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LITERATURE

PAPER 1 LITERARY APPRECIATION AND PROSE 1215/1

Friday **17 MAY 2013** 1:00 P.M.–3:10 P.M.Additional materials:
Answer booklet

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

BAHAMAS GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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.

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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 poem before you begin to write your answer.

The Mosquito

*On the fine wire of her whine she walked,
Unseen in the ominous bedroom dark.
A traitor to her camouflage, she talked
A thirsty blue streak distinct as a spark.*

*I was to her a fragrant lake of blood
From which she had to sip a drop or die.
A reservoir, a lavish field of food,
I lay awake, unconscious of my size.*

*We seemed fair-matched opponents. Soft she dropped
Down like an anchor on her thread of song.
Her nose sank thankfully in; then I slapped
At the sting on my arm, cunning and strong.*

A cunning, strong Gargantua, I struck
This lover pinned in the feast of my flesh,
Lulled by my blood, relaxed, half-sated, stuck
Engrossed in the gross rivers of myself.*

*Success! Without a cry the creature died,
Became a fleck of fluff upon the sheet.
The small welt of remorse subsides as side
By side we, murderer and murdered, sleep.*

John Updike

How does Updike capture and sustain your interest in this poem? Support your ideas with details from the writing. [24]

* a fictional giant.

SECTION II

PROSE

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

CHERYL ALBURY: Perspectives from Inner Windows

EITHER 2. Read the following extract from Perspectives from Inner Windows, then answer the question that follows.

Prescola, who was still unwilling to accept the inevitable, reacted indifferently to the news. There was no engagement party or announcement in the local newspapers. She was aware that her detractors among her teaching staff would gloat over this calamity that had befallen her, so she remained secluded in her office, ostensibly busy with administrative duties, the entire week following Dahlia's engagement.

She hoped that Dahlia would come to her senses and terminate what she considered a most inappropriate relationship; there was still time.

An engagement to marry need not necessarily end in marriage. After all, she had been twice engaged before she eventually walked down the aisle on Gilbert's arm, wearing a victorious smile. For this reason she vigorously resisted meeting Augustin's parents, using every excuse and delaying tactic that she could improvise.

Unlike his wife, Gilbert had liked Augustin from the outset. He was glad that his lovely daughter had found herself an ambitious and reliable young man.

Although there was no engagement party, Gilbert arranged to have all his closest friends come to the house for a boil fish breakfast and drinks in honour of Dahlia's impending marriage. He had no doubt that the wedding would indeed take place. Gilbert included among his guests Joseph Baptiste, Augustin and his brothers Emile and Jean. Beaming with pride, he told his friends how happy he was that Dahlia was marrying a self-made man just like him.

It was no accident that this lively gathering strategically coincided with one of Prescola's frequent shopping trips to Miami.

While his wife was away indulging herself in an orgy of spending, Gilbert also spent some hours in soul searching quietude. He sat on the terrace of his Winton Heights home, enjoying the breathtaking beauty of the ocean and the lush, fruited gardens which graced their hilltop property. By anyone's standards Gilbert had done well; he had far surpassed his own modest expectations. He was a good provider for his family. To the world, he presented himself as an assertive, successful businessman. Yet, he sadly reflected, he was more like a mouse in his own home.

Prescola frankly assessed herself as she peered into the mirror, freshening the makeup skilfully applied by her beautician an hour earlier. At fifty-two, her face still held up well. It was wrinkle free except for those two expression lines near

her mouth, born of her habit of pursing her lips as she sternly maintained order in her classroom during those early years. Her figure was still trim, thanks to a careful diet and a brisk three-mile walk six days a week. Psychologically, she was withstanding the terrible onslaught of menopause relatively well.

Gilbert was another matter entirely. For the first time in their married life he was openly challenging her decisions, even on social matters. Had Dahlia's engagement propelled him into a midlife crisis?

Prescola's first encounter with the new, assertive Gilbert had come over brunch one Sunday morning; they were home alone. It had been quite unexpected, and for weeks afterwards she was at a loss to explain what had triggered her husband's surprising outburst.

