

Wednesday 9 January 2013 – Afternoon

GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

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

QUESTION PAPER INSERT

Duration: 45 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- This Question Paper Insert is for your reference only.
- Answer **one** question on the text you have studied.

<i>Of Mice and Men</i> : John Steinbeck	pages 2–3	questions 1(a)–(b)
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i> : Harper Lee	page 4	questions 2(a)–(b)
<i>Anita and Me</i> : Meera Syal	page 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.

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)

During the conversation Carlson had refused to be drawn in. He continued to look down at the old dog. Candy watched him uneasily. At last Carlson said, "If you want me to, I'll put the old devil out of his misery right now and get it over with. Ain't nothing left for him. Can't eat, can't see, can't even walk without hurtin'."

5

Candy said hopefully, "You ain't got no gun."

"The hell I ain't. Got a Luger. It won't hurt him none at all."

Candy said, "Maybe tomorra. Le's wait till tomorra."

"I don't see no reason for it," said Carlson. He went to his bunk, pulled his bag from underneath it and took out a Luger pistol. "Let's get it over with," he said. "We can't sleep with him stinkin' around in here." He put the pistol in his hip pocket.

10

Candy looked a long time at Slim to try to find some reversal. And Slim gave him none. At last Candy said softly and hopelessly, "Awright—take 'im." He did not look down at the dog at all. He lay back on his bunk and crossed his arms behind his head and stared at the ceiling.

15

From his pocket Carlson took a little leather thong. He stooped over and tied it around the old dog's neck. All the men except Candy watched him. "Come boy. Come on, boy," he said gently. And he said apologetically to Candy, "He won't even feel it." Candy did not move nor answer him. He twitched the thong. "Come on, boy." The old dog got slowly and stiffly to his feet and followed the gently pulling leash.

20

Slim said, "Carlson."

"Yeah?"

"You know what to do."

25

"What ya mean, Slim?"

"Take a shovel," said Slim shortly.

"Oh sure! I get you." He led the dog out into the darkness.

George followed to the door and shut the door and set the latch gently in its place. Candy lay rigidly on his bed staring at the ceiling.

30

Slim said loudly, "One of my lead mules got a bad hoof. Got to get some tar on it." His voice trailed off. It was silent outside. Carlson's footsteps died away. The silence came into the room. And the silence lasted.

George chuckled, "I bet Lennie's right out there in the barn with his pup. He won't want to come in here now he's got a pup."

35

Slim said, "Candy, you can have any one of them pups you want."

Candy did not answer. The silence fell on the room again. It came out of the night and invaded the room. George said, "Anybody like to play a little euchre?"

"I'll play out a few with you," said Whit.

40

They took places opposite each other at the table under the light, but George did not shuffle the cards. He rippled the edge of the deck nervously, and the little snapping noise drew the eyes of all the men in the room, so that he stopped doing it. The silence fell on the room again. A minute passed, and another minute. Candy lay still, staring at the ceiling. Slim gazed at him for a moment and then looked down at his hands; he subdued one hand with the other, and held it down. There came a little gnawing sound from under the floor and all the men looked down toward it gratefully. Only Candy continued to stare at the ceiling.

45

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

Or 1 **(b)** How far does Steinbeck make you change your view of Curley's wife as the novel develops?

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

2 (a)

Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, pp.254-6, 1989, Arrow (Random House). Removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

Either 2 (a) How does Lee make this passage so shocking? [40]

Or 2 (b) How does Lee make Scout's first day at school so entertaining and revealing?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

MEERA SYAL: *Anita and Me*

- 3 (a) I stood uncertainly on the front porch and watched helplessly as the Aunties and Uncles began reclaiming the Tollington night in big Indian portions, guffawing Punjabi over fences and hedges, wafting curried vegetable smells through tight-mouthed letterboxes, sprinkling notes from old Hindi movie songs over jagged rooftops, challenging the single street light on the crossroads with their twinkling jewels and brazen silks. Usually, mama and papa were the most polite and careful neighbours, always shushing me if I made too much noise down the entries, always careful to keep all windows closed during papa's musical evenings. But tonight, I noted disapprovingly, they were as noisy and hysterical as everyone else. I had never seen the Elders so expansive and unconcerned, and knew that this somehow had something to do with Nanima. 5
- I hesitated on the porch step, unsure whether to flee indoors, dreading what the reaction of any passers-by might be, but also strangely drawn to this unfamiliar scene where my two worlds had collided and mingled so easily. There was a whiff of defiance in the air and it smelled as sweet and as hopeful as freshly-mown grass. Nevertheless, I froze when I heard the footsteps approaching the crossroads. It was two of the Ballbearings Committee, I was not sure which ones as in their Gooin' Out Outfits of tight shiny tops and optimistically short skirts, they all looked like sisters. By the way they were holding onto each other, I could tell they were on their way home from the Mingo disco, although they seemed to sober up immediately as they caught sight of our crowded front garden. Two pairs of red eyes ringed in creased blue powder took in the teeming, laughing masses and two lipstick smudged mouths broke into wide wicked grins. 10
- 'Ay up, Mr K! Havin a bit of a do then?' one of them shouted, every word sliding into each other so it sounded like a strangely musical babble. 'Oh yes ladies!' papa called from somewhere near the hedge. 'Come and join us! Whisky, yes?' 15
- Even in this light I could tell papa's face was flushed; he was wearing that lazy benevolent expression that always settled on his face after a good session with the Uncles, who were now gathering around him, seemingly impressed that papa was acquainted with some of the local talent. 20
- 'Whisky!' the other Ballbearings Committee member shrieked. 'Hark at him! Posh or what. Not on top of Malibu, thanks Mr K. Don't wanna be picking sick out of me birdbath again tomorrer!' The women's swooping laughter met the men's bass chuckles and it was really did sound like a beautiful, improvised song, as beautiful as any of papa's free-fall scales he would perform at the harmonium. 'Yow have a good time, Mr K!' the women called to papa as they staggered off. 'The world looks better when yow'm pissed, don't it?' 25

