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LITERATURE

PAPER 1 LITERARY APPRECIATION AND PROSE

Thursday **16 MAY 2024** 12:30 P.M.–3:00 P.M.

Additional materials:
Answer booklet

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

BAHAMAS GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Do NOT open this booklet until you are told to do so.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Write your school number, candidate number, surname and initials in the spaces provided on the answer booklet.

You **MUST** answer question one in Section I (Literary Appreciation) and **TWO** questions from Section II (Prose). **Each answer to a Prose question must be on a different text.**

At least **ONE** of the questions you select from **EITHER** Paper 1 **OR** Paper 2 **MUST** be on a Bahamian text you have studied for the examination.

Remember that this is a Literature examination and you will be rewarded for how well you know, understand and respond to your chosen books. You should therefore ensure that each of your answers is based closely on the text.

You are reminded of the importance of clear English and orderly presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

This paper carries 40% of the total marks for the subject.

You will find a list of contents on the next page. This should help you to find the questions on the texts you have studied.

This question paper consists of 10 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

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SECTION I

LITERARY APPRECIATION – 24 Marks

1. **ALL** candidates **MUST** answer the question in this section.

You are advised to spend ten minutes reading the extract before you begin to write your answer.

Fifteen

South of the bridge on Seventeenth
I found back of the willows one summer
day a motorcycle with engine running
as it lay on its side, ticking over
slowly in the high grass. I was fifteen.

I admired all that pulsing gleam, the
shiny flanks, the demure headlights
fringed where it lay; I led it gently
to the road and stood with that
companion, ready and friendly. I was fifteen.

We could find the end of a road, meet
the sky on out Seventeenth. I thought about
hills, and patting the handle got back a
confident opinion. On the bridge we indulged
a forward feeling, a tremble. I was fifteen.

Thinking, back farther in the grass I found
the owner, just coming to, where he had flipped
over the rail. He had blood on his hand, was pale –
I helped him walk to his machine. He ran his hand
over it, called me good man, roared away.

I stood there, fifteen.

William Stafford

How does the writing here vividly convey to you that this was a memorable experience in the narrator's life? [24]

[Turn over

SECTION II

PROSE

You must answer **TWO** questions from this section. Each answer must be on a **DIFFERENT** text.

ERNESTIA FRASER: Carnival of Love

EITHER 2. Read the following extracts from Carnival of Love, then answer the question that follows.

EXTRACT ONE

Dear Mom,

I loved you. But quite often, loving you made me very sad. At times, you seemed weak and silent, having no voice. I felt that I didn't want to live by that example because it didn't seem right to make a practice of giving all of myself away. Mom, I think you forgot your own existence. And on the days you stopped and remembered your own self, I noticed the sadness in your face. I couldn't bear it to see that. Perhaps at those times you felt the loss of everything you never had. I didn't know how to fix that. And not even our faith in God could make sense of all the shame and hurt we had to go through. I was so sorry that my father didn't treat you like he should have. You never deserved such a fate. You deserved better. I love you, and I will do my best for you. I will help you get a house one day. I will help you find yourself. I will give you all the things you never had. And when it is all done, I will ask for nothing in return.

EXTRACT TWO

Dear Dad,

You were always deserving of my friendship despite all the circumstances. I am sorry if you ever felt punished by my times of silence. Please know that it wasn't meant to hurt you; it was just that I had little to say to fix it all. I knew that you were sorry for the brokenness you might have caused your family, but please, Dad, understand that none of us are perfect. And even though we cannot fix what was, we can decide to be better for what's to come. Dad, no matter the story, I will always see the good in you. There's nothing that you could do that would ever cause me to un-love you. And, yes, what a ride we endured, believing that through the grace of God, we could survive any carnival of love.



In these extracts, how does Fraser make the narrator's feelings towards her parents vivid for you? [20]

OR 3. How does Fraser dramatically illustrate for you the family's shift from wealth to poverty? [20]

OR 4. Admiration or loathing – which better expresses your view of Mario? Justify your response with details from the novel. [20]

CHESTER THOMPSON: The Fledgling

EITHER 5. Read the following extract from The Fledgling, then answer the question that follows.

The scene at the school house was unlike anything I had imagined. The small play ground in front was like a demented ants' nest. I was pushed and prodded. My feet were stepped on and my ears deafened by continual shrieking and shouting. With my back to the wall, clutching my new slate I defended myself until rescued by Leonard, an older brother.

"I don't want to go to school."

"Yes you do, they'll give you your own chair."

"I won't go. I'll go back to Auntie."

"If you do she'll beat your backside with a belt."

My mind was made up for me as the second bell now rang. The Monitors organised us into several rows, according to age, facing the front door. The Head Teacher stood on the top step and asked us to repeat the Lord's Prayer. I joined in. Momma had told me about Our Father named Hallowed who lived in Heaven. She also told me about Gladly, the cross-eyed bear.

I followed the other smaller children into the Little Room and as promised by Leonard, was told, "This is your chair." I said "Thank you" and sat down. It had a wide arm on the right, on which I could rest my slate.

