



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/01

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

October/November 2021

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer booklet/paper
 As listed in instructions to Supervisors

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an answer booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do **not** use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A (Drama), **one** question from Section B (Poetry) and **one** question from Section C (Prose).

At least **one** of these must be a passage-based question (marked*) and **at least one** must be an essay/empathic question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

Each question in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **19** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

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TURN OVER FOR SECTION A

SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

J.B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

Either

- *1 How do you think the following passage portrays Mrs. Birling as a mother figure, and as a member of the charity committee?

Mrs Birling:	I'll tell you what I told her. Go and look for the father of the child. It's his responsibility.	
Inspector:	That doesn't make it any the less yours. She came to you for help, at a time when no woman could have needed it more. And you not only refused it yourself but saw to it that the others refused it too. She was here alone, friendless, almost penniless, desperate. She needed not only money but advice, sympathy, friendliness. You've had children. You must have known what she was feeling. And you slammed the door in her face.	5
Sheila:	[<i>with feeling</i>] Mother, I think it was cruel and vile.	
Birling:	[<i>dubiously</i>] I must say, Sybil, that when this comes out at the inquest, it isn't going to do us much good. The Press might easily take it up—	10
Mrs Birling:	[<i>agitated now</i>] Oh, stop it, both of you. And please remember before you start accusing me of anything again that it wasn't I who had her turned out of her employment – which probably began it all. [<i>Turning to INSPECTOR.</i>] In the circumstances I think I was justified. The girl had begun by telling us a pack of lies. Afterwards, when I got at the truth, I discovered that she knew who the father was, she was quite certain about that, and so I told her it was her business to make him responsible. If he refused to marry her – and in my opinion he ought to be compelled to – then he must at least support her.	15
Inspector:	And what did she reply to that?	20
Mrs Birling:	Oh – a lot of silly nonsense!	
Inspector:	What was it?	
Mrs Birling:	Whatever it was, I know it made me finally lose all patience with her. She was giving herself ridiculous airs. She was claiming elaborate fine feelings and scruples that were simply absurd in a girl in her position.	25
Inspector:	[<i>very sternly</i>] Her position now is that she lies with a burnt-out inside on a slab. [<i>As BIRLING tries to protest, turns on him.</i>] Don't stammer and yammer at me again, man. I'm losing all patience with you people. <i>What did she say?</i>	
Mrs Birling:	[<i>rather cowed</i>] She said that the father was only a youngster – silly and wild and drinking too much. There couldn't be any question of marrying him – it would be wrong for them both. He had given her money but she didn't want to take any more money from him.	30
Inspector:	Why didn't she want to take any more money from him?	
Mrs Birling:	All a lot of nonsense – I didn't believe a word of it.	
Inspector:	I'm not asking you if you believed it. I want to know what she said. Why didn't she want to take any more money from this boy?	35
Mrs Birling:	Oh – she had some fancy reason. As if a girl of that sort would refuse money!	
Inspector:	[<i>sternly</i>] I warn you, you're making it worse for yourself. What reason did she give for not taking any more money?	
Mrs Birling:	Her story was – that he'd said something one night, when he was drunk, that gave her the idea that it wasn't his money.	40
Inspector:	Where had he got it from then?	
Mrs Birling:	He'd stolen it.	

Inspector: So she'd come to you for assistance because she didn't want to take stolen money?

45

Mrs Birling: That's the story she finally told, after I'd refused to believe her original story – that she was a married woman who'd been deserted by her husband. I didn't see any reason to believe that one story should be any truer than the other. Therefore, you're quite wrong to suppose I shall regret what I did.

Or

- 2** Why do you think it is possible to like Sheila despite her involvement in letting Eva Smith down? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

Or

- 3** You are the Inspector on your way to the Birling house to investigate Eva Smith's death. Write your thoughts.

*4 What picture do you think the following passage paints of Orsino's state of mind, and his feelings for Olivia?

