

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS  
GCSE**

**A663/02**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**Prose from Different Cultures  
(Higher Tier)**

**MONDAY 18 MAY 2015: Morning**

**DURATION: 45 minutes**

**plus your additional time allowance**

**MODIFIED ENLARGED 24pt**

**Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet.**

**OCR SUPPLIED MATERIALS:**

**12 page Answer Booklet (OCR12)  
(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.**

**Answer ONE question on the text you have studied.**

**‘Of Mice and Men’:**

**John Steinbeck**

**pages 4–5**

**questions 1(a)–(b)**

**‘To Kill a Mockingbird’:**

**Harper Lee**

**pages 6–7**

**questions 2(a)–(b)**

**‘Anita and Me’:**

**Meera Syal**

**pages 8–9**

**questions 3(a)–(b)**

**‘The Joy Luck Club’:**

**Amy Tan**

**pages 10–11**

**questions 4(a)–(b)**

**‘Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha’:**

**Roddy Doyle**

**pages 12–13**

**questions 5(a)–(b)**

**‘Tsotsi’: Athol Fugard**

**pages 14–15**

**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.**

**Any blank pages are indicated.**

## **INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR**

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## JOHN STEINBECK: 'Of Mice and Men'

1 (a)

The bunk house was a long, rectangular building. Inside, the walls were whitewashed and the floor unpainted. In three walls there were small, square windows, and in the fourth, a solid door with a wooden latch. Against the walls were eight bunks, five of them made up with blankets and the other three showing their burlap ticking. Over each bunk there was nailed an apple box with the opening forward so that it made two shelves for the personal belongings of the occupant of the bunk. And these shelves were loaded with little articles, soap and talcum powder, razors and those Western magazines ranch men love to read and scoff at and secretly believe. And there were medicines on the shelves, and little vials, combs; and from nails on the box sides, a few neckties. Near one wall there was a black cast-iron stove, its stovepipe going straight up through the ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a big square table littered with playing cards, and around it were grouped boxes for the players to sit on.

At about ten o'clock in the morning the sun threw a bright dust-laden bar through one of the side windows, and in and out of the beam flies shot like rushing stars.

The wooden latch raised. The door opened and a tall, stoop-shouldered old man came in. He was dressed in blue jeans and he carried a big push-broom in his left hand. Behind him came George, and behind George, Lennie.

"The boss was expectin' you last night," the old man said. "He was sore as hell when you wasn't here to go out this morning." He pointed with his right arm, and out of the sleeve came a round stick-like wrist, but no hand. "You can have them two beds there," he said, indicating two bunks near the stove.

George stepped over and threw his blankets down on the burlap sack of straw that was a mattress. He looked into his box shelf and then picked a small yellow can from it. "Say. What the hell's this?"

"I don't know," said the old man.

**“Says ‘positively kills lice, roaches and other scourges.’  
What the hell kind of bed you giving us, anyways? We don’t  
want no pants rabbits.”**

**EITHER     1     (a) How does Steinbeck vividly portray in this  
passage the lives of ranch workers in California  
at that time?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and  
to support your ideas with details from the  
passage and the rest of the novel. [40]**

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**OR             1     (b) How does Steinbeck shockingly convey the  
violent nature of ranch life?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and  
to support your ideas with details from the  
novel. [40]**

## **HARPER LEE: 'To Kill a Mockingbird'**

**2 (a)**

**But I was worrying another bone. 'Do all lawyers defend n-Negroes, Atticus?'**

**'Of course they do, Scout.'**

**'Then why did Cecil say you defended niggers? He made it sound like you were runnin' a still.'** **5**

**Atticus sighed. 'I'm simply defending a Negro – his name's Tom Robinson. He lives in that little settlement beyond the town dump. He's a member of Calpurnia's church, and Cal knows his family well. She says they're clean-living folks. Scout, you aren't old enough to understand some things yet, but there's been some high talk around town to the effect that I shouldn't do much about defending this man. It's a peculiar case – it won't come to trial until summer session. John Taylor was kind enough to give us a postponement ...'** **10**

**'If you shouldn't be defendin' him, then why are you doin' it?'** **15**

**'For a number of reasons,' said Atticus. 'The main one is, if I didn't I couldn't hold up my head in town, I couldn't represent this county in the legislature, I couldn't even tell you or Jem not to do something again.'** **20**

**'You mean if you didn't defend that man, Jem and me wouldn't have to mind you any more?'**

**'That's about right.'**

**'Why?'** **25**

**'Because I could never ask you to mind me again. Scout, simply by the nature of the work, every lawyer gets at least one case in his lifetime that affects him personally. This one's mine, I guess. You might hear some ugly talk about it at school, but do one thing for me if you will: you just hold your head high and keep those fists down. No matter what anybody says to you, don't you let 'em get your goat. Try fighting with your head for a change... It's a good one, even if it does resist learning.'** **30**

**'Atticus, are we going to win it?'** **35**

**'No, honey.'**

**'Then why –'**

**‘Simply because we were licked a hundred years before we started is no reason for us not to try to win,’ Atticus said.**

