



GCSE

4201/01



S15-4201-01

**ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER**

A.M. MONDAY, 18 May 2015

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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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.

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 and Lennie 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 Candy and the way he is affected by the society in which he lives.

Think about:

- what you learn about his past;
- his relationships with others on the ranch;
- his behaviour at different points in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

- (c) Write about **one** or **two** characters in *Of Mice and Men* who show that life on the ranch is harsh. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

They sat by the fire and filled their mouths with beans and chewed mightily. A few beans slipped out of the side of Lennie's mouth. George gestured with his spoon. 'What you gonna say tomorrow when the boss asks you questions?'

Lennie stopped chewing and swallowed. His face was concentrated. 'I ... I ain't gonna ... say a word.'

'Good boy! That's fine, Lennie! Maybe you're gettin' better. When we get the coupla acres I can let you tend the rabbits all right. 'Specially if you remember as good as that.'

Lennie choked with pride. 'I can remember,' he said.

George motioned with his spoon again. 'Look, Lennie. I want you to look around here. You can remember this place, can't you? The ranch is about a quarter mile up that way. Just follow the river?'

'Sure,' said Lennie. 'I can remember this. Di'n't I remember about not gonna say a word?'

'Course you did. Well, look. Lennie – if you jus' happen to get in trouble like you always done before, I want you to come right here an' hide in the brush.'

'Hide in the brush,' said Lennie slowly.

'Hide in the brush till I come for you. Can you remember that?'

'Sure I can, George. Hide in the brush till you come.'

'But you ain't gonna get in no trouble, because if you do, I won't let you tend the rabbits.' He threw his empty bean can off into the brush.

'I won't get in no trouble, George. I ain't gonna say a word.'

'OK. Bring your bindle over here by the fire. It's gonna be nice sleepin' here. Lookin' up, and the leaves. Don't build up no more fire. We'll let her die down.'

They made their beds on the sand, and as the blaze dropped from the fire the sphere of light grew smaller; the curling branches disappeared and only a faint glimmer showed where the tree trunks were. From the darkness Lennie called, 'George – you asleep?'

'No. Whatta you want?'

'Let's have different color rabbits, George.'

'Sure we will,' George said sleepily. 'Red and blue and green rabbits, Lennie. Millions of 'em.'

'Furry ones, George, like I seen in the fair in Sacramento.'

'Sure, furry ones.'

'Cause I can jus' as well go away, George, an' live in a cave.'

'You can jus' as well go to hell,' said George. 'Shut up now.'

The red light dimmed on the coals. Up the hill from the river a coyote yammered, and a dog answered from the other side of the stream. The sycamore leaves whispered in a little night breeze.

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 Nanima 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 Anita and what she shows us about growing up in Britain in the 1960s.

Think about:

- her family background;
- her relationship with Meena;
- her relationship with Sam Lowbridge;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

- (c) What do you learn about Meena's childhood in *Anita and Me*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

Write about:

- some of the events in the novel which show what Meena's childhood is like;
- Meena's relationships with her family;
- Meena's relationships with others;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Later on, I could not tell exactly when, I felt Nanima sidle into bed beside me and pull my head onto her mountainous chest, which she fluffed up for me like a pair of pillows. And then she talked, and the strange thing was, although I am almost sure that she spoke in Punjabi, I understood every word. At first she did not make sense, but her broad vowel sounds and earthy consonants knitted themselves into a cradle which rocked me half asleep, then out of the rhythm came words, one or two I recognised, then phrases, then sentences, then all the stories I had been waiting to hear, the stories I knew Nanima owned and kept to herself, but I had never owned enough Punjabi myself to ever ask her if she would share them with me. And now she was, and I did not even need to open my eyes.

‘My village was very modern, top class roads, electricity, fresh water, BBC on the radio. Our family home was one of the largest – tiles in the courtyard, carvings on the shutters, we only ate what we grew in our fields. Your fields do nothing. You waste them.’ Maybe I told Nanima about the blackberry bushes at the far end of the park at that point. Or maybe not. ‘My childhood was good but short. It was always this way for girls. I was the plump one, the beautiful one. I never went out without covering my head, I knew my beauty would bring the dogs running if I did not.’ Nanima did not like dogs, maybe this explained why. ‘I went to school, my father insisted. I was lucky, to read and write and learn to recite from the Granth Sabib. Never did I think I was less than a man. More than a man sometimes, this I was. To cook and clean and carry and fetch and soothe and smile and climb and fall.’ My Nanima climbing trees, I grinned into the darkness. ‘At sixteen years of age, two brothers were married to two sisters. I was one of those sisters. The other is your Nani Masi. We lived together the four of us. At twenty, we had four children between us.’ I knew about mama’s brother, the one who had died as a baby. I thought I heard tears in Nanima’s voice. Then I thought about Anita who would be sixteen in three years’ time, the same age as Nanima when she got married. I could not imagine Anita ever getting married. Nor myself for that matter. Ever.

