



Rewarding Learning

General Certificate of Secondary Education
2017

English Literature

Unit 1: The Study of Prose
Higher Tier

MV18

[GET12]

MONDAY 22 MAY, MORNING

Time

1 hour, plus your additional time allowance.

Instructions to Candidates

Write your Centre Number and Candidate Number on the Answer Booklet provided.

Answer one question.

A Resource Booklet is provided with the examination paper. You should **not** have with you a copy of the prescribed text.

Information for Candidates

The total mark for this paper is 43.

The question carries 40 marks and an additional 3 marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar.

Quality of written communication will also be assessed.

Page Index to Questions

Question Number			Page Number
1	Achebe	Things Fall Apart	3
2	Golding	Lord of the Flies	4
3	Greene	The Power and the Glory	5
4	Lee	To Kill a Mockingbird	6
5	Orwell	Animal Farm	7
6	Steinbeck	Of Mice and Men	8

1 Achebe: **Things Fall Apart**

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Achebe **presents**

Ikemefuna's life and death, show how far you agree that he is a **pitiable** character.

(b) With reference to the ways Achebe **presents** male characters in extract 1 and elsewhere in the novel, show that **male strength** is important to the Ibo tribe. Whose strength is most admirable? Give reasons for your opinions.

(Use extract 1, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

2 Golding: **Lord of the Flies**

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Golding **presents** Ralph, show how far you agree that Ralph is a **good friend** to Piggy.

(b) With reference to the ways Golding **presents** the boys in extract 2 and elsewhere in the novel, show that there are **differing** opinions about the beast. Whose opinion about the beast do you find the most surprising? Give reasons for your opinions.

(Use extract 2, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

3 Greene: **The Power and the Glory**

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Greene **presents** the Priest and Coral Fellows, show how far you agree that **responsibility for others** influences their actions.

(b) With reference to the ways Greene **presents** the Mestizo in extract 3 and elsewhere in the novel, show that the Mestizo is a **dislikeable** character. What do you dislike most about him? Give reasons for your opinions.

(Use extract 3, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

4 Lee: To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Lee **presents** the Finch and Ewell families, show that they have **differing** attitudes to telling the truth.

(b) With reference to the ways Lee **presents** Jem in extract 4 and elsewhere in the novel, show that Jem **changes**. What is the most important experience that causes Jem to change? Give reasons for your opinions.

(Use extract 4, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

5 Orwell: **Animal Farm**

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Orwell **presents** the pigs, show that the pigs **control** life on Animal Farm. What do you think was the most effective way of controlling the animals? Give reasons for your opinions.

(b) With reference to the ways Orwell **presents** Squealer in extract 5 and elsewhere in the novel, show how far you agree that Squealer is **responsible** for keeping the pigs in power.

(Use extract 5, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

6 Steinbeck: **Of Mice and Men**

Answer **either (a) or (b)**

(3 additional marks are available for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar)

(a) With reference to the ways Steinbeck **presents** Candy, show how far you agree that Candy should be **pitied**.

(b) With reference to the ways Steinbeck **presents** violence in extract 6 and elsewhere in the novel, show how far you would agree that the ranch is a **violent** place.

(Use extract 6, printed in the Resource Booklet, to answer this question.)

THIS IS THE END OF THE QUESTION PAPER

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for.
In some cases, efforts to contact copyright holders may have been unsuccessful and CCEA
will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgement in future if notified.



General Certificate of Secondary Education
2017

English Literature

Unit 1: The Study of Prose
Foundation Tier



GET11

[GET11]

MONDAY 22 MAY, MORNING

RESOURCE BOOKLET

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use the extracts in this Resource Booklet to answer the questions in the Question Paper for Unit 1.

Page Index to Extracts

Extract Number			Page Number
1	Achebe	<i>Things Fall Apart</i>	3
2	Golding	<i>Lord of the Flies</i>	5
3	Greene	<i>The Power and the Glory</i>	7
4	Lee	<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	9
5	Orwell	<i>Animal Farm</i>	10
6	Steinbeck	<i>Of Mice and Men</i>	11

Extract 1. Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*

Ezinma took the dish in one hand and the empty water bowl in the other and went back to her mother's hut. 'She should have been a boy,' Okonkwo said to himself again. His mind went back to Ikemefuna and he shivered. If only he could find some work to do he would be able to forget. But it was the season of rest between the harvest and the next planting season. The only work that men did at this time was covering the walls of their compound with new palm fronds. And Okonkwo had already done that. He had finished it on the very day the locusts came, when he had worked on one side of the wall and Ikemefuna and Nwoye on the other.

