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LITERATURE

PAPER 1 LITERARY APPRECIATION AND PROSE

Friday **16 MAY 2025** 12:30 P.M.–3:00 P.M.

Additional materials:
Answer booklet

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
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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 11 printed pages and 1 blank page.

BLANK PAGE



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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.

AMANDA: *What is the matter with you, you—big—big IDIOT!*
TOM: *Look!—I've got no thing; no single thing—*
AMANDA: *Lower your voice!*
TOM: *—in my life here that I can call my OWN! Everything is—*
AMANDA: *Stop that shouting!*
TOM: *Yesterday you confiscated my books! You had the nerve to—*
AMANDA: *I took that horrible novel back to the library—yes! That hideous book by that insane Mr. Lawrence.*
[Tom laughs wildly.]
I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who cater to them—
[Tom laughs still more wildly.]
BUT I WON'T ALLOW SUCH FILTH BROUGHT INTO MY HOUSE! No, no, no, no, no!
TOM: *House, house! Who pays rent on it, who makes a slave of himself to—*
AMANDA *[fairly screeching]: Don't you DARE to—*
TOM: *No, no, I mustn't say things! I've got to just—*
AMANDA: *Let me tell you—*
TOM: *I don't want to hear any more!*
[He tears the ¹portieres open. The dining-room area is lit with a turgid smoky red glow. Now we see AMANDA; her hair is in metal curlers and she is wearing a very old bathrobe, much too large for her slight figure, a relic of the faith-less Mr. Wingfield. The upright typewriter now stands on the drop-leaf table, along with a wild disarray of manuscripts. The quarrel was probably precipitated by AMANDA'S interruption of TOM's creative labor. A chair lies overthrown on the floor. Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]
AMANDA: *You will hear more, you—*
TOM: *No, I won't hear more, I'm going out!*
AMANDA: *You come right back in—*
TOM: *Out, out, out! Because I'm—*
AMANDA: *Come back here, Tom Wingfield! I'm not through talking to you!*
TOM: *Oh, go—*
LAURA: *[desperately]: —Tom!*
AMANDA: *You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you! I'm at the end of my patience!*
[He comes back toward her.]
TOM: *What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm doing—what I want to do—having a little difference between them! You don't think that—*



- AMANDA: *I think you've been doing things that you're ashamed of. That's why you act like this. I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the movies night after night. Nobody in their right minds goes to the movies as often as you pretend to. People don't go to the movies at nearly midnight, and movies don't let out at two A.M. Come in stumbling. Muttering to yourself like a maniac! You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh, I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping . . . because you're in no condition.*
- TOM: *[wildly]: No, I'm in no condition!*
- AMANDA: *What right have you got to jeopardize your job? Jeopardize the security of us all! How do you think we'd manage if you were—*
- TOM: *Listen! You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? [He bends fiercely toward her slight figure.] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that—²celotex interior! with—fluorescent—tubes! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains—than go back mornings! I go! Every time you come in yelling . . . "Rise and Shine!" "Rise and Shine!" I say to myself, "How lucky dead people are!" But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being ever! And you say self—self's all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is—GONE! [He points to his father's picture.] As far as the system of transportation reaches! [He starts past her. She grabs his arm.] Don't grab at me, Mother!*
- AMANDA: *Where are you going?*
- TOM: *I'm going to the movies!*
- AMANDA: *I don't believe that lie!*
[TOM crouches toward her; overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping.]

¹portieres: A curtain hung over a door or doorway.

²celotex interior: Celotex is a type of building insulation.

How does the writing here capture and sustain your interest in the conflict between mother and son? [24]

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 extract from Carnival of Love, then answer the question that follows.

Cole was born two years before me. He was the shortest of all my brothers, but he certainly had the most heart. From the time he was a child, Cole always took on the role of his brothers' keeper. If one of the siblings got into an argument with the neighbor kids, Cole would always step in and assume the battle. He also never backed down from a fight. So from early on, we understood that Cole was our protector.

My brother's robust, short-lived tantrums were well known in our house. Indeed, he had such an outrageous temper that even grown-ups steered clear of his bad moods. Plus, he had the loudest voice of all the Helix kids and was extremely muscular for his age. My mother was one of the very few people who was unaffected by my brother's bull-like persona. I myself was greatly amused by his temper, often referring to it as a childish fit.