Gilbert, with unaccustomed boldness, told his wife that he was quite disgusted with her attempts, both overt and subtle, to prevent Dahlia's marriage to Augustin. He would not sit idly by and see his daughter's chance for happiness ruined. Although she had always extravagantly spent his hard earned money, he told Prescola, she was now planning a modest, early morning wedding for Dahlia when they could well afford better. His only daughter would not be quietly sneaked into marriage as if it was a shotgun wedding.

Moreover, Augustin, who had no background, as she called it, had shown more pedigree than all those wimps Dahlia had dated since her return from college.

Finally, Gilbert warned Prescola to shape up fast because he was fast running out of patience. She just might find herself alone in the splendour of Winton when this was all over.

What do you find interesting about the ways in which Albury draws your attention to Prescola and Gilbert's attitude towards their daughter's marriage? [20]

- OR 3.** Explore **TWO** characters, each from a separate story, one whom you admire and one whom you find disgraceful. Show how Albury's writing has made you feel this way. [20]
- OR 4.** Based on Albury's writing in Perspectives from Inner Windows, what do you think is her outlook on love and betrayal? Support your thinking by referring in detail to any **TWO** stories. [20]

ZEE EDGELL: Beka Lamb

EITHER 5. Read the following extract from Beka Lamb, and then answer the question that follows.

Amidst the roar of prolonged hand-clapping, Sister Gabriela hurried up the steps, a slip of paper in one hand, and three medals glittering on strips of sky blue ribbon, in the other. The Mother Provincial took the paper and mopping her forehead said,

"It gives me great pleasure to announce the winners of the essay contest honouring the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Sisters of Charity in this colony. Third prize goes to Antoinette de Freitas, senior; Second prize to Dolores Martinez Marin, sophomore; and the first place to Beka Lamb, freshman."

Leading the way up the steps from the grass to the school verandah, Beka noticed in passing the stillness of the coconut trees spared by the storm, and along the verandah at the rear of the school, the sea, shimmering with deceptive innocence in the hot morning sunlight. She walked slowly along the verandah towards the Mother Provincial who dangled the three medals on her forefinger and smiled encouragingly at her. Sister Virgil, stony faced as ever, gave Beka a frosty smile that blighted the morning. As she stood before the three nuns, Sister Gabriela took the first place medal, a little larger than the others, and hunching over to pin it onto the right shoulder of Beka's uniform whispered,

"Well, Miss Lamb, not late this morning, I see!"

Tears burned Beka's eyes like the bite of fire ants, and the uniform belt, pinned too tightly around her waist, was cutting into her flesh. She looked into the ugly face of the nun, and saw behind the Cyrano nose and huge rimless glasses, empathy and a kind of affection. If Toycie had lived, if things had been different for Toycie, she would have been there on the verandah instead of Antoinette or Dolores or Beka herself. In Sister Gabriela's eyes was acknowledgement of that fact.

Beka walked through the wrought iron gate of the convent grounds later that day, the ribbons of the medal fluttering on her shoulder. She didn't bother to unpin her green bowtie now. She could wear it with renewed pride. Halfway down the street, a huge crowd was gathered outside the jail, and Beka joined the scores of convent girls running that way to see what had happened.

Members of the angry crowd held placards high above their heads, each card stating a grievance or praising the People's Independence Party and the General Workers' Union. Beka spied her Uncle Curo standing by the drainside, his bicycle leaning against the brick wall of the jail. Elbowing her way through the crowd, Beka hailed him saying,

"Hello, Uncle Curo, what is happening?"

"Afternoon, Beka," Uncle Curo said. "Prichad and Gladsen began serving time today for disloyalty to the British Government, such as I understand it. It's called sedition."

"Is this the end of everything then, Uncle Curo?" Beka asked, thinking sadly of Granny Ivy's struggles.

Uncle Curo boomed his belly laugh and putting his ham hands across Beka's shoulders he said,

"The end, pet? Belize people are only just beginning! Soon we'll all be able to vote instead of only the big property owners, then we may get self-government and after that, who knows?"

Beka laughed with relief and in her heart she was suddenly excited for she had made a beginning too. She was about to rush homewards when she remembered the proof of her beginning and pointing to her shoulder said,

"Look, Uncle Curo! Look!"

"That looks so pretty, Beka! A medal, is it?"

