

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

**A663/02**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**Unit 3: Prose from Different Cultures (Higher Tier)**

**FRIDAY 10 JUNE 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.**

**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 14–15                    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) Lennie got up on his knees and looked down at George. “Ain’t we gonna have no supper?”
- “Sure we are, if you gather up some dead willow sticks. I got three cans of beans in my bindle. You get a fire ready. I’ll give you a match when you get the sticks together. Then we’ll heat the beans and have supper.” 5
- Lennie said, “I like beans with ketchup.” 10
- “Well, we ain’t got no ketchup. You go get wood. An’ don’t you fool around. It’ll be dark before long.”
- Lennie lumbered to his feet and disappeared in the brush. George lay where he was and whistled softly to himself. There were sounds of splashing down the river in the direction Lennie had taken. George stopped whistling and listened. 15
- “Poor bastard,” he said softly, and then went on whistling again.
- In a moment Lennie came crashing back through the brush. He carried one small willow stick in his hand. George sat up. “Awright,” he said brusquely. “Gi’me that mouse!” 20
- But Lennie made an elaborate pantomime of innocence. “What mouse, George? I ain’t got no mouse.” 30
- George held out his hand. “Come on. Give it to me. You ain’t puttin’ nothing over.”
- Lennie hesitated, backed away, looked wildly at the brush line as though he 35

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

contemplated running for his freedom. George said coldly, "You gonna give me that mouse or do I have to sock you?"

"Give you what, George?"

40

"You know God damn well what. I want that mouse."

Lennie reluctantly reached into his pocket. His voice broke a little. "I don't know why I can't keep it. It ain't nobody's mouse. I didn't steal it. I found it lyin' right beside the road."

45

George's hand remained outstretched imperiously. Slowly, like a terrier who doesn't want to bring a ball to its master, Lennie approached, drew back, approached again. George snapped his fingers sharply, and at the sound Lennie laid the mouse in his hand.

50

"I wasn't doin' nothing bad with it, George. Jus' strokin' it."

55

George stood up and threw the mouse as far as he could into the darkening brush, and then he stepped to the pool and washed his hands. "You crazy fool. Don't you think I could see your feet was wet where you went across the river to get it?" He heard Lennie's whimpering cry and wheeled about. "Blubberin' like a baby! Jesus Christ! A big guy like you." Lennie's lip quivered and tears started in his eyes.

60

"Aw, Lennie!" George put his hand on Lennie's shoulder. "I ain't takin' it away jus' for meanness. That mouse ain't fresh, Lennie; and besides, you've broke it pettin' it. You get another mouse that's fresh and I'll let you keep it a little while."

65

70

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

**Either 1 (a) How does Steinbeck's writing here vividly convey the relationship between George and Lennie? [40]**

**Or 1 (b) How much sympathy for Candy does Steinbeck's writing encourage you to feel?**

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

## HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

- 2 (a)        Something crushed the chicken wire around me. Metal zipped on metal and I fell to the ground and rolled as far as I could, floundering to escape my wire prison. From somewhere near by came scuffling, kicking sounds, sounds of shoes and flesh scraping dirt and roots. Someone rolled against me and I felt Jem. He was up like lightning and pulling me with him but, though my head and shoulders were free, I was so entangled we didn't get very far. 5
- We were nearly to the road when I felt Jem's hand leave me, felt him jerk backwards to the ground. More scuffling, and there came a dull crunching sound and Jem screamed. 10
- I ran in the direction of Jem's scream and sank into a flabby male stomach. Its owner said, 'Uff!' and tried to catch my arms, but they were tightly pinioned. His stomach was soft but his arms were like steel. He slowly squeezed the breath out of me. I could not move. Suddenly he was jerked backwards and flung on the ground, almost carrying me with him. I thought, Jem's up. 15
- One's mind works very slowly at times. Stunned, I stood there dumbly. The scuffling noises were dying; someone wheezed and the night was still again. 20
- Still but for a man breathing heavily, breathing heavily and staggering. I thought he went to the tree and leaned against it. He coughed violently, a sobbing, bone-shaking cough. 25
- 30
- 35

