



GCSE

3720U10-1



S23-3720U10-1

WEDNESDAY, 17 MAY 2023 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1
FOUNDATION TIER

2 hours

SECTION A

	Pages
<i>Of Mice and Men</i>	2–3
<i>Anita and Me</i>	4–5
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	6–7
<i>I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings</i>	8–9
<i>Chanda's Secrets</i>	10–11

SECTION B

<i>Poetry</i>	12
---------------	----

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.

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 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,

1	2
---	---

 Write about **one** or **two** characters you feel sympathy for in *Of Mice and Men*. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

Think about:

- what you learn about the background of your chosen character(s)
- some of the events which happen to your chosen character(s) in the novel
- why you feel sympathy for your chosen character(s).

[20]

Or,

1	3
---	---

 'The ranch in *Of Mice and Men* shows that the lives of migrant workers in 1930s America were brutal and hard.' Do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to characters and events in the novel.

[20]

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.

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 and her grandmother, Nanima, 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,

2	2
---	---

 What does Meena's relationship with Anita tell us about Britain in the 1960s?

Think about:

- Meena's relationship with Anita at the beginning of the novel
- what you learn about their backgrounds and families
- some of the characters and events which affect their relationship
- their relationship at the end of the novel.

[20]

Or,

2	3
---	---

 'In *Anita and Me*, Meera Syal shows us that the immigrant families and the white families of Tollington both have their faults.' Do you agree with this statement? Remember to support your answer with reference to characters and events in the novel. [20]

Nanima was not her usual ironic self; she sat huddled into the folds of her shawl on the end of my bed regarding me with moist mournful eyes. I knew there was something drastically wrong when she refused the sweetmeats and Milk Tray being waved enticingly under her nose. 'What's up, Nanima?' I joked. 'You've always beaten me to the caramel whirl ...' Nanima wiped her eyes with the end of her shawl and mama and papa swapped a You Tell Her Darling look over my head.

'What?' I said, patting the bedclothes to attract Sunil to me who was toddling now around the metal frame legs, singing some weird off-key song to himself.

'Meena,' papa began. 'Your Nanima has decided to go back to India.'

I blinked rapidly for a few seconds and from the corner of my eye I thought I saw Robert look up sharply and heave himself to his knees. 'When?' I asked casually, a chasm cracking open somewhere.

'Tomorrow,' papa said gently. 'She wanted to stay longer but now we're ...' He was going to say, Now We're Not Going To India but as that was all my fault, he changed it to '... now she's feeling homesick, and the cold weather is coming ...'

'Well, keep her inside!' I screamed in my head. 'Buy her a fur coat! Leave the heating on all night! Strap a sodding hot water bottle to her bosom and force feed her rum!' But I chose to nod understandingly and flash Nanima a bright, reassuring smile. I was a grown-up now, I had seen my parents swallow down anger and grief a million times, for our sakes, for the sake of others watching, for the sake of their own sanity. It was not so hard to do, this sacrificial lark, it came with the territory. 'Anyway,' I chirped, patting Nanima's gnarled hands which I would mourn forever, I knew it, 'we'll be coming to India soon, eh? And next time, you can teach me how to sing this in Punjabi!' and I launched into an overloud and unnecessarily bouncy rendition of 'Happy Birthday, Sunil' which made him stare at me with a frightened owl-like face.

I wanted many more years with Nanima, more than that I passionately wanted back all the years I had already missed with her, all the other birthdays and accidents and door slammings and apologies that so many other children had at their disposal and treated as disposable. But I did not crack, even when she said goodbye and leaned over me, smoothing my hair back into the horrible centre parting she thought suited me, whispering her familiar prayer, '*Wahe Guru Satnam ...*' And then, even more quietly, 'Meena ... jewel ... precious ... light ... bless you ...' and she was gone, shuffling after mama who held the swing doors open for her and touched her lightly, motherly, as she passed through.

