ‘He won’t get us again. Let’s don’t let him think we’re hurrying.’

We slowed to a crawl. I asked Jem how Cecil could follow us in the dark, looked to me like he’d bump into us from behind.

‘I can see you Scout,’ Jem said.

‘How? I can’t see you.’

‘Your fat streaks are showin’. Mrs Cranshaw painted ’em with some of that shiny stuff so they’d show up under the floodlights. I can see you pretty well, an’ I expect Cecil can see you well enough to keep his distance.’

I would show Cecil that we knew he was behind us and we were ready for him. ‘Cecil Jacobs is a big wet he-en!’ I yelled suddenly, turning around.

We stopped. There was no acknowledgement save he-en bouncing off the distant school-house wall.

‘I’ll get him,’ said Jem. ‘*He-y!*’

Hay-e-hay-e, answered the school-house wall.

It was unlike Cecil to hold out for so long; once he pulled a joke he’d repeat it time and again. We should have been leapt at already. Jem signalled for me to stop again.

He said softly, ‘Scout, can you take that thing off?’

‘I think so, but I ain’t got anything on under it much.’

‘I’ve got your dress here.’

‘I can’t get it on in the dark.’

‘Okay,’ he said, ‘never mind.’

‘Jem, are you afraid?’

‘No. Think we’re almost to the tree now. Few yards from that, an’ we’ll be to the road. We can see the streetlights then.’ Jem was talking in an unhurried flat toneless voice. I wondered how long he would try to keep the Cecil myth going.

‘You reckon we oughta sing, Jem?’

‘No. Be real quiet again, Scout.’

We had not increased our pace. Jem knew as well as I that it was difficult to walk fast without stumping a toe, tripping on stones, and other inconveniences, and I was barefooted. Maybe it was the wind rustling the trees. But there wasn’t any wind and there weren’t any trees except the big oak.

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Maya's father is presented here. [10]

Either,

(b) How is Maya's mother, Mother Dear, presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Or,

(c) A critic said that in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, 'Maya Angelou shows that the victims of prejudice are capable of great dignity.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

His voice rang like a metal dipper hitting a bucket and he spoke English. Proper English, like the school principal, and even better. Our father sprinkled *ers* and even *errers* in his sentences as liberally as he gave out his twisted-mouth smiles. His lips pulled not down, like Uncle Willie's, but to the side, and his head lay on one side or the other, but never straight on the end of his neck. He had the air of a man who did not believe what he heard or what he himself was saying. He was the first cynic I had met. "So er this is Daddy's er little man? Boy, anybody tell you er that you er look like me?" He had Bailey in one arm and me in the other. "And Daddy's baby girl. You've er been good children, er haven't you? Or er I guess I would have er heard about it er from Santa Claus." I was so proud of him it was hard to wait for the gossip to get around that he was in town. Wouldn't the kids be surprised at how handsome our daddy was? And that he loved us enough to come down to Stamps to visit? Everyone could tell from the way he talked and from the car and clothes that he was rich and maybe had a castle out in California. (I later learned that he had been a doorman at Santa Monica's plush Breakers Hotel). Then the possibility of being compared with him occurred to me, and I didn't want anyone to see him. Maybe he wasn't my real father. Bailey was his son, true enough, but I was an orphan that they picked up to provide Bailey with company.

I was always afraid when I found him watching me, and wished I could grow small like Tiny Tim. Sitting at the table one day, I held the fork in my left hand and pierced a piece of fried chicken. I put the knife through the second tine, as we had been strictly taught, and began to saw against the bone. My father laughed a rich rolling laugh, and I looked up. He imitated me, both elbows going up and down. "Is Daddy's baby going to fly away?" Momma laughed, and Uncle Willie too, and even Bailey snickered a little. Our father was proud of his sense of humor.

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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Allan Stratton creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) “The real victim in the novel *Chanda's Secrets* is Esther.” To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Or,

(c) How does Allan Stratton present the theme of change in *Chanda's Secrets*? [20]

My head hits the pillow, and I fall into a world of other nightmares.