Duke:	If music be the food of love, play on, Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die. That strain again – it had a dying fall. O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more, ‘Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou, That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe’er, But falls into abatement and low price, Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high fantastical.	5 10
Curio:	Will you go hunt, my lord?	
Duke:	What, Curio?	20
Curio:	The hart.	
Duke:	Why so I do, the noblest that I have. O when mine eyes did see Olivia first, Methought she purged the air of pestilence. That instant was I turned into a hart, And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, E’er since pursue me. [Enter VALENTINE]	 25
Valentine:	How now, what news from her? So please my lord, I might not be admitted, But from her handmaid do return this answer: The element itself, till seven years’ heat, Shall not behold her face at ample view; But like a cloistress she will veiled walk, And water once a day her chamber round With eye-offending brine; all this to season A brother’s dead love, which she would keep fresh	 30 35
Duke:	And lasting, in her sad remembrance, O she that hath a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of love but to a brother, How will she love, when the rich golden shaft Hath killed the flock of all affections else That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart, These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled, Her sweet perfections, with one self king.	 40 45

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers.

[Exeunt]

50

Or

- 5 What do you think makes Viola such an admirable character? Refer closely to the text to support your answer.

Or

- 6 You are Malvolio, waiting for the priest 'Sir Topas' to bring you ink, paper and light so that you can write a letter of explanation to Olivia. Write your thoughts.

Chume: [suddenly remembering.] You haven't blessed the water, Brother Jeroboam. [JERO is already out of hearing. CHUME is obviously bewildered by the new responsibility. He fiddles around with the rod and eventually uses it to conduct the singing, which has gone on all this time, flagging when the two contestants came in view, and reviving again after they had passed. CHUME has hardly begun to conduct his band when a woman detaches herself from the crowd in the expected penitent's paroxysm.]

[CHUME shouts in all directions, returning confusedly each time in an attempt to minister to the penitent. As JEROBOAM is not forthcoming, he begins, very uncertainly, to sprinkle some of the water on the penitent, crossing her on the forehead. This has to be achieved very rapidly in the brief moment when the penitent's head is lifted from beating on the ground.]

[The unexpectedness of the response nearly throws CHUME, but then it also serves to bolster him up, receiving such support.] 20

[The penitent continues to moan.]

Congregation: Amen.

[*They rapidly gain pace, CHUME getting quite carried away.*]

Congregation: Amen.

Congregation: Amen.

Chume: Forgive us all.

[The penitent has become placid. She is stretched out flat on the ground.]

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make them Chief Clerk tomorrow. Those who are Messenger today, make them Senior Service tomorrow. Yes, Father, those who are Messenger today, make them Senior Service tomorrow.

[The Amens grow more and more ecstatic.]

Those who are petty trader today, make them big contractor tomorrow. 55

Those who dey sweep street today, give them their own big office tomorrow.

If we dey walka today, give us our own bicycle tomorrow. I say those who

dey walka today, give them their own bicycle tomorrow. Those who have bicycle today, they will ride their own car tomorrow.

[The enthusiasm of the response, becomes, at this point, quite overpowering.] 60

I say those who dey push bicycle, give them big car tomorrow. Give them big car tomorrow. Give them big car tomorrow, give them big car tomorrow.

Or

- 8 What, in your opinion, makes Amope such a memorable character? Refer closely to the text to support your answer.

Or

- 9 You are the member of the Federal House at the end of the play. You are thinking about Brother Jero. Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

JACK HYDES (ed.): *Touched with Fire*: Section B

Either

- *10** Explore how the following poem by John Betjeman aptly captures the speaker's character and attitudes.