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 thoughts and feelings do you have 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,

3	2
---	---

 Some people think that Calpurnia is just as important to the children as Atticus in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. What do you think? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context in your answer.

You may wish to write about:

- Calpurnia's role in the Finch household
- her relationships with Jem and Scout
- some of the events in the novel which show how Calpurnia influences the children
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

3	3
---	---

 In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Atticus tells his children, 'You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view.' Write about **one** or **two** characters who the children learn to understand better in the novel. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

[20]

The feeling grew until the atmosphere in the court-room was exactly the same as a cold February morning, when the mockingbirds were still, and the carpenters had stopped hammering on Miss Maudie's new house, and every wood door in the neighbourhood was shut as tight as the doors of the Radley Place. A deserted, waiting, empty street, and the court-room was packed with people. A steaming summer night was no different from a winter morning. Mr Heck Tate, who had entered the court-room and was talking to Atticus, might have been wearing his high boots and lumber jacket. Atticus had stopped his tranquil journey and had put his foot on to the bottom rung of a chair; as he listened to what Mr Tate was saying, he ran his hand slowly up and down his thigh. I expected Mr Tate to say any minute, 'Take him Mr Finch ...'

But Mr Tate said, 'This court will come to order,' in a voice that rang with authority, and the heads below us jerked up. Mr Tate left the room and returned with Tom Robinson. He steered Tom to his place beside Atticus, and stood there. Judge Taylor had roused himself to sudden alertness and was sitting up straight, looking at the empty jury box.

What happened after that had a dreamlike quality: in a dream I saw the jury return, moving like underwater swimmers, and Judge Taylor's voice came from far away, and was tiny. I saw something only a lawyer's child could be expected to see, could be expected to watch for, and it was like watching Atticus walk into the street, raise a rifle to his shoulder and pull the trigger, but watching all the time knowing that the gun was empty.

A jury never looks at a defendant it has convicted, and when this jury came in, not one of them looked at Tom Robinson. The foreman handed a piece of paper to Mr Tate who handed it to the clerk who handed it to the judge ...

I shut my eyes. Judge Taylor was polling the jury: 'Guilty ... guilty ... guilty ... guilty ...' I peeked at Jem: his hands were white from gripping the balcony rail, and his shoulders jerked as if each 'guilty' was a separate stab between them.

Judge Taylor was saying something. His gavel was in his fist, but he wasn't using it. Dimly, I saw Atticus pushing papers from the table into his brief-case. He snapped it shut, went to the court reporter and said something, nodded to Mr Gilmer, and then went to Tom Robinson and whispered something to him. Atticus put his hand on Tom's shoulder as he whispered. Atticus took his coat off the back of his chair and pulled it over his shoulder. Then he left the court-room, but not by his usual exit. He must have wanted to go home the short way, because he walked quickly down the middle aisle towards the south exit. I followed the top of his head as he made his way to the door. He did not look up.

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 Maya's father here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

Either,

4	2
---	---

 Write about the character of Bailey Junior, Maya's brother. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

Think about:

- Bailey as a child in Stamps
- Bailey's relationship with his sister, Maya
- Bailey's relationships with his family
- anything else you think important.

[20]

Or,

4	3
---	---

 In *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou wrote, 'It was awful to be Negro and have no control of my life.' Write about **one** or **two** characters who you think show that black people had little control over their lives in America in the 1930s. [20]

“Dad, there’s been an accident.” He recognized me by degrees and became my pre-Mexican-fiesta father.

“An accident, huh? Er, who was at fault? You, Marguerite? Error was it you?”

It would have been futile to tell him of my mastering his car and driving it nearly fifty miles. I didn’t expect or even need, now, his approbation.

“Yes, Dad, I ran into a car.”

He still hadn’t sat up completely, so he couldn’t know where we were. But from the floor where he rested, as if that was the logical place to be, he said, “In the glove compartment. The insurance papers. Get them and er give them to the police, and then come back.”

