

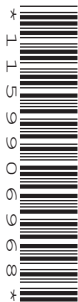
**Tuesday 20 May 2014 – Morning**

**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	page 6	questions 3(a)–(b)
<i>The Joy Luck Club</i> : Amy Tan	page 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	page 10	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 **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

### INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR

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JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

- 1 (a) Curley's wife lay with a half-covering of yellow hay. And the meanness and the plannings and the discontent and the ache for attention were all gone from her face. She was very pretty and simple, and her face was sweet and young. Now her rouged cheeks and her reddened lips made her seem alive and sleeping very lightly. The curls, tiny little sausages, were spread on the hay behind her head, and her lips were parted. 5
- As happens sometimes, a moment settled and hovered and remained for much more than a moment. And sound stopped and movement stopped for much, much more than a moment.
- Then gradually time awakened again and moved sluggishly on. The horses stamped on the other side of the feeding racks and the halter chains clinked. Outside, the men's voices became louder and clearer. 10
- From around the end of the last stall old Candy's voice came. "Lennie," he called. "Oh, Lennie! You in here? I been figuring some more. Tell you what we can do, Lennie." Old Candy appeared around the end of the last stall. "Oh, Lennie!" he called again; and then he stopped, and his body stiffened. He rubbed his smooth wrist on his white stubble whiskers. "I di'n't know you was here," he said to Curley's wife. 15
- When she didn't answer, he stepped nearer. "You oughten' to sleep out here," he said disapprovingly; and then he was beside her and— "Oh, Jesus Christ!" He looked about helplessly, and he rubbed his beard. And then he jumped up and went quickly out of the barn. 20
- But the barn was alive now. The horses stamped and snorted, and they chewed the straw of their bedding and they clashed the chains of their halters. In a moment Candy came back, and George was with him. 25
- George said, "What was it you wanted to see me about?"
- Candy pointed at Curley's wife. George stared.
- "What's the matter with her?" he asked. He stepped closer, and then he echoed Candy's words. "Oh, Jesus Christ!" He was down on his knees beside her. He put his hand over her heart. And finally, when he stood up, slowly and stiffly, his face was as hard and tight as wood, and his eyes were hard. 30
- Candy said, "What done it?"
- George looked coldly at him. "Ain't you got any idear?" he asked. And Candy was silent. "I should of knew," George said hopelessly. "I guess maybe way back in my head I did." 35
- Candy asked, "What we gonna do now, George? What we gonna do now?"

- Either** 1 (a) How does Steinbeck make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage. [40]
- 
- Or** 1 (b) How does Steinbeck make the way Crooks is treated so disturbing in the novel?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [40]

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

2 (a)

A long extension cord ran between the bars of a second-floor window and down the side of the building. In the light from its bare bulb, Atticus was sitting propped against the front door. He was sitting in one of his office chairs, and he was reading, oblivious of the nightbugs dancing over his head. 5

I made to run, but Jem caught me. ‘Don’t go to him,’ he said, ‘he might not like it. He’s all right, let’s go home. I just wanted to see where he was.’

We were taking a short cut across the square when four dusty cars came in from the Meridian highway, moving slowly in a line. They went around the square, passed the bank building, and stopped in front of the jail. 10

Nobody got out. We saw Atticus look up from his newspaper. He closed it, folded it deliberately, dropped it in his lap, and pushed his hat to the back of his head. He seemed to be expecting them.

‘Come on,’ whispered Jem. We sneaked across the square, across the street, until we were in the shelter of the Jitney Jungle door. Jem peeked up the sidewalk. ‘We can get closer,’ he said. We ran to Tyndal’s Hardware door – near enough, at the same time discreet. 15

In ones and twos, men got out of the cars. Shadows became substance as light revealed solid shapes moving towards the jail door. Atticus remained where he was. The men hid him from view. 20

‘He in there, Mr Finch?’ a man said.

‘He is,’ we heard Atticus answer, ‘and he’s asleep. Don’t wake him up.’

In obedience to my father, there followed what I later realized was a sickeningly comic aspect of an unfunny situation: the men talked in near-whispers. 25

‘You know what we want,’ another man said. ‘Get aside from the door, Mr Finch.’

‘You can turn around and go home again, Walter,’ Atticus said pleasantly. ‘Heck Tate’s around somewhere.’ 30

‘The hell he is,’ said another man. ‘Heck’s bunch’s so deep in the woods they won’t get out till mornin’.’

‘Indeed? Why so?’

‘Called ’em off on a snipe hunt,’ was the succinct answer. ‘Didn’t you think a’t that, Mr Finch?’ 35

‘Thought about it, but didn’t believe it. Well, then,’ my father’s voice was still the same, ‘that changes things, doesn’t it?’

‘It do,’ another deep voice said. Its owner was a shadow.

‘Do you really think so?’

This was the second time I heard Atticus ask that question in two days, and it meant somebody’s man would get jumped. This was too good to miss. I broke away from Jem and ran as fast as I could to Atticus. 40

Jem shrieked and tried to catch me, but I had a lead on him and Dill. I pushed my way through dark smelly bodies and burst into the circle of light. 45

‘H-ey, Atticus?’

