GCSE

4201/01

S16-4201-01

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER

A.M. MONDAY, 23 May 2016

2 hours

SECTION A

SECTION B

4201
010001

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.

Turn over.

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:

What do you think of the way George speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Lennie and what he shows us about life in America in the 1930s.

Think about:

- what you learn about his past
- his relationship with George
- his relationship with other characters on the ranch
- anything else you think important [20]

Or,

(c) 'Friends are difficult to make and keep on the ranch in *Of Mice and Men*.' Do you agree with this statement? Give reasons for what you say. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

George said, ‘What was it you wanted to see me about?’

Candy pointed at Curley’s wife. George stared. ‘What’s the matter with her?’ he asked. He stepped closer, and then he echoed Candy’s words. ‘Oh, Jesus Christ!’ He was down on his knees beside her. He put his hand over her heart. And finally, when he stood up, slowly and stiffly, his face was as hard and tight as wood, and his eyes were hard.

Candy said, ‘What done it?’

George looked coldly at him. ‘Ain’t you got any idear?’ he asked. And Candy was silent. ‘I should of knew,’ George said hopelessly. ‘I guess maybe way back in my head I did.’

Candy asked, ‘What we gonna do now, George? What we gonna do now?’

George was a long time in answering. ‘Guess … we gotta tell the … guys. I guess we gotta get ’im an’ lock ’im up. We can’t let ’im get away. Why, the poor bastard’d starve.’ And he tried to reassure himself. ‘Maybe they’ll lock ’im up an’ be nice to ’im.’

But Candy said excitedly, ‘We oughtta let ’im get away. You don’t know that Curley. Curley gon’ta wanta get ’im lynched. Curley’ll get ’im killed.’

George watched Candy’s lips. ‘Yeah,’ he said at last, ‘that’s right, Curley will. An’ the other guys will.’ And he looked back at Curley’s wife.

Now Candy spoke his greatest fear. ‘You an’ me can get that little place, can’t we, George? You an’ me can go there an’ live nice, can’t we, George? Can’t we?’

Before George answered, Candy dropped his head and looked down at the hay. He knew.

George said softly, ‘– I think I knowed from the very first. I think I knowed we’d never do her. He usta like to hear about it so much I got to thinking maybe we would.’

‘Then – it’s all off?’ Candy asked sulkily.

George didn’t answer his question. George said, ‘I’ll work my month an’ I’ll take my fifty bucks an’ I’ll stay all night in some lousy cat house. Or I’ll set in some pool-room till ever’body goes home. An’ then I’ll come back an’ work another month an’ I’ll have fifty bucks more.’

Candy said, ‘He’s such a nice fella. I didn’t think he’d do nothing like this.’

George still stared at Curley’s wife. ‘Lennie never done it in meanness,’ he said. ‘All the time he done bad things, but he never done one of ’em mean.’ He straightened up and looked back at Candy. ‘Now listen. We gotta tell the guys. They got to bring him in, I guess. They ain’t no way out. Maybe they won’t hurt ’im.’ He said sharply, ‘I ain’t gonna let ’em hurt Lennie. Now you listen. The guys might think I was in on it. I’m gonna go in the bunk house. Then in a minute you come out and tell the guys about her, and I’ll come along and make like I never seen her. Will you do that? So the guys won’t think I was in on it?’

Candy said, ‘Sure, George. Sure I’ll do that.’

‘OK. Give me a couple minutes then, and you come runnin’ out an’ tell like you jus’ found her. I’m going now.’ George turned and went quickly out of the barn.

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:

What do you think of Meena here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Meena's relationship with Sam Lowbridge and what it shows us about Britain at the time the novel is set.

Think about:

- Meena's first impressions of Sam
- Sam's behaviour towards Meena
- what happens to affect their relationship at different times in the novel
- their relationship at the end of the novel [20]

Or,

(c) 'Meena's Asian background makes her childhood more difficult than those of her white friends.' Do you agree with this statement? Give reasons for what you say. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Papa cleared his throat and took in a deep breath of air, ‘Meena, is there something worrying you?’ I shook my head, digging my hands deeper into the pockets of my high-waisted flared jeans (a grudgingly given Christmas present, whenever I wore them mama would shudder and insist on pulling down the material caught in the crack of my bum). Papa continued, ‘You were always so … happy. You talked to me. Why have you stopped?’