"Yes, Uncle Curo, yes!"

After Beka had explained, Uncle Curo said,

"But this is impressive, Beka, yes, impressive. I have a little time before I must go to my duties. How about a little drink to celebrate?"

"Yes please!" Beka said.

Uncle Curo escorted Beka through the streets as if she had been awarded the highest honours in the land. He ushered her grandly into Escalante's Fresco and Ice Cream Parlour, drew a rickety chair for her to sit upon, and imperiously ordered two ice cold lemonades from the Creole waitress who slouched over to ask them what they wanted.

How does Edgell's writing here make it clear to you that this is a special moment in Beka's life? [20]

OR 6. What do you think Edgell is suggesting about the power of love in Beka Lamb? Support your views with details. [20]

OR 7. From Edgell's presentation in Beka Lamb, what impressions do you gain about the relationship between native Belizeans and the foreigners residing in their country? Refer closely to Edgell's writing to support your thinking. [20]

WILLIAM GOLDING: Lord of the Flies

EITHER 8. Read the following extract from Lord of the Flies, and then answer the question that follows.

"Going to be a storm," said Ralph, "and you'll have rain like when we dropped here. Who's clever now? Where are your shelters? What are you going to do about that?"

The hunters were looking uneasily at the sky, flinching from the stroke of the drops. A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The flickering light became brighter and the blows of the thunder were only just bearable. The littluns began to run about, screaming. Jack leapt on to the sand.

"Do our dance! Come on! Dance!"

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire. Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and the boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side-stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spits, and the rest clubs of fire-wood. A circling movement developed and a chant. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the centre of the ring yawned emptily. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism.

Piggy touched Ralph's wrist.

"Come away. There's going to be trouble. And we've had our meat."

There was a blink of bright light beyond the forest and the thunder exploded again so that a littlun started to whine. Big drops of rain fell among them making individual sounds when they struck.

The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose a tone in agony.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror.

How does Golding's writing here create an atmosphere of approaching disaster? [20]

- OR 9.** In your view, which character does Golding present as the more frightening, Jack or Roger? Support your opinion with details from Golding's presentation of characters and situations. [20]
- OR 10.** How do you think Golding makes the replacement of democracy by dictatorship on the island seem so unavoidable? Support your ideas with details from the writing. [20]

CHESTER THOMPSON: The Fledgling

EITHER 11. Read the following extract from The Fledgling, and then answer the question that follows.

We anchored the dinghy in a little cove and followed a trail winding through a thicket of sea grape, madeira and poison wood. The trail led upward and soon the trees gave way to low scrub, which ended as we climbed to the top of a high sandy ridge. The rocky coastline below was pounded by great waves marching in from the ocean.

While Uncle paused for a rest, I ran along the crest of the ridge with arms outstretched and felt the lift of the ocean breeze blowing up the cliff face. With that soon lost magic of childhood I was flying, skimming over the blue ocean and soaring back to land beside Uncle.

We walked north on the ridge which sloped upward into a great meadow. At the end of the meadow, a landscape of rocky outcroppings and low boulders continued to the end of the island, covered in part by ankle high sea-geranium and bay hop vines. This was the nesting area.

I had never in my life seen so many sea birds. It seemed that all the birds in the world were swooping and calling in the sky above Tilloo Cay. Their shrill cries filled the air and subdued the roar of the waves below. Uncle pointed to various birds.

"See, there's a noddy and that one's a shank and those over there are sea gulls."

There was a constant motion of arriving and departing birds, sunlight flickering off the white undersides of myriad wings. Hungry fledglings waited with outstretched beaks, into which the arrivals thrust their catch of small fish.

"How will we know which one is a baby gull?" I asked.

Uncle put one hand on my shoulder and scratched his nose with the other. "We'll ask its mother," he said.

We were now in the nesting area and stepped carefully to avoid fledglings and unhatched eggs. Flying birds shrieked in protest but swerved away at the last second. Soon we found a nest of four fledgling gulls, their beaks wide open and squawking with hunger.

"We'd best take one of these," said Uncle. "Maybe the mother won't miss just one." I stood with mouth open, entranced by the baby gulls.

