

**Monday 20 May 2013 – Morning**

**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	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	pages 10–11	questions 5(a)–(b)
<i>Tsotsi</i> : Athol Fugard	page 12	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 will be assessed in this paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **40**.
- This document consists of **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

- 1 (a) Her face grew angry. “Wha’s the matter with me?” she cried. “Ain’t I got a right to talk to nobody? Whatta they think I am, anyways? You’re a nice guy. I don’t know why I can’t talk to you. I ain’t doin’ no harm to you.”
- “Well, George says you’ll get us in a mess.”
- “Aw, nuts!” she said. “What kinda harm am I doin’ to you? Seems like they ain’t none of them cares how I gotta live. I tell you I ain’t used to livin’ like this. I coulda made somethin’ of myself.” She said darkly, “Maybe I will yet.” And then her words tumbled out in a passion of communication, as though she hurried before her listener could be taken away. “I lived right in Salinas,” she said. “Come there when I was a kid. Well, a show come through, an’ I met one of the actors. He says I could go with that show. But my ol’ lady wouldn’ let me. She says because I was on’y fifteen. But the guy says I coulda. If I’d went, I wouldn’t be livin’ like this, you bet.”
- Lennie stroked the pup back and forth. “We gonna have a little place— an’ rabbits,” he explained.
- She went on with her story quickly, before she should be interrupted. “Nother time I met a guy, an’ he was in pitchers. Went out to the Riverside Dance Palace with him. He says he was gonna put me in the movies. Says I was a natural. Soon’s he got back to Hollywood he was gonna write to me about it.” She looked closely at Lennie to see whether she was impressing him. “I never got that letter,” she said. “I always thought my ol’ lady stole it. Well, I wasn’t gonna stay no place where I couldn’t get nowhere or make something of myself, an’ where they stole your letters. I ast her if she stole it, too, an’ she says no. So I married Curley. Met him out to the Riverside Dance Palace that same night.” She demanded, “You listenin’?”
- “Me? Sure.”
- “Well, I ain’t told this to nobody before. Maybe I ought’n to. I don’t *like* Curley. He ain’t a nice fella.” And because she had confided in him, she moved closer to Lennie and sat beside him. “Coulda been in the movies, an’ had nice clothes—all them nice clothes like they wear. An’ I coulda sat in them big hotels, an’ had pitchers took of me. When they had them previews I coulda went to them, an’ spoke in the radio, an’ it wouldn’ta cost me a cent because I was in the pitcher. An’ all them nice clothes like they wear. Because this guy says I was a natural.” She looked up at Lennie, and she made a small grand gesture with her arm and hand to show that she could act. The fingers trailed after her leading wrist, and her little finger stuck out grandly from the rest.

**Either** 1 (a) How far does Steinbeck encourage you to feel sympathy for Curley’s wife in this passage? **[40]**

**Or** 1 (b) Explore the ways that Steinbeck memorably portrays the importance of dreams in the novel.

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

2 (a)



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

**Either**    **2**    **(a)** How does Lee's writing make this such a significant and moving moment in the novel?

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

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**Or**        **2**    **(b)** How does Lee's writing make Mrs Dubose such a memorable and significant character in the novel?

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

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

Before I could ask out aloud if Anita had seen sight or sound of Mrs Christmas lately, Anita chucked the packet of sweets, still half full, to the ground and began running down the entry, whooping like an ambulance siren. The echo was amazing, deep and raspy and rumbling like a dinosaur's cough, it bounced off the high entry walls and made me shudder. She stopped, panting for breath at the far end of the passage, a stick silhouette, seemingly miles away. 'Yow do it. Goo on then.'

I took a deep gulp of air and began running, gathering speed, opened my lungs and bellowed, no pattern or tune, just pure sound swooping up and down the scale, so much of it I felt it was pouring out of my nose and ears and eyes. The echo picked me up and dragged me along the slimy walls, the harder I shouted the faster I moved, it was all the screams I had been saving up as long as I could remember, and I reached sunlight and Anita at the other end where we both laughed our heads off.

Suddenly a gate scraped open beside us and Mr Christmas emerged in his vest and braces, his face blue with fury. His hair stood on end, straight up like he'd put his finger in a socket, and there was drool gathering on one side of his mouth. 'Yow little heathens! What yow think yow'm playing at?' he hissed. 'I got a sick woman inside. Yow think she wants to hear yow lot honking around like a lot of animals?' He was pointing a shaky finger at his sitting room window, the one that overlooked the yard. Through it, just visible, was the top of Mrs Christmas' snowy head. It seemed to be propped at an awkward angle, it looked like she was watching the tiny black and white telly sitting on top of the sideboard.