Something shifted under my feet, maybe it was just the earth diggers crossing a ley line, but I felt wrong-footed and bewildered. What did he mean, talk to him? Words had nothing to do with what held us together, did they? Next he’d want to swap make-up tips and discuss the finer stylistic points of Marc Bolan’s new haircut. That was Anita’s job. I had never considered that anything I might do or say would change how papa felt about me, that whatever passed between us was constant, unquestioned, non-negotiable, even when I had lied and thrown hysterical tantrums around the lounge floor, even that time I had written a note saying I was running away to work with animals and hid in the bike shed, listening to mama and papa calling my name around the house and trying, I knew, to suppress their laughter. Had I ever talked to him, the way I talked constantly to Anita? If I had, I could not remember those occasions any more. Now I only thought of myself, a hurried visitor to our dinner table, picking my way round my brother’s baby debris like a long-suffering house-guest, and where I wanted to belong. My life was outside the home, with Anita, my passport to acceptance.

‘I do talk to you. But I’ve got me mates now, haven’t I? I’m dead busy, me.’

Papa winced at the slang which I used deliberately. ‘You mean Miss Anita Rutter?’ he said archly. ‘There are other friends you know. You have not played with Pinky and Baby for so long. Don’t you think we have noticed how you ignore them?’

Even their names reeked of childhood, something I was desperate to wrap in rags and leave on someone’s doorstep with a note, Take It Away. Pinky and Baby born a year either side of me, Auntie Shaila’s daughters who displayed their medals from the debating society on their chichi dressing table laden with ugly, stuffed gonks, who fought over the privilege of handing round starters or wiping down surfaces under the proud gazes of the grown-ups, whose scrubbed, eager faces and girlish modesty gave me the urge to roll naked in the pigsties shouting obscenities. ‘I don’t like them. They are boring,’ I said finally.

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:

What do you think of the way Atticus and Jem speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Scout and what she shows us about the society in which she lives. In your answer remember to refer to events in the novel.

Think about:

- her relationships with her family
- her relationships with other people in Maycomb
- the trial of Tom Robinson
- how she speaks and behaves at different points in the novel [20]

Or,

(c) Why do you think Harper Lee gave her novel the title *To Kill a Mockingbird*? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, historical and cultural context.

Think about:

- characters who may be considered mockingbirds
- why these characters may be considered mockingbirds
- anything else you think important [20]

We had not seen Mrs Dubose for over a month. She was never on the porch any more when we passed.

'She's dead, son,' said Atticus. 'She died a few minutes ago.'

'Oh,' said Jem. 'Well.'

'Well is right,' said Atticus. 'She's not suffering any more. She was sick for a long time. Son, didn't you know what her fits were?'

Jem shook his head.

'Mrs Dubose was a morphine addict,' said Atticus. 'She took it as a pain-killer for years. The doctor put her on it. She'd have spent the rest of her life on it and died without so much agony, but she was too contrary – '

'Sir?' said Jem.

Atticus said, 'Just before your escapade she called me to make her will. Dr Reynolds told her she had only a few months left. Her business affairs were in perfect order but she said, "There's still one thing out of order." '

'What was that?' Jem was perplexed.

'She said she was going to leave this world beholden to nothing and nobody. Jem, when you're sick as she was, it's all right to take anything to make it easier, but it wasn't all right for her. She said she meant to break herself of it before she died, and that's what she did.'

Jem said, 'You mean that's what her fits were?'

'Yes, that's what they were. Most of the time you were reading to her I doubt if she heard a word you said. Her whole mind and body were concentrated on that alarm clock. If you hadn't fallen into her hands, I'd have made you go read to her anyway. It may have been some distraction. There was another reason – '

'Did she die free?' asked Jem.

'As the mountain air,' said Atticus. 'She was conscious to the last, almost. Conscious,' he smiled, 'and cantankerous. She still disapproved heartily of my doings, and said I'd probably spend the rest of my life bailing you out of jail. She had Jessie fix you this box – '

Atticus reached down and picked up the candy box. He handed it to Jem.

