



Rewarding Learning

**General Certificate of Secondary Education
2011**

English Literature

Unit 1: The Study of Prose

Higher Tier

[GET12]

TUESDAY 24 MAY, MORNING

RESOURCE BOOKLET

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use the extracts in this Resource Booklet to answer the questions in the examination paper for Unit 1.

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Extract 1. Achebe: *Things Fall Apart*

She broke off because at that very moment a loud and high-pitched voice broke the outer silence of the night. It was Chielo, the priestess of Agbala, prophesying. There was nothing new in that. Once in a while Chielo was possessed by the spirit of her god and she began to prophesy. But tonight she was addressing her prophecy and greetings to Okonkwo, and so everyone in his family listened. The folk stories stopped.

'Agbala do-o-o-o! Agbala ekeneo-o-o-o-o,' came the voice like a sharp knife cutting through the night. 'Okonkwo! Agbala ekene gio-o-o-o! Agbala cholu ifu ada ya Ezinmao-o-o-o!'

At the mention of Ezinma's name Ekwefi jerked her head sharply like a animal that had sniffed death in the air. Her heart jumped painfully within her.

The priestess had now reached Okonkwo's compound and was talking with him outside his hut. She was saying again and again that Agbala wanted to see his daughter, Ezinma. Okonkwo pleaded with her to come back in the morning because Ezinma was now asleep. But Chielo ignored what he was trying to say and went on shouting that Agbala wanted to see his daughter. Her voice was as clear as metal, and Okonkwo's women and children heard from their huts all that she said. Okonkwo was still pleading that the girl had been ill of late and was asleep. Ekwefi quickly took her to their bedroom and placed her on their high bamboo bed. The priestess suddenly screamed. 'Beware, Okonkwo!' she warned. 'Beware of exchanging words with Agbala. Does a man speak when a god speaks? Beware!'

She walked through Okonkwo's hut into the circular compound and went straight towards Ekwefi's hut. Okonkwo came after her.

'Ekwefi,' she called, 'Agbala greets you. Where is my daughter, Ezinma? Agbala wants to see her.'

Ekwefi came out from her hut carrying her oil lamp in her left hand. There was a light wind blowing, so she cupped her right hand to shelter the flame. Nwoye's mother, also carrying an oil lamp, emerged from her hut. Her children stood in the darkness outside their hut watching the strange event. Okonkwo's youngest wife also came out and joined the others.

'Where does Agbala want to see her?' Ekwefi asked.

'Where else but in his house in the hills and the caves!' replied the priestess.

'I will come with you, too,' Ekwefi said firmly.

'*Tufia-a!*' the priestess cursed, her voice cracking like the angry bark of thunder in the dry season. 'How dare you, woman, to go before the mighty Agbala of your own accord? Beware, woman, lest he strike you in his anger. Bring me my daughter.'

Ekwefi went into her hut and came out again with Ezinma.

'Come, my daughter,' said the priestess. 'I shall carry you on my back. A baby on its mother's back does not know that the way is long.'

Ezinma began to cry. She was used to Chielo calling her 'my daughter'. But it was a different Chielo she now saw in the yellow half-light.

'Don't cry, my daughter,' said the priestess, 'lest Agbala be angry with you.'

'Don't cry,' said Ekwefi, 'she will bring you back very soon. I shall give you some fish to eat.'

She went into the hut again and brought down the smoke-black basket in which she kept her dried fish and other ingredients for cooking soup. She broke a piece in two and gave it to Ezinma, who clung to her.

'Don't be afraid,' said Ekwefi, stroking her head, which was shaved in places, leaving a regular pattern of hair. They went outside again. The priestess bent down on one knee and Ezinma climbed on her back, her left palm closed on her fish and her eyes gleaming with tears.

'Agbala do-o-o-o! Agbala ekeneo-o-o-o-o! ...' Chielo began once again to chant greetings to her god. She turned round sharply and walked through Okonkwo's hut, bending very low at the eaves. Ezinma was crying loudly now, calling on her mother. The two voices disappeared into the thick darkness.

A strange and sudden weakness descended on Ekwefi as she stood gazing in the direction of the voices like a hen whose only chick has been carried away by a kite. Ezinma's voice soon faded away and only Chielo was heard moving farther and farther into the distance.

'Why do you stand there as though she had been kidnapped?' asked Okonkwo as he went back to his hut.