'When did you become a shivering old woman,' Okonkwo asked himself, 'you are known in all the nine villages for your valour in war. How can a man who has killed five men in battle fall to pieces because he has added a boy to their number? Okonkwo, you have become a woman indeed.'

He sprang to his feet, hung his goatskin bag on his shoulder and went to visit his friend, Obierika.

Obierika was sitting outside under the shade of an orange tree making thatches from leaves of the raffia-palm. He exchanged greetings with Okonkwo and led the way into his *obi*.

'I was coming over to see you as soon as I finished that thatch,' he said, rubbing off the grains of sand that clung to his thighs.

'Is it well?' Okonkwo asked.

'Yes,' replied Obierika. 'My daughter's suitor is coming today and I hope we will clinch the matter of the bride-price. I want you to be there.'

Just then Obierika's son, Maduka, came into the *obi* from outside, greeted Okonkwo and turned towards the compound.

'Come and shake hands with me,' Okonkwo said to the lad. 'Your wrestling the other day gave me much happiness.' The boy smiled, shook hands with Okonkwo and went into the compound.

'He will do great things,' Okonkwo said. 'If I had a son like him I should be happy. I am worried about Nwoye. A bowl of pounded yams can throw him in a wrestling match. His two younger brothers are more promising. But I can tell you, Obierika, that my children do not resemble me. Where are the young suckers that will grow when the old banana tree dies? If Ezinma had been a boy I would have been happier. She has the right spirit.'

'You worry yourself for nothing,' said Obierika. 'The children are still very young.'

'Nwoye is old enough to impregnate a woman. At his age I was already fending for myself. No, my friend, he is not too young. A chick that will grow into a cock can be spotted the very day it hatches. I have done my best to make Nwoye grow into a man, but there is too much of his mother in him.'

'Too much of his grandfather,' Obierika thought, but he did not say it. The same thought also came to Okonkwo's mind. But he had long learnt how to lay that ghost. Whenever the thought of his father's weakness and failure troubled him he expelled it by thinking about his own strength and success. And so he did now. His mind went to his latest show of manliness.

'I cannot understand why you refused to come with us to kill that boy,' he asked Obierika.

'Because I did not want to,' Obierika replied sharply. 'I had something better to do.'

'You sound as if you question the authority and the decision of the Oracle, who said he should die.'

'I do not. Why should I? But the Oracle did not ask me to carry out its decision.'

'But someone had to do it. If we were all afraid of blood, it would not be done. And what do you think the Oracle would do then?'

'You know very well, Okonkwo, that I am not afraid of blood; and if anyone tells you that I am, he is telling a lie. And let me tell you one thing, my friend. If I were you I would have stayed at home. What you have done will not please the Earth. It is the kind of action for which the goddess wipes out whole families.'

'The Earth cannot punish me for obeying her messenger,' Okonkwo said. 'A child's fingers are not scalded by a piece of hot yam which its mother puts into its palm.'

'That is true,' Obierika agreed. 'But if the Oracle said that my son should be killed I would neither dispute it nor be the one to do it.'

Extract 2. Golding: *Lord of the Flies*

Ralph interrupted him testily.

“What is all this? Who said anything about an animal?”

“You did, the other day. You said they dream and cry out. Now they talk – not only the littluns, but my hunters sometimes – talk of a thing, a dark thing, a beast, some sort of animal. I’ve heard. You thought not, didn’t you? Now listen. You don’t get big animals on small islands. Only pigs. You only get lions and tigers in big countries like Africa and India –”

“And the Zoo –”

“I’ve got the conch. I’m not talking about the fear. I’m talking about the beast. Be frightened if you like. But as for the beast –”

Jack paused, cradling the conch, and turned to his hunters with their dirty black caps.

“Am I a hunter or am I not?”

They nodded, simply. He was a hunter all right. No one doubted that.

“Well then – I’ve been all over this island. By myself. If there were a beast I’d have seen it. Be frightened because you’re like that – but there is no beast in the forest.”

Jack handed back the conch and sat down. The whole assembly applauded him with relief. Then Piggy held out his hand.

“I don’t agree with all Jack said, but with some. ’Course there isn’t a beast in the forest. How could there be? What would a beast eat?”

“Pig.”

“We eat pig.”

“Piggy!”