I felt mortified, more for not going to visit Mrs Christmas than for shouting down the entry, forgetting that its walls were also the walls of half of the Christmas' home. 'I shall tell your mothers on you, that I shall,' Mr Christmas continued. My belly contracted. That wasn't good news, not today, when I'd already been exposed as a petty thief and a liar. My mother let me get away with mouthy behaviour and general mischief around my Aunties, she never had to worry about policing me because guaranteed, one of them would raise a fat hand jingling with bangles and cuff me into place, no questions asked. Scolding each other's kids was expected, a sign of affection almost, that you cared enough about them to administer a pinch or nudge now and then. But to be told off by a white person, especially a neighbour, that was not just misbehaviour, that was letting down the whole Indian nation. It was continually drummed into me, 'Don't give them a chance to say we're worse than they already think we are. You prove you are better. Always.'

'Don't tell, Mr Christmas,' I pleaded pathetically, only just realising with shock that he had not got his V-neck on today. 'We're really sorry, aren't we Anita?'

Anita had not moved or spoken. She was twirling her privet switch round and round in the dirt, her eyes unblinking and fixed. She sighed and said in a flat, bored voice, 'Tell me mom. I don't care.'

I gasped. This was treason. Why hadn't I said that?

'Right. I will then, I'll go round right now ... No, not now, Connie needs her medicine first, but after that ...'

Anita was already strolling away, dragging her feet deliberately, a wiggle in her thin hips. 'Goo on then. I dare ya. Soft old sod.'

The sky did not crack. It was still clear, blue, unbroken. Anita Rutter, the cock of the yard, had not only answered back a grown-up but sworn at him and invited him to tell the whole thing to her own mother. Mr Christmas' shoulders sagged slightly. He turned his gaze to me, a hard look, unforgiving. 'Nice friends you've got now, eh chick?' He shuffled back into his yard and slammed the gate. A moment later I heard the TV volume go up to full blast.

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**Either**    **3**    **(a)** How does Syal convey such vivid impressions of Anita's influence on Meena in this passage? **[40]**

**Or**        **3**    **(b)** How far do you think the white community portrayed in *Anita and Me* could be called racist?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

**[40]**

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

4 (a)

My daughter is getting married a second time. So she asked me to go to her beauty parlor, her famous Mr. Rory. I know her meaning. She is ashamed of my looks. What will her husband's parents and his important lawyer friends think of this backward old Chinese woman?

"Auntie An-mei can cut me," I say. 5

"Rory is famous," says my daughter, as if she had no ears. "He does fabulous work."

So I sit in Mr. Rory's chair. He pumps me up and down until I am the right height. Then my daughter criticizes me as if I were not there. "See how it's flat on one side," she accuses my head. "She needs a cut and a perm. And this purple tint in her hair, she's been doing it at home. She's never had anything professionally done." 10

She is looking at Mr. Rory in the mirror. He is looking at me in the mirror. I have seen this professional look before. Americans don't really look at one another when talking. They talk to their reflections. They look at others or themselves only when they think nobody is watching. So they never see how they really look. They see themselves smiling without their mouth open, or turned to the side where they cannot see their faults. 15

"How does she want it?" asked Mr. Rory. He thinks I do not understand English. He is floating his fingers through my hair. He is showing how his magic can make my hair thicker and longer. 20

"Ma, how do you want it?" Why does my daughter think she is translating English for me? Before I can even speak, she explains my thoughts: "She wants a soft wave. We probably shouldn't cut it too short. Otherwise it'll be too tight for the wedding. She doesn't want it to look kinky or weird." 25

And now she says to me in a loud voice, as if I had lost my hearing, "Isn't that right, Ma? Not too tight?"

I smile. I use my American face. That's the face Americans think is Chinese, the one they cannot understand. But inside I am becoming ashamed. I am ashamed she is ashamed. Because she is my daughter and I am proud of her, and I am her mother but she is not proud of me. 30

Mr. Rory pats my hair more. He looks at me. He looks at my daughter. Then he says something to my daughter that really displeases her: "It's uncanny how much you two look alike!" 35

I smile, this time with my Chinese face. But my daughter's eyes and her smile become very narrow, the way a cat pulls itself small just before it bites. Now Mr. Rory goes away so we can think about this. I hear him snap his fingers, "Wash! Mrs. Jong is next!"

So my daughter and I are alone in this crowded beauty parlor. She is frowning at herself in the mirror. She sees me looking at her. 40

"The same cheeks," she says. She points to mine and then pokes her cheeks. She sucks them outside in to look like a starved person. She puts her face next to mine, side by side, and we look at each other in the mirror.

"You can see your character in your face," I say to my daughter without thinking. "You can see your future." 45

"What do you mean?" she says.

And now I have to fight back my feelings. These two faces, I think, so much the same! The same happiness, the same sadness, the same good fortune, the same faults. 50

I am seeing myself and my mother, back in China, when I was a young girl.