Miss Claudia, my teacher, came and sat on the chair arm. She smelled of chalk and sweat. Her bony elbows jabbed me in the chest as she guided my hand in forming the letters A, B and C. I liked her and wondered why she was so skinny. There I sat all day copying the alphabet and drawing birds and ships on my slate. When school was out Auntie met me in the playground.

"Why are you scowling?" she said.

"Leonard said they'd give me my very own chair but they wouldn't let me bring it home."

After the first week I enjoyed being in school. Puzzling combinations of figures appeared on the blackboard and were copied diligently on to our slates. During long hot summer days we chanted, with almost religious fervour, "Twice one are two, twice two are four; sixteen ounces make one pound; four quarts make one gallon." Sometimes we nodded off but these fundamental truths were absorbed into our expanding consciousness. Miss Claudia was replaced by Miss Marjorie. She was plump and when she sat parts of her did not fit on my chair arm. Her perfume made me sneeze. I remember going close and looking up to where her overlarge breasts strained against her blouse.

"What are you staring at?" she said.

In my confusion I mumbled "Nothing."

Her smile became laughter "Is that what you think?" she said. She then leaned down and hugged me. I emerged red faced and sneezing from her bulging softness. I knew that I liked her more than Miss Claudia.



How does the writing in this extract make the narrator's experience memorable for you?
[20]

OR 6. In what ways does Chester Thompson present the reactions of the Hope Town residents to the challenges they face?
[20]

OR 7. How does Chester Thompson present both the cruel and the caring aspects of Auntie's character?
[20]

JOHN WYNDHAM: The Chrysalids

EITHER 8. Read the following extract from The Chrysalids, then answer the question that follows.

For a while or more we hurtled on in a ponderous, earth-shaking gallop. Then there was a flash ahead and half-left. At the sound of the shot our horse sprang sideways in mid-stride, swerved right, and raced for the forest. We crouched still lower in the baskets as we crashed among the trees.

By luck alone we made the entry at a point where the bigger trunks were well separated, but, for all that, it was a nightmare ride, with branches slapping and dragging at the panniers. The great-horse simply ploughed ahead, avoiding the larger trees, thrusting through the rest, smashing its way by sheer weight while branches and saplings cracked and snapped at the onslaught.

Inevitably the horse slowed down, but its panic determination to get away from the guns abated very little. I had to brace with arms and legs and whole body to avoid being battered to pieces in the pannier, scarcely daring to raise my head even for a quick look, lest a branch should knock it off.

I could not tell whether there was any pursuit, but it seemed improbable. Not only was it darker under the trees, but a horse of ordinary size would most likely have disembowelled itself in any attempt to follow over the snapped-off stems standing up like stakes behind us.

The horse began to grow calmer; the pace and violence eased, and it started to pick its way instead of crashing through. Presently the trees on our left grew thinner. Rosalind, leaning out of her pannier, caught up the reins again and urged the creature that way. We came out obliquely upon a narrow open space where we could see the stars overhead again. Whether it was an artificial track, or a natural opening was impossible to tell in the poor light. We paused a moment, wondering whether to risk it, then decided that the easier going would offset the disadvantages of easier pursuit, and turned southward along it. A crackling of branches to one side brought both of us facing round, with bows ready, but it was only the other great-horse.

It came trotting out of the shadows with a whinny of pleasure, and fell into place behind us as though the rope still held it.

The country was more broken now. The trail wound, taking us round outcrops of rock, slanting down the sides of gullies to cross small streams. Sometimes there were fairly open stretches, at others the trees met overhead. Our progress was inevitably slow.

We must by now, we reckoned, be truly in the Fringes. Whether or not the pursuit would risk following any farther we could not tell. When we tried to consult Michael there was no response, so we guessed he was asleep. It was perplexing to know whether the time had not come when we ought to get rid of the tell-tale great-horses – perhaps drive them on along the track while we made off in a different direction on foot. The decision was difficult to make without more information. It would be foolish to get rid of the creatures unless we were sure that the pursuit would risk coming right into Fringes country after us; but, if it did, it would gain on us quickly by making a great deal faster time in daylight than we were making now. Moreover, we were tired, and the prospect of starting to travel on foot was far from attractive. Once more we tried, and failed, to make contact with Michael. A moment later the choice was taken away from us.

We were at one of the stretches where the trees met above us, making a dark tunnel through which the horse chose its way slowly and carefully. Suddenly something dropped full on me, crushing me down in the pannier. I had no warning, no chance to use the bow. There was the weight jolting the breath out of me, then a shower of sparks in my head, and that was the end of it.



How does Wyndham's writing make you feel about the challenges the characters are facing in this extract? [20]

OR 9. How does Wyndham make you feel sympathy for Sophie in the novel? [20]

OR 10. How does Wyndham present telepathy in Waknuk and its advantages and disadvantages? [20]



from: Stories of Ourselves

The short stories you refer to in your answers must be included in the prescribed list from Stories of Ourselves.

- EITHER 11.** How does the writing in any **TWO** stories you have studied create a feeling of contentment, peace, or satisfaction? [20]
- OR 12.** How do **TWO** stories in the collection vividly illustrate the extent to which people will go to overcome their enemies? [20]
- OR 13.** Explore **TWO** of the stories that you have studied, bringing out what you found enjoyable or impressive about the writing. Support your ideas with details from the stories. [20]



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