



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

6875/02

October/November 2021

1 hour 20 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 **either** Question **1** **or** Question **2**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

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

Both questions in this paper are worth **20 marks**.

This document consists of **4** printed pages and **4** blank pages.

Answer either Question 1 or Question 2

EITHER

- 1 Read the following passage from the novel *Jubilee* by Margaret Walker about the life of slaves.

What makes this such an emotionally gripping passage?

To help you answer the question you might like to consider the following:

- The depiction of the slaves
- The portrayal of Grimes
- The use of language

Uneasy as he was, he rode along lazily on his old gray nag¹ not wanting to push the horse too hard. He was tired sitting in the saddle, and the butts of his pistols rubbed against his flesh uncomfortably. The Negroes² were glum. When they first started out they talked among themselves. Each night when they stopped to make camp, they had sung their mournful songs while sitting in the darkness before lying down to sleep. Grimes kept them tied together even at night for fear of a runaway, and he hardly dared doze despite the loaded pistols he was wearing. In the morning light the boy's eyes looked glazed and sick. Jack, the big brawny slave standing six feet in his bare feet, put his hand on the boy's forehead as if to determine whether he had fever. Two of the others, Ben and Rizzer, gave the child their water, and he drank thirstily, but he would not eat anything. He vomited once and cried out during the night in his sleep. 5 10

Grimes looked up at the early morning sky where buzzards³ circled high above the trees, and he wished he were already home.

The six slaves, all male, were naked to the waist. Their one piece of clothing was a pair of ragged and faded cotton breeches⁴ cut off at the knees and tied around their waists with small rope-cord. To this was attached the long piece of rope stringing them together in single file. Their bare legs and feet moved carefully through the swampy ground and the thickets of briars and weeds, heedless of scratches or cuts, while their quick eyes were ever watchful for snakes. Around their faces and feet buzzed flies, gnats, and mosquitoes, which they constantly tried to brush away with their manacled hands. Sweat glistened on all the bodies but the boy's. He looked dry and parched and his thin body was bony. Across his face was a long scar like a cut, and across his back and shoulders a huge welt⁵, which had healed, still stood out prominently. The boy groaned constantly, making a wheezing and delirious sound that was first a moan then a whine mixed with a high-pitched, babbling, sing-song cry. Annoyed by this, Grimes started to hit him again, and thought better of it. They couldn't have much farther to go. 15 20 25

Grimes was a short, thick-set man, his shoulders big and round like a barrel and his heavy thighs like the broad flanks of a big boar with short, stocky legs and short but powerful arms. His watery blue eyes were as small as pig eyes, and when he was angry they turned a fiery red, though not exactly the same red as his thin carrot-coloured hair and the dull red freckles that peppered his face and mottled his neck and arms. Even his upper lip and stubby chin were covered with a day's growth of red bristles which also stuck out of his nostrils and ears. His squinting eyes darted right and left, watching carefully for every turn of the road, keeping the Negroes well in front of him. 30

Glossary

1. *Nag*: a horse
2. *Negroes*: Black Africans who were trafficked to America and the Caribbean and used as slaves.
3. *Buzzards*: large hawk-like birds of prey
4. *Breeches*: trousers
5. *Welt*: a raised mark on the skin where something hit you

OR

- 2 Read the poem below in which the poet writes about the relationship between the mother and father of the speaker.

What, in your opinion, does the poem reveal about the relationship between the speaker's parents and the way it affected him?

In your answer you may want to consider the following:

- the way the speaker uses language to describe his parents' relationship
- the speaker's feelings
- your own feelings as you read the poem.

BECAUSE

My father and my mother never quarrelled.
They were united in a kind of love
As daily as the *Sydney Morning Herald*,
Rather than like the eagle or the dove.

I never saw them casually touch, 5
Or show a moment's joy in one another.
Why should this matter to me now so much?
I think it bore more hardly on my mother,

Who had more generous feelings to express. 10
My father had dammed up his Irish blood
Against all drinking praying fecklessness¹,
And stiffened into stone and creaking wood.

His lips would make a switching sound, as though
Spontaneous impulse must be kept at bay. 15
That it was mainly weakness I see now,
But then my feelings curled back in dismay.

Small things can pit the memory like a cyst²:
Having seen other fathers greet their sons,
I put my childish face up to be kissed
After an absence. The rebuff³ still stuns 20

My blood. The poor man's curt⁴ embarrassment
At such a delicate proffer of affection
Cut like a saw. But home the lesson went:
My tenderness thenceforth escaped detection⁵.

My mother sang *Because*, and *Annie Laurie*, 25
White Wings, and other songs; her voice was sweet.
I never gave enough, and I am sorry;
But we were all closed in the same defeat.

People do what they can; they were good people, 30
They cared for us and loved us. Once they stood
Tall in my childhood as the school, the steeple.
How can I judge without ingratitude?
Judgement is simply trying to reject

A part of what we are because it hurts. 35
 The living cannot call the dead collect⁶:
 They won't accept the charge, and it reverts⁷.

It's my own judgement day that I draw near,
 Descending in the past, without a clue,
 Down to that central deadness; the despair 40
 Older than any hope I ever knew.

(James McAuley)

Glossary

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|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. <i>fecklessness</i> : | no energy or enthusiasm |
| 2. <i>cyst</i> : | growth that forms in or on a person or an animal and may need to be removed |
| 3. <i>rebuff</i> : | rejection |
| 4. <i>curt</i> : | rude |
| 5. <i>escaped detection</i> : | was not noticed |
| 6. <i>collect</i> : | pay for the caller |
| 7. <i>reverts</i> : | the phone call fails |

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