“I got the conch!” said Piggy indignantly. “Ralph – they ought to shut up, oughtn’t they? You shut up, you littluns! What I mean is that I don’t agree about this here fear. Of course there isn’t nothing to be afraid of in the forest. Why – I been there myself! You’ll be talking about ghosts and such things next. We know what goes on and if there’s something wrong, there’s someone to put it right.”

He took off his glasses and blinked at them. The sun had gone as if the light had been turned off.

He proceeded to explain.

“If you get a pain in your stomach, whether it’s a little one or a big one –”

“Yours is a big one.”

“When you done laughing perhaps we can get on with the meeting. And if them littluns climb back on the twister again they’ll only fall off in a sec. So they might as well sit on the ground and listen. No. You have doctors for everything, even the inside of your mind. You don’t really mean that we got to be frightened all the time of nothing? Life,” said Piggy expansively, “is scientific, that’s what it is. In a year or two when the war’s over they’ll be travelling to Mars and back. I know there isn’t no beast – not with claws and all that, I mean – but I know there isn’t no fear, either.”

Piggy paused.

“Unless –”

Ralph moved restlessly.

“Unless what?”

“Unless we get frightened of people.”

A sound, half-laugh, half-jeer, rose among the seated boys. Piggy ducked his head and went on hastily.

“So let’s hear from that littlun who talked about a beast and perhaps we can show him how silly he is.”

The littluns began to jabber among themselves, then one stood forward.

“What’s your name?”

“Phil.”

For a littlun he was self-confident, holding out his hands, cradling the conch as Ralph did, looking round at them to collect their attention before he spoke.

“Last night I had a dream, a horrid dream, fighting with things. I was outside the shelter by myself, fighting with things, those twisty things in the trees.”

He paused, and the other littluns laughed in horrified sympathy.

“Then I was frightened and I woke up. And I was outside the shelter by myself in the dark and the twisty things had gone away.”

The vivid horror of this, so possible and so nakedly terrifying, held them all silent. The child’s voice went piping on from behind the white conch.

“And I was frightened and started to call out for Ralph and then I saw something moving among the trees, something big and horrid.”

Extract 3. Greene: *The Power and the Glory*

With a heavy heart the priest took off his saddlebag, pushed at the door and went in to complete darkness. He struck a light – there was no furniture; only a raised dais of hard earth and a straw mat too torn to have been worth removing. He lit a candle and stuck it in its own wax on the dais: then sat down and waited: the man was a long time. In one fist he still carried the ball of paper salvaged from his case – a man must retain some sentimental relics if he is to live at all. The argument of danger only applies to those who live in relative safety. He wondered whether the mestizo had stolen his mule, and reproached himself for the necessary suspicion. Then the door opened and the man came in – the two yellow canine teeth, the finger-nails scratching in the armpit. He sat down on the earth with his back against the door, and said: “Go to sleep. You are tired. I’ll wake you when we need to start.”

“I’m not very sleepy.”

“Blow out the candle. You’ll sleep better.”

“I don’t like darkness,” the priest said. He was afraid.

“Won’t you say a prayer, father, before we sleep?”

“Why do you call me that?” he asked sharply, peering across the shadowy floor to where the half-caste sat against the door.

“Oh, I guessed, of course. But you needn’t be afraid of me. I’m a good Christian.”

“You’re wrong.”

“I could easily find out, couldn’t I?” the half-caste said. “I’d just have to say father, hear my confession. You couldn’t refuse a man in mortal sin.”

The priest said nothing, waiting for the demand to come: the hand which held the papers twitched. “Oh, you needn’t fear me,” the mestizo went carefully on. “I wouldn’t betray you. I’m a Christian. I just thought a prayer ... would be good ...”

“You don’t need to be a priest to know a prayer.” He began “*Pater noster qui es in coelis ...*” while the mosquitoes came droning towards the candle-flame. He was determined not to sleep – the man had some plan. His conscience ceased to accuse him of uncharity. He knew. He was in the presence of Judas.

He leant his head back against the wall and half closed his eyes – he remembered Holy Week in the old days when a stuffed Judas was hanged from the belfry and boys made a clatter with tins and rattles as he swung out over the door. Old staid members of the congregation had sometimes raised objections: it was blasphemous, they said, to make this guy out of Our Lord’s betrayer; but he had said nothing and let the practice continue – it seemed to him a good thing that the world’s traitor should be made a figure of fun. It was too easy otherwise to idealize him as a man who fought with God – a Prometheus, a noble victim in a hopeless war.

