

Tuesday 22 May 2012 – Morning

GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

A663/02 Unit 3: Prose from Different Cultures (Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet.

OCR supplied materials:

- 8 page Answer Booklet (sent with general stationery)

Other materials required:

- This is an open book paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**

Duration: 45 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Answer **one** question on the text you have studied.

<i>Of Mice and Men</i> : John Steinbeck	page 3	questions 1(a)–(b)
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i> : Harper Lee	pages 4–5	questions 2(a)–(b)
<i>Anita and Me</i> : Meera Syal	pages 6–7	questions 3(a)–(b)
<i>The Joy Luck Club</i> : Amy Tan	pages 8–9	questions 4(a)–(b)
<i>Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha</i> : Roddy Doyle	page 10	questions 5(a)–(b)
<i>Tsotsi</i> : Athol Fugard	page 11	questions 6(a)–(b)

- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **40**.
- This document consists of **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR

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JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

1 (a)

At that moment a young man came into the bunk house; a thin young man with a brown face, with brown eyes and a head of tightly curled hair. He wore a work glove on his left hand, and, like the boss, he wore high-heeled boots. 'Seen my old man?' he asked.

The swamper said, 'He was here jus' a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cook house, I think.' 5

'I'll try to catch him,' said Curley. His eyes passed over the new men and he stopped. He glanced coldly at George and then at Lennie. His arms gradually bent at the elbows and his hands closed into fists. He stiffened and went into a slight crouch. His glance was at once calculating and pugnacious. Lennie squirmed under the look and shifted his feet nervously. Curley stepped gingerly close to him. 'You the new guys the old man was waitin' for?' 10

'We just come in,' said George.

'Let the big guy talk.' 15

Lennie twisted with embarrassment.

George said, 'S'pose he don't want to talk?'

Curley lashed his body around. 'By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoke to. What the hell are you gettin' into it for?'

'We travel together,' said George coldly. 20

'Oh, so it's that way.'

George was tense, and motionless. 'Yeah, it's that way.'

Lennie was looking helplessly to George for instruction.

'An' you won't let the big guy talk, is that it?'

'He can talk if he wants to tell you anything.' He nodded slightly to Lennie. 25

'We jus' come in,' said Lennie softly.

Curley stared levelly at him. 'Well, nex' time you answer when you're spoke to.' He turned toward the door and walked out, and his elbows were still bent out a little. 30

Either 1 (a) How does Steinbeck's writing make this such a powerful and revealing moment in the novel? [40]

Or 1 (b) How does Steinbeck's writing vividly convey the harshness of life for the ranch hands?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [40]

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

2 (a)

With that, Calpurnia led us to the church door where we were greeted by Reverend Sykes, who led us to the front pew.

First Purchase was unceiled and unpainted within. Along its walls unlighted kerosene lamps hung on brass brackets; pine benches served as pews. Behind the rough oak pulpit a faded pink silk banner proclaimed God is Love, the church's only decoration except a rotogravure print of Hunt's *The Light of the World*. There was no sign of piano, organ, hymn-books, church programmes – the familiar ecclesiastical impedimenta we saw every Sunday. It was dim inside, with a damp coolness slowly dispelled by the gathering congregation. At each seat was a cheap cardboard fan bearing a garish Garden of Gethsemane, courtesy Tyndal's Hardware Co. (You-Name-It-We-Sell-It).

Calpurnia motioned Jem and me to the end of the row and placed herself between us. She fished in her purse, drew out her handkerchief, and untied the hard wad of change in its corner. She gave a dime to me and a dime to Jem. 'We've got ours,' he whispered. 'You keep it,' Calpurnia said, 'you're my company.' Jem's face showed brief indecision on the ethics of withholding his own dime, but his innate courtesy won and he shifted his dime to his pocket. I did likewise with no qualms.

'Cal,' I whispered, 'where are the hymn-books?'

'We don't have any,' she said.

'Well how –?'

