GCSE

3720U10-1

W24-3720U10-1

WEDNESDAY, 10 JANUARY 2024 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

	Pages
Of Mice and Men	2 – 3
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I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings	8 – 9
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SECTION B

Poetry	12

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use gel pen or correction fluid.

Answer **both** Section A and Section B. Answer on **one** text in Section A **and** answer the question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet..

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer,

for example | **2** | **1** | .

Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

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

The number of marks is given in brackets after each question or part-question.

You are reminded that the accuracy and organisation of your writing will be assessed.

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SECTION A

Of Mice and Men

Answer **1 1** and **either** **1 2** **or** **1 3** .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **1 1** , and about 40 minutes on **1 2** or **1 3** .

1 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Curley's wife 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,

1 2 Candy is a weak man who it is hard to feel sorry for. Do you agree? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

You may wish to think about:

- Candy's life on the ranch
- his thoughts about his future
- his relationships with others on the ranch
- his behaviour at different points in the novel. [20]

Or,

1 3 What do the dreams and ambitions of characters in *Of Mice and Men* show us about life in America in the 1930s? [20]

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Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A girl was standing there looking in. She had full, rouged lips and wide-spaced eyes, heavily made up. Her fingernails were red. Her hair hung in little rolled clusters, like sausages. She wore a cotton house dress and red mules, on the insteps of which were little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. 'I'm lookin' for Curley,' she said. Her voice had a nasal, brittle quality.

George looked away from her and then back. 'He was in here a minute ago, but he went.'

'Oh!' She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the door frame so that her body was thrown forward. 'You're the new fellas that just come, ain't ya?'

'Yeah.'

Lennie's eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she bridled a little. She looked at her fingernails. 'Sometimes Curley's in here,' she explained.

George said brusquely, 'Well he ain't now.'

'If he ain't, I guess I better look some place else,' she said playfully.

Lennie watched her, fascinated. George said, 'If I see him, I'll pass the word you was looking for him.'

She smiled archly and twitched her body. 'Nobody can't blame a person for lookin',' she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She turned her head. 'Hi, Slim,' she said.

Slim's voice came through the door. 'Hi, Good-lookin'.'

'I'm tryin' to find Curley, Slim.'

'Well, you ain't tryin' very hard. I seen him goin' in your house.'

She was suddenly apprehensive. 'Bye, boys,' she called into the bunk house, and she hurried away.

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Turn over.

Anita and Me

Answer **2 1** and **either** **2 2** **or** **2 3**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **2 1**, and about 40 minutes on **2 2** or **2 3**.

2 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

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

Either,

2 2 In *Anita and Me*, what do you think of Meena's father? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

You may wish to think about:

- the relationship between Meena and her father
- the relationships between Meena's father and other characters
- his role in the wider Asian community
- how Meena's father speaks and behaves at different points in the novel. [20]

Or,

2 3 In *Anita and Me*, both Asian and white families have difficulties and problems. Do you agree? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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Then I began wondering if any boy would ever notice me, the way that they always noticed Anita. I turned to my oracle for an answer, *Jackie* magazine I knew would tell me what to do. I feverishly scoured the 'Cathy and Claire' column to see if any of the other readers shared my dilemma. The *Jackie* problem page was a revelation and somehow a relief; I had no idea there was so much suffering out there. But after a few weeks, during which I could not find one letter specific to my particular dilemma, I decided to write in myself. I composed the letter in our bike shed – I did not want Anita to know anything about it – helped myself to an envelope and stamps from papa's supply which he kept in a carrier bag under the record player, posted it off all the way to London, and then waited.

My letter was published some three weeks later. 'Dear Cathy and Claire, I am brown, although I do not wear thick glasses. Will this stop me getting a guy? Yours, Tense Nervous Headache from Tollington.' The reply was not quite as detailed as I would have liked, but reading it in the gloom of the pigsty away from Anita's prying eyes, I felt thrilled that Cathy and Claire had even bothered to write back. 'Dear TNT from Tollington, You would be amazed at what a little lightly-applied foundation can do! Always smile, a guy does not want to waste his time with a miserable face, whatever the shade! P. S. Michael Jackson seems to do alright, and he's got the added problem of uncontrollable hair! Most of all, BE YOURSELF! Love, C&C . . .'