**40**

**EITHER      2      (a) How does Lee’s writing here strikingly reveal the character of Atticus and the treatment of black people at that time?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the passage and the rest of the novel. [40]**

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**OR                      2      (b) Explore one or two moments in the novel where Lee’s writing makes the way the people of Maycomb behave towards each other particularly shocking.**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]**

3 (a)

The truck drivers, the taxi drivers, the fat men squeezed into small cars and the thin women rattling around in hatchbacks, all wore the same weary amused expression, as if my mother’s driving had only confirmed some secret, long-held opinion of how people like us were coping with the complexities of the modern world. Putting the car into reverse was, for them, an act of benevolence, maybe their first, as well-intentioned as any of Mr Ormerod’s charity parcels to the poor children in Africa. 5

I had expected aggression, some name calling, the kind of hissed comments I occasionally endured from the young lads on the council estate near my school, the school where mama taught. But I believed by the end of the queue, I had won them over with my cheeky charm, a sort of Well, What A Mess But It’s Not My Fault expression, and my deliberately exaggerated Tollington accent, thus proving I was very much one of them, they did not need to shout to make themselves understood or think they could get away with muttered swearing and I would not understand, that I belonged. 10 15 20

By the time I reached the last car, a Hillman Imp containing a sweet-faced elderly woman, I was almost enjoying myself, swept up by the drama of the occasion, imagining how I would recite and embroider the story for my friends at school the next day. I tapped on the window and the old dear slowly rolled it down. ‘Sorry, but me mum’s at the top of the hill and she’s rolling down, ar ... can yow move back just a bit? Ta.’ 25

She blinked once and fumbled with the gear stick and said casually, ‘Bloody stupid wog. Stupid woggy wog. Stupid.’ 30

I backed off as if I had been punched and began running up the hill to our Mini, where mama was waiting with the door open and the lights were green.

Later that evening, papa pulled me onto his lap and asked me what I had learned that day. I wanted to tell him 35



about the old lady, but then I looked at his face and saw something I had never seen before, a million of these encounters written in the lines around his warm, hopeful eyes, lurking in the furrows of his brow, shadowing the soft curves of his mouth. I suddenly realised that what had happened to me must have happened to papa countless times, but not once had he ever shared his upset with me. He must have known it would have made me feel as I felt right now, hurt, angry, confused, and horribly powerless because this kind of hatred could not be explained. I decided to return the compliment. ‘I learned,’ I replied, ‘that mama is a really good driver.’

**EITHER      3      (a) How does Syal’s writing here powerfully convey the reality of life for immigrant families like Meera’s at that time?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the passages and the rest of the novel. [40]**

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**OR                      3      (b) How does Syal make Nanima such a significant and entertaining character in the novel?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]**

## AMY TAN: 'The Joy Luck Club'

### 4 (a)

In this same war movie, the American soldier goes home and he falls to his knees asking another girl to marry him. And the girl's eyes run back and forth, so shy, as if she had never considered this before. And suddenly!—her eyes look straight down and she knows now she loves him, so much she wants to cry. "Yes," she says at last, and they marry forever.

5

This was not my case. Instead, the village matchmaker came to my family when I was just two years old. No, nobody told me this, I remember it all. It was summertime, very hot and dusty outside, and I could hear cicadas crying in the yard. We were under some trees in our orchard. The servants and my brothers were picking pears high above me. And I was sitting in my mother's hot sticky arms. I was waving my hand this way and that, because in front of me floated a small bird with horns and colorful paper-thin wings. And then the paper bird flew away and in front of me were two ladies. I remember them because one lady made watery "shrrhh, shrrhh" sounds. When I was older, I came to recognize this as a Peking accent, which sounds quite strange to Taiyuan people's ears.

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The two ladies were looking at my face without talking. The lady with the watery voice had a painted face that was melting. The other lady had the dry face of an old tree trunk. She looked first at me, then at the painted lady.

25

Of course, now I know the tree-trunk lady was the old village matchmaker, and the other was Huang Taitai, the mother of the boy I would be forced to marry. No, it's not true what some Chinese say about girl babies being worthless. It depends on what kind of girl baby you are. In my case, people could see my value. I looked and smelled like a precious buncake, sweet with a good clean color.

30

The matchmaker bragged about me: "An earth horse for an earth sheep. This is the best marriage combination." She patted my arm and I pushed her hand away. Huang Taitai whispered in her shrrhh-shrrhh voice that perhaps I had an unusually bad *pichi*, a bad temper. But the matchmaker laughed and said, "Not so, not so. She is a strong horse.