“Are you awake?” a voice whispered from the door. The priest suddenly giggled as if this man, too, were absurd with stuffed straw legs and a painted face and an old straw hat who would presently be burnt in the plaza while people made political speeches and the fireworks went off.

“Can’t you sleep?”

“I was dreaming,” the priest whispered. He opened his eyes and saw the man by the door was shivering – the two sharp teeth jumped up and down on the lower lip. “Are you ill?”

“A little fever,” the man said. “Have you any medicine?”

“No.”

The door creaked as the man's back shook. He said, "It was getting wet in the river ..." He slid farther down upon the floor and closed his eyes – mosquitoes with singed wings crawled over the earth bed. The priest thought: I mustn't sleep, it's dangerous, I must watch him. He opened his fist and smoothed out the paper. There were faint pencil lines visible – single words, the beginnings and ends of sentences, figures. Now that his case was gone, it was the only evidence left that life had ever been different and he carried it with him as a charm – because if life had been like that once, it might be so again. The candle-flame in the hot marshy lowland air burned in a smoky point vibrating ... The priest held the paper close to it and read the words Altar Society, Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, Children of Mary, and then looked up again and across the dark hut he saw the yellow malarial eyes of the mestizo watching him. Christ would not have found Judas sleeping in the garden: Judas could watch more than one hour.

Extract 4. Lee: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Jem kicked off his shoes and swung his feet to the bed. He propped himself against a pillow and switched on the reading-light. 'You know something, Scout? I've got it all figured out, now. I've thought about it a lot lately and I've got it figured out. There's four kinds of folks in the world. There's the ordinary kind like us and the neighbours, there's the kind like the Cunninghams out in the woods, the kind like the Ewells down at the dump, and the Negroes.'

'What about the Chinese, and the Cajuns down yonder in Baldwin County?'

'I mean in Maycomb County. The thing about it is, our kind of folks don't like the Cunninghams, the Cunninghams don't like the Ewells, and the Ewells hate and despise the coloured folks.'

I told Jem if that was so, then why didn't Tom's jury, made up of folks like the Cunninghams, acquit Tom to spite the Ewells?

Jem waved my question away as being infantile.

'You know,' he said, 'I've seen Atticus tap his foot when there's fiddlin' on the radio, and he loves pot liquor better'n any man I ever saw –'

'Then that makes us like the Cunninghams,' I said. 'I can't see why Aunty –'

'No, lemme finish – it does, but we're still different somehow. Atticus said one time the reason Aunty's so hipped on the family is because all we've got's background and not a dime to our names.'

'Well Jem, I don't know – Atticus told me one time that most of this Old Family stuff's foolishness because everybody's family's just as old as everybody's else's. I said did that include the coloured folks and Englishmen and he said yes.'

'Background doesn't mean Old Family,' said Jem, 'I think it's how long your family's been readin' and writin', Scout, I've studied this real hard and that's the only reason I can think of. Somewhere along when the Finches were in Egypt one of 'em must have learned a hieroglyphic or two and he taught his boy,' Jem laughed, 'Imagine Aunty being proud her great-granddaddy could read an' write – ladies pick funny things to be proud of.'

'Well I'm glad he could, or who'da taught Atticus and them, and if Atticus couldn't read, you and me'd be in a fix. I don't think that's what background is, Jem.'

'Well then, how do you explain why the Cunninghams are different? Mr Walter can hardly sign his name, I've seen him. We've just been readin' and writin' longer'n they have.'

'No, everybody's gotta learn, nobody's born knowin'. That Walter's as smart as he can be, he just gets held back sometimes because he has to stay out and help his daddy. Nothin's wrong with him. Naw, Jem, I think there's just one kind of folks. Folks.'

Jem turned around and punched his pillow. When he settled back his face was cloudy. He was going into one of his declines, and I grew wary. His brows came together; his mouth became a thin line. He was silent for a while.

'That's what I thought, too,' he said at last, 'when I was your age. If there's just one kind of folks, why can't they get along with each other? If they're all alike, why do they go out of their way to despise each other? Scout, I think I'm beginning to understand something. I think I'm beginning to understand why Boo Radley's stayed shut up in the house all this time ... it's because he *wants* to stay inside.'

Extract 5. Orwell: *Animal Farm*

In the evening Squealer called them together, and with an alarmed expression on his face told them that he had some serious news to report.

