

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**

A663/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Unit 3: Prose from Different Cultures (Higher Tier)

THURSDAY 13 JANUARY 2011: Afternoon

DURATION: 45 minutes

SUITABLE FOR VISUALLY IMPAIRED CANDIDATES

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.

INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR

Do not send this question paper for marking; it should be retained in the centre or destroyed.

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF

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.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer ONE question on the text you have studied.

Of Mice and Men: John Steinbeck
pages 4–6 questions 1(a)–(b)

To Kill a Mockingbird: Harper Lee
pages 7–9 questions 2(a)–(b)

Anita and Me: Meera Syal
pages 10–12 questions 3(a)–(b)

The Joy Luck Club: Amy Tan
pages 13–15 questions 4(a)–(b)

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha: Roddy Doyle
pages 16–18 questions 5(a)–(b)

Tsotsi: Athol Fugard
pages 19–21 questions 6(a)–(b)

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.

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JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

- 1 (a) Crooks stood up from his bunk and faced her. “I had enough,” he said coldly. “You got no rights comin’ in a colored man’s room. You got no rights messing around in here at all. Now you jus’ get out, an’ get out quick. If you don’t, I’m gonna ast the boss not to ever let you come in the barn no more.” 5
- She turned on him in scorn. “Listen, Nigger,” she said. “You know what I can do to you if you open your trap?” 10
- Crooks stared hopelessly at her, and then he sat down on his bunk and drew into himself.
- She closed on him. “You know what I could do?” 15
- Crooks seemed to grow smaller, and he pressed himself against the wall. “Yes, ma’am.”
- “Well, you keep your place then, Nigger. I could get you strung up on a tree so easy it ain’t even funny.” 20
- Crooks had reduced himself to nothing. There was no personality, no ego – nothing to arouse either like or dislike. He said, “Yes, ma’am,” and his voice was toneless. 25
- For a moment she stood over him as though waiting for him to move so that she could whip at him again; but Crooks sat perfectly still, his eyes averted, everything that might be hurt drawn in. She turned at last to the other two. 30
- Old Candy was watching her, fascinated. “If you was to do that, we’d 35

JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men* (Cont.)

tell," he said quietly. "We'd tell about you fram'in' Crooks."

"Tell an' be damned," she cried.

"Nobody'd listen to you."

Candy subsided. "No ..." he agreed.

40

"Nobody'd listen to us."

Lennie whined, "I wisht George was here. I wisht George was here."

Candy stepped over to him. "Don't you worry none," he said. "I jus' heard the guys comin' in. George'll be in the bunk house right now, I bet." He turned to Curley's wife. "You better go home now," he said quietly. "If you go right now, we won't tell Curley you was here."

45

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She appraised him coolly. "I ain't sure you heard nothing."

"Better not take no chances," he said. "If you ain't sure, you better take the safe way."

55

She turned to Lennie. "I'm glad you bust up Curley a little bit. He got it comin' to him. Sometimes I'd like to bust him myself." She slipped out the door and disappeared into the dark barn. And while she went through the barn, the halter chains rattled, and some horses snorted and some stamped their feet.

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JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men* (Cont.)

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

Or 1 (b) Explore the ways Steinbeck makes the ending of the novel so moving. [40]

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

- 2 (a) Tim Johnson was advancing at a snail's pace, but he was not playing or sniffing at foliage: he seemed dedicated to one course and motivated by an invisible force that was inching him toward us. We could see him shiver like a horse shedding flies; his jaw opened and shut; he was a-list, but he was being pulled gradually toward us. 5**
- 'He's lookin' for a place to die,' said Jem. 10**
- Mr Tate turned around. 'He's far from dead, Jem, he hasn't got started yet.'**
- Tim Johnson reached the side street that ran in front of the Radley Place, and what remained of his poor mind made him pause and seem to consider which road he would take. He made a few hesitant steps and stopped in front of the Radley gate; then he tried to turn around, but was having difficulty. 15**
- Atticus said, 'He's within range, Heck. You better get him now before he goes down the side street – Lord knows who's around the corner. Go inside, Cal.' 20**
- Calpurnia opened the screen door, latched it behind her, then unlatched it and held on to the hook. She tried to block Jem and me with her body, but we looked out from beneath her arms. 25**
- 'Take him, Mr Finch.' Mr Tate handed the rifle to Atticus; Jem and I nearly fainted. 30**
- 'Don't waste time, Heck,' said Atticus. 'Go on.' 35**

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (Cont.)

