

Friday 13 January 2012 – Afternoon

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 2	questions 1(a)–(b)
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i> : Harper Lee	page 3	questions 2(a)–(b)
<i>Anita and Me</i> : Meera Syal	pages 4–5	questions 3(a)–(b)
<i>The Joy Luck Club</i> : Amy Tan	pages 6–7	questions 4(a)–(b)
<i>Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha</i> : Roddy Doyle	pages 8–9	questions 5(a)–(b)
<i>Tsotsi</i> : Athol Fugard	pages 10–11	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) 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. 5
- 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?' 10
- '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. 15
- 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.' 20
- 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.' 25
- '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.

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

Or 1 (b) How far does Steinbeck's writing encourage you to admire George's behaviour towards Lennie?

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

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird***2 (a)**

They turned off the highway, rode slowly by the dump and past the Ewell residence, down the narrow lane to the Negro cabins. Dill said a crowd of black children were playing marbles in Tom's front yard. Atticus parked the car and got out. Calpurnia followed him through the front gate.

Dill heard him ask one of the children, 'Where's your mother, Sam?' and heard Sam say, 'She down at Sis Stevens's, Mr Finch. Want me run fetch her?' 5

Dill said Atticus looked uncertain, then he said yes, and Sam scampered off. 'Go on with your game, boys,' Atticus said to the children.

A little girl came to the cabin door and stood looking at Atticus. Dill said her hair was a wad of tiny pigtails, each ending in a bright bow. She grinned from ear to ear and walked towards our father, but she was too small to navigate the steps. Dill said Atticus went to her, took off his hat, and offered her his finger. She grabbed it and he eased her down the steps. Then he gave her to Calpurnia. 10

Sam was trotting behind his mother when they came up. Dill said Helen said, "evenin', Mr Finch, won't you have a seat?" But she didn't say any more. Neither did Atticus. 15

'Scout,' said Dill, 'she just fell down in the dirt. Just fell down in the dirt, like a giant with a big foot just came along and stepped on her. Just ump – Dill's fat foot hit the ground. 'Like you'd step on an ant.' 20

Dill said Calpurnia and Atticus lifted Helen to her feet and half carried, half walked her to the cabin. They stayed inside a long time, and Atticus came out alone. When they drove back by the dump, some of the Ewells hollered at them, but Dill didn't catch what they said. 25

Maycomb was interested by the news of Tom's death for perhaps two days; two days was enough for the information to spread through the country. 'Did you hear about?... No? Well, they say he was runnin' fit to beat lightning' ...' To Maycomb, Tom's death was typical. Typical of a nigger to cut and run. Typical of a nigger's mentality to have no plan, no thought for the future, just run blind first chance he saw. Funny thing, Atticus Finch might've got him off scot free, but wait –? Hell no. You know how they are. Easy come, easy go. Just shows you, that Robinson was legally married, they say he kept himself clean, went to church and all that, but when it comes down to the line the veneer's mighty thin. Nigger always comes out in 'em. 30

Either 2 (a) How does Lee make this such a moving and shocking moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or 2 (b) How far does Lee's portrayal of Mayella Ewell encourage you to feel sympathy for her?

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

MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me***3 (a)**

I had hidden Mr Ormerod's tin amongst the rows of canned tomatoes in the bike shed, a perfect camouflage I had thought proudly, and had enjoyed a whole evening of being pinched and fussed over whilst opening my presents from the Uncles and Aunties. It had not been a bad haul either – the usual sick-making selection of frilly girlie dresses which all made me look like a biker wearing a collapsed meringue, but amongst these were a couple of books (*Look and Learn Compendium*, a *Jackie Annual*, a collection of Indian folk tales), and best of all, a bottle of perfume called Summer Daze, The Teenage Fragrance from Auntie Madhu. 'Now you are getting such a big lady, Meena, and maybe you won't come to my house smelling of cow's muck anymore,' she said kindly as I unwrapped it. Pinky and Baby had sat in a corner, regarding me with mournful moon-eyes and I knew they were hoping I would suddenly break down in filmy tears and confess my crime, to save all our souls. But their disapproval only made me more manic; the more they stared, the harder I giggled and quipped and chattered excitedly about nothing. I basked in their fear and bewilderment, it fed me and I welcomed it for it reaffirmed I was nothing like them, would never be them.

And then Mr Ormerod was standing at our front door and talking in whispers with papa, both of them throwing me sidelong glances, papa's face set like stone and Mr Ormerod's expression somewhere between wonder and disapproval as he scanned the glittering array of silks draped over the Aunties' magnificent bosoms.

'Please do come in Mr Ormerod,' said mama, wafting over to him holding out an empty plate, unaware of the gravity of the men's chat. 'We cannot allow a guest to leave hungry ... there is so much food, mountains!' she continued cheerily.