'Sh-h,' she said. Reverend Sykes was standing behind the pulpit staring the congregation to silence. He was a short, stocky man in a black suit, black tie, white shirt, and a gold watch-chain that glinted in the light from the frosted windows.

He said, 'Brethren and sisters, we are particularly glad to have company with us this morning. Mister and Miss Finch. You all know their father. Before I begin I will read some announcements.'

Reverend Sykes shuffled some papers, chose one and held it at arm's length. 'The Missionary Society meets in the home of Sister Annette Reeves next Tuesday. Bring your sewing.'

He read from another paper. 'You all know of Brother Tom Robinson's trouble. He has been a faithful member of First Purchase since he was a boy. The collection taken up today and for the next three Sundays will go to Helen – his wife, to help her out at home.'

I punched Jem. 'That's the Tom Atticus's de—'

'Sh-h!'

I turned to Calpurnia but was hushed before I opened my mouth. Subdued, I fixed my attention upon Reverend Sykes, who seemed to be waiting for me to settle down. 'Will the music superintendent lead us in the first hymn,' he said.

Zeebo rose from his pew and walked down the centre aisle, stopping in front of us and facing the congregation. He was carrying a battered hymn-book. He opened it and said, 'We'll sing number two seventy-three.'

This was too much for me. 'How're we gonna sing it if there ain't any hymn-books?'

Calpurnia smiled. 'Hush baby,' she whispered, 'you'll see in a minute.'

Zeebo cleared his throat and read in a voice like the rumble of distant artillery:

'There's a land beyond the river.'

Miraculously on pitch, a hundred voices sang out Zeebo's words.

Either **2** **(a)** How does Lee create such vivid impressions of the black community of Maycomb in this passage? **[40]**

Or **2** **(b)** How does Lee make the appearance of Arthur (Boo) Radley at the end of the novel such an important and moving moment?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[40]**

MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me*

3 (a)

This is a test, I told myself over the hammering of my heart, these people have hurt you and now you can get them back, these lying pigs who took advantage of an old lady who could not speak English. I had never confronted an elder before on anything, but this time I had good reasons. I felt I had been waiting so long for this moment. 'Wait here, Nanima ... *Thehro aider!*' I whispered to her, took a deep breath and entered the shop. 5

Mr Ormerod looked up, confusion and, I thought, guilt creasing his features. 'Hello Meena, love! Was that your nan who just came in?'

'Yes, it was actually, Mr Ormerod,' I said calmly, although my voice sounded high and forced to my ears. 10

'I thought it was. I'd heard you had visitors. How's she been with this weather? Must be cold for her, ey?'

'Funny, you're the tenth person to say that today, smartarse!' I thought, but actually what I said was, 'Yes, a bit.'

There was a brief silence when we all looked at each other, waiting for someone to fill the gap with some polite social chit-chat. The Mean Man was now picking his teeth with the edge of a threepenny bit. Probably my money as well, I thought, and the idea of ferret-face cleaning his gob with my Nanima's change made me suddenly burst out with, 'You made a mistake! You cheated my Nanima!' 15 20

The Mean Man stopped flossing, he raised his eyebrows at Mr Ormerod who looked at me kindly, which made me feel even angrier. 'I don't think ...'

'You thought just because she don't speak English you could cheat her! Well she's really clever actually, she knows lots of English, I bet you don't speak any Punjabi do you?' 25

I was breathing hard now, I could feel tears pricking my eyes which I blinked back furiously.

Mr Ormerod came out from behind the counter, 'Well I thought I'd totted up alright, but tell me anyway, what's missing then?' 30

'Sixpence,' I stuttered. 'You kept sixpence back for yourselves! I expect you'll be giving it to buy that new church roof, won't you?'

Mr Ormerod's face fell. I had him now. He cleared his throat uncomfortably. 'Well now ... I understand why you're a bit upset, love ... Awful business that, we was all really sorry ...' 35

'I don't want your sorry,' I said flatly. 'I want my sixpence back.'