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

**‘Jem?’**

**There was no answer but the man’s heavy breathing.**

**‘Jem?’**

**Jem didn’t answer.**

**40**

**The man began moving around, as if searching for something. I heard him groan and pull something heavy along the ground. It was slowly coming to me that there were now four people under the tree.**

**45**

**‘Atticus...?’**

**The man was walking heavily and unsteadily towards the road.**

**I went to where I thought he had been and felt frantically along the ground, reaching out with my toes. Presently I touched someone.**

**50**

**‘Jem?’**

**My toes touched trousers, a beltbuckle, buttons, something I could not identify, a collar, and a face. A prickly stubble on the face told me it was not Jem’s. I smelled stale whisky.**

**55**

**I made my way along in what I thought was the direction of the road. I was not sure, because I had been turned around so many times. But I found it and looked down to the street light. A man was passing under it. The man was walking with the staccato steps of someone carrying a load too heavy for him. He was going around the corner. He was carrying Jem. Jem’s arm was dangling crazily in front of him.**

**60**

**65**



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

**By the time I reached the corner the man was crossing our front yard. Light from our front door framed Atticus for an instant; he ran down the steps and together he and the man took Jem inside.** **70**

**Either 2 (a) How does Lee’s writing make this such a tense and frightening moment in the novel? [40]**

**Or 2 (b) Explore some of the ways Lee memorably portrays Atticus’s relationship with his children.**

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

**MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me***

- 3 (a) Sherrie looked up, interested suddenly, ‘Ain’t yow coming to Bloxwich Comp with us?’**
- ‘Nah, she’s too good for a comp,’ sneered Anita, taking Sherrie’s arm. ‘Me and Sherrie are the cocks of the school and yow’m gonna hang round with a bunch of bloody nuns.’** **5**
- Fat Sally moved closer, her fists clenched. I had never seen her so enraged before, I did not think those soft fleshy features capable of anything but bad moods and wounded pride. She spoke through gritted teeth, I fancied I could hear her molars grinding with each syllable. ‘They are not bloody nuns! They are decent women who have given their lives to God!’** **10**
- Anita and Sherrie both tittered in stereo. ‘Yow mean,’ Anita hiccupped, ‘they’re too bloody ugly to get sex! Yow should be in good company then!’** **15**
- Before anyone knew what was happening, Fat Sally threw herself onto Anita with a strangled scream, grabbing handfuls of hair and pinning her squarely to the ground. Sherrie, Tracey and I all cried out in unison and Tracey dived straight into the tangle of kicking, biting, scratching bodies but was caught on the chin by a stray foot and reeled back onto her knees. The piddly poodle went mad, yapping hysterically and jumping up, trying to escape, repeatedly being hurled back on itself by the scarf which was** **20**
- 30**
- 35**

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

gradually entangling itself round its neck. Sherrie just kept screaming, ‘Stop it! Stop it, you two!’ running round them helplessly, trying to identify a recognisable limb she could maybe grab onto and haul one of them out. I stood transfixed, not even daring to interfere, because I was concentrating on Anita’s face. It was clearly visible, poking out from behind one of Fat Sally’s wrestler’s shoulders. Fat Sally still had a bunch of Anita’s hair in each fist and was pulling so hard that the skin on Anita’s temples was lifted up from her scalp and any moment, I expected to hear an awful ripping sound. Fat Sally kept up a constant impassioned monologue as she pulled harder and harder, ‘You bloody slag! Your mom’s a slag! Everyone says so! You’ll end up in the bloody gutter! Everyone says so, slag!’

