

**GCSE**

4201/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE**UNIT 1****HIGHER TIER**

P.M. FRIDAY, 13 January 2012

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

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6.	<i>Poetry</i>	12
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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** the question in 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 George speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Slim. At the end of the novel you think back over what has happened since George and Lennie arrived at the ranch. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Slim would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how Steinbeck presents the theme of friendship in *Of Mice and Men*. [20]

The boss turned to George. 'Then why don't you let him answer? What you trying to put over?'

George broke in loudly, 'Oh! I ain't saying he's bright. He ain't. But I say he's a God damn good worker. He can put up a four-hundred pound bale.'

The boss deliberately put the little book in his pocket. He hooked his thumbs in his belt and squinted one eye nearly closed. 'Say-what you sellin'?'

'Huh?'

'I said what stake you got in this guy? You takin' his pay away from him?'

'No, 'course I ain't. Why ya think I'm sellin' him out?'

'Well, I never seen one guy take so much trouble for another guy. I just like to know what your interest is.'

George said, 'He's my ... cousin. I told his old lady I'd take care of him. He got kicked in the head by a horse when he was a kid. He's awright. Just ain't bright. But he can do anything you tell him.'

The boss turned half away. 'Well, God knows he don't need any brains to buck barley bags. But don't you try to put nothing over, Milton. I got my eye on you. Why'd you quit in Weed?'

'Job was done,' said George promptly.

'What kinda job?'

'We . . . we was diggin' a cesspool.'

'All right. But don't try to put nothing over, 'cause you can't get away with nothing. I seen wise guys before. Go on out with the grain teams after dinner. They're pickin' up barley at the threshing machine. Go out with Slim's team.'

'Slim?'

'Yeah. Big tall skinner. You'll see him at dinner.' He turned abruptly and went to the door, but before he went out he turned and looked for a long moment at the two men.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, George turned on Lennie. 'So you wasn't gonna say a word. You was gonna leave your big flapper shut and leave me do the talkin'. Damn near lost us the job.'

Lennie stared hopelessly at his hands. 'I forgot, George.'

'Yeah, you forgot. You always forget, an' I got to talk you out of it.' He sat down heavily on the bunk. 'Now he's got his eye on us. Now we got to be careful and not make no slips. You keep your big flapper shut after this.' He fell morosely silent.

'George.'

'What you want now?'

'I wasn't kicked in the head with no horse, was I, George?'

'Be a damn good thing if you was,' George said viciously. 'Save ever'body a hell of a lot of trouble.'

'You said I was your cousin, George.'

'Well, that was a lie. An' I'm damn glad it was. If I was a relative of yours I'd shoot myself.'

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 creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about the relationship that you think had the greatest impact on Meena as she grew up and how this relationship is presented in the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) How does Meera Syal present the theme of prejudice in *Anita and Me*? [20]

And then Mr Ormerod was standing at our front door and talking in whispers with papa, both of them throwing me sidelong glances, papa's face set like stone and Mr Ormerod's expression somewhere between wonder and disapproval as he scanned the glittering array of silks draped over the Aunties' magnificent bosoms.

'Please do come in Mr Ormerod,' said mama, wafting over to him holding out an empty plate, unaware of the gravity of the men's chat. 'We cannot allow a guest to leave hungry . . . there is so much food, mountains!' she continued cheerily.

'Not now, Daljit,' said papa softly, staring hard at me.

The chapatti in my mouth suddenly turned to a clump of barbed wire and I could not swallow. I hurried into the kitchen and spat out the end of my meal into the bin, running my tongue over my teeth which felt as if they were covered with a sour, greasy film.

Papa appeared at my elbow. 'Meena, I am going to ask you something and you had better not lie . . .'

I affected an innocent expression, vaguely aware of Mr Ormerod, who had advanced a couple of feet into our front room and was gingerly holding a pakora between his fingers as if it was a small, sharp-toothed rodent.

'A collection tin has gone missing from Mr Ormerod's shop, a tin full of money for charity. Charity, Meena. Do you know anything about it?'

I opened my mouth to allow the story sitting on my lips to fly out and dazzle my papa, but stopped myself when I saw how furious he was. Both his eyebrows had joined together so he had one angry black line slashing his forehead like a scar and his usually light brown eyes were now black and impenetrable, glowing dark like embers. Then the enormity of what I had done hit me and a fear so powerful that I felt a few drops of wee land in my knicker gusset. I did the only possible thing and burst into tears.

'It was Baby!' I wailed. 'She wanted sweets and I didn't have money! I told her not to take it! She put it . . . put it down her jumper! Honest! Ask her!'

I upped the volume of my wails and forced more snot out of my nose, waiting for papa to take me in his arms and tell me how sorry he was to have falsely accused me. Instead there was an endless pause and then, 'Are you lying? Because if you are . . .'

'No papa! I swear! I got the tin! I hid it and was going to take it back tomorrow! Honest!'

