



GCSE

4201/01



W16-4201-01

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER**

A.M. WEDNESDAY, 6 January 2016

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
------------------	----

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:

What do you think of the way Candy 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 Curley and what he shows us about American society in the 1930s.

Think about:

- his position on the ranch
- his relationship with his wife
- his fight with Lennie
- his behaviour at the end of the novel

[20]

Or,

- (c) Someone said that there are no heroes in *Of Mice and Men*. What do you think? Give reasons for what you say. Remember to refer to the novel's social, cultural and historical context in your answer.
[20]

Candy stood in the doorway scratching his bald wrist and looking blindly into the lighted room. He made no attempt to enter. 'Tell ya what, Lennie. I been figuring out about them rabbits.'

Crooks said irritably, 'You can come in if you want.'

Candy seemed embarrassed. 'I do' know. 'Course, if ya want me to.'

'Come on in. If ever'body's comin' in, you might just as well.' It was difficult for Crooks to conceal his pleasure with anger.

Candy came in, but he was still embarrassed. 'You got a nice cozy little place in here,' he said to Crooks. 'Must be nice to have a room all to yourself this way.'

'Sure,' said Crooks. 'And a manure pile under the window. Sure, it's swell.'

Lennie broke in, 'You said about them rabbits.'

Candy leaned against the wall beside the broken collar while he scratched the wrist stump. 'I been here a long time,' he said. 'An' Crooks been here a long time. This's the first time I ever been in his room.'

Crooks said darkly, 'Guys don't come into a colored man's room very much. Nobody been here but Slim. Slim an' the boss.'

Candy quickly changed the subject. 'Slim's as good a skinner as I ever seen.'

Lennie leaned toward the old swamper. 'About them rabbits,' he insisted.

Candy smiled. 'I got it figured out. We can make some money on them rabbits if we go about it right.'

'But I get to tend 'em,' Lennie broke in. 'George says I get to tend 'em. He promised.'

Crooks interrupted brutally. 'You guys is just kiddin' yourself. You'll talk about it a hell of a lot, but you won't get no land. You'll be a swamper here till they take you out in a box. Hell, I seen too many guys. Lennie here'll quit an' be on the road in two, three weeks. Seems like ever' guy got land in his head.'

Candy rubbed his cheek angrily. 'You God damn right we're gonna do it. George says we are. We got the money right now.'

'Yeah?' said Crooks. 'An' where's George now? In town in a whore house. That's where your money's goin'. Jesus, I seen it happen too many times. I seen too many guys with land in their head. They never get none under their hand.'

Candy cried, 'Sure they all want it. Everybody wants a little bit of land, not much. Jus' som'thin' that was his. Somethin' he could live on and there couldn't nobody throw him off of it. I never had none. I planted crops for damn near ever'body in this state, but they wasn't my crops, and when I harvested 'em, it wasn't none of my harvest. But we gonna do it now, and don't make no mistake about that. George ain't got the money in town. That money's in the bank. Me an' Lennie an' George. We gonna have a room to ourself. We're gonna have a dog an' rabbits an' chickens. We're gonna have green corn an' maybe a cow or a goat.' He stopped, overwhelmed with his picture.

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 the way Sam speaks and behaves in this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

- (b) Write about the relationship between Meena and Anita and what it shows us about some aspects of life in Britain in the 1960s.

Think about:

- their relationship at the beginning of the novel
- some of the events which change their relationship
- their relationship at the end of the novel

[20]

Or,

- (c) Write about how Meena and her parents react to prejudice in *Anita and Me*. [20]

Sam flicked his cigarette butt into the water where it died with a sharp hiss. I began inching my way from the tree stump, already calculating how many hours of sleep were left tonight, because Tomorrow I Have An ...

'Meee-naaa!' Every hair on my neck stood up one by one in a long, lazy prickle. 'I knew yow was there, Meena! Come out! I ain't gonna hurt yow, promise!' I stood up slowly, my arms felt numb now and I remembered that Tracey had gone off wearing my sweatshirt. Sam beckoned me over with a nod. I stumbled automatically down the slope of the rise and climbed another to join him on the overhang. He would not hurt me if I showed any fear. Tomorrow I Have ...

I sat down casually although my knees shook slightly, so I drew them together, a prissy maiden aunt pose – he would expect that. 'So where you been, Meena?' he asked in that soft drawl, as familiar as if we'd been chatting over the garden fence this morning.

'I still live here,' I said, and then I added, 'You haven't driven me out yet.'

Sam arched his eyebrows, genuinely surprised, 'Me?' he asked. 'Wharrave I done?'

'Oh, I got your notes,' I spat at him. The cold was gradually dulling every sensation including fear. 'Supposed to frighten me away, were they?'