I thought he would have a fine surprise, but his face killed my joy. A flash of plain fear was going out of his eyes, but returned when Dill and Jem wriggled into the light.

There was a smell of stale whisky and pig-pen about, and when I glanced around I discovered that these men were strangers. They were not the people I saw last night. Hot embarrassment shot through me: I had leaped triumphantly into a ring of people I had never seen before. 50

**Either**    **2**    **(a)** How does Lee's writing make this such a tense and powerful 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 Jem an admirable and significant character in the novel?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[40]**

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

- 3 (a) Papa dropped the spoon he was holding which fell into his plate of homemade yoghurt with a soft plop. ‘What did you say, Meena?’ he asked quietly. Something was terribly wrong. Mama held a plate of fresh chapatti in mid-air, her eyebrows had taken refuge somewhere around her hairline, the terrible silence was broken by Sunil’s insistent angry shouts, ‘Ma-ma-ma-pa!’ and Nanima firing off a question to mama who shook her head and looked away mournfully. I told myself to keep calm and play the innocent, it was too late to pretend they had misheard so I repeated the question, ‘I said, am I a virgin? I mean, what is one? Of them?’ Papa’s mouth opened and then shut again slowly, he looked at mama for help. She slammed the plate down onto the table, stuck her hands on her hips and said, ‘I suppose you have been talking to that Anita Rutter again! Such filthy things from such a young mouth, *hai ram! Thoba thoba!*’ Mama did a quick translation for Nanima who immediately held the lobes of her ears to ward off the evil eye and muttered a silent prayer. 5
- ‘Do you know what you are saying? I hope not!’ papa barked at me. He pushed his plate away, spilling some of the yoghurt onto the newspaper upon which he always ate in front of the television. He was showing me the depth of his disgust. I had made him lose his appetite and then mama would drag me into the kitchen and tell me off again for sending my father to bed hungry. ‘It doesn’t matter,’ I mumbled, backing away, but I was stopped by papa grabbing onto my arm. He pulled me towards him and made me stand inches away from his face. He wore a filmy moustache of white which made me want to laugh out loud, and somehow he caught the beginning of the smirk and yanked my arm again to pull me to attention. Even mama sensed that his famous temper was about to erupt and came and stood watchfully at his side, the moral committee could now convene in full. 10
- ‘I do not like what you have become, Meena,’ said papa slowly. ‘I have watched you change, from a sweet happy girl into some rude, sulky monster.’ 15
- 20
- 25
- 30

- Either** 3 (a) How does Syal’s writing vividly portray Meena’s relationship with her family at this point in the novel?

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

- Or** 3 (b) Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel when Syal vividly portrays the disrespectful way in which Anita behaves towards other characters.

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

**AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*****4 (a)**

I assumed my talent-show fiasco meant I never had to play the piano again. But two days later, after school, my mother came out of the kitchen and saw me watching TV.

“Four clock,” she reminded me as if it were any other day. I was stunned, as though she were asking me to go through the talent-show torture again. I wedged myself more tightly in front of the TV. 5

“Turn off TV,” she called from the kitchen five minutes later.

I didn’t budge. And then I decided. I didn’t have to do what my mother said anymore. I wasn’t her slave. This wasn’t China. I had listened to her before and look what happened. She was the stupid one. 10

She came out from the kitchen and stood in the arched entryway of the living room. “Four clock,” she said once again, louder.

“I’m not going to play anymore,” I said nonchalantly. “Why should I? I’m not a genius.”

She walked over and stood in front of the TV. I saw her chest was heaving up and down in an angry way. 15

“No!” I said, and I now felt stronger, as if my true self had finally emerged. So this was what had been inside me all along.

“No! I won’t!” I screamed.

She yanked me by the arm, pulled me off the floor, snapped off the TV. She was frighteningly strong, half pulling, half carrying me toward the piano as I kicked the throw rugs under my feet. She lifted me up and onto the hard bench. I was sobbing by now, looking at her bitterly. Her chest was heaving even more and her mouth was open, smiling crazily as if she were pleased I was crying. 20

“You want me to be someone that I’m not!” I sobbed. “I’ll never be the kind of daughter you want me to be!”

“Only two kinds of daughters,” she shouted in Chinese. “Those who are obedient and those who follow their own mind! Only one kind of daughter can live in this house. Obedient daughter!” 25

“Then I wish I wasn’t your daughter. I wish you weren’t my mother,” I shouted. As I said these things I got scared. It felt like worms and toads and slimy things crawling out of my chest, but it also felt good, as if this awful side of me had surfaced, at last.

“Too late change this,” said my mother shrilly. 30

And I could sense her anger rising to its breaking point. I wanted to see it spill over. And that’s when I remembered the babies she had lost in China, the ones we never talked about. “Then I wish I’d never been born!” I shouted. “I wish I were dead! Like them.”