Either 3 (a) How does Syal so memorably and entertainingly convey the differences and the similarities between Meena's 'two worlds' in this passage? [40]

Or 3 (b) How does Syal make Meena's parents such likeable and admirable characters?

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

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

4 (a)

There was an afternoon on Tai Lake soon after this man and I married. I remember this is when I came to love him. This man had turned my face toward the late-afternoon sun. He held my chin and stroked my cheek and said, "Ying-ying, you have tiger eyes. They gather fire in the day. At night they shine golden." 5

I did not laugh, even though this was a poem he said very badly. I cried with honest joy. I had a swimming feeling in my heart like a creature thrashing to get out and wanting to stay in at the same time. That is how much I came to love this man. This is how it is when a person joins your body and there is a part of your mind that swims to join that person against your will. 10

I became a stranger to myself. I was pretty for him. If I put slippers on my feet, it was to choose a pair that I knew would please him. I brushed my hair ninety-nine times a night to bring luck to our marital bed, in hopes of conceiving a son. 15

The night he planted the baby, I again knew a thing before it happened. I knew it was a boy. I could see this little boy in my womb. He had my husband's eyes, large and wide apart. He had long tapered fingers, fat earlobes, and slick hair that rose high to reveal a large forehead. 20

It is because I had so much joy then that I came to have so much hate. But even when I was my happiest, I had a worry that started right above my brow, where you know a thing. This worry later trickled down to my heart, where you feel a thing and it becomes true. 25

My husband started to take many business trips to the north. These trips began soon after we married, but they became longer after the baby was put in my womb. I remembered that the north wind had blown luck and my husband my way, so at night when he was away, I opened wide my bedroom windows, even on cold nights, to blow his spirit and heart back my way. 30

What I did not know is that the north wind is the coldest. It penetrates the heart and takes the warmth away. The wind gathered such a force that it blew my husband past my bedroom and out the back door. I found out from my youngest aunt that he had left me to live with an opera singer. 35

Later still, when I overcame my grief and came to have nothing in my heart but loathing despair, my youngest aunt told me of others. Dancers and American ladies. Prostitutes. A girl cousin younger even than I was. She left mysteriously for Hong Kong soon after my husband disappeared. 40

So I will tell Lena of my shame. That I was rich and pretty. I was too good for any one man. That I became abandoned goods. I will tell her that at eighteen the prettiness drained from my cheeks. That I thought of throwing myself in the lake like the other ladies of shame. And I will tell her of the baby I killed because I came to hate this man so much. 45

I took this baby from my womb before it could be born. This was not a bad thing to do in China back then, to kill a baby before it is born. But even then, I thought it was bad, because my body flowed with terrible revenge as the juices of this man's firstborn son poured from me. 50

When the nurses asked what they should do with the lifeless baby, I hurled a newspaper at them and said to wrap it like a fish and throw it in the lake. My daughter thinks I do not know what it means to not want a baby. 55

When my daughter looks at me, she sees a small old lady. That is because she sees only with her outside eyes. She has no *chuming*, no inside knowing of things. If she had *chuming*, she would see a tiger lady. And she would have careful fear.

Either 4 **(a)** How does Tan make this such a shocking moment in the novel? **[40]**

Or 4 **(b)** How does Tan make the relationship between Jing-mei (June) Woo and her mother, Suyuan, so memorable?

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

RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

5 (a)

—Francis –

Still, stiff.

—Francis.

I touched the top of his head, brushed his hair with my fingers. He didn't feel anything.

5

—I'm sorry for kicking you.

Nothing.

I went out and closed the door. I shut it hard enough for him to hear the click; I didn't slam it. I waited. I got down and looked through the keyhole. I couldn't see the space where he was. Keyholes were never any good. I counted to ten. I opened the door, the ordinary way.