"All right, you can pick one up. Go ahead," said Uncle nudging me forward. I kneeled and very gently, with both hands, lifted one of the fledglings from the nest. It was like lifting a squirming powderpuff and, at my touch, the fledgling's beak opened wide and squawked loudly.

I looked up at Uncle who said, "We'll catch some fish for it on the way home. Let's go now."

As I stood with the fledgling in my hands, the three remaining fledglings opened their beaks and squawked in unison. At the same time the mother gull landed on the nest and fed each one by placing her beak into each fledgling's beak. It happened very quickly and then the gull flew in tight circles around us, protesting with open beak and beady black eyes, before heading seaward.

I stood there, staring at the squawking fledglings on the ground and then at the thousands of birds wheeling and calling in the sky above. A single white cloud moved across the vault of blue sky and as I looked up it seemed that the world was swinging and that if I leaped upward I, too, could soar with the birds. I then looked down at the fragile bird struggling in my hands and suddenly it was very clear to me what I should do.

I felt Uncle's hand on my shoulder and knew that it was time to go. Kneeling quickly, I returned the fledgling to its nest.

How does the writing here make clear to you that this is a significant moment in the boy's life? [20]

- OR 12.** In The Fledgling, how does Thompson emphasise to you that island life is not as carefree and tranquil as it seems? Refer closely to Thompson's writing as you respond. [20]
- OR 13.** To what extent and in what ways do the boy's father (Maurice) and Uncle Whittleton serve as role models for the boy? Support your views with details from Thompson's writing. [20]

School Number	Candidate Number
Surname and Initials	

LITERATURE

PAPER 2 DRAMA AND POETRY 1215/2

Thursday **23 MAY 2013** 9:00 A.M.–11:10 A.M.

Additional materials:
Answer booklet

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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 **THREE** questions, at least **ONE** from each Section (I. Drama and II. Poetry). Each answer 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.

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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 14 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

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SECTION I

DRAMA

You must answer at least **ONE** and not more than **TWO** questions from this section.
Each answer must be on a different text.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun

EITHER 1. Read the following extract from A Raisin in the Sun, then answer the question that follows.

- WALTER:** *Is he out yet?*
RUTH: *What you mean out? He ain't hardly got in there good yet.*
WALTER: *(Wandering in, still more oriented to sleep than to a new day) Well, what was you doing all that yelling for if I can't even get in there yet? (Stopping and thinking) Check coming today?*
RUTH: *They said Saturday and this is just Friday and I hopes to God you ain't going to get up here first thing this morning and start talking to me 'bout no money 'cause I 'bout don't want to hear it.*
WALTER: *Something the matter with you this morning?*
RUTH: *No – I'm just sleepy as the devil. What kind of eggs you want?*
WALTER: *Not scrambled. (RUTH starts to scramble eggs) Paper come? (RUTH points impatiently to the rolled up Tribune on the table, and he gets it and spreads it out and vaguely reads the front page) Set off another bomb yesterday.*
RUTH: *(Maximum indifference) Did they?*
WALTER: *(Looking up) What's the matter with you?*
RUTH: *Ain't nothing the matter with me. And don't keep asking me that this morning.*
WALTER: *Ain't nobody bothering you. (Reading the news of the day absently again) Say Colonel McCormick is sick.*
RUTH: *(Affecting tea-party interest) Is he now? Poor thing.*
WALTER: *(Sighing and looking at his watch) Oh, me. (He waits) Now what is that boy doing in that bathroom all this time? He just going to have to start getting up earlier. I can't be being late to work on account of him fooling around in there.*
RUTH: *(Turning on him) Oh, no he ain't going to be getting up no earlier no such thing! It ain't his fault that he can't get to bed earlier nights 'cause he got a bunch of crazy good-for-nothing clowns sitting up running their mouths in what is supposed to be his bedroom after ten o'clock at night ...*
WALTER: *That's what you mad about, ain't it? The things I want to talk about with my friends just couldn't be important in your mind, could they?*