It was as if I had said the magic words. Alakazam!—and her face went blank, her mouth closed, her arms went slack, and she backed out of the room, stunned, as if she were blowing away like a small brown leaf, thin, brittle, lifeless. 35

**Either 4 (a)** How does Tan’s writing make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

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

**Or 4 (b)** How far does Tan’s writing make you dislike Waverly?

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

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

- 5 (a) My finger was in the book, where George Best's autograph was.  
My da was sitting in his chair.  
— Did you? he said. — Good man. What?  
— What?  
— What did you find? 5  
— The autograph, I told him.  
He was messing.  
— Let's see it, he said.  
I put the book and opened it on his knees.  
— There. 10  
My da rubbed his finger across the autograph.  
George Best had great handwriting. It slanted to the right; it was long  
and the holes were narrow. There was a dead-straight line under the name,  
joining the G and the B, all the way to the T at the end and a bit further. It  
finished with a swerve, like a diagram of a shot going past a wall. 15  
— Was he in the shop? I asked my da.  
— Who?  
— George Best, I said.  
Worry began a ball in my stomach but he answered too quickly for it to  
grow. 20  
— Yes, he said.  
— Was he?  
— Yes.  
— Was he; really?  
— I said he was, didn't I? 25  
That was all I needed, for certain. He didn't get annoyed when he said  
it, just calm like he'd said everything else, looking right at me.  
— What was he like?  
I wasn't trying to catch him out. He knew that.  
— Exactly like you'd expect, he said. 30  
— In his gear?  
That was exactly what I'd have expected. I didn't know how else  
George Best would have dressed. I'd seen a colour picture of him once in  
a green Northern Island jersey, not his usual red one, and it had shocked  
me. 35  
— No, said Da. — He —, a tracksuit.  
— What did he say?  
— Just —  
— Why didn't you ask him to put my name on it? I pointed to George  
Best's name. 40  
— As well.  
— He was very busy, said my da.  
— Was there a huge queue?  
— A huge one.  
That was good; that was right and proper. 45  
— Was he in the shop just for the day only? I asked.  
— That's right, said my da. — He had to go back to Manchester.  
— For training, I told him.  
— That's right.  
A year after that I knew that it wasn't George Best's real autograph at  
all; it was only printing and my da was a liar. 50



**Either** 5 **(a)** How does Doyle's writing strikingly reveal Paddy's relationship with his father at this point in the novel?

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

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**Or** 5 **(b)** How does Doyle make Paddy's mother such an important figure in Paddy's life?

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

**ATHOL FUGARD: *Tsotsi***

- 6 (a) From somewhere else someone answered: 'She's gone brother.'  
 'Tondi?'  
 'Yes brother, gone. They took her this morning. The police took her this morning.'  
 'Tondi!' 5  
 'They took many this morning' and it was many voices answering him now, but he still only had the one word: 'Tondi!' the one name, 'Tondi!' and it was a cry now, cried with a terrible sound.  
 The footsteps walked about in the room, and David heard the sound of a crash and then more noise, wild breaking noise. The footsteps came into the backyard again where, loudest of all, almost in pain, he still called, 'Tondi!' until the chain rattled and he heard the snarl of the bitch and a heavy, dull sound, and a thin screech of dog pain. 10  
 'Tondi!' The steps receding, the dog screaming. 'Tondi.'  
 'They took her, brother.' 15  
 'I saw her without a dress.'  
 'Tondi! I'm come back', receding in the distance and then heard no more; hearing now instead the bitch, which in a way was worse.  
 He had to open his eyes, and when he did he wished he hadn't, because for all his tears and prayers he could not close them again until it was over. He had kicked her and she was walking around in circles, biting at her own back legs and rolling over and over in the sand. She stopped and tried to stand up but she could only do so on the front ones. Her eyes were red, and her muzzle blind with pain and knowing what was coming she turned her head to the hok and started that way. She took an eternity, dragging her hindquarters which were useless in the great labour of her effort, and she was whining all the time with foam at her mouth. David shrank back, jabbering to himself, feeling for stones but finding only feathers and dry droppings and not even being able to hold these because he couldn't flex his hands. 20  
 On she came, until a foot or so away the chain stopped her, and although she pulled at this with her teeth until her breathing was tense and rattled she could go no further, so she lay down there, twisting her body so that the hindquarters fell apart and, like that, fighting all the time, her ribs heaving, she gave birth to the stillborn litter, and then died beside them. 25  
 It wasn't long before the first fly came, lit with a green sheen to his body, and a buzz that called all the others. They settled and lifted in a small black cloud, and before the day was through there were thousands and a loathsome stench, and he sat through it all, his eyes transfixed, not moving. 30  
 He runs away, tearing his hand as he breaks open the wire mesh on the side, and he runs like a little animal being hunted, very fast and very far. 35  
 40

**Either** 6 (a) How does Fugard's writing make this such an upsetting moment in the novel?

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

**Or** 6 (b) How does Fugard memorably portray the great change in *Tsotsi* over the course of the novel?

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



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