Jem opened the box. Inside, surrounded by wads of damp cotton, was a white, waxy, perfect camellia. It was a Snow-on-the-Mountain.

Jem's eyes nearly popped out of his head. 'Old hell-devil, old hell-devil!' he screamed, flinging it down. 'Why can't she leave me alone?'

In a flash Atticus was up and standing over him. Jem buried his face in Atticus's shirt front. 'Sh-h,' he said. 'I think that was her way of telling you – everything's all right now, Jem, everything's all right. You know, she was a great lady.'

'A lady?' Jem raised his head. His face was scarlet. 'After all those things she said about you, a lady?'

'She was. She had her own views about things, a lot different from mine, maybe … son, I told you that if you hadn't lost your head I'd have made you go read to her. I wanted you to see something about her – I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand. It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what, You rarely win, but sometimes you do. Mrs Dubose won, all ninety-eight pounds of her. According to her views, she died beholden to nothing and nobody. She was the bravest person I ever knew.'

Jem picked up the candy box and threw it in the fire. He picked up the camellia, and when I went off to bed I saw him fingering the wide petals. Atticus was reading the paper.

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:

What do you think of Maya here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Bailey Junior and what he shows us about American society at the time he was growing up. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, historical and cultural context.

Think about:

- his relationship with Maya
- his relationship with his grandmother (Momma) in Stamps
- his relationship with his mother (Mother Dear) in St Louis and California
- what happens to him at different points in the book [20]

Or,

(c) Write about one or two people who were important to Maya in her struggle against discrimination and prejudice. Give reasons for what you say. [20]

The front door slammed. Dolores cried quietly and broke the piteous whimpers with sniffles and a few dainty nose blows into her handkerchief.

In my room, I thought my father was mean and cruel. He had enjoyed his Mexican holiday, and still was unable to proffer a bit of kindness to the woman who had waited patiently, busying herself with housewifely duties. I was certain that she knew he'd been drinking, and she must have noticed that although we were away over twelve hours, we hadn't brought one tortilla into the house.

I felt sorry and even a little guilty. I had enjoyed myself, too. I had been eating *chicharrones* while she probably sat praying for his safe return. I had defeated a car and a mountain as she pondered over my father's fidelity. There was nothing fair or kind about the treatment, so I decided to go out and console her. The idea of spreading mercy, indiscriminately, or, to be more correct, spreading it on someone I really didn't care about, enraptured me. I was basically good. Not understood, and not even liked, but even so, just, and better than just. I was merciful. I stood in the center of the floor but Dolores never looked up. She worked the thread through the flowered cloth as if she were sewing the torn ends of her life together. I said, in my Florence Nightingale voice, "Dolores, I don't mean to come between you and Dad. I wish you'd believe me." There, it was done. My good deed balanced the rest of the day.

With her head still bent she said, "No one was speaking to you, Marguerite. It is rude to eavesdrop on other people's conversations."

Surely she wasn't so dumb as to think these paper walls were made of marble. I let just the tiniest shred of impudence enter my voice. "I've never eavesdropped in my life. A deaf person would have been hard put not to hear what you said. I thought I'd tell you that I have no interest in coming between you and my father. That's all."

My mission had failed and succeeded. She refused to be pacified, but I had shown myself in a favorable and Christian light. I turned to go.

"No, that's not all." She looked up. Her face was puffy and her eyes swollen red. "Why don't you go back to your mother? If you've got one." Her tone was so subdued she might have been telling me to cook a pot of rice. If I've got one? Well, I'd tell her.

"I've got one and she's worlds better than you, prettier, too, and intelligent and–"

"And" –her voice keened to a point–"she's a whore." Maybe if I had been older, or had had my mother longer, or understood Dolores' frustration more deeply, my response would not have been so violent. I know that the awful accusation struck not so much at my filial love as at the foundation of my new existence. If there was a chance of truth in the charge, I would not be able to live, to continue to live with Mother, and I so wanted to.

I walked to Dolores, enraged at the threat. "I'm going to slap you for that, you silly old bitch."

Turn over.