I dream I'm at the junkyard. I'm not sure how I got here. All I know is I'm alone, it's night, and I'm lost in a maze of tyres and broken pots piled to the sky.

'Chanda?' a voice calls. It's a ghost voice, light as air.

'Who are you?'

It doesn't say. It just keeps calling me. 'Chanda? Chanda?' It leads me through the maze to the abandoned well. 'Help me, Chanda,' the voice floats up from down below. 'Please? Help me?'

I'm rolling over in bed, half awake now, the dream voice still in my ears. 'Chanda?' A light tapping on the window shutters.

I sit up. Dreams can take us into the future. This one comes from right now. 'Esther?' I whisper.

There's a whimpering. I run to the front door, undo the bolt, and open it. Esther comes around the corner of the house. She stays in the shadows, out of the light of the moon: 'Stay back. Don't look at me.'

'What's happened?'

A moan so horrible I think the earth will open up. I run to her, but she holds up her hand. 'No. It isn't safe.'

I catch a glimpse. I pull back. 'Esther ...' I say, as calmly as I can. 'Esther, come inside.'

'I can't. Your mama ...'

'She's not here. You have to come inside.'

She follows me in. Soly and Iris have woken up. I tell them to stay in their room. I draw the bedroom curtain and light the lamp. Esther collapses to the floor. She's battered, swollen, and half-naked. Her halter top and mini-skirt are ripped. Caked in dirt, dried blood, and pus. Her face is slashed. Stitches run from her forehead over her nose and down to her throat.

'We have to get you to a hospital.'

'I've already been. The doctors were busy. A nurse sewed me up. She said I was lucky I didn't lose an eye. But there'll be scars.' A terrible sob.

'They should have given you a bed.'

'There weren't any. Besides, I'm just a whore.'

'No, you're not. You're my friend. My best friend.'

Esther buries her face in her hands and cries.

SECTION B

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

Both poems describe the experience of being old.

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]

Yew Tree Guest House

The guest-house lounges
elderly ladies shrivel away
wearing bright beads and jumpers
to colour the waiting day
between breakfast and bed.

Grey widows whose beds and meals are made,
husbands tidied with the emptied cupboards,
live in mortgaged time
disguising inconsequence
with shavings of surface talk, letters
to nieces, stitches dropped in the quick-knit jacket,
picked up for makeweight meaning.

Weekdays are patterned by meals –
sole chance for speculation –
will it be cabbage or peas; boiled fish or fried?
Dead Sunday is dedicated to roast beef –
knives and forks are grips upon existence.
This diversion lengthens the journey;
and since Mrs Porter ceased to come downstairs,
ceased altogether,
the ladies at the Yew Tree Guest House
draw closer to the table.

Phoebe Hesketh

*Taken from 'Netting the Sun: New and Collected Poems', 1997.
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In the Basement of the Goodwill Store*

In musty light, in the thin brown air
of damp carpet, dolls' heads and rust,
beneath long rows of sharp footfalls
like nails in a lid, an old man stands
trying on glasses, lifting each pair
from the box like a glittering fish
and holding it up to the light
of a dirty bulb. Near him, a heap
of enamelled pans as white as skulls
looms in the catacomb shadows,
and old toilets with dry red throats
cough up bouquets of curtain rods.

You've seen him somewhere before.
He's wearing the green leisure suit
you threw out with the garbage,
and the Christmas tie you hated,
and the ventilated wingtip shoes
you found in your father's closet
and wore as a joke. And the glasses
which finally fit him, through which
he looks to see you looking back –
two mirrors which flash and glance –
are those through which one day
you too will look down over the years,
when you have grown old and thin
and no longer particular,
and the things you once thought
you were rid of forever
have taken you back in their arms.

Ted Kooser

* *Goodwill Store – a charity or junk shop in the USA*

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