'Not now, Daljit,' said papa softly, staring hard at me.

The chapatti in my mouth suddenly turned to a clump of barbed wire and I could not swallow. I hurried into the kitchen and spat out the end of my meal into the bin, running my tongue over my teeth which felt as if they were covered with a sour, greasy film.

Papa appeared at my elbow. 'Meena, I am going to ask you something and you had better not lie ...'

I affected an innocent expression, vaguely aware of Mr Ormerod, who had advanced a couple of feet into our front room and was gingerly holding a pakora between his fingers as if it was a small, sharp-toothed rodent.

'A collection tin has gone missing from Mr Ormerod's shop, a tin full of money for charity. Charity, Meena. Do you know anything about it?'

I opened my mouth to allow the story sitting on my lips to fly out and dazzle my papa, but stopped myself when I saw how furious he was. Both his eyebrows had joined together so he had one angry black line slashing his forehead like a scar and his usually light brown eyes were now black and impenetrable, glowing dark like embers. Then the enormity of what I had done hit me and a fear so powerful that I felt a few drops of wee land in my knicker gusset. I did the only possible thing and burst into tears.

'It was Baby!' I wailed. 'She wanted sweets and I didn't have money! I told her not to take it! She put it ... put it down her jumper! Honest! Ask her!'

I upped the volume of my wails and forced more snot out of my nose, waiting for papa to take me in his arms and tell me how sorry he was to have falsely accused me. Instead there was an endless pause and then, 'Are you lying? Because if you are ...'

'No papa! I swear! I got the tin! I hid it and I was going to take it back tomorrow! Honest!'

Either **3** **(a)** How does Syal's writing make this a revealing and entertaining moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or **3** **(b)** Explore how Syal's writing makes the relationship between Robert and Meena such a moving and important part of the novel.

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

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

4 (a)

I was four years old. My chin was just above the dinner table, and I could see my baby brother sitting on Popo's lap, crying with an angry face. I could hear voices praising a steaming dark soup brought to the table, voices murmuring politely, "*Ching! Ching!*"—Please, eat!

And then the talking stopped. My uncle rose from his chair. Everyone turned to look at the door, where a tall woman stood. I was the only one who spoke. 5

"Ma," I had cried, rushing off my chair, but my auntie slapped my face and pushed me back down. Now everyone was standing up and shouting, and I heard my mother's voice crying, "An-mei! An-mei!" Above this noise, Popo's shrill voice spoke. 10

"Who is this ghost? Not an honored widow. Just a number-three concubine. If you take your daughter, she will become like you. No face. Never able to lift up her head." 15

Still my mother shouted for me to come. I remember her voice so clearly now. An-mei! An-mei! I could see my mother's face across the table. Between us stood the soup pot on its heavy chimney-pot stand—rocking slowly, back and forth. And then with one shout this dark boiling soup spilled forward and fell all over my neck. It was as though everyone's anger were pouring all over me. 20

This was the kind of pain so terrible that a little child should never remember it. But it is still in my skin's memory. I cried out loud only a little, because soon my flesh began to burst inside and out and cut off my breathing air. 25

I could not speak because of this terrible choking feeling. I could not see because of all the tears that poured out to wash away the pain. But I could hear my mother's crying voice. Popo and Auntie were shouting. And then my mother's voice went away. 30

Later that night Popo's voice came to me.

"An-mei, listen carefully." Her voice had the same scolding tone she used when I ran up and down the hallway. "An-mei, we have made your dying clothes and shoes for you. They are all white cotton." 35

I listened, scared.

"An-mei," she murmured, now more gently. "Your dying clothes are very plain. They are not fancy, because you are still a child. If you die, you will have a short life and you will still owe your family a debt. Your funeral will be very small. Our mourning time for you will be very short." 40

And then Popo said something that was worse than the burning on my neck.

"Even your mother has used up her tears and left. If you do not get well soon, she will forget you." 45

Popo was very smart. I came hurrying back from the other world to find my mother.

Every night I cried so that both my eyes and my neck burned. Next to my bed sat Popo. She would pour cool water over my neck from the hollowed cup of a large grapefruit. She would pour and pour until my breathing became soft and I could fall asleep. In the morning, Popo would use her sharp fingernails like tweezers and peel off the dead membranes. 50

In two years' time, my scar became pale and shiny and I had no memory of my mother. That is the way it is with a wound. The wound begins to close in on itself, to protect what is hurting so much. And once it is closed, you no longer see what is underneath, what started the pain.

Either 4 **(a)** How does Tan's writing here make this such a powerful moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or 4 **(b)** There are many sharp disagreements between mothers and daughters in the novel.

How does Tan's writing bring **ONE** or **TWO** such disagreements vividly to life for you?