10

He was still there, the same. The exact same.

I wanted to kill him. I was going to; it wasn't fair. All I wanted to do was help him and he wouldn't let me. He wouldn't even let me be in the room, and I was. And he was going to find out.

15

I closed his nose. I shut his nostrils with my fingers, not to hurt, not hard.

Now.

His nose was dry. It made it easier, holding on. The only air he had was the stuff already in him.

20

Now.

He'd have to die or do something.

—Francis.

He'd have to inhale oxygen and exhale the carbon dioxide, sooner or later. I watched the two colours on his face shifting. Something was happening.

25

His mouth opened – nothing else – real quick with a pop, and shut again, quick as a goldfish. He couldn't have breathed, not enough. He was bluffing.

—Francis, you're dying.

30

His nose still wasn't sweating.

—You'll die unless you inhale oxygen, I said. —Within a matter of minutes. Francis. it's for your own good.

He did it again. Open, pop, shut again.

Something happened: I started crying. I went to thump him and before I had a fist made I was crying. I hung on to his nose for a while longer, just to be holding him. I didn't know why I was crying; it shocked me. I let go of his nose. I put my arms around him. My hands touched around the back. he stayed hard and closed. I thought my arms would soften him. They'd have to.

35

40

I was hugging a statue. I couldn't even smell him because my nose was full of snot and I couldn't get rid of it. I stayed that way because I didn't want to give up. My arms got sore. My crying turned into a hum; no tears. I wondered did Sinbad – Francis – know that I'd been crying? Because of him, mostly.

45

I couldn't stop myself from crying these days.

I let go of him.

—Francis?

I wiped my face but most of the wet had gone. It had evaporated.

— I won't hit you again, okay; ever.

50

I didn't expect an answer or anything. I waited a bit. Then I kicked him And I thumped him. Twice. Then I felt my back go freezing: someone was looking. I turned. No one. I couldn't hit him again though.

I left the door open.

Either 5 **(a)** How does Doyle vividly convey Paddy's feelings about his brother at this point in the novel? **[40]**

Or 5 **(b)** How does Doyle make Kevin an increasingly dislikeable character?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[40]**

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi*

6 (a)

Then they sat down to eat and this, like everything else, they did, was very serious. The bottles of water, two of them, stopped with plugs of paper, were passed around and the bread and the orange peels broken up and shared out in equal portions. The youngest, the one they had carried, caused the others great concern by not touching his food. They left off eating and drinking their own to try and urge him on. 'Eat.' 'Take it Simon.' 'Bread and peels man.' 'Dip it in your water.' 5

Simon wore an old coat sizes too big. When he walked it trailed behind him like a bridal gown. Now he was hidden, almost lost in its voluminous folds. He made no move to eat. So they unbuttoned the coat and the leader took a box of matches and struck a light and they all looked at Simon's belly. It was bigger, they agreed. Bigger than yesterday because it was broader than the rest of his body and as stiff as a drum. 10

Simon sat through their inspection and listened to their remarks with the implacability of a small Buddha. 15

'Like Willie,' they said. 'He's going like Willie.'

'Who's Willie?' David asked.

'We put him away,' was the reply.

Then someone had the idea that since Willie was no more, and the new one had no name, why not call him Willie. It was an idea, they agreed, taking turns to say 'Willie' and nudge the new boy, until he also said, 'Willie.' The others laughed. 20

After that they spoke a little about the day, and what had happened. It had been a bad day. Just bread and orange peels. They would try somewhere else tomorrow. 25

'Try what?' the new boy-without-a-name, the one trying to be Willie, asked.

They looked at him and were silent as if the question had no meaning.

A half-moon came up and the boy who had held his hand, on the way to the river, turned to him and said: 'You must get a bed.' 30

In the sharp, silvery light he led David down the riverbed and together they collected a pile of scrap paper blown there by the wind and a few pieces of gritty cardboard.

The other boy did all the talking. 'My name is Petah. Now listen. What's the matter with you? You say nothing. Are you sleepy? I'm also too. Not long now. You'll sleep on these. I'll show you. It's all right over here, you'll see, when there's food. We'll be friends. Me and you, I'll tell you what. We must find you another name. Willie's no good man. I don't like it. It's dead, you see.' 35

When Petah decided they had enough papers, they went back. The others were crawling around the openings to the pipes, scurrying about on all fours like moles. Petah led him to the last pipe. 40

'This is mine. You sleep with me. Are you frightened? Shall I go in first? Listen. Say something man. You say nothing.'

He showed David how to lay out the papers so that they formed a mattress. Then he crawled in, followed by David. Inside it was warm and musty and Petah's small voice boomed down the pipe, each word throbbing and yawning wide with echoes. David listened without emotion. Nothing touched him, nothing registered. He was in something like a living trance that had even made him immune to pain. And then Petah dropped off to sleep. 50

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