Mom's favorite outburst was when Cole locked his teacher and sophomore class in a room because someone stole his turkey sandwich. The teacher eventually calmed my brother down, but he never fully forgave whoever took the sandwich. Mom saw it as emotional madness, but she knew that under Cole's tough demeanor was a deep and loving heart. In fact, I always believed that Cole was the most loving Helix even though he fought the most.

See, Cole showed his true colors on many occasions. I remember the time Cole had the opportunity to finish his education at an American college. A school in Louisiana gave him a track scholarship, and he wanted to major in business. But at some point, he decided that he needed to return home and help my mother raise the rest of us kids. "I need to be the man of the house," he said. So he came back home from college and took a job at Sandals Resort, picking up garbage off the beaches and sidewalks. He showed a lot of discipline waking up four every morning to rake the beaches, giving them a smooth clean look for the tourists. He only made \$170 a week, but Cole was determined to do anything to help Mom survive. My brother had a great love, seasoned with hissy fits – this made him quite unique. And to me, he had license to fight, because it was the fighting that made his love the strongest.

However, there soon came a time when Cole's temper gave everyone a scare. That time, even Mom was afraid. One Sunday night, Mom came home late because the Maxima had a flat tire. To add insult to injury, one of my dad's old friends passed by and told her that a broken-down car was what she deserved. When my mom told us the story in good spirits, Cole calmly advised her to stop "making joke" about the situation because it wasn't funny. Cole then quietly left the house, his mood somewhat unsettled.

The next day, Mom told us that she heard Manny gossiping about Cole's whereabouts the night before. Apparently, Cole went over to the house of the man who had made the comment and body-slammed him to the ground. And not only did my brother body-slam the man, but also his two visiting friends. Then caught up in a vicious frenzy, Cole lifted his arms in the air, reaching out to the man's elderly mother and almost attacked her too. Fortunately, he calmed down in time. Then he double-dared the whole house to insult his mother again. No



one did. So Cole left, warning that his next visit would include some baseball bats and a few of his male friends.

Upon hearing the story, my whole family broke out laughing. I imagined Cole huffing and puffing like a bull, kicking dust up at everyone. And what a thing to imagine: Cole tumbling on the ground, body-slamming men twice his height. (Good thing they didn't steal his sandwich too.) Yet despite all the amusement, my mother expressed her great concern. She reproached our brother for his actions and told him to never pull a risky stunt like that again. From then on, Mom saw Cole as a dangerous force who needed to practice more sober thinking. Mom didn't see it before, but after that she realized that her son was just like Uncle Wally. See, Cole wasn't afraid to kill a man. He wasn't afraid to go to prison. And he definitely wasn't afraid to die.

How does Fraser's writing in this extract make Cole an interesting and significant character for you? [20]

OR 3. In what ways do you find the title A Carnival of Love to be a fitting title for the novel? Justify your views by referring in detail to the writing. [20]

OR 4. What do you find striking about Fraser's presentation of local customs and traditions in the novel? In your response, refer in detail to the writing. [20]



CHESTER THOMPSON: The Fledgling

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

The last days of my childhood marked the end of a way of life for the village, begun when the Widow Wyannie Malone arrived, 150 years earlier. Tucked away on our remote island change came late.

My generation and the previous three or four were born into a world dominated by sailing ships, of braving the cruel sea or scrabbling in the sparse soil to put food on the table, of interdependence and sharing, of patience as we waited for favourable weather to begin a voyage or nurture our crops.

In retrospect the change came abruptly. My great uncle, Captain Hutchins Malone, installed an Atwater Kent radio and to our amazement a man was heard speaking from New York City. A telegraph station, near the school house, received messages, opened with trembling hands as they were usually death announcements.

The Telegraphist was just below the Commissioner and School Teacher in the village hierarchy, a distinction well deserved by someone who snatched messages out of the air. The elderly, especially, were mystified. Old Miss Ceva refused delivery of a telegram from her sister in Nassau because it was not in her sister's handwriting.