‘Mr Finch, this is a one-shot job.’

**Atticus shook his head vehemently:
‘Don’t just stand there, Heck! He won’t
wait all day for you –’**

**‘For God’s sake, Mr Finch, look where
he is! Miss and you’ll go straight into the
Radley house! I can’t shoot that well and
you know it!’** **40**

**‘I haven’t shot a gun in thirty years –’
Mr Tate almost threw the rifle at
Atticus. ‘I’d feel mighty comfortable if you
did now,’ he said.** **45**

**In a fog, Jem and I watched our
father take the gun and walk out into
the middle of the street. He walked
quickly, but I thought he moved like an
underwater swimmer: time had slowed to
a nauseating crawl.** **50**

**When Atticus raised his glasses
Calpurnia murmured, ‘Sweet Jesus help
him,’ and put her hands to her cheeks.** **55**

**Atticus pushed his glasses to his
forehead; they slipped down, and he
dropped them in the street. In the silence,
I heard them crack. Atticus rubbed his
eyes and chin; we saw him blink hard.** **60**

**In front of the Radley gate, Tim
Johnson had made up what was left of
his mind. He had finally turned himself
around, to pursue his original course up
our street. He made two steps forward,
then stopped and raised his head. We saw
his body go rigid.** **65**

**With movements so swift they seemed
simultaneous, Atticus’s hand yanked a** **70**

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (Cont.)

ball-tipped lever as he brought the gun to his shoulder.

The rifle cracked. Tim Johnson leaped, flopped over and crumpled on the sidewalk in a brown-and-white heap. He didn't know what hit him.

75

- Either 2 (a) How does Lee make this such a tense and exciting moment in the novel? [40]**
- Or 2 (b) Explore how Lee makes Boo Radley such a memorable and moving character in the novel.**

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

MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me*

- 3 (a) We reached Mr Ormerod’s shop and stopped outside the window. The display had been the same for years: a huge cardboard cut-out of a Marmite jar dominated the space, bleached on one side where the sun had caught it, the Player’s Capstan cigarette display behind it, featuring a saturnine sailor’s face in the centre of a lifebelt. A few days earlier, Anita Rutter had told me that this sailor was in fact her father. 5**
- I had been in my usual spot outside Ormerod’s window having a visual affair with his sweet display when she had sauntered past, arm in arm with her two regular cohorts, Sherrie, who lived at Dale End Farm and Fat Sally. As they came nearer, they began exchanging excited stage whispers and clumsy dead-arm punches. I had instinctively stiffened and busied myself with reading the small print on the Marmite jar, my heart unaccountably flipping like a fish. Anita stopped and looked me up and down, her top lip beginning to rise. 10 15**
- She pointed at the Player’s Capstan sailor and said, ‘That’s my dad, that is. He wuz in the Navy. He got medals for blowing up the Jerries, like ...’ I wondered why he had taken a particular dislike for men with this name but before I could ask, Sherrie and Fat Sally burst into side-hugging laughter. Only the big girls laughed in this way, malicious cackles which hinted at exclusivity and the 20 25 30 35**

MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me* (Cont.)

forbidden. I knew they were all at senior school, I had seen them round the village in their over-large uniforms, customised with badges and cropped-off ties. I was nine but felt three and a half as this particular day, mama had had one of her ‘You Always Look Like A Heathen’ moods and had forced me into a dinky pleated dress, which despite my efforts at ripping and rolling in mud, still contained enough frills and flowers to give me the appearance of a bad tempered doily. **40**

I shot Anita a haunted look, I told her silently that this was not me. She paused and then spun round, scowling, the other girls’ smiles melted and slowly trickled out the side of their mouths. Then Anita broke into a beam of such radiance and forgiveness that my breath caught and my throat began to ache. They linked arms again and walked away, leaving questions buzzing around my head like a heat-hazy fly. It had been the first time Anita had ever talked to me and I had wondered what I had done to deserve it. **45**

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MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me* (Cont.)