**Either** 4 **(a)** Explore how Tan portrays the relationship between Lindo and Waverly here. **[40]**

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**Or** 4 **(b)** How does Tan so movingly portray the cruel treatment suffered by **one** of the following characters?

An-mei  
Lindo  
Ying-ying

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

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

5 (a)

During little break, the eleven o'clock one, I pushed up against Seán Whelan when we were lining up to go back in.

—Watch it.

Seán Whelan didn't do anything or say anything. He just looked like he was very determined not to look at me, and I was happy with that. I shoved so I could be beside Kevin. 5

—I'm going to get Whelan, I told Kevin.

—Sure you are, said Kevin.

I was surprised, nearly upset.

—I am, I said. —For definite. He pushed me. 10

I'd have to get him now. I looked back at Seán Whelan. He had a way of looking past you, looking ahead but around a corner.

He was dead.

The fight took me by surprise. I was going to wait for a good excuse but Kevin pushed me into Seán Whelan – this was outside the gate, across the road in the field that was being dug up – and Seán Whelan elbowed me or his elbow was just there and I was thumping him and being thumped and that surprised me as well. I swung my fists stiff-armed; I hadn't the time to ready myself, to remember to punch properly, and it was too late now. Seán Whelan's head got my chin; my teeth banged. I stepped back out of Seán Whelan's arms, and kicked. I drew back my left foot and kicked again. Seán Whelan tried to hold onto my foot, to knock me over. I got my foot back away from him and I didn't fall. Seán Whelan was going backwards, the boys behind him were letting him, because I was going to kick him again. I ran and kicked. I'd got him hard. A good bit over his knee. He skipped back like his legs had gone from under him. He grunted. I had him; I was winning. I was going to get his hair now, and knee his face. I'd never done it before. I'd nearly done it to Sinbad but pulling his head down had been enough; he'd screamed and I couldn't get my leg to go up hard; I could lift it but not to smash him. Seán Whelan wasn't Sinbad though. I'd grab a tuft of his stupid hair – 15

The pain knocked me sideways, buckled me for a second.

I'd just been kicked, just under my left hip and the tips of two fingers. Seán Whelan was in front of me. It took me a while to – 20

Charles Leavy had kicked me.

There was no cheering now. This was serious. I wanted to go to the toilet. My fingers stung like freezing cold. Seán Whelan was in the crowd now, looking in. I tried to pretend that I was still fighting him. 25

The same place. Charles Leavy kicked me again.

No one jumped in. No one said anything. No one moved. They knew. They were going to see fighting they'd never seen before. Blood and teeth, torn clothes. Things broken. No rules. 30

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

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**Or** 5 **(b)** Explore the ways Doyle memorably portrays Paddy's reactions to the increasing problems in his parents' marriage.

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

ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi*

- 6 (a) Morris Tshabalala was his name and he was also a man. But his stature, the extent of his manliness, was not in his body, because there was very little left of it since the accident, and what there was he dragged knee-high through the streets, using his arms like oars; nor was it in his hope, because there was even less of that. How then did he measure himself as a man? ... because he used that word, throwing it back at the children when they smiled, even though they had done so in pity, screaming it once at a prostitute who laughed at his money and desperation. Ask him and he will tell you. Bend down low where he sits on the fringe of the forest of legs rushing past on the pavement; better still, squat there so that he can look you straight in the eye. Don't smile, even in pity, don't try to bribe him with a penny, because only then will he give you the measure of his manhood. 5
- 'I tell anyman – *anyman* I tell you – I tell go to hell Mister! Go to hell and cook for your black sins!' 10
- Whatever else you could say or see about him, Morris Tshabalala was not afraid. That is why, when the foot came down on his hand on the pavement of Terminal Place, he had no hesitation in saying in anger: 'Whelp of a yellow bitch!' 15
- It wasn't because of the pain. His hands were hard now, his fingers had forgotten their disgust of the gobs of phlegm or dog piss because they no longer felt them. It was the insult of the foot that stung him. It meant he had been seen and nothing provoked so easily to life the harsh and bitter truth about himself. No one found half a man as meaningless as Morris Tshabalala himself. 20

\* \* \* \* \*

Morris Tshabalala was on his way to the eating house where he always had his supper. He moved slowly through the crowd. He moved slowly normally but a lot of people made it worse. There were times when he had to wait minutes on end before sufficient room opened up for him to carry on. He moved by putting his hands down in front of him, the palms flat and then dragging his body forward between his arms. This position limited his gaze to the small area of ground immediately beneath his head and a little more on each side, because he could turn his head either way. If he wanted to look anywhere else he had to stop and sit upright with his stumps sticking out in front. 5 10

**Either** 6 (a) How does Fugard encourage you to feel sympathy for Morris Tshabalala in these two passages? [40]

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**Or** 6 (b) Explore how Fugard makes **one** moment in the novel particularly upsetting for you. Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [40]







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