But Anita did not even register these curses; she had her fingernails sunk firmly into Fat Sally’s cheeks, just below her eyes, and there were already tiny bubbles of bright red blood seeping from under them. And whilst words poured out of Fat Sally like messages from a fairground medium, Anita remained completely silent. She did not utter one word, emit one moan, her breathing was steady and her muscles relaxed, all her energy focused into the ends of her fingers and triumph glazing her eyes and twisting her mouth into a good-humoured grin. What really troubled me was her quiet acceptance,

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

her satisfaction at being pummelled. She seemed to be saying, I made you do this, I knew you would do it, and I have been proved right. I could not work out if this made her a bully or a victim, but I knew I could not stand by and watch any longer. **75**

‘Stop them Sherrie!’ I shouted pathetically. Sherrie was now bashing Fat Sally on the back with her riding crop; it was like pinging an elastic band at a yeti. ‘Get me dad!’ she shouted. **80**

**Either 3 (a) How does Syal’s writing make this confrontation between Anita and Fat Sally so disturbing? [40]**

**Or 3 (b) Explore the ways Anita’s influence over Meena is vividly portrayed in ONE or TWO moments in the novel.**

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

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**AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club***

- 4 (a) “Wake up, we’re here,” says my father.  
And I awake with my heart pounding in  
my throat. I look out the window and we’re  
already on the runway. It’s gray outside.
- And now I’m walking down the steps 5  
of the plane, onto the tarmac and toward  
the building. If only, I think, if only my  
mother had lived long enough to be the  
one walking toward them. I am so nervous  
I cannot even feel my feet. I am just 10  
moving somehow.
- Somebody shouts, “She’s arrived!”  
And then I see her. Her short hair. Her  
small body. And that same look on her  
face. She has the back of her hand 15  
pressed hard against her mouth. She is  
crying as though she had gone through a  
terrible ordeal and were happy it is over.
- And I know it’s not my mother, yet it is  
the same look she had when I was five and 20  
had disappeared all afternoon, for such a  
long time, that she was convinced I was  
dead. And when I miraculously appeared,  
sleepy-eyed, crawling from underneath my  
bed, she wept and laughed, biting the back 25  
of her hand to make sure it was true.
- And now I see her again, two of  
her, waving, and in one hand there is a  
photo, the Polaroid I sent them. As soon  
as I get beyond the gate, we run toward 30  
each other, all three of us embracing, all  
hesitations and expectations forgotten.
- “Mama, Mama,” we all murmur, as if  
she is among us.
- My sisters look at me, proudly. 35

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

**“*Meimei jandale,*” says one sister proudly to the other. “Little Sister has grown up.” I look at their faces again and I see no trace of my mother in them.**

**Yet they still look familiar. And now I also see what part of me is Chinese. It is so obvious. It is my family. It is in our blood. After all these years, it can finally be let go.** **40**

**My sisters and I stand, arms around each other, laughing and wiping the tears from each other’s eyes. The flash of the Polaroid goes off and my father hands me the snapshot. My sisters and I watch quietly together, eager to see what develops.** **45**

**The gray-green surface changes to the bright colors of our three images, sharpening and deepening all at once. And although we don’t speak, I know we all see it: Together we look like our mother. Her same eyes, her same mouth, open in surprise to see, at last, her long-cherished wish.** **50**

**Either 4 (a) How does Tan make this such a moving ending to the novel? [40]**

**Or 4 (b) How does Tan make Ted Jordan such an unpleasant character?**

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

## RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

- 5 (a) Sinbad wouldn't put the lighter fuel in his mouth.
- It's halibut oil, I told him.
- It isn't, he said.
- He squirmed but I held onto him. We were in the school yard, in the shed. 5
- I liked halibut oil. When you cracked the plastic with your teeth the oil spread over the inside of your mouth, like ink through blotting paper. It was warm; I liked it. The plastic was nice as well. 10
- It was Monday; Henno was in charge of the yard, but he always stayed over at the far side watching whoever was playing handball. He was mad; if he'd come over to our side, the shed, he'd have caught loads of us in the act. If a teacher caught five fellas smoking or doing serious messing he got a bonus in his wages; that was what Fluke Cassidy said and his uncle was a teacher. But Henno only watched handball and sometimes he took his jacket and jumper off and played it as well. He was brilliant. When he hit the ball you couldn't see it till it hit the wall; it was like a bullet. He had a sticker in his car: Live Longer, Play Handball. 15 20 25
- Sinbad's lips had disappeared because he was pressing them shut so hard; we couldn't get his mouth open. Kevin pressed the fuel capsule against his mouth but it wouldn't go in. I pinched Sinbad's arm; no good. This was terrible; in front of the others, I couldn't sort out my little brother. I got the hair above his 30 35



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

ear and pulled it up; I lifted him: I just wanted to hurt him. His eyes were closed now as well but the tears were getting out. I held his nose. He gasped and Kevin shoved the capsule half-way into his mouth. Then Liam lit it with the match. 40

We said we'd get Liam to light it, me and Kevin, just in case we got caught. It went like a dragon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sinbad promised. 45

My ma pushed his hair back from his forehead and combed her fingers through it to keep it on top of his head. She was nearly crying as well.