The guard stuck his head in the other door before I could form a scathing but polite response. He asked Dad to get out of the car. Never at a loss, my father reached in the glove compartment, and took out the folded papers and the half bottle of liquor he had left there earlier. He gave the guard one of his pinch-backed laughs, and descended, by joints, from the car. Once on the ground he towered over the angry people. He took a quick reading of his location and the situation, and then put his arm around the other driver’s shoulder. He kindly, not in the least condescendingly, bent to speak to the guard, and the three men walked into the hut. Within easy minutes, laughter burst from the shack and the crisis was over, but so was the enjoyment.

Dad shook hands with all the men, patted the children and smiled winsomely at the women. Then, and without looking at the damaged cars, he eased himself behind the steering wheel. He called me to get in, and as if he had not been helplessly drunk a half hour earlier, he drove unerringly toward home. He said he didn’t know I could drive, and how did I like his car?

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
---	---

 In *Chanda's Secrets*, for which character do you have the most sympathy? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.

Think about:

- what you learn about your chosen character's background and family
- what happens to your chosen character in the novel
- why you have sympathy for your chosen character.

[20]

Or,

5	3
---	---

 Some characters in *Chanda's Secrets* are treated very unfairly by the people around them. Write about **one** or **two** characters who you think are treated unfairly in the novel. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context. [20]

Mama's gone. But she isn't dead. That's what I keep telling myself as Mr Kamwendo walks me to my Granny and Grampa Thela's.

'I took your messages over,' he says, pointing out the potholes with his torch. 'I asked for your mama like you told me, but your Auntie Lizbet said she'd already left. Said she caught a ride from some friend at the post. Your granny dropped by the store later. Phoned a message to your neighbour lady. You didn't get it?'

'No,' I say.

'And your mama never showed up?'

I shake my head.

'Strange.' He frowns. 'Oh, well, I'm sure there's an explanation.'

'I'm sure there is too,' I say, and curse Mrs Tafa in my heart. 'When Mama was here ... did you see her much?'

'Can't say as I did. Not surprising, with all the people she had to visit. Saw her when she arrived, though.'

'How was she?'

'Travel sick. It's a long trip. Why?'

'Just wondering.'

Tiro's laid out in a broad grid, lots of space between clusters of huts. We cross a dozen streets. A few more and we're at the village edge. Behind us, the firepits are dying out. Their coals burn like orange eyes in the night.

The general dealer pauses. 'Your granny and grampa's compound is over there,' he says, pointing his torch into the darkness. 'It's faster if we cut through this field.'

I can't see a thing. The torch's batteries are running low.

I hesitate. 'Are you sure?'

'Yeah, yeah. It's pretty much cleared. Just a few weeds.'

I take a deep breath and follow him into the pitch black. The torch flickers like a firefly. We walk in silence.

'I'm s'prised no one showed up to meet you,' he says at last.

'I didn't tell them I was coming.'

'Oh.' A pause. 'So no one's expecting you?'

'No.'

More silence. I wish I knew what he was thinking. My throat's a little dry. 'Are we nearly there?' I ask.

'Oh, yeah.'

The field is bigger than I imagined when we started walking. I look over my shoulder. The road's disappeared. So has the village. All I can see are the pale tufts of grass lit by the wavering torch.

'How much further?'

'Just a bit.'

The hairs on the back of my neck begin to prickle. I'm tempted to turn and run, but I'm scared. Who knows what's out there. Or what's ahead. 'Maybe we should go back to the street.'

SECTION B

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

Both poets describe the sea.

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]

Seashell

Shell at my ear –
come share how I hear
busy old sea in whispers.

Moans rise from ancient depths
in ocean sighs
like crowds of ghost monsters.

Waves lash and fall –
in roars and squalls
With all a mystery ahhh!

by James Berry

The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

by James Reeves

END OF PAPER