Either 3 (a) How does Syal's writing in this extract vividly reveal the character of Anita and the effect she has on Meena? [40]

Or 3 (b) In what ways does Syal encourage you to like and admire any TWO of the following characters?

**Uncle Alan; Mrs Worrall; Hairy Neddy;
Mr Ormerod**

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

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

- 4 (a) I couldn't save Rich in the kitchen. And I couldn't save him later at the dinner table.**
- He had brought a bottle of French wine, something he did not know my parents could not appreciate. My parents did not even own wineglasses. And then he also made the mistake of drinking not one but two frosted glasses full, while everybody else had a half-inch "just for taste."** 5 10
- When I offered Rich a fork, he insisted on using the slippery ivory chopsticks. He held them splayed like the knock-kneed legs of an ostrich while picking up a large chunk of sauce-coated eggplant. Halfway between his plate and his open mouth, the chunk fell on his crisp white shirt and then slid into his crotch. It took several minutes to get Shoshana to stop shrieking with laughter.** 15 20
- And then he had helped himself to big portions of the shrimp and snow peas, not realizing he should have taken only a polite spoonful, until everybody had had a morsel.** 25
- He had declined the sautéed new greens, the tender and expensive leaves of bean plants plucked before the sprouts turn into beans. And Shoshana refused to eat them also, pointing to Rich: "He didn't eat them! He didn't eat them!"** 30
- He thought he was being polite by refusing seconds, when he should have followed my father's example, who made** 35

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club* (Cont.)

a big show of taking small portions of seconds, thirds, and even fourths, always saying he could not resist another bite of something or other, and then groaning that he was so full he thought he would burst. 40

But the worst was when Rich criticized my mother's cooking, and he didn't even know what he had done. As is the Chinese cook's custom, my mother always made disparaging remarks about her own cooking. That night she chose to direct it toward her famous steamed pork and preserved vegetable dish, which she always served with special pride. 45 50

"Ai! This dish not salty enough, no flavor," she complained, after tasting a small bite. "It is too bad to eat."

This was our family's cue to eat some and proclaim it the best she had ever made. But before we could do so, Rich said, "You know, all it needs is a little soy sauce." And he proceeded to pour a riverful of the salty black stuff on the platter, right before my mother's horrified eyes. 55 60

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club* (Cont.)

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

Or 4 (b) One of the most tragic characters in the novel is An-mei's mother, the fourth wife of Wu Tsing. Explore the ways Tan's writing encourages you to admire and sympathise with her.

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

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

- 5 (a) I never got the chance to run away. I was too late. He left first. The way he shut the door; he didn't slam it. Something; I just knew: he wasn't coming back. He just closed it, like he was going down to the shops, except it was the front door and we only used the front door when people came. He didn't slam it. He closed it behind him – I saw him in the glass. He waited for a few seconds, then went. He didn't have a suitcase or even a jacket, but I knew. 5
- My mouth opened and a roar started but it never came. And a pain in my chest, and I could hear my heart pumping the blood to the rest of me. I was supposed to cry; I thought I was. I sobbed once and that was all. 10
- He'd hit her again and I saw him, and he saw me. He thumped her on the shoulder. 20
- D'you hear me!?
- In the kitchen. I walked in for a drink of water; I saw her falling back. He looked at me. He unmade his fist. He went red. He looked like he was in trouble. He was going to say something to me, I thought he was. He didn't. He looked at her; his hands moved. I thought he was going to put her back to where she'd been before he hit her. 25
- What do you want, love? 30
- It was my ma. She wasn't holding her shoulder or anything.
- A drink of water. 35

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* (Cont.)

It was daylight out still, too early for fighting. I wanted to say Sorry, for being there. My ma filled my mug at the sink. It was Sunday.

My da spoke.

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– How’s the match going?

– They’re winning, I said.