Mr Ormerod coughed again and patted his pockets. 'Well now, that sixpence must have been for the chocolate bar your nan bought, Meena.'

'Chocolate bar?' I said stupidly, forcing myself not to look round at the Mean Man who I was sure would be smiling now. 40

'Look, hee-yaar ...' Mr Ormerod said breezily, as he dived into a box under the counter. 'Have this on me. No charge, ey?'

He was holding out a Curly Wurly, he knew they were my favourites. I shook my head and backed away, fumbling for the door handle. 'No thanks,' I said, and fell out of the shop. 45

Either 3 (a) How does Syal's writing here make the confrontation between Meena and Mr Ormerod so entertaining and revealing? [40]

Or 3 (b) Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which Syal's writing makes particularly shocking for you.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

4 (a)

At that crab dinner, I was so mad about what she said about my hair that I wanted to embarrass her, to reveal in front of everybody how petty she was. So I decided to confront her about the free-lance work I'd done for her firm, eight pages of brochure copy on its tax services. The firm was now more than thirty days late in paying my invoice. 5

"Maybe I could afford Mr. Rory's prices if someone's firm paid me on time," I said with a teasing grin. And I was pleased to see Waverly's reaction. She was genuinely flustered, speechless.

I couldn't resist rubbing it in: "I think it's pretty ironic that a big accounting firm can't even pay its own bills on time. I mean, really, Waverly, what kind of place are you working for?" 10

Her face was dark and quiet

"Hey, hey, you girls, no more fighting!" said my father, as if Waverly and I were still children arguing over tricycles and crayon colors.

"That's right, we don't want to talk about this now," said Waverly quietly. 15

"So how do you think the Giants are going to do?" said Vincent, trying to be funny. Nobody laughed.

I wasn't about to let her slip away this time. "Well, every time I call you on the phone, you can't talk about it then either," I said.

Waverly looked at Rich, who shrugged his shoulders. She turned back to me and sighed. 20

"Listen, June, I don't know how to tell you this. That stuff you wrote; well, the firm decided it was unacceptable."

"You're lying. You said it was great."

Waverly sighed again. "I know I did. I didn't want to hurt your feelings. I was trying to see if we could fix it somehow. But it won't work." 25

And just like that, I was starting to flail, tossed without warning into deep water, drowning and desperate. "Most copy needs fine-tuning," I said. "It's ... normal not to be perfect the first time. I should have explained the process better." 30

"June, I really don't think ..."

"Rewrites are free. I'm just as concerned about making it perfect as you are."

Waverly acted as if she didn't even hear me. "I'm trying to convince them to at least pay you for some of your time. I know you put a lot of work into it. ... I owe you at least that for even suggesting you do it." 35

"Just tell me what they want changed. I'll call you next week so we can go over it, line by line."

"June—I can't," Waverly said with cool finality. "It's just not ... sophisticated. I'm sure what you write for your other clients is *wonderful*. But we're a big firm. We need somebody who understands that ... our style." She said this touching her hand to her chest, as if she were referring to *her* style. 40

Then she laughed in a lighthearted way. "I mean, really, June." And then she started speaking in a deep television-announcer voice: "*Three* benefits, *three* needs, *three* reasons to buy ... Satisfaction *guaranteed* ... for today's and tomorrow's tax needs ..." 45

She said this in such a funny way that everybody thought it was a good joke and laughed. And then, to make matters worse, I heard my mother saying to Waverly: "True, cannot teach style. June not sophisticate like you. Must be born this way." 50

Either **4** **(a)** How does Tan's writing here make the clash between June and Waverly so vivid and revealing? **[40]**

Or **4** **(b)** How does Tan's writing convey the horror of Suyuan's experiences in China, described in the first and last chapters of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the two chapters. **[40]**