The rhythm of our days, unchanged for a hundred years, suddenly quickened. Our speed of movement was no longer limited by random winds swelling the white butterfly sails of dinghies. Motor boats, noisy and malodorous, scurried across the water like giant water beetles. Trips to Man-O-War Cay or Marsh Harbour took a couple of hours, not an entire day. The motor vessel Priscilla with weekly service from Nassau was an improvement on the schooner Albertine with fort-nightly sailing, if weather permitted.

New excitements appeared: the first bicycle, a black and shiny Hercules from England, was owned by enterprising Bobby, who gave riding lessons for one penny each. Having learned to ride, the bicycle was yours for fifteen minutes, for two more pennies.

Dancing lessons were offered by Sylvia who learned to dance while visiting an aunt in Nassau. The first week was devoted to going forward, the second week to going backward. Those still surviving could pay another sixpence and learn to turn around.



In this extract, how does Thompson memorably convey to you the changes in Hope Town?
[20]

OR 6. How does Thompson manage to make the narrator such a likeable character? Refer closely to the writing to support your ideas. [20]

OR 7. Explore **TWO** light-hearted moments in this novel and comment on the ways the writing creates this mood. [20]



JOHN WYNDHAM: The Chrysalids

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

We were harvesting. Up in the twelve-acre there were six men mowing in echelon. I had just given up my scythe to another man, and was helping with the stooking by way of a breather when, without any warning, I was struck.... I had never known anything like it. One moment I was contentedly, unhurriedly binding and propping up sheaves; the next, it was as if something had hit me physically, inside my head. Very likely I actually staggered under it. Then there was pain, a demand pulling like a fish-hook embedded in my mind. There was, in the surprise of the first few moments at any rate, no question whether or not I should go; I was obeying it, in a daze. I dropped the sheaf I was holding, and pelted off across the field, past a blur of amazed faces. I kept on running, I did not know why, except that it was urgent; across half the twelve-acre, into the lane, over the fence, down the slope of the East Pasture towards the river....

Pounding across the slope on a slant I could see the field that ran down to the far side of the river, one of Angus Morton's fields, crossed by a path that led to the footbridge, and on the path was Rosalind, running like the wind.

I kept on, down to the bank, along past the footbridge, downstream towards the deeper pools. I had no uncertainty, I kept right on to the brink of the second pool, and went into a dive without a check. I came up quite close to Petra. She was in the deep water against the steep bank, holding on to a little bush. It was bent over and down, and the roots were on the point of pulling free. A couple of strokes took me near enough to catch her under the arms.

The compulsion ebbed suddenly and faded away. I towed her to an easier landing-place. When I found bottom and could stand up I saw Rosalind's startled face peering anxiously at me over the bushes.

'Who is it?' she asked, in real words, and a shaky voice. She put her hand on her forehead. 'Who was able to do that?'

I told her.

'Petra?' she repeated, staring incredulously.

I carried my little sister ashore, and laid her on the grass. She was exhausted, and only semi-conscious, but there did not seem to be anything seriously wrong with her.

Rosalind came and knelt on the grass on the other side of her. We looked down at the sopping dress and the darkened, matted curls. Then we gazed across her, at one another.

'I didn't know,' I told her. 'I'd no idea she was one of us.'

Rosalind put her hands to her face, finger-tips on her temples. She shook her head slightly and looked at me from disturbed eyes.

'She isn't,' she said. 'Something like us, but not one of us. None of us could command like that. She's something much more than we are.'



How does Wyndham's writing make this extract particularly compelling for you? [20]

OR 9. Explore Wyndham's portrayal of Waknuk in a post-nuclear apocalyptic world setting, commenting on how it influences your reactions to the novel. [20]

OR 10. How does Wyndham powerfully convey to you the effects of Joseph Strom's attitude towards the women around him? Refer closely to the writing to support your ideas. [20]



from: Stories of Ourselves

- EITHER 11.** Explore **TWO** short stories that you have studied which vividly illustrate the idea that being too afraid or not afraid enough can lead to serious consequences. Refer closely to the writing to support your idea. [20]
- OR 12.** Which **TWO** short stories that you have studied employ animals in ways that you find particularly interesting, enjoyable or memorable? Justify your views by exploring the writing in each story. [20]
- OR 13.** Explore **TWO** short stories that you have studied where writers create a memorable atmosphere. Comment on the ways the writing impacted on you. [20]