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She will grow up to be a hard worker who serves you well in your old age.” 40

And this is when Huang Taitai looked down at me with a cloudy face as though she could penetrate my thoughts and see my future intentions. I will never forget her look. Her eyes opened wide, she searched my face carefully and then she smiled. I could see a large gold tooth staring at me like the blinding sun and then the rest of her teeth opened wide as if she were going to swallow me down in one piece. 45

This is how I became betrothed to Huang Taitai’s son, who I later discovered was just a baby, one year younger than I. His name was Tyan-yu—*tyan* for “sky,” because he was so important, and *yu*, meaning “leftovers,” because when he was born his father was very sick and his family thought he might die. Tyan-yu would be the leftover of his father’s spirit. But his father lived and his grandmother was scared the ghosts would turn their attention to this baby boy and take him instead. So they watched him carefully, made all his decisions, and he became very spoiled. 50 55

But even if I had known I was getting such a bad husband, I had no choice, now or later. That was how backward families in the country were. 60

- EITHER     4     (a) How does Tan vividly portray the lives of women in China here?**
- Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the passage and the rest of the novel. [40]
- 
- OR             4     (b) How does Tan powerfully present some of the differences between the two societies depicted in the novel – the China of the mothers and the America of the daughters?**
- Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

## RODDY DOYLE: 'Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha'

5 (a)

Mister O'Connell made brilliant dinners. Chips and burgers; he didn't make them, he brought them home. All the way from town in the train, cos there was no chipper in Barrytown then.

—God love them, said my ma when my da told her about the smell of chips and vinegar that Mister O'Connell had brought with him onto the train.

5

He made them mash. He shovelled out the middle of the mountain till it was like a volcano and then he dropped in a big lump of butter, and covered it up. He did that to every plate. He made them rasher sandwiches. He gave them a can of Ambrosia Creamed Rice each and he let them eat it out of the can. They never got salad.

10

Sinbad ate nothing. All he ever ate was bread and jam. My ma tried to make him eat his dinner; she said she wouldn't let him leave the table till he was finished. My da lost his temper and shouted at him.

15

—Don't shout at him, Paddy, my ma said to my da, not to us; we weren't supposed to hear it.

—He's provoking me, said my da.

20

—You'll only make it worse, she said, louder now.

—You have him spoiled; that's the problem.

He stood up.

—I'm going in now to read my paper. And if that plate isn't empty when I come back I'll let you have what for.

25

Sinbad was scrunched up in his chair looking at the plate, staring at the food to go away.

My ma went after my da to talk to him more. I helped Sinbad eat his dinner. He kept dropping it out of his mouth onto the plate and the table.

30

He made Sinbad sit there for an hour until he was ready to inspect the plate. It was empty; in me and in the bin.

—That's more like it, said my da.

Sinbad went to bed.

He was like that, our da. He'd be mean now and again, really mean for no reason. He wouldn't let us watch the television and the next minute he'd be sitting on the floor

35

**beside us watching it with us, never for long though. He was always busy. He said. But he mostly sat in his chair.**

**EITHER      5      (a) How does Doyle vividly portray family life in Barrytown in this passage?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the passage and the rest of the novel. [40]**

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**OR                      5      (b) How does Doyle's writing about the games that the boys play convey a vivid and disturbing impression of growing up at that time?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]**

**ATHOL FUGARD: ‘Tsotsi’**

**6 (a)**

At the bottom of the street, not far from Tsotsi’s room—  
you could lean out of his window and see the spot—there  
where the road had managed to steal extra inches of land  
from the shacks and hovels that crowded the side in a  
warped frontage of corrugated iron, biscuit tins, packaging- 5  
case wood, sacking and of anything else that could be  
nailed or tied together in the basic design of a few walls  
and a roof; there is this widening of the street, littered with  
stones because feet, thousands of them, to be numbered  
in generations of coming and going, had worked away the 10  
loose sand and tramped down the remainder hard and firm;  
there in the middle of all of this, snaking out of the earth in  
a length of grey piping, and this firm on a three-foot beam  
of wood, buried deep on the day when the ground had  
been soft and easy on the spade, there, solitary, important, 15  
indispensable, hated at times, enjoyed at others, stood  
the communal tap. This part of the street was known as  
Waterworks Square, and the tap was the only one in that  
part of the township.

They came to it, starting early in the morning, and then 20  
all through the day, still there when the sun set and then  
after that returning intermittently through the night to  
chase away the dogs gathered to lick up the drip, yet all it  
gave was water. They came to it with buckets and basins  
and babies on their backs and in their bellies, they came to 25  
it old and young, some so young they never remembered,  
the oldest now so far gone in living that at their last the  
most they could do was shuffle with the queue and keep  
a place for an absent one, and all it gave was water. They  
came to it laughing, they came to it silent, or singing or 30  
sad, and to all it only gave water.

And because they had to wait so long for it—at noon  
the queue would stretch back past Tsotsi’s room—because  
there stranger met stranger in a common purpose, a  
common thirst, and you could talk there waiting in the 35  
queue about nothing or everything and never meet again;  
because there you could see the face of the baby heard

being born last night, or that of the man who prayed so long and loud, or the one who beat his wife, or the wife herself, blacker for bruises; because of all this, more than 40 just waiting for water, a dull enforced drag of hours wasted in the sun while you shuffled nearer the tap. That stocky length of wood and gurgling pipe was rooted in their lives.

**EITHER      6      (a) How does Fugard's writing make this moment so revealing of life in the township?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the passage and the rest of the novel. [40]**

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**OR              6      (b) How does Fugard's writing powerfully convey the effects of the political system on family life in the township?**

**Remember to refer to the use of language and to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]**

**END OF QUESTION PAPER**

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