'No,' said Sam. 'To bring yow back. I only wrote half of 'em, the nice ones mind. Anita did the others, wouldn't let me send mine on me own. She's dead jealous you know. About us.'

Sparks of recognition momentarily flew between us. I knew that weary bewilderment in his face, the resignation in his voice – all the consequences of getting involved with Anita, wondering why you hung around for more when every sensible part of you was saying get the hell out. But Sam under Anita's spell? Surely it was the other way round? There were still traces of his weird magic in the droop of his eyes right now, in the curve of his scarred cheek, but with every passing second, the illusion faded, revealing strings and sleight of hand. For all his bluster, I had the feeling that Sam was truly nothing more than a puppet and the knowledge that he would never have the character to cut the wires made me furious, for the waste, for his cowardice, for both of us.

"Those things you said at the spring fete, what were you trying to do?" I tasted grit, maybe I had ground my molars into dust.

Sam shrugged and dragged his heel along a muddy edge. 'I wanted to make people listen,' he 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 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 Jem and what he shows us about the society in which he lives.

Think about:

- his relationships with Scout and Dill
- his relationship with Atticus
- his behaviour at different points in the novel

[20]

Or,

- (c) The trial of Tom Robinson affects the people of Maycomb in different ways. Write about **one** or **two** characters who are affected by the trial and show how they are affected.

[20]

Later, when I was supposed to be in bed, I went down the hall for a drink of water and heard Atticus and Uncle Jack in the living-room:

‘I shall never marry, Atticus.’

‘Why?’

‘I might have children.’

Atticus said, ‘You’ve a lot to learn, Jack.’

‘I know. Your daughter gave me my first lessons this afternoon. She said I didn’t understand children much and told me why. She was quite right. Atticus, she told me how I should have treated her – oh dear, I’m sorry I romped on her.’

Atticus chuckled. ‘She earned it, so don’t feel too remorseful.’

I waited on tenterhooks, for Uncle Jack to tell Atticus my side of it. But he didn’t. He simply murmured, ‘Her use of bathroom invective leaves nothing to the imagination. But she doesn’t know the meaning of half she says – she asked me what a whore-lady was ...’

‘Did you tell her?’

‘No, I told her about Lord Melbourne.’

‘Jack! When a child asks you something, answer him, for goodness sake. But don’t make a production of it. Children are children, but they can spot an evasion quicker than adults, and evasion simply muddles ‘em. No,’ my father mused, ‘you had the right answer this afternoon, but the wrong reasons. Bad language is a stage all children go through, and it dies with time, when they learn they’re not attracting attention with it. Hot-headedness isn’t. Scout’s got to learn to keep her head and learn soon, with what’s in store for her these next few months. She’s coming along, though. Jem’s getting older and she follows his example a good bit now. All she needs is assistance sometimes.’

‘Atticus, you’ve never laid a hand on her.’

‘I admit that. So far I’ve been able to get by with threats. Jack, she minds me as well as she can. Doesn’t come up to scratch half the time, but she tries.’

‘That’s not the answer,’ said Uncle Jack.

‘No, the answer is she knows I know she tries. That’s what makes the difference. What bothers me is that she and Jem will have to absorb some ugly things pretty soon. I’m not worried about Jem keeping his head, but Scout’d just as soon jump on someone as look at him if her pride’s at stake ...’

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 the way the characters 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 the relationship between Maya and her mother (Mother Dear) and what it shows us about the society in which they live.

Think about:

- their relationship in St Louis when Maya was a young child
- their relationship in California when she was older

[20]

Or,

- (c) Write about some of the times that Maya's grandmother (Mamma) teaches her how to deal with prejudice. [20]

The very next day, she called me by the wrong name. Miss Glory and I were washing up the lunch dishes when Mrs. Cullinan came to the doorway. "Mary?"

Miss Glory asked, "Who?"

Mrs. Cullinan, sagging a little, knew and I knew. "I want Mary to go down to Mrs. Randall's and take her some soup. She's not been feeling well for a few days."

Miss Glory's face was a wonder to see. "You mean Margaret, ma'am. Her name's Margaret."

"That's too long. She's Mary from now on. Heat that soup from last night and put it in the china tureen and, Mary, I want you to carry it carefully."

Every person I knew had a hellish horror of being "called out of his name." It was a dangerous practice to call a Negro anything that could be loosely construed as insulting because of the centuries of their having been called niggers, jigs, dinges, blackbirds, crows, boots and spooks.

Miss Glory had a fleeting second of feeling sorry for me. Then as she handed me the hot tureen she said, "Don't mind, don't pay that no mind. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words ... You know, I been working for her for twenty years."

She held the back door open for me. "Twenty years. I wasn't much older than you. My name used to be Hallelujah. That's what Ma named me, but my mistress give me 'Glory,' and it stuck. I likes it better too."