- (He rises and finds a cigarette in her handbag on the table and crosses to the little window and looks out, smoking and deeply enjoying this first one)*
- RUTH:** *(Almost matter of factly, a complaint too automatic to deserve emphasis)* Why you always got to smoke before you eat in the morning?
- WALTER:** *(At the window)* Just look at 'em down there ... Running and racing to work ... *(He turns and faces his wife and watches her a moment at the stove, and then, suddenly)* You look young this morning, baby.
- RUTH:** *(indifferently)* Yeah?
- WALTER:** Just for a second-stirring them eggs. Just for a second it was you looked real young again. *(He reaches for her; she crosses away. Then, drily)* It's gone now – you look like yourself again!
- RUTH:** Man, if you don't shut up and leave me alone.
- WALTER:** *(Looking out to the street again)* First thing a man ought to learn in life is not to make love to no colored woman first thing in the morning. You all some eeeevil people at eight o'clock in the morning.
- (TRAVIS appears in the hall doorway, almost fully dressed and quite wide awake now, his towels and pajamas across his shoulders. He opens the door and signals for his father to make the bathroom in a hurry)*
- TRAVIS:** *(Watching the bathroom)* Daddy, come on! *(WALTER gets his bathroom utensils and flies out to the bathroom)*
- RUTH:** Sit down and have your breakfast, Travis.
- TRAVIS:** Mama, this is Friday. *(Gleefully)* Check coming tomorrow, huh?
- RUTH:** You get your mind off money and eat your breakfast.
- TRAVIS:** *(Eating)* This is the morning we supposed to bring the fifty cents to school.
- RUTH:** Well, I ain't got no fifty cents this morning.
- TRAVIS:** Teacher say we have to.
- RUTH:** I don't care what teacher say. I ain't got it. Eat your breakfast, Travis.
- TRAVIS:** I am eating.
- RUTH:** Hush up now and just eat!
- (The boy gives her an exasperated look for her lack of understanding, and eats grudgingly)*
- TRAVIS:** You think Grandmama would have it?
- RUTH:** No! And I want you to stop asking your grandmother for money, you hear me?
- TRAVIS:** *(Outraged)* Gaaaleee! I don't ask her, she just gimme it sometimes!
- RUTH:** Travis Willard Younger – I got too much on me this morning to be_
- TRAVIS:** Maybe Daddy_
- RUTH:** Travis!

(The boy hushes abruptly. They are both quiet and tense for several seconds)

TRAVIS: *(Presently) Could I maybe go carry some groceries in front of the supermarket for a little while after school then?*

RUTH: *Just hush, I said. (Travis jabs his spoon into his cereal bowl viciously, and rests his head in anger upon his fists) If you through eating, you can get over there and make up your bed.*

In your view, what makes this scene a particularly effective opening for the play?

[20]

OR 2. To what extent does Hansberry's A Raisin in the Sun movingly convey that people's hopes and dreams are not easily destroyed? Support your ideas with details from the writing. [20]

OR 3. How does Hansberry's writing make the brother-sister relationship between Walter and Beneatha especially interesting for you? [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Macbeth

EITHER 4. Read the following extract from Macbeth, and then answer the question that follows.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants

DUNCAN *Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?*

MALCOLM *My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.*

DUNCAN *There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.*

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS

*O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.*

MACBETH *The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.*

DUNCAN *Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.*

BANQUO *There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.*

DUNCAN *My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.*

MACBETH *The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.*

DUNCAN *My worthy Cawdor!*

MACBETH *[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.*

Exit

DUNCAN *True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.*

Flourish. Exeunt

What do you find striking here about Shakespeare's portrayal of Duncan and the way he interacts with the other characters in the scene? [20]

- OR 5.** In what ways does Shakespeare most powerfully show his disapproval of Macbeth's actions in the play? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]
- OR 6.** The word "blood" is one of the most frequently used words in Macbeth. How does the imagery of blood contribute to the dramatic power of the play? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing. [20]

EFUA SUTHERLAND: The Marriage of Anansewa

EITHER 7. Read the following extract from The Marriage of Anansewa, and then answer the question that follows.

AKWASI AND AKOSUA

[Akosua strides saucily in, crosses, and halts with arms akimbo among the PLAYERS. Akwasi enters in hot pursuit. He looks this way and that, not noticing where she is.]

AKWASI: [To STORYTELLER:] Please sir, did a girl pass by, this way?

STORYTELLER: Do you mean that one standing over there?