—I've tried everything, she told him. 50

—Now, promise again.

—I promise, said Sinbad.

My ma started to untie his hands. I was crying as well.

She tied his hands to the chair to stop him from picking the scabs on his lips. 55

He'd screamed. His face had gone red, then purple, and one of the screams went on for ever; he didn't breathe in. Sinbad's lips were covered in scabs because of the lighter fuel. For two weeks it had looked like he had no lips. 60

She held his hands at his sides but she let him stand up.

—Let's see your tongue, she said. 65

She was checking to see that he wasn't telling a lie.

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

**—Okay, Francis, she said. —No spots.  
Francis was Sinbad. He put his tongue  
back in.**

**70**

**She let go of his hands but he didn't  
go anywhere. I went over to where they  
were.**

**Either 5 (a) How does Doyle's writing make these two  
passages so disturbing? [40]**

**Or 5 (b) How far does Doyle's portrayal of 'Henno'  
persuade you that he is a good teacher?**

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

## **ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi***

**6 (a) 'A woman, Tsotsi.' Boston was speaking again. He had waited a long time. 'Maybe you had a woman. Ja, that's right. And when she let you down, or she left you, it hurt inside. Hey?' He waited a longer time. 'Not one?' Boston put his thumb and forefinger to his eyes. They were hurting. There was sweat on his upper lip which he wiped away. 'Your folks Tsotsi. Your mother... or father. Sister? Jesus! What about a dog?'** **5**

**There was nothing left after that, so he was silent. He didn't move for a long time and Tsotsi sighed once and then looked down at his hands.** **15**

**They stayed that way until the street cried, then laughter, and Soekie started her song again at the beginning, staying like that, Boston still, Tsotsi seemingly the same as always, the one in disbelief, the other at the explosive moment of action, and this moment precipitated when Boston whispered: 'You must have a soul Tsotsi. Everybody's got a soul. Every living human being has got a soul!'** **20**

**Tsotsi stood up, as if to stretch, his arms above his head, the elbows straight but bent at the wrist and turning. He opened his mouth to yawn but instead a cry came out and with that he brought one of his arms down in a wide swinging arc, catching Boston full on the parted lips with his clenched fist.** **25**

**30**

## **ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi* (Cont.)**

**Boston went down, but before he could move Tsotsi was over him, and this time with even more force, because he could aim. He broke his fist into his nose, and then his ear. Boston moaned softly.** 35

**Tsotsi stood up and walked a few feet away, standing eventually with clenched fists almost flush against a blank wall.** 40

**Boston still moaning, softly, rolled over on his stomach and raised himself on an arm. His words were blurred by the blood and broken teeth.** 45

**'You'll feel something one day. Ja Tsotsi. One day it's going to happen. And God help you that day, because when it comes you won't know what to do. You won't know what to do with that feeling.'** 50

**Tsotsi spun around and in a few quick steps was beside Boston again. With a kick at Boston's elbow he sent him sprawling. This time Boston cried, and a second, and a third, and a fourth time as Tsotsi went to work on him with his shoes, using the heel and the toe, using everything he had learnt about pain.** 55

**Soekie came through the door and for a time struggled to keep Tsotsi back. It was only when Die Aap and Butcher came back, and joined her, and Tsotsi realized that he could no longer get at the man, that he broke away from them and walked out into the night.** 60 65

**They rolled Boston over and whistled through their teeth.**

**ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi* (Cont.)**

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

**Or 6 (b) Explore some of the ways Fugard makes his portrayal of women so moving in the novel.**

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

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