'She will bring her back soon,' Nwoye's mother said.

But Ekwefi did not hear these consolations. She stood for a while, and then, all of a sudden, made up her mind. She hurried through Okonkwo's hut and went outside.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'I am following Chielo,' she replied and disappeared in the darkness. Okonkwo cleared his throat, and brought out his snuff-bottle from the goatskin bag by his side.

Excerpt from THINGS FALL APART by Chinua Achebe. Copyright © 1958, Chinua Achebe, used by permission of The Wylie Agency (UK) Limited.

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In the Faber and Faber edition ISBN 0-571-19147-9 it can be found on
pages 15-18 (half way through Chapter 1). The passage begins "Within
the diamond haze of the beach something dark was fumbling along"
and ends "He hesitated. The dark boy, Roger, stirred at last and spoke
up."

Extract 3. Greene: *The Power and the Glory*

The mule suddenly sat down under the priest. It was not an unnatural thing to do, for they had been travelling through the forest for nearly twelve hours. They had been going west, but news of soldiers met them there and they had turned east; the Red Shirts were active in that direction, so they had tacked north, wading through the swamps, diving into the mahogany darkness. Now they were both tired out and the mule simply sat down. The priest scrambled off and began to laugh. He was feeling happy. It is one of the strange discoveries a man can make that life, however you lead it, contains moments of exhilaration; there are always comparisons which can be made with worse times: even in danger and misery the pendulum swings.

He came cautiously out of the belt of trees into a marshy clearing. The whole state was like that, river and swamp and forest. He knelt down in the late sunlight and bathed his face in a brown pool which reflected back at him like a piece of glazed pottery the round, stubbly and hollow features. They were so unexpected that he grinned at them – with the shy evasive untrustworthy smile of a man caught out. In the old days he often practised a gesture a long while in front of a glass so that he had come to know his own face as well as an actor does. It was a form of humility – his own natural face hadn't seemed the right one. It was a buffoon's face, good enough for mild jokes to women, but unsuitable at the altar-rail. He had tried to change it – and indeed, he thought, indeed I have succeeded, they'll never recognize me now, and the cause of his happiness came back to him like the taste of brandy, promising temporary relief from fear, loneliness, a lot of things. He was being driven by the presence of soldiers to the very place where he most wanted to be. He had avoided it for six years, but now it wasn't his fault – it was his duty to go there – it couldn't count as sin. He went back to his mule and kicked it gently, 'Up, mule, up,' a small gaunt man in torn peasant's clothes going for the first time in many years, like any ordinary man, to his home.

In any case, even if he could have gone south and avoided the village, it was only one more surrender. The years behind him were littered with similar surrenders – feast days and fast days and days of abstinence had been the first to go: then he had ceased to trouble more than occasionally about his breviary – and finally he had left it behind altogether at the port in one of his periodic attempts at escape. Then the altar stone went – too dangerous to carry with him. He had no business to say Mass without it; he was probably liable to suspension, but penalties of the ecclesiastical kind began to seem unreal in a state where the only penalty was the civil one of death. The routine of his life like a dam was cracked and forgetfulness came dribbling through, wiping out this and that. Five years ago he had given way to despair – the unforgivable sin – and he was going back now to the scene of his despair with a curious lightening of the heart. For he had got over despair too. He was a bad priest, he knew it. They had a word for his kind – a whisky priest, but every failure dropped out of sight and mind: somewhere they accumulated in secret – the rubble of his failures. One day they would choke up, he supposed, altogether the source of grace. Until then he carried on, with spells of fear, weariness, with a shamefaced lightness of heart.

Reprinted by permission of International Creative Management, Inc. Copyright © 2011, The Power and the Glory by Graham Greene

Extract 4. Lee: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Judge Taylor told the reporter to expunge anything he happened to have written down after 'Mr Finch if you were a nigger like me you'd be scared too!' and told the jury to disregard the interruption. He looked suspiciously down the middle aisle and waited, I suppose, for Mr Link Deas to effect total departure. Then he said, 'Go ahead, Mr Gilmer.'

'You were given thirty days once for disorderly conduct, Robinson?' asked Mr Gilmer.

'Yes suh.'

'What'd the nigger look like when you got through with him?'

'He beat me, Mr Gilmer.'

'Yes, but you were convicted, weren't you?'

Atticus raised his head. 'It was a misdemeanour, and it's in the record, Judge.' I thought he sounded tired.