The big match was on and Liverpool were beating Arsenal. I was up for Liverpool.

45

– Great, he said.

I’d been coming in to tell him, as well as getting the drink of water.

I took the mug from my ma.

– Thank you very much.

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And I went back in and watched Liverpool winning. I cheered when the final whistle got blown but no one came in to look.

He didn’t slam the door even a bit. I saw him in the glass, waiting; then he was gone.

55

I knew something: tomorrow or the day after my ma was going to call me over to her and, just the two of us, she was going to say, – You’re the man of the house now, Patrick.

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That was the way it always happened.

– Paddy Clarke –

Paddy Clarke –

65

Has no da.

Ha ha ha!

I didn’t listen to them. They were only kids.

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* (Cont.)

He came home the day before Christmas Eve, for a visit. I saw him through the glass door again. He was wearing his black coat. I remembered the smell of it when I saw it, when it was wet. I opened the door. Ma stayed in the kitchen; she was busy. **70**

He saw me.

– Patrick, he said.

He moved the parcels he had with him under one arm and put his hand out. **80**

– How are you? he said.

He put his hand out for me to shake it.

– How are you?

His hand felt cold and big, dry and hard. **85**

– Very well, thank you.

Either 5 (a) How does Doyle make this such a powerful and moving ending to the novel? [40]

Or 5 (b) How does Doyle’s writing vividly convey the change in Paddy and Sinbad’s relationship in the course of the novel?

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

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi*

- 6 (a) They were given no time to comfort or be comforted; there was not even enough for him to touch his mother and confirm that she was awake; he could feel the tenseness in her body which had been soft when they went to sleep. The door was broken open. The thin nail they had hammered into the wood and bent to hold the door closed against the wind was torn out by the first savage thrust of shoulders. 5**
- As quick and as loud as this, and with as much terror, came the torchlights. Stabbing in the dark, they found the two of them in bed, his mother on her elbows. A thin wail of terror spilt out of his lips but she gripped him by his arm, and in a strong voice said, 'No, no! David!' so he swallowed and kept quiet. 10**
- All hell had broken loose in the streets. The warning sound of the lamp-posts had either stopped or been swamped by the uproar. Voices were calling, crying, cursing; the big vans the police had come in were roaring up and down the street, their motors revving between the harsh grinding of gears and clatter and slam of the steel doors as load after load of sleepy-eyed, frightened people, caught without a pass, or just caught, were herded inside. And in the world off the street, in the intricate web of alleys and backyards that stretched back for acres on either side there in the darkness could be heard the noise of 15**
- 20**
- 25**
- 30**
- 35**

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi* (Cont.)

scuffling and blows as pursuer met pursued, and even more subtle, the sound of desperate and surreptitious movement as a few unfound, almost free, scuttled or crawled or clambered away into the night. 40

Those in his room he never saw clearly. During the few minutes they were there he caught brief glimpses of enormous khaki-coated shadows behind the torches. The one voice he heard seemed even bigger and utterly without mercy. All it said was, 'Pas kaffir'. 45

When his mother started to speak they stretched out their hands and got her out of bed and then dragged her to the door. 50

They were stronger than her struggles and put their boots down on her protests, and even her plea for a dress or a blanket or something warm, so that when she felt the cold air about her and saw the dark hole in the van waiting there was only time to call back, 'Don't cry, David!' ... and then she was pushed inside and the door slammed and was bolted behind her, and he was alone. 60

They went as soon as the vans were full. When these rolled forward the inmates crowded to the small, slatted windows on the side, hanging onto the bars and shouting back instructions to those left behind, but no one was any the wiser because all that could be heard was a desperate, urgent, hurried jumble of words: '... the police station ... two pounds ten shillings ... like last ... law 70

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi* (Cont.)

**courts ... Don't cry, David ... bring food
... bring my pass ... bring money ... For
gawd's sake bring money man ...'**

**Either 6 (a) How does Fugard make this such a
horrifying moment in the novel? [40]**

**Or 6 (b) How does Fugard's writing bring home
to you the harshness of everyday life in
Sophiatown?**

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



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