In Westminster Abbey

Let me take this other glove off As the <i>vox humana</i> swells, And the beauteous fields of Eden Bask beneath the Abbey bells. Here, where England's statesmen lie, Listen to a lady's cry.	5
Gracious Lord, oh bomb the Germans. Spare their women for Thy Sake, And if that is not too easy We will pardon Thy Mistake. But, gracious Lord, whate'er shall be, Don't let anyone bomb me.	10
Keep our Empire undismembered Guide our Forces by Thy Hand, Gallant blacks from far Jamaica, Honduras and Togoland; Protect them Lord in all their fights, And, even more, protect the whites.	15
Think of what our Nation stands for, Books from Boots' and country lanes, Free speech, free passes, class distinction, Democracy and proper drains. Lord, put beneath Thy special care One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.	20
Although dear Lord I am a sinner, I have done no major crime; Now I'll come to Evening Service Whensoever I have the time. So, Lord, reserve for me a crown, And do not let my shares go down.	25 30
I will labour for Thy Kingdom, Help our lads to win the war, Send white feathers to the cowards Join the Women's Army Corps, Then wash the Steps around Thy Throne In the Eternal Safety Zone.	35

Now I feel a little better,
 What a treat to hear Thy Word,
 Where the bones of leading statesmen,
 Have so often been interr'd. 40
 And now, dear Lord, I cannot wait
 Because I have a luncheon date.

Or

11 Choose **one** of the following poems and discuss how it effectively depicts human suffering.

- *Summer 1969* by Seamus Heaney
- *Musee des Beaux Arts* by W.H. Auden

Or

12 Discuss how the poem, *My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning, evokes powerful emotional feelings.

BRIAN WALTER and FELICITY WOOD (eds.):
Groundwork: An Introduction to Reading and Writing about Poetry

Either

- *13** How does the following poem by Fhazel Johennesse portray the speaker's admiration of the African Pot?

The African Pot

it is round and fat and squat it has no handle and the rim has no spout at first it seems as if the colours have no coordination and no rhythm the yellow and brown stripes circle the pot in quick diagonals	5
i puzzle over the absence of the handle and then suddenly i think of a young woman wearing beads walking to a river with the pot gracefully balanced on her head	10
and then the colours begin to rhyme yellow zigzagging around the top makes me think of harvest time of golden corn of dancers around an autumn fire of ripe fruit of men drinking homebrewed beer	15
and as i stroke the brown i can almost feel the full earth between my fingers earth that echoes the thunderous stamp of warriors going to war earth that offers base accompaniment to dancing feet i can almost see an ox pulling a plough steered by a man of infinite patience making ordered rows of upturned loam	20
the maker made this pot with song in his heart and a vision in his eyes lifting it up i can almost hear him say	25
i am man life is but clay in my hands creation is at my fingertips	30

Or

14 Explore how the poet has portrayed the subject of love in marriage in **one** of the following poems:

- *At Tea* by Thomas Hardy
- *The River-Merchant's Wife: a Letter* by Ezra Pound

Or

15 How does the poem, *Song of the Dawn* by H.E. Dhlomo, succeed in creating strong feelings of hope?

ELISE VARGA (ed.): UNBROKEN CHAINS: *An Anthology of Poetry*

Either

***16** Explore how the following poem by William Shakespeare vividly depicts the speaker's feelings.

Sonnet 33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen	
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,	
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,	
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,	
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride	5
With ugly rack on his celestial face,	
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,	
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:	
Even so my sun one early morn did shine	
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow:	10
But out, alack, he was but one hour mine,	
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.	
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth:	
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.	

Or

17 Discuss how **one** of the following poems paints a memorable picture of human suffering and injustice.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| • <i>To Toussaint Louverture</i> | by William Wordsworth |
| • <i>The Negro's Tragedy</i> | by Claude McKay |

Or

18 What feelings are evoked in you as you read the poem, *In Detention* by Chris van Wyk?

TURN OVER FOR SECTION C

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Either

***19** How do you think the following passage creates feelings of fear and suspense in you?

‘No. Be real quiet again, Scout.’

We had not increased our pace. Jem knew as well as I that it was difficult to walk fast without stumping a toe, tripping on stones, and other inconveniences, and I was barefooted. Maybe it was the wind rustling the trees. But there wasn't any wind and there weren't any trees except the big oak.

5

Our company shuffled and dragged his feet, as if wearing heavy shoes. Whoever it was wore thick cotton pants; what I thought were trees rustling was the soft swish of cotton on cotton, wheek, wheek, with every step.

I felt the sand go cold under my feet and I knew we were near the big oak. Jem pressed my head. We stopped and listened.