But after the initial excitement of seeing myself in print, albeit anonymously, had worn off, it was replaced by a strange new feeling for which I yet had no name. I knew that all those Desperates from Darlington and Moodys from Manchester would grow out of whatever it was that was impelling them to write, or rather that they would eventually grow into the bodies they presently despised. I had never wanted to be anyone else except myself only older and famous. But now, for some reason, I wanted to shed my body like a snake slithering out of its skin and emerge reborn, pink and unrecognisable. I began avoiding mirrors, I refused to put on the Indian suits my mother laid out for me on the bed when guests were due for dinner, I hid in the house when Auntie Shaila bade loud farewells in Punjabi to my parents from the front garden, I took to walking several paces behind or in front of my parents when we went on a shopping trip, checking my reflection in shop windows, bitterly disappointed it was still there.

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To Kill a Mockingbird

Answer **3 1** and **either** **3 2** **or** **3 3**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **3 1**, and about 40 minutes on **3 2** or **3 3**.

3 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What do you think of the way Mrs Dubose 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,

3 2 What do you think about Jem Finch 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.

You may wish to think about:

- Jem at the beginning of the novel
- Jem's relationships with the other children
- Jem's relationships with some of the adults in the novel
- how he changes during the novel
- Jem at the end of the novel. [20]

Or,

3 3 Write about **one** or **two** characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird* who experience prejudice.
Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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‘Come closer,’ said Mrs Dubose. ‘Come to the side of the bed.’

We moved our chairs forward. This was the nearest I had ever been to her, and the thing I wanted most to do was move my chair back again.

She was horrible. Her face was the colour of a dirty pillowcase, and the corners of her mouth glistened with wet, which inched like a glacier down the deep grooves enclosing her chin. Old-age liver spots dotted her cheeks, and her pale eyes had black pinpoint pupils. Her hands were knobby, and the cuticles were grown up over her fingernails. Her bottom plate was not in, and her upper lip protruded; from time to time she would draw her nether lip to her upper plate and carry her chin with it. This made the wet move faster.

I didn’t look any more than I had to. Jem re-opened *Ivanhoe* and began reading. I tried to keep up with him, but he read too fast. When Jem came to a word he didn’t know, he skipped it, but Mrs Dubose would catch him and make him spell it out. Jem read for perhaps twenty minutes, during which time I looked at the soot-stained mantelpiece, out of the window, anywhere to keep from looking at her. As he read along, I noticed that Mrs Dubose’s corrections grew fewer and farther between, that Jem had even left one sentence dangling in mid-air. She was not listening.

I looked towards the bed.

Something had happened to her. She lay on her back, with the quilts up to her chin. Only her head and shoulders were visible. Her head moved slowly from side to side. From time to time she would open her mouth wide, and I could see her tongue undulate faintly. Cords of saliva would collect on her lips; she would draw them in, then open her mouth again. Her mouth seemed to have a private existence of its own. It worked separate and apart from the rest of her, out and in, like a clam hole at low tide. Occasionally it would say, ‘Pt,’ like some viscous substance coming to a boil.

I pulled Jem’s sleeve.

He looked at me, then at the bed. Her head made its regular sweep towards us, and Jem said, ‘Mrs Dubose, are you alright?’ She did not hear him.

The alarm clock went off and scared us stiff. A minute later, nerves still tingling, Jem and I were on the sidewalk headed for home.

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I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

Answer **4 1** and **either** **4 2** **or** **4 3**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **4 1**, and about 40 minutes on **4 2** or **4 3**.

4 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

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

Either,

4 2 What do you think of Momma, Maya's grandmother? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

You may wish to think about:

- Momma's relationships with Maya and Bailey Junior
- her role in the community of Stamps
- her relationships with some of the other characters
- how she speaks and behaves at different points in the novel. [20]

Or,

4 3 Write about **one** or **two** characters who you think are victims in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*. Give reasons for what you say. In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context. [20]

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Daddy Bailey had a girl friend, who had begun corresponding with me some months before, and she was to meet me at the train. We had agreed to wear white carnations to identify each other, and the porter kept my flower in the diner's Frigidaire until we reached the small hot town.

On the platform my eyes skimmed over the whites and searched among the Negroes who were walking up and down expectantly. There were no men as tall as Daddy, and no really glamorous ladies (I had decided that given his first choice, all his succeeding women would be startlingly beautiful). I saw a little girl who wore a white flower, but dismissed her as improbable. The platform emptied as we walked by each other time after time. Finally she stopped me with a disbelieving "Marguerite?" Her voice screeched with shock and maturity. So, after all, she wasn't a little girl. I too, was visited with unbelief.

She said, "I'm Dolores Stockland."

Stunned but trying to be well mannered, I said "Hello. My name is Marguerite."