'Witness'll answer, though,' said Judge Taylor, just as wearily.

'Yes suh, I got thirty days.'

I knew that Mr Gilmer would sincerely tell the jury that anyone who was convicted of disorderly conduct could easily have had it in his heart to take advantage of Mayella Ewell, that was the only reason he cared. Reasons like that helped.

'Robinson, you're pretty good at busting up chiffarobes and kindling with one hand, aren't you?'

'Yes suh, I reckon so.'

'Strong enough to choke the breath out of a woman and sling her to the floor?'

'I never done that, suh.'

'But you are strong enough to?'

'I reckon so, suh.'

'Had your eye on her a long time, hadn't you, boy?'

'No suh, I never looked at her.'

'Then you were mighty polite to do all that chopping and hauling for her, weren't you boy?'

'I was just tryin' to help her out, suh.'

'That was mighty generous of you, you had chores at home after your regular work, didn't you?'

'Yes suh.'

'Why didn't you do them instead of Miss Ewell's?'

'I done 'em both, suh.'

'You must have been pretty busy. Why?'

'Why what, suh?'

'Why were you so anxious to do that woman's chores?'

Tom Robinson hesitated, searching for an answer. 'Looked like she didn't have nobody to help her, like I says –'

'With Mr Ewell and seven children on the place, boy?'

'Well, I says it looked like they never help her none –'

'You did all this chopping and work from sheer goodness, boy?'

'Tried to help her, I says.'

Mr Gilmer smiled grimly at the jury. 'You're a mighty good fellow, it seems – did all this for not one penny?'

'Yes suh. I felt right sorry for her, she seemed to try more'n the rest of 'em –'

'You felt sorry for *her*, you felt *sorry* for her?' Mr Gilmer seemed ready to rise to the ceiling.

The witness realized his mistake and shifted uncomfortably in the chair. But the damage was done. Below us, nobody liked Tom Robinson's answer. Mr Gilmer paused a long time to let it sink in.

'Now you went by the house as usual, last November twenty-first,' he said, 'and she asked you to come in and bust up a chiffarobe?'

'No suh.'

'Do you deny that you went by the house?'

'No suh, she said she had somethin' for me to do inside the house –'

'She says she asked you to bust up a chiffarobe, is that right?'

'No suh, it ain't.'

'Then you say she's lying, boy?'

Atticus was on his feet, but Tom Robinson didn't need him. 'I don't say she's lyin', Mr Gilmer, I say she's mistaken in her mind.'

To the next ten questions, as Mr Gilmer reviewed Mayella's version of events, the witness's steady answer was that she was mistaken in her mind.

'Didn't Mr Ewell run you off the place, boy?'

'No suh, I don't think he did.'

'Don't think, what do you mean?'

'I mean I didn't stay long enough for him to run me off.'

'You're very candid about this, why did you run so fast?'

'I says I was scared, suh.'

'If you had a clear conscience, why were you scared?'

'Like I says before, it weren't safe for any nigger to be in a – fix like that.'

'But you weren't in a fix – you testified that you were resisting Miss Ewell. Were you so scared that she'd hurt you, you ran, a big buck like you?'

'No suh, I's scared I'd be in court, just like I am now.'

'Scared of arrest, scared you'd have to face up to what you did?'

'No suh, scared I'd hafta face up to what I didn't do.'

'Are you being impudent to me, boy?'

'No suh, I didn't go to be.'

© *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee, Copyright © Harper Lee

Extract 5. Orwell: *Animal Farm*

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men's head and muted upon them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks. Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned round and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun, and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant Snowball flung his fifteen stone against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof on to a cowman's shoulders and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing with his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn him over. The boy did not stir.

'He is dead,' said Boxer sorrowfully. 'I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?'

'No sentimentality, comrade!' cried Snowball, from whose wounds the blood was still dripping.

'War is war. The only good human being is a dead one.'

'I have no wish to take life, not even human life,' repeated Boxer, and his eyes were full of tears.

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Due to copyright restrictions, it is not possible to reproduce this passage. In the Penguin edition ISBN 0-140-29291-8 it can be found on pages 62-64 (near the end of the Chapter 3). The passage begins "The door opened. Slim came in, followed by Curley and Carlson and Whit" and ends "I won't tell", said Curley. He avoided looking at Lennie"

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