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 suggests Aunt Alexandra's character here. [10]

Either,

(b) For which character in *To Kill A Mockingbird* do you have the most sympathy? Show how Harper Lee's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

Or,

(c) How does Harper Lee present childhood in *To Kill A Mockingbird*? [20]

‘Put my bag in the front bedroom, Calpurnia,’ was the first thing Aunt Alexandra said. ‘Jean Louise, stop scratching your head,’ was the second thing she said.

Calpurnia picked up Aunty’s heavy suitcase and opened the door. ‘I’ll take it,’ said Jem, and took it. I heard the suitcase hit the bedroom floor with a thump. The sound had a dull permanence about it.

‘Have you come for a visit, Aunty?’ I asked. Aunt Alexandra’s visits from the Landing were rare, and she travelled in state. She owned a bright green square Buick and a black chauffeur, both kept in an unhealthy state of tidiness, but today they were nowhere to be seen.

‘Didn’t your father tell you?’ she asked.

Jem and I shook our heads.

‘Probably he forgot. He’s not in yet, is he?’

‘Nome, he doesn’t usually get back till late afternoon,’ said Jem.

‘Well, your father and I decided it was time I came to stay with you for a while.’

‘For a while’ in Maycomb meant anything from three days to thirty years. Jem and I exchanged glances.

‘Jem’s growing up now and you are too,’ she said to me. ‘We decided that it would be best for you to have some feminine influence. It won’t be many years, Jean Louise, before you become interested in clothes and boys—’

I could have made several answers to this: Cal’s a girl, it would be many years before I would be interested in boys, I would never be interested in clothes ... but I kept quiet.

‘What about Uncle Jimmy?’ asked Jem. ‘Is he comin’, too?’

‘Oh no, he’s staying at the Landing. He’ll keep the place going.’

The moment I said, ‘Won’t you miss him?’ I realized that this was not a tactful question. Uncle Jimmy present or Uncle Jimmy absent made not much difference, he never said anything. Aunt Alexandra ignored my question.

I could think of nothing else to say to her. In fact I could never think of anything to say to her, and I sat thinking of past painful conversations between us: How are you, Jean Louise? Fine, thank you ma’am, how are you? Very well, thank you; what have you been doing with yourself? Nothin’. Don’t you do anything? Nome. Certainly you have friends? Yessum. Well what do you all do? Nothin’.

It was plain that Aunty thought me dull in the extreme, because I once heard her tell Atticus that I was sluggish.

There was a story behind all this, but I had no desire to extract it from her then: today was Sunday, and Aunt Alexandra was positively irritable on the Lord’s Day. I guess it was her Sunday corset. She was not fat, but solid, and she chose protective garments that drew up her bosom to giddy heights, pinched in her waist, flared out her rear, and managed to suggest that Aunt Alexandra’s was once an hour-glass figure. From any angle, it was formidable.

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 Angelou suggests her feelings here.
[10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of Maya's father, Daddy Bailey, and the way he is presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Or,

(c) A critic commented on how *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* contains 'humour, even in the face of appalling discrimination.' To what extent do you agree with this statement? Give reasons to support your opinions. [20]

In school one day, a girl whom I barely knew and had scarcely spoken to brought me a note.

The intricate fold indicated that it was a love note. I was sure she had the wrong person, but she insisted. Picking the paper loose, I confessed to myself that I was frightened. Suppose it was somebody being funny? Suppose the paper would show a hideous beast and the word YOU written over it. Children did that sometimes just because they claimed I was stuck-up. Fortunately I had got permission to go to the toilet—an outside job—and in the reeking gloom I read:

Dear Friend, M.J.

Times are hard and friends are few
I take great pleasure in writing you
Will you be my Valentine?

Tommy Valdon

I pulled my mind apart. Who? Who was Tommy Valdon? Finally a face dragged itself from my memory. He was the nice-looking brown-skinned boy who lived across the pond. As soon as I had pinned him down, I began to wonder, Why? Why me? Was it a joke? But if Tommy was the boy I remembered he was a very sober person and a good student. Well, then, it wasn't a joke. All right, what evil dirty things did he have in mind? My questions fell over themselves, an army in retreat. Haste, dig for cover. Protect your flanks. Don't let the enemy close the gap between you. What did a Valentine do, anyway?

Starting to throw the paper in the foul-smelling hole, I thought of Louise. I could show it to her. I folded the paper back in the original creases, and went back to class. There was no time during the lunch period since I had to run to the Store and wait on customers. The note was in my sock and every time Momma looked at me, I feared that her church gaze might have turned into X-ray vision and she could not only see the note and read its message but would interpret it as well. I felt myself slipping down a sheer cliff of guilt, and a second time I nearly destroyed the note but there was no opportunity. The take-up bell rang and Bailey raced me to school, so the note was forgotten. But serious business is serious, and it had to be attended to. After classes I waited for Louise. She was talking to a group of girls, laughing. But when I gave her our signal (two waves of the left hand) she said goodbye to them and joined me in the road. I didn't give her the chance to ask what was on my mind (her favorite question); I simply gave her the note. Recognizing the fold she stopped smiling. We were in deep waters. She opened the letter and read it aloud twice. "Well, what do you think?"