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:

What do you think of Chanda and Mama, and the relationship between them here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

(b) Many people in Bonang are afraid of AIDS. Write about **one** or **two** people in *Chanda's Secrets* and how their lives are affected by their fear of AIDS. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

(c) Write about Esther and what she shows us about the community in which she lives.

Think about:

- her family life at the beginning of the novel
- her relationship with Chanda at different points in the novel
- what happens to her at different points in the novel
- anything else you think important [20]

‘Where’s that man of yours been hiding himself?’ Mrs Tafa called over the hedge. Her voice was all honey – sticky for dirt. She’s queen of the scab-pickers, that one.

‘Oh he’s busy at this and that,’ Mama replied, so calm she didn’t even drop a clothes-peg.

‘Glad to hear it,’ said Mrs Tafa. ‘I didn’t believe the rumours.’

What rumours? I wondered. I’m sure Mama wondered too, but she had too much pride to let on. ‘Oh “the rumours,” ’ she laughed. ‘Rumours, rumours, rumours. Some poor fools have nothing better to do than gossip.’

‘Why, that’s the Lord’s truth,’ Mrs Tafa agreed, as if Mama wasn’t talking about her. Then she made a remark about her kettle boiling and hurried indoors. I was so proud of Mama for putting Mrs Tafa in her place that I gave her a wink. She pretended not to notice.

‘My joints are giving me a hard time today,’ she said, nursing her elbows. ‘Could you finish up? I have to lie down. Maybe take some devil’s claw root.’ Her voice was kind of lost. As if, deep down, the truth had finally hit that Jonah wouldn’t be back.

Since then, Mama’s hardly waited up at all. Some nights she may pace in the main room, or wander through the garden. But mostly, she curls into a ball on her mattress, clutching a pillow. Sometimes she doesn’t get up for a day or two. She’ll just lie there, eyes shut, rubbing her temples.

The first time I saw her like that was scary. I told her I was going for a doctor, but she grabbed my wrist. ‘Don’t you dare!’ Her eyes blazed. ‘There’s nothing the matter with me. It’s just a headache.’ Then she fell back on her mattress.

I’m used to her headaches now. And she’s right. They’re nothing to be worried about. If I had everything to think about that she does, I’d have them too. So instead of troubling her with doctor talk, I try to stay cheerful and do the chores she can’t.

As soon as the rooster crows, I go to the coop, feed the chickens and collect their eggs. Then, while I make the breakfast, I get Iris and Soly dressed, and lay out a few things for lunch. That leaves me an hour to work in the garden before heading for school. If Mama still isn’t herself when I get back, I go to the standpipe for water and make supper. Laundry, housework, and cutting firewood I save for the weekend.

Now, when I sit beside Mama at night, she doesn’t tell me to go back to bed. She just pretends she doesn’t see me.

She pretends about a lot of things. For instance, she pretends everything’s normal. She never talks about Sara in front of Iris or Soly. She never mentions Jonah or her headaches either. It’s as if she thinks by pretending everything’s fine she can fool us into happiness.

Well, she’s wrong.

SECTION B

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

Both poets describe their feelings about time passing on a day in April.

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]

This Morning I Could Do A Thousand Things

I could fix the leaky pipe
Under the sink, or wander over
And bother Jerry who's lost
In the bog of his crankcase.
I could drive the half-mile down
To the local mall and browse
Through the bright stables
Of mowers, or maybe catch
The power-walkers puffing away
On their last laps. I could clean
The garage, weed the garden,
Or get out the shears and
Prune the rose bushes back.
Yes, a thousand things
This beautiful April morning.
But I've decided to just lie
Here in this old hammock,
Rocking like a lazy metronome*,
And wait for the day lilies
To open. The sun is barely
Over the trees, and already
The sprinklers are out,
Raining their immaculate
Bands of light over the lawns.

Robert Hedin

In Your Absence

Not yet summer,
but the unseasonable heat
pries open the cherry tree.

It stands there stupefied,
in its sham, pink frills,
dense with early blooming.

Then, as afternoon cools
into more furtive winds,
I look up to see
a blizzard of petals
rushing the sky.

It is only April.
I can't stop my own life
from hurrying by.
The moon, already pacing.

Judith Harris

**Metronome – an instrument for keeping time or rhythm*