



GCSE
ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIT 1

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
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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **both** Section A **and** Section B.

Answer **one** question in Section A **and** the question in Section B.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

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

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 (c).

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page, and then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Crooks speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character?
[10 marks]

Either,

(b) How does John Steinbeck use the character of Curley's wife to highlight some aspects of American society in the 1930s?
[20 marks]

Or,

(c) Explain how Steinbeck uses animals to present some of the themes of *Of Mice and Men*.
Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, historical and cultural context.
[20 marks]

Crooks laughed. "A guy can talk to you an' be sure you won't go blabbin'. Couple of weeks an' them pups'll be all right. George knows what he's about. Jus' talks, an' you don't understand nothing." He leaned forward excitedly. "This is just a nigger talkin', an' a busted-back nigger. So it don't mean nothing, see? You couldn't remember it anyways. I seen it over an' over—a guy talkin' to another guy and it don't make no difference if he don't hear or understand. The thing is, they're talkin', or they're settin' still not talkin'. It don't make no difference, no difference." His excitement had increased until he pounded his knee with this hand. "George can tell you screwy things, and it don't matter. It's just the talking. It's just bein' with another guy. That's all." He paused.

His voice grew soft and persuasive. "S'pose George don't come back no more. S'pose he took a powder and just ain't coming back. What'll you do then?"

Lennie's attention came gradually to what had been said. "What?" he demanded.

"I said s'pose George went into town tonight and you never heard of him no more." Crooks pressed forward some kind of private victory. "Just s'pose that," he repeated.

"He won't do it," Lennie cried. "George wouldn't do nothing like that. I been with George a long a time. He'll come back tonight—" But the doubt was too much for him. "Don't you think he will?"

Crooks' face lighted with pleasure in his torture. "Nobody can't tell what a guy'll do," he observed calmly. "Le's say he wants to come back and can't. S'pose he gets killed or hurt so he can't come back."

Lennie struggled to understand. "George won't do nothing like that," he repeated. "George is careful. He won't get hurt. He ain't never been hurt, 'cause he's careful."

"Well, s'pose, jus' s'pose he don't come back. What'll you do then?"

Lennie's face wrinkled with apprehension. "I don' know. Say, what you doin' anyways?" he cried. "This ain't true. George ain't got hurt."

Crooks bored in on him. "Want me ta tell ya what'll happen? They'll take ya to the booby hatch. They'll tie ya up with a collar, like a dog."

Suddenly Lennie's eyes centered and grew quiet, and mad. He stood up and walked dangerously toward Crooks. "Who hurt George?" he demanded.

Crooks saw the danger as it approached him. He edged back on his bunk to get out of the way. "I was just supposin'," he said. "George ain't hurt. He's all right. He'll be back all right."

Lennie stood over him. "What you supposin' for? Ain't nobody goin' to suppose no hurt to George."

Crooks removed his glasses and wiped his eyes with his fingers. "Jus' set down," he said. "George ain't hurt."

Lennie growled back to his seat on the nail keg. "Ain't nobody goin' to talk no hurt to George," he grumbled.

Crooks said gently, "Maybe you can see now. You got George. You *know* he's goin' to come back. S'pose you didn't have nobody. S'pose you couldn't go into the bunk house and play rummy 'cause you was black. How'd you like that? S'pose you had to sit out here an' read books. Sure you could play horseshoes till it got dark, but then you got to read books. Books ain't no good. A guy needs somebody—to be near him." He whined, "A guy goes nuts if he ain't got nobody. Don't make no difference who the guy is, long's he's with you. I tell ya," he cried, "I tell ya a guy gets too lonely an' he gets sick."

SECTION B

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

- 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.

All Is Well

Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped into the next room
I am I and you are you
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Call me by my old familiar name,
Speak to me in the easy way which you always used
Put no difference in your tone,
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was,
Let it be spoken without effect, without the trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was, there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near,
Just around the corner.
All is well.

Henry Scott Holland

04/01/07

The telephone shatters the night's dark glass.
I'm suddenly awake in the new year air
And in the moment it takes a life to pass
From waking to sleeping I feel you there.

My brother's voice that sounds like mine
Gives me the news I already knew.
Outside a milk float clinks and shines
And a lit plane drones in the night's dark blue,

And I feel the tears slap my torn face;
The light clicks on. I rub my eyes.
I'm trapped inside that empty space
You float in when your mother dies.

Feeling that the story ends just here,
The stream dried up, the smashed glass clear.

Ian McMillan