I said, "What do I think? That's what I'm asking you? What is there to think?"

"Looks like he wants you to be his valentine."

"Louise, I can read. But what does it mean?"

"Oh, you know. His valentine. His love."

There was that hateful word again. That treacherous word that yawned up at you like a volcano.

"Well, I won't. Most decidedly I won't. Not ever again."

"Have you been his valentine before? What do you mean never again?"

I couldn't lie to my friend and I wasn't about to freshen old ghosts.

"Well, don't answer him then, and that's the end of it." I was a little relieved that she thought it could be gotten rid of so quickly. I tore the note in half and gave her a part. Walking down the hill we minced the paper in a thousand shreds and gave it to the wind.

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) For which character in *Chanda's Secrets* do you have the most sympathy? Show how Allan Stratton's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

Or,

(c) A critic said, "*Chanda's Secrets* is a story about living with truth." Do you agree? Give reasons to support your answer. [20]

There are no fences marking the borders of the posts. I know whose family belongs where by the rocks, the hillocks, the bushes and trees. The younger trees have grown since I was here last; a few are missing. It doesn't matter. It's like when I bike through downtown Bonang and notice a new store, or a streetseller missing from the bazaar; despite the changes, I know exactly where I am and where I'm going.

A few miles in, I come to the three boulders at the east corner of Mama's family post. A lizard suns itself on the largest, mouth open for bugs. I head off the road and into a maze of cattle paths. Geckos skitter from my shadow.

Granny's told me where I'll find Mama: in an abandoned hut out by Auntie Amanthe's burial stone. When Auntie Amanthe died, the Malungas returned her body and her stillborn, I suppose because of 'Mama's curse'. Granny and Grampa buried them at the family compound. The spirit doctor said the evil lived on. He said they should leave the compound and build another, or it would kill their cattle. So they did, moving to where the herd boys stay now.

After a hard walk, I near Mama's hut. I remember it from the times Granny took Mama and me to Auntie Amanthe's stone. Even then, the thatched roof was collapsed and the mud walls were crumbling. Now all that's left is a partial clay curve and the ring of exposed mopane poles. Half these stakes have fallen to the ground; the others are held in place by termite mounds. Weeds fill what used to be the inside rooms.

I pause. 'Mama?'

Everything's still, except for a circle of large black birds hovering overhead. I continue to walk towards the hut, barely daring to breathe. But soon I'm not walking. I'm running as fast as I can. 'Mama? Mama?'

A couple of poles have been propped against the clay curve. They're loosely covered with scrap thatching. On the ground, in the shadows under the thatching, I see a water jug, an untouched plate of food, and a mat. And lying on the mat, I see a small still bundle draped in a stained sheet buzzing with flies. I kneel down under the thatching and crawl beside it. I touch its thin shoulder.

'Amanthe?' comes a voice as quiet as breath. 'Is that you, Amanthe?'

'No, Mama,' I whisper. 'It's Chanda.'

For a moment, nothing. Then the bundle curls in on itself. 'Forgive me, Amanthe.'

'No, Mama. Auntie Amanthe is dead. It's me. Chanda.'

She shudders. 'Chanda?'

'Yes.'

I draw back the sheet. Mama rolls her head towards me. Her eyes are confused and frightened. 'Chanda?'

'It's all right, Mama. I'm here.' I take my handkerchief and soak a little water from the bottom of the jug. I pat her forehead, wet her lips.

Mama's eyes cloud. 'Chanda, I'm lost.'

'It's all right. I've found you.' I hold her hand. 'We're going home.'

SECTION B

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

In both poems people reflect on relationships that have gone wrong.

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]

Rejection

Rejection is orange
Not, as one might think,
Grey and nondescript.
It is the vivid orange of
A council worker's jacket.
A coat of shame that says
'he doesn't want you.'

Rejection tastes like ashes
Acrid, bitter.
It sounds
Like the whisper of voices
Behind my back.
'He didn't want her.
He dumped her.'
It feels
Like the scraping of fingernails
On a blackboard,
Not ache or stab of pain
But like having
a layer of skin missing.
Rejection looks like - me,
I suppose.

Slightly leftover
Like the last, curled sandwich
When all the guests
Have gone.

Jenny Sullivan.

Years Ago

It was what we did not do that I remember,
places with no markers left by us,
All of a summer, meeting every day,
A memorable summer of hot days,
Day after day of them, evening after evening.
Sometimes we would laze

Upon the river-bank, just touching hands
Or stroking one another's arms with grasses.
Swans floated by seeming to assert
Their dignity. But we too had our own
Decorum* in the small-change of first love.

Nothing was elegiac* or nostalgic,
We threw time in the river as we threw
Breadcrumbs to an inquisitive duck, and so
Day entered evening with a sweeping gesture,
Idly we talked of food and where to go.

This is the love that I knew long ago.
Before possession, passion, and betrayal.

Elizabeth Jennings.

**Decorum - suitable behaviour*

**elegiac - mournful or sad*