‘Comrades!’ cried Squealer, making little nervous skips, ‘a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm away from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball’s rebellion was caused by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Do you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones’s secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted – fortunately without success – to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?’

The animals were stupefied. This was a wickedness far out-doing Snowball’s destruction of the windmill. But it was some minutes before they could fully take it in. They all remembered, or thought they remembered, how they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the Cowshed, how he had rallied and encouraged them at every turn, and how he had not paused for an instant even when the pellets from Jones’s gun had wounded his back. At first it was a little difficult to see how this fitted in with his being on Jones’s side.

Even Boxer, who seldom asked questions, was puzzled. He lay down, tucked his fore-hoofs beneath him, shut his eyes, and with a hard effort managed to formulate his thoughts.

‘I do not believe that,’ he said. ‘Snowball fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed. I saw him myself. Did we not give him “Animal Hero, First Class”, immediately afterwards?’

‘That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now – it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found – that in reality he was trying to lure us to our doom.’

‘But he was wounded,’ said Boxer. ‘We all saw him running with blood.’

‘That was part of the arrangement!’ cried Squealer. ‘Jones’s shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded – I will even say, comrades, he *would* have succeeded if it had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment, when panic was spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of “Death to Humanity!” and sank his teeth in Jones’s leg? Surely you remember *that*, comrades?’ exclaimed Squealer frisking from side to side.

Extract 6. Steinbeck: *Of Mice and Men*

The door opened. Slim came in, followed by Curley and Carlson and Whit. Slim's hands were black with tar and he was scowling. Curley hung close to his elbow.

Curley said, 'Well, I didn't mean nothing, Slim. I just ast you.'

Slim said, 'Well, you been askin' me too often. I'm gettin' God damn sick of it. If you can't look after your own God damn wife, what you expect me to do about it? You lay offa me.'

'I'm jus' tryin' to tell you I didn't mean nothing,' said Curley. 'I jus' thought you might of saw her.'

'Why'n't you tell her to stay the hell home where she belongs?' said Carlson. 'You let her hang around bunk houses and pretty soon you're gonna have som'pin on your hands and you won't be able to do nothing about it.'

Curley whirled on Carlson. 'You keep outta this les' you wanta step outside.'

Carlson laughed. 'You God damn punk,' he said. 'You tried to throw a scare into Slim, an' you couldn't make it stick. Slim throwed a scare into you. You're yella as a frog belly. I don't care if you're the best welter in the country. You come for me, an' I'll kick your God damn head off.'

Candy joined the attack with joy. 'Glove fulla Vaseline,' he said disgustedly. Curley glared at him. His eyes slipped on past and lighted on Lennie; and Lennie was still smiling with delight at the memory of the ranch.

Curley stepped over to Lennie like a terrier. 'What the hell you laughin' at?'

Lennie looked blankly at him. 'Huh?'

Then Curley's rage exploded. 'Come on, ya big bastard. Get up on your feet. No big son-of-a-bitch is gonna laugh at me. I'll show ya who's yella.'

Lennie looked helplessly at George, and then he got up and tried to retreat. Curley was balanced and poised. He slashed at Lennie with his left, and then smashed down his nose with a right. Lennie gave a cry of terror. Blood welled from his nose. 'George,' he cried. 'Make 'um let me alone, George.' He backed until he was against the wall, and Curley followed, slugging him in the face. Lennie's hands remained at his sides; he was too frightened to defend himself.

George was on his feet yelling, 'Get him, Lennie. Don't let him do it.'

Lennie covered his face with his huge paws and bleated with terror. He cried, 'Make 'um stop, George.' Then Curley attacked his stomach and cut off his wind.

Slim jumped up. 'The dirty little rat,' he cried, 'I'll get 'um myself.'

George put out his hand and grabbed Slim. 'Wait a minute,' he shouted. He cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, 'Get 'im, Lennie!'

Lennie took his hands away from his face and looked about for George, and Curley slashed at his eyes. The big face was covered with blood. George yelled again, 'I said get him.'

Curley's fist was swinging when Lennie reached for it. The next minute Curley was flopping like a fish on a line, and his closed fist was lost in Lennie's big hand. George ran down the room. 'Leggo of him, Lennie. Let go.'

But Lennie watched in terror the flopping little man whom he held. Blood ran down Lennie's face, one of his eyes was cut and closed. George slapped him in the face again and again, and still Lennie held on to the closed fist.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for.
In some cases, efforts to contact copyright holders may have been unsuccessful and CCEA
will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgement in future if notified.