Daddy's girl friend? I guessed her to be in her early twenties. Her crisp seersucker suit, spectator pumps and gloves informed me that she was proper and serious. She was of average height but with the unformed body of a girl and I thought that if she was planning to marry our father she must have been horrified to find herself with a nearly six-foot prospective stepdaughter who was not even pretty. (I found later that Daddy Bailey had told her that his children were eight and nine years old and cute as buttons. She had such a need to believe in him that even though we corresponded at a time when I loved the multisyllabic words and convoluted sentences she had been able to ignore the obvious.)

I was another link in a long chain of disappointments. Daddy had promised to marry her but kept delaying until he finally married a woman named Alberta, who was another small tight woman from the South. When I met Dolores she had all the poses of the Black bourgeoisie without the material basis to support the postures. Instead of owning a manor house and servants, Daddy lived in a trailer park on the outskirts of a town that was itself the outskirts of town. Dolores lived there with him and kept the house clean with the orderliness of a coffin. Artificial flowers reposed waxily in glass vases. She was on close terms with her washing machine and ironing board. Her hairdresser could count on absolute fidelity and punctuality. In a word, but for intrusions her life would have been perfect. And then I came along.

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Chanda's Secrets

Answer **5 1** and **either** **5 2** **or** **5 3** .

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on **5 1** , and about 40 minutes on **5 2** or **5 3** .

5 1 Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

What are your thoughts and feelings as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

5 2 Write about **one** or **two** characters in *Chanda's Secrets* who you feel sorry for. Give reasons for what you say. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Or,

5 3 There are times in *Chanda's Secrets* when characters feel ashamed. Write about **one** or **two** times when you think this is true and give reasons for what you say. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

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She looks up. Under the lamplight, Mrs Gulubane's face contorts into the face of an old man. Her voice changes, too. It's low and guttural. She swallows air and belches words. 'An evil wind is blowing from the north. There is a village. I see the letter "T".'

A pause. 'Tiro,' Mama says. Her voice is tired, resigned.

'Yes, Tiro. It is Tiro. Someone in Tiro wishes you harm.'

'Only one?' asks Mama. I look over. Is there mockery in her voice?

Mrs Gulubane glares. 'No. More than one,' she says. 'But one above all others.' She moves the bones around, cocks her head, and makes a deep whupping sound. 'I see a crow. It hops on one claw.'

Mrs Tafa's breath seizes. 'Lilian's sister has a clubfoot,' she whispers from the corner.

Mrs Gulubane claps her hands in triumph. 'The bones are never wrong. This sister of yours,' she says to Mama, 'she has visited your home?'

'She came for the burial of my child,' Mama replies. 'And when I buried my late husband.'

'Death. She has come for death,' Mrs Gulubane growls. 'And to steal for her spells.'

'Lizbet?' Mrs Tafa gasps.

Mrs Gulubane nods darkly. 'When she has left, what things have been missing?'

'Nothing,' Mama says.

'Nothing you remember. But maybe an old kerchief? An old hankie?'

'I don't know.'

'The evil one is clever!' Mrs Gulubane exclaims. 'Each time she has come, she has taken a hankie, a kerchief, something so old it hasn't been missed. And she has snipped a braid of your hair – oh yes, each time a single braid – while you lay sleeping. With these she has bewitched you. She has put a spell on your womb. Even as we speak, the demon is coiled in your belly.'

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SECTION B

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

Both poets' families came from different countries in the past.

6 1 **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]

Hijab Scene 7

No, I'm not bald under the scarf
No, I'm not from that country
where women can't drive cars
No, I would not like to defect
I'm already American
But thank you for offering
What else do you need to know
relevant to my buying insurance,
opening a bank account,
reserving a seat on a flight?
Yes, I speak English
Yes, I carry explosives
They're called words
And if you don't get up
Off your assumptions
They're going to blow you away

by Mohja Kahf

How To Cut A Pomegranate* (2006)

'Never,' said my father,
'Never cut a pomegranate
through the heart. It will weep blood.
Treat it delicately, with respect.

Just slit the upper skin across four quarters.
This is a magic fruit,
so when you split it open, be prepared
for the jewels of the world to tumble out,
more precious than garnets,
more lustrous than rubies,
lit as if from inside.
Each jewel contains a living seed.
Separate one crystal.
Hold it up to catch the light.
Inside is a whole universe.
No common jewel can give you this.'

Afterwards, I tried to make necklaces
of pomegranate seeds.
The juice spurted out, bright crimson,
and stained my fingers, then my mouth.

I didn't mind. The juice tasted of gardens
I had never seen, voluptuous
with myrtle, lemon, jasmine,
and alive with parrots' wings.

The pomegranate reminded me
that somewhere I had another home.

by Imtiaz Dharker

* Pomegranate: fruits that have juicy, sweet, red seeds that you can eat.

END OF PAPER

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