‘Then only stones fell from the sky; the fields were given over to English soldiers, the cattle too, the most dignified people had to eat dust when they passed, nothing we owned was ours anymore, not even our names, our breath.’ I knew this feeling, I had felt it too, but did not know why. ‘You know about your Dada, being taken to prison. I lived as a widow until he returned and he returned to nothing. Even the pots and pans we ate from had been sold, or taken. But after a death, what can you do but be born again? We lived. In five years, Dada owned trucks, I had gold earrings.’

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 Miss Maudie 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 Aunt Alexandra and what she shows us about the society in which she lives.

Think about:

- her views about Maycomb and its people;
- her relationship with Atticus and his children;
- her relationships with others;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

- (c) Write about Atticus's relationship with his children 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]

Miss Maudie hated her house: time spent indoors was time wasted. She was a widow, a chameleon lady who worked in her flower-beds in an old straw hat and men's coveralls, but after her five o'clock bath she would appear on the porch and reign over the street in magisterial beauty.

She loved everything that grew in God's earth, even the weeds. With one exception. If she found a blade of nut-grass in her yard it was like the Second Battle of the Marne: she swooped down upon it with a tin tub and subjected it to blasts from beneath with a poisonous substance she said was so powerful it'd kill us all if we didn't stand out of the way.

'Why can't you just pull it up?' I asked, after witnessing a prolonged campaign against a blade not three inches high.

'Pull it up, child, pull it up?' She picked up the limp sprout and squeezed her thumb up its tiny stalk. Microscopic grains oozed out. 'Why, one sprig of nut-grass can ruin a whole yard. Look here. When it comes fall this dries up and the wind blows it all over Maycomb County!' Miss Maudie's face likened such an occurrence unto an Old Testament pestilence.

Her speech was crisp for a Maycomb County inhabitant. She called us by all our names, and when she grinned she revealed two minute gold prongs clipped to her eye-teeth. When I admired them and hoped I would have some eventually, she said, 'Look here.' With a click of her tongue she thrust out her bridgework, a gesture of cordiality that cemented our friendship.

Miss Maudie's benevolence extended to Jem, and Dill, whenever they paused in their pursuits: we reaped the benefits of a talent Miss Maudie had hitherto kept hidden from us. She made the best cakes in the neighbourhood. When she was admitted into our confidence, every time she baked she made a big cake and three little ones, and she would call across the street: 'Jem Finch, Scout Finch, Charles Baker Harris, come here!' Our promptness was always rewarded.

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 thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Choose words and phrases that you find effective in creating these thoughts and feelings, and explain why you find them effective. [10]

Either,

- (b) Write about Momma, Maya's grandmother, and explain what some of her experiences show us about the society in which she lives. [20]

Or,

- (c) Write about **two** or **three** times in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* when Maya learns that white people are more powerful than black people. [20]

I spent the day wandering aimlessly through the bright streets. The noisy penny arcades with their gaggle-giggle of sailors and children and the games of chance were tempting, but after walking through one of them it was obvious that I could only win more chances and no money. I went to the library and used a part of my day reading science fiction, and in its marble washroom I changed my bandage.

On one flat street I passed a junkyard, littered with the carcasses of old cars. The dead hulks were somehow so uninviting that I decided to inspect them. As I wound my way through the discards a temporary solution sprang to my mind. I would find a clean or cleanish car and spend the night in it. With the optimism of ignorance I thought that the morning was bound to bring a more pleasant solution. A tall-bodied gray car near the fence caught my eye. Its seats were untorn, and although it had no wheels or rims it sat evenly on its fenders. The idea of sleeping in the near open bolstered my sense of freedom. I was a loose kite in a gentle wind floating with only my will for an anchor. After deciding upon the car, I got inside and ate the tuna sandwiches and then searched the floorboards for holes. The fear that rats might scurry in and eat off my nose as I slept (some cases had been recently reported in the papers) was more alarming than the shadowed hulks in the junkyard or the quickly descending night. My gray choice, however, seemed rat-tight, and I abandoned my idea of taking another walk and decided to sit steady and wait for sleep.

My car was an island and the junkyard a sea, and I was all alone and full of warm. The mainland was just a decision away. As evening became definite the street lamps flashed on and the lights of moving cars squared my world in a piercing probing. I counted the headlights and said my prayers and fell asleep.