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

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

- 5 (a) It had to be a bad word. That was the rule. If it wasn't bad enough you got another belt of the poker.
- The word was made flesh!
- Diddies!
- My turn was coming up. My head was in my lap. My hands were wet and kept slipping out of Liam and Ian McEvoy's grips. Someone was crying. More than one. 5
- His voice was behind me.
- The word was made flesh!
- Aaah! 10
- Liam.
- Again. Swish. The second thump sounded worse; it sounded unfair and shocking.
- That wasn't a word, said Liam, out of a gasp.
- Kevin had hit him again because he hadn't said a bad word the first time. Liam's agony and protest made his voice shimmer. 15
- The followers of Ciúnas feel no pain, said Kevin.
- Liam was crying.
- The followers of Ciúnas do not *cry*! said Kevin.
- He was going to hit him again. I could feel it, the poker going back. But Liam's hand slid out of mine. He was standing up. 20
- I don't care, he said. —It's stupid.
- Kevin was going to hit him anyway. But Liam got in too close. I watched. We all watched. I rubbed my face. It felt stretched and raw.
- A curse on your family, Kevin said to Liam, but he let Liam get past him. 25
- Smiffy O'Rourke had walked out the week before after Kevin had hit his back five times because Bloody wasn't a bad enough word and Smiffy O'Rourke wouldn't say anything worse. Missis O'Rourke had gone to the Guards about it – that was what Kevin'd say – but she'd had no evidence, only Smiffy's back. We'd laughed then, when we'd watched Smiffy running away like he was ducking bullets because he couldn't straighten his back. No one laughed now though. Liam walked away towards the gap in the new wire fence. It was getting dark now. Liam walked carefully. We could hear him snuffling. I wanted to go with him. 30
- Ciúnas the Mighty killed your mother!
- Kevin had both arms stretched up. I looked over at Aidan; she was his mother as well. He stayed where he was. He was looking at the fire. I watched. He stayed that way. I'd take my punishment now, for the same reason that Aidan was staying. It was good being in the circle, better than where Liam was going. 40
- I was next. There were two others left but I'd be next. I knew it: Kevin was going to take it out on me. We joined the circle again. It was even tighter now without Liam. If I'd pulled quickly someone would have been tipped into the fire. We nudged in closer on our bums. 45
- It took him ages. I heard him over the other side. It was dark now. I could hear the wind. I had to close my eyes again. My legs were hot, too close to the fire. He'd gone; I couldn't place him. I listened. He was nowhere.
- The word was made flesh! 50
- My back was ripped. The bones exploded.

Either 5 **(a)** How does Doyle's writing make this such a disturbing moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or 5 **(b)** Explore the ways in which Doyle presents the character of Charles Leavy and the reasons why Paddy finds him so fascinating.

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

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi*

6 (a)

He woke up late the next morning. He had slept long. The sun had cleared the rooftops and was already hot.

It was a new day and what he had thought out last night was still there, inside him. Only one thing was important to him now. 'Come back,' the woman had said. 'Come back, Tsotsi.'

5

I must correct her, he thought. 'My name is David Madondo.'

He said it aloud in the almost empty street, and laughed. The man delivering milk heard him, and looking up said, 'Peace my brother.'

'Peace be with you', David Madondo replied and carried on his way.

He heard the bulldozers and saw the dust a long way away. It was a strange noise, and he had been hearing it for a long time. When he turned the corner and saw them, he stopped and stared.

10

The slum clearance had entered a second and decisive stage. The white township had grown impatient. The ruins, they said, were being built up again and as many were still coming in as they carried off in lorries to the new locations or in vans to the jails. So they had sent in the bulldozers to raze the buildings completely to the ground.

15

He started running from the bottom of the street, and half way up he started shouting: 'No! Stop! Stop it!'

People stopped and watched him pass, and because of the look in his eyes turned and followed him. A few cried 'Stop' with him, but not knowing why.

20

He jumped through the ruins, leaving the others behind because they weren't going in there, and because of the noise and the dust. Those who were inside, waiting with sledge-hammers behind the bulldozer, they did not hear or see him. They were watching the wall, and it was with something like sadness because they all remembered MaRhabatse.

25

He got there with seconds to spare. He had enough time to dive for the corner where the baby was hidden, before the first crack snaked along the wall and the topmost bricks came falling down, time enough even then to look, and then finally to remember. Then it was too late for anything; and the wall came down on top of him, flattening him into the dust.

30

They unearthed him minutes later. All agreed that his smile was beautiful, and strange for a tsotsi, and that when he lay there on his back in the sun, before someone had fetched a blanket, they agreed that it was hard to believe what the back of his head looked like when you saw the smile.

35

Either 6 (a) How does Fugard make this is an effective ending to the novel? [40]

Or 6 (b) How does Fugard make Miriam Ngidi such an admirable character?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

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