10

Shuffle-foot had not stopped with us this time. His trousers swished softly and steadily. Then they stopped. He was running, running towards us with no child's steps.

‘Run, Scout! Run! Run!’ Jem screamed.

I took one giant step and found myself reeling: my arms useless, in the dark, I could not keep my balance.

15

‘Jem, Jem, help me, Jem!’

Something crushed the chicken wire around me. Metal ripped on metal and I fell to the ground and rolled as far as I could, floundering to escape my wire prison. From somewhere nearby 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.

20

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.

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 to the ground, almost carrying me with him. I thought, Jem's up.

25

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.

30

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.

‘Jem?’

There was no answer but the man's heavy breathing.

‘Jem?’

35

Jem didn't answer.

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.

‘Atticus...?’

40

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.

‘Jem?’

My toes touched trousers, a belt buckle, buttons, something I could not identify, a collar, and a face. 45

A prickly stubble on the face told me it was not Jem's. I smelled stale whisky.

Or

- 20** How far do you think Mayella Ewell deserves to be blamed for Tom Robinson's death? Refer closely to the text for support.

Or

- 21** You are Dill, having just heard that Boo Radley came out to rescue your friends, Jem and Scout. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either

- *22 What do you think the following passage reveals about Jack's personality and the way he relates to the other boys?

The group of cloaked boys began to scatter from close line. The tall boy shouted at them.

'Choir! Stand still!'

Wearily obedient, the choir huddled into line and stood there swaying in the sun. None the less, some began to protest faintly.

'But, Merridew. Please, Merridew...can't we?'

5

Then one of the boys flopped on his face in the sand and the line broke up. They heaved the fallen boy to the platform and let him lie. Merridew, his eyes staring, made the best of a bad job.

'All right then. Sit down. Let him alone.'

'But Merridew.'

10

'He's always throwing a faint,' said Merridew. 'He did in Gib.; and Addis; and at matins over the precentor.'

This last piece of shop brought sniggers from the choir, who perched like black birds on the criss-cross trunks and examined Ralph with interest. Piggy asked no names. He was intimidated by this uniformed superiority and the off-hand authority in Merridew's voice. He shrank to the other side of Ralph and busied himself with his glasses. Merridew turned to Ralph.

15

'Aren't there any grown-ups?'

'No.'

Merridew sat down on a trunk and looked round the circle.

20

'Then we'll have to look after ourselves.'

Secure on the other side of Ralph, Piggy spoke timidly.

'That's why Ralph made a meeting. So as we can decide what to do. We've heard names. That's Johnny. Those two—they're twins, Sam 'n Eric. Which is Eric—? You? No—you're Sam—'

25

'I'm Sam—'

'n I'm Eric.'

'We'd better all have names,' said Ralph, 'so I'm Ralph.'

'We got most names,' said Piggy. 'Got 'em just now.'

'Kids' names,' said Merridew. 'Why should I be Jack? I'm Merridew.'

30

Ralph turned to him quickly. This was the voice of one who knew his own mind.

'Then,' went on Piggy, 'that boy—I forget—'

'You're talking too much,' said Jack Merridew. 'Shut up, fatty.'

Laughter arose.

'He's not Fatty,' cried Ralph, 'his real name's Piggy!'

35

'Piggy!'

'Piggy!'

'Oh, Piggy!'

A storm of laughter arose and even the tiniest child joined in. For the moment the boys were a close circuit of sympathy with Piggy outside: he went very pink, bowed his head and cleaned his glasses again.

40

Finally the laughter died away and the naming continued. There was Maurice, next in size among the choir boys to Jack, but broad and grinning all the time. There was a slight, furtive boy whom no one knew, who kept to himself with an inner intensity of avoidance and secrecy. He muttered that his name was Roger and was silent again. Bill, Robert, Harold, Henry; the choir boy who had fainted sat up against a palm trunk, smiled pallidly at Ralph and said that his name was Simon.

45

Jack spoke.

'We've got to decide about being rescued.'

There was a buzz. One of the small boys, Henry, said that he wanted to go home.