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 are your thoughts and feelings as you read the extract? Choose words and phrases you find effective in creating these thoughts and feelings, and explain why you find them effective. [10]

Either,

- (b) Write about Chanda's mother, Mama, and what she shows us about the community in which she lives.

Think about:

- what you learn about her past;
- her relationship with Chanda;
- her relationships with other people;
- her behaviour at different points in the novel;
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

- (c) At the end of *Chanda's Secrets*, Chanda wants to help her community. Explain what happens in the novel to make Chanda feel this way. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

[20]

I can't move. I can't speak. I can't take my eyes off the creature huddled in the corner. It's Jonah. No. It's what's left of Jonah. He's a skeleton. The flesh has been sucked out from under his skin. The skin's dried so tight to his skull that the bridge of his nose has ripped through. His striped bandanna has slipped from his forehead. It hangs around his neck like a noose. His old navy suit flows over his bones like rivers of cloth. Flies are eating him alive.

Auntie Ruth's boyfriend pokes him with the pitchfork. 'I said out!'

'No!' Jonah shrieks. 'Kill me!' He clutches the shaft of the pitchfork and tries to drive the spikes into his chest. 'Don't leave me here! Kill me!'

Mama comes out of the house. She makes her way to the wagon, supported by her walking stick. At the sight of her, Jonah's so frightened he lets go of the pitchfork. He rises on stick legs and reels his head to our neighbours. 'Two of my babies died in her belly. My baby Sara died from her milk.' Sweat pours down his face. 'I have good blood. Good seed. She laid a curse on me.'

Auntie Ruth's boyfriend unhitches the wagon. It upends. Jonah topples back to the floor.

'Jonah, forgive me,' Auntie Ruth weeps as she scrambles back into the car. Her eyes plead with Mama. 'We have children of our own. It isn't safe.' Her boyfriend revs the engine and the Corvette tears off, leaving the wagon with Jonah sprawled inside.

'Listen to me, Jonah,' Mama says from the end of the wagon. 'We'll get you to a doctor.'

'I don't need no doctor.' He claws his way over the side wall. 'It's you that did this to me.' He falls headfirst to the ground, wobbles back to his feet and squints into the crowd. He sees Mary hiding behind a cluster of neighbours, cap pulled low. 'Mary? Is that you?' He totters towards her.

The crowd gasps. It pulls back. Mary tries to keep behind the Sibandas, but they grab her by the elbows and push her to the front.

'Mary, help me,' Jonah begs.

'I don't know you!'

'Yes, you do. It's me. Jonah.'

'No! You're a dead man! A scarecrow!'

'Please, Mary! You and me—'

'Keep away!' Mary cries in terror.

Jonah reaches out his arms to her.

'I'm warning you!' Mary grabs a fistful of stones. 'Keep away!'

But Jonah doesn't listen. He staggers forward.

Mary flings the stones at his head. 'Keep away! Keep away!'

The stones spray over Jonah's face. A cut opens over his left eye. He stops. Rocks back and forth in shock. His arms fall to his sides. He sinks to the ground, blinking back tears of blood. Then he covers his head with his hands and sobs.

SECTION B

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

In both of these poems, the poets write about old photographs. In the first poem, the poet describes a photograph of his mother when she was younger. In the second poem, the poet describes a photograph of her partner taken before they met. Both poems describe the effects photographs have on the poet's thoughts and feelings.

- 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]

Not Yet My Mother

Yesterday I found a photo
of you at seventeen,
holding a horse and smiling,
not yet my mother.

The tight riding hat hid your hair,
and your legs were still the long shins of a boy's,
you held the horse by the halter,
your hand a fist under its huge jaw.

The blown trees were still in the background
and the sky was grained by the old film stock,
but what caught me was your face,
which was mine.

And I thought, just for a second, that you were me.
But then I saw the woman's jacket,
nipped at the waist, the ballooned jodhpurs*,
and of course the date, scratched in the corner.

All of which told me again,
that this was you at seventeen, holding a horse
and smiling, not yet my mother,
although I was clearly already your child.

Owen Sheers

* *jodhpurs – trousers worn for horse riding.*

Old Photographs

On my desk is a photograph of you
taken by the woman who loved you then.

In some photos her shadow falls
in the foreground. In this one,
her body is not that far from yours.

Did you hold your head that way
because she loved it?

She is not invisible, not
my enemy,
nor even the past,
I think
I love the things she loved.

Of all your old photographs, I wanted
this one for its becoming. I think
you were starting
to turn your head a little,
your eyes looking slightly to the side.

Was this the beginning of leaving?

Gabeba Baderoon

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