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

- 5 (a) Under the table was a fort. With the six chairs tucked under it there was still plenty of room; it was better that way, more secret. I'd sit in there for hours. This was the good table in the living room, the one that never got used, except at Christmas. I didn't have to bend my head. The roof of the table was just above me. I liked it like that. It made me concentrate on the floor and feet. I saw things. Balls of fluff, held together and made round by hair, floated on the lino. The lino had tiny cracks that got bigger if you pressed them. The sun was full of dust, huge chunks of it. It made me want to stop breathing. But I loved watching it. It swayed like snow. When my da was standing up he stood perfectly still. His feet clung to the ground. They only moved when he was going somewhere. My ma's feet were different. They didn't settle. They couldn't make their minds up. I fell asleep in there; I used to. It was always cool in there, never cold, and warm when I wanted it to be. The lino was nice on my face. The air wasn't alive like outside, beyond the table; it was safe. It had a smell I liked. My da's socks had diamonds on them. I woke up once and there was a blanket on top of me. I wanted to stay there forever. I was near the window. I could hear the birds outside. My da's legs were crossed. He was humming. The smell from the kitchen was lovely; I wasn't hungry, I didn't need it. Stew. It was Thursday. It must have been. My ma was humming as well. The same song as my da. It wasn't a proper song, just a hum with a few notes in it. It didn't sound like they knew they were humming the same thing. The notes had just crept into one of their heads, my da's probably. My ma did most of the humming. I stretched till my foot pushed a chair leg, and curled up again. The blanket had sand in it, from a picnic. 5
- That was before my mother had Cathy and Deirdre. Sinbad couldn't walk then; I remembered. He slid along the lino on his bum. I couldn't do it any more. I could get under the table but my head pressed the top when I sat straight and I couldn't sit still; it hurt, my legs ached. I was afraid I'd be caught. I tried it a few times but it was stupid. 10
- 15
- 20
- 25
- 30

Either 5 (a) How does Doyle's writing make this passage so moving and so revealing? [40]

Or 5 (b) Explore how Doyle's writing vividly conveys the cruelty of children in *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi*

- 6 (a)** Tsotsi watched her from under the trees. Without realizing it, his heart began to beat faster. It was almost perfect. The woman came towards him in the night, he didn't know her, he didn't hate, but he slipped slyly from tree to tree to the point where she would enter the grove. He didn't know what he was going to do but his fingers flexed at his side. His hands were ready. 5
- She was opposite him now, having paused on her way to lean against a wall and shake her head. She crossed the street and walked into the grove of bluegum trees.
- He caught her by one arm and swung her into the darkness, his hand cutting short the scream of terror that had fallen from her lips like splintering glass. 10
- A second move forced her against a tree and there, with his body pressed against hers, a knee already between her legs and his hand still on her mouth, there he looked into her eyes. She struggled once but he held her firmly. She clutched her shoebox with even greater desperation. 15
- For a few seconds neither moved. He studied her calmly, her eyes, her neck with the pulse of an artery under the warm skin, deliberating his next move while the warmth of her body crept into his and her breasts, full and firm, panicked under the weight of her chest. 20
- Unknowingly he relaxed his grip. With a twist of her head she freed a corner of her mouth and screamed a second time, but before he could do anything his attention was torn away from her to the shoebox she carried. He released her and stepped back sharply.
- She had stopped her scream and was staring now at the box with a horror deeper than her fear of him. With both hands she lifted it, and when nothing happened she held it up to him and for a second time he backed away. With a sudden movement she thrust it into his hands, and he held it clumsily. Tsotsi only had eyes for the box now, and ears too, neither seeing nor hearing the woman as she turned away and with a low sob ran back the way she had come, deep into the white night. 25
- The lid had slipped off in the sudden impulse of her generosity. Tsotsi had found himself looking at a face that was small and black and older than anything he had ever seen in his life: it was lined and wrinkled with an age beyond years. The sound that had stopped him, and saved the woman, was the cry of a baby. 30
- 35

Either 6 (a) How does Fugard's writing make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or 6 (b) To what extent does Fugard's portrayal of Tsotsi encourage you to feel sympathy for him?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[40]**

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