50

'Shut up,' said Ralph absently. He lifted the conch.

'Seems to me we ought to have a chief to decide things.'

'A chief! A chief!'

'I ought to be chief,' said Jack with simple arrogance, 'because I'm chapter chorister and head boy. I can sing C sharp.'

55

Another buzz.

Or

- 23** 'Fun and games,' said the officer who had come to rescue the boys, as he observed that there were no adults on the burning island. How far do you agree that indeed the boys had fun and games on the burning island? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

Or

- 24** You are Ralph, moments after Piggy has made you aware that the 'littlun' with a mark on his face has disappeared. Write your thoughts.

Either

- *25 In what ways does Jan Mark make you feel sympathy for the narrator and for Collier's experience in the following extract from *Feet*?

I was nearly crying again, and what with that and the state of the official school pencil, the score card began to be in a bit of a mess and I suddenly realized that I was putting Collier's points on the wrong line. And of course, I called out 'Advantage Mills,' when it should have been forty-thirty to Collier and he yelled at me to look at what I was doing.

You don't argue with the umpire. You certainly don't *yell* at the umpire, but he did. I know I was wrong but he didn't have to yell. I kept thinking about him yelling and about Friday and in the next game I made the same mistake again and he was saying 'That's all I need, a cross-eyed umpire; there's eight hundred people in this school; can't we find *one* with 20–20 vision?' If Fiery Fred or Orang-Evans had been listening he might not have said it, but he was up by the net and facing away from them. He got worse and worse. Abusive.

Then Mills won the next game without any help from me and I thought, At least he's not having another walkover, and I remembered what Carson had said. 'He doesn't care where he puts his feet.' And of course, after that, I couldn't help looking at his feet and Carson was right. He didn't care where he put them. He had this very fantastic service that went up about ten yards before he hit the ball, but his toes were over the base line three times out of five. I don't know why nobody noticed. I suppose they were all watching the fantastic ten yard service and anyway, nobody looks at feet.

At first I forgot that this was anything to do with me; when I did remember I couldn't bear to do anything about it, at first. Then it was Mills who was serving and I had time to think.

I thought, why should he get away with it?

Then I thought, He gets away with everything, and I realized that Carson probably hadn't been talking about real feet but feet was all I could think of.

Collier served. His feet were not where they should have been.

'Fifteen – love.'

I thought, I'll give you one more chance, because he was playing so well and I didn't want to spoil that fantastic service. But he had his chance, and he did it again. It was a beautiful shot, an ace, right down the centre line, and Mills never got near it.

I said. 'Foot fault.'

There was a sort of mumbling noise from everyone watching and Collier scowled but he had to play the second service. Mills tipped it back over the net and Collier never got near it.

'Fifteen all.'

'Foot fault.'

He was going to argue but of course he couldn't because feet is not what he looked at when he was serving.

'Fifteen – thirty.' His second service wasn't very good, really.

'Foot fault.'

'Fifteen – forty.'

And then he did begin to look, and watching his feet he had to stop watching the ball and all sorts of things began to happen to his service.

Mills won that set.

'What the hell are you playing at, Turner?' said Collier, when they came off court and he called me a vindictive little cow while he was towelling and spitting but honestly, I never called foot fault if it wasn't.

They went back for the third set and it was Collier's service. He glared at me like he had deathray eyeballs and tossed up the first ball. And looked up.

And looked down at his feet.

And looked up again, but it was too late and the ball came straight down and bounced and rolled away into the crowd.

So he served again, looked up, looked down, and tried to move back and trod on his own foot and fell over.

50

People laughed. A laugh sounds terrible on Centre Court with all those walls to bounce off. Some of the algae had transferred itself to his shorts.

By now, *everybody* was looking at his feet.

He served a double fault.

Or

- 26** In what ways does Alex La Guma's portrayal of the 'coloured man' in *The Lemon Orchard* create an emotional response in the reader? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

Or

- 27** You are Alice's grandfather having just released your favourite pigeon and the rest of the birds, in the story titled *Flight*. Write your thoughts.