I was in the little path that ran behind the houses when Miss Glory shouted, "It's shorter too."

For a few seconds it was a tossup over whether I would laugh (imagine being named Hallelujah) or cry (imagine letting some white woman rename you for her convenience). My anger saved me from either outburst. I had to quit the job, but the problem was going to be how to do it. Momma wouldn't allow me to quit for just any reason.

"She's a peach. That woman is a real peach." Mrs. Randall's maid was talking as she took the soup from me, and I wondered what her name used to be and what she answered to now.

For a week I looked into Mrs. Cullinan's face as she called me Mary. She ignored my coming late and leaving early. Miss Glory was a little annoyed because I had begun to leave egg yolk on the dishes and wasn't putting much heart in polishing the silver. I hoped that she would complain to our boss, but she didn't.

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 the way Mrs Tafa 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 the relationship between Chanda and her mother and what it shows us about the society in which they live.

Think about:

- what you learn about Chanda's early life with her mother
- their relationship when Chanda's mother becomes ill
- what happens when Chanda's mother returns to Tiro

[20]

Or,

- (c) In *Chanda's Secrets*, poverty affects the people of Bonang as much as AIDS. Write about **one** or **two** characters and how being poor affects them. [20]

Mrs Tafa sucks her teeth. 'Tiro. That's two hundred miles away. Calls to Tiro don't come cheap.'
'Mama will pay you back.'

Mrs Tafa waves her hand. 'Don't be silly. I'm your auntie. Glad to help.' She heaves her rump out of the chair and leads me into her house.

While I wait for the operator to connect me, 'Auntie' dusts the shrine on the nearby side table. It's to her youngest son, Emmanuel: his baptismal certificate, undergraduate photograph from university, funeral programme, and an envelope of baby hair. Emmanuel died two years ago in a freak hunting accident, just weeks after winning a scholarship to study law in Jo'burg. It was a closed casket. Life isn't fair.

The general dealer, Mr Kamwendo, answers his phone. Mrs Tafa kneels by Emmanuel's photograph and pretends to pray, but I can tell she's listening in.

I explain to the dealer about Sara's death and how the burial is set for Thursday. Mr Kamwendo says he'll pass on the news to my mama-granny and asks if the family can call us at this number. I interrupt Mrs Tafa's prayers to check. She sighs heavily, but I can tell she's happy as a cow dropping pies: she'll get to hear our news firsthand.

I hang up. Mrs Tafa struggles to her feet, escorts me back outside, and drops into her lawn chair.

'Thanks again for the use of your phone, Auntie,' I say. I lower my head. She gives it a peck. For a second I try to like her.

'Your dear little Sara,' she comforts. 'Her death's a great tragedy, like my blessed Emmanuel's. At least they died pure.'

My legs go hollow. 'Pardon?'

'They were innocents. No one can spread rumours about why they died. No one can point fingers at our families and whisper.' She taps her nose. 'If you don't mind me saying so, you be careful around that Esther Macholo friend of yours.'

'What do you mean?'

'May her parents rest in peace, but I hope she burned their sheets and buried their dishes.'

'How can you say that?'

'I don't mean to be unkind,' she cautions, 'but I keep an ear out.'

'There's nothing wrong with Esther. Her mama died of cancer. Her papa died of TB. They died like they said at the funerals.'

'Of course they did, and you didn't hear any different from me. Your auntie just wants to protect you, that's all.' She winks slyly. 'A word to the wise: there's what people said, and there's what people say.'

'I don't know what you're talking about.'

'Oh, yes, you do,' she whispers. 'Oh, yes, you do.'

SECTION B

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

Both poets describe cold weather in different ways.

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 poet 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]

Winter

On Winter mornings in the playground
 The boys stand huddled,
 Their cold hands doubled
 Into trouser pockets.
 The air hangs frozen
 About the buildings
 And the cold is an ache in the blood
 And a pain on the tender skin
 Beneath finger nails.
 The odd shouts
 Sound off like struck iron
 And the sun
 Balances white
 Above the boundary wall.
 I fumble my bus ticket
 Between numb fingers
 Into a fag,
 Take a drag
 And blow white smoke
 Into the December air.

Gareth Owen

Frost

Frost the jailer
 locks each ditch
 and pool and pond
 and slams the door
 on moving water.

Frost the jeweller
 fingers each gem
 at the leaf's tip
 keen to account
 for every drip.

Frost the miser
 hoards the silver
 leaves of winter
 in dark hollows
 under beech and poplar.

Frost the odd-job man
 does up the garden
 renewing each post
 and leaning fence
 at minimum cost.

Frost the magician
 binds the day
 in a silver spell
 draping in white
 fold and fell.

Frost the old man
 who might not see April
 taps with his white
 stick in the garden
 not feeling right.

Robert Hull