AKWASI: Aha! Thank you, sir. Hey, Akosua, there you are, aren't you?

[He seizes her at the waist by her cloth and pulls her out from the group.]*

AKOSUA: *[Stridently]* Let me go!

Let me go!

AKWASI: I will not let you go.

I will not let you go.

You cannot spend my dough

And treat me so.

AKOSUA: You funny man,

Don't you know

I'm not your wife?

Am I your wife?

AKWASI: Don't you know you are?

AKOSUA: What law says that?

Quote me the law

That makes me your wife.

Oh, you'll make me laugh enough

To drive you to distraction.

How, how, and how

Do you come by such an assumption?

AKWASI: I've bought you gifts,

I've bought you clothes

And shining jingling things

For your neck and for your wrists.

AKOSUA: So this is your character. You keep coming to me.

'Akosua, this is something small I bought for you', you say.

I'm reluctant to accept it, but you press it on me.

'You'll embarrass me if you refuse it', so you say.

Therefore, I accept it. And here you stand today in a public street screaming out that:

I spend your dough

And treat you so.

I have filed you in my mind for future reference.

* cloth: dress

AKWASI: I'm bawling you out like this because you're so persistently saucy.

AKOSUA: I'm not your wife,
So let me go!

AKWASI: Ask your mother,
Ask your father;
If you don't know
They do!

AKOSUA: Ha haa-a!
Oil is dripping into fire.

Akwasi, listen, come home with me then, and tell my parents I'm your wife, and see if they don't give you a slap that will spark fire in your eyes.

AKWASI: Do you suppose they're as senseless as you are?

AKOSUA: Oh, no, I don't think that at all. Quite the contrary, they are far wiser. They know I'm not your wife until after you have come to their home and placed the customary head-drink* on their table. [*Teasingly*] You see what I mean?

AKWASI: [*Disarmed*] So that's what you are saying.

AKOSUA: And about time too, don't you think? [*He lets her go.*] Ah, now you're letting me go. That's better. I've gained my personal freedom. Bye! Any time you're ready, bring my head-drink home to my parents. And after that, I will stop when you call. I'll take care of your house. I'll sweep, I'll scrub, I'll wash your clothes, and I'll quarrel sweetly with you to your extreme delight. Bye! [*She laughs and skips teasingly off.*]

AKWASI: Ah! This girl is killing me. [*He turns back in miserable anger.*]

STORYTELLER: I say, young man! Gentleman! [AKWASI stops.] If you know that this girl is in the wrong, why don't you take her to court? [AKWASI is hesitant.] Sir, have you, by any chance, performed her head-drink ceremony?

AKWASI: Look, dad, whoever you are, don't make me wild. [*He stalks out, driven away by jeering laughter from the PLAYERS.*]

STORYTELLER: There you are. As I was saying, it is possible for Ananse to profit from the gifts his daughter's suitors bring, and not be bound by any obligation at all.

* head-drink: an important token by which the marriage is legally established; symbolised by a token sum of money and some drinks, and handed over formally on behalf of the prospective husband to members of the family of the prospective wife.

How does Sutherland's writing make this scene an enjoyable and significant part of the play? [20]

OR 8. In what ways does this play best suggest to you that respect for others is a vital part of human interaction? Support your thinking with detailed reference to Sutherland's writing. [20]

OR 9. "Anansi is the spider, spinning his plots and ensnaring everyone in his web."

To what extent do you think Sutherland's portrayal of Ananse in the play justifies this image of him? Refer closely to the text as you respond. [20]

TELCINE TURNER: Woman Take Two

EITHER 10. Read the following extract from Woman Take Two, then answer the question that follows.

Scene 3. 10:00 p.m. that night in Merline's front room

Beverly *is finishing off Jennifer's skirt. On the table lies the box of chocolates, open. The Tribune, with the Davies advertisement cut out, covers the floor.*

Merline *enters downstage, humming "Jesus Paid It All." She walks briskly, obviously pleased with her outing. She enters by the front steps.*

Merline: You still on that one skirt?

Beverly: I put it away for a while ... How was Lodge?

Merline: If you wan' know you shoulda come. *[Takes off her shoes.]* Lordie, these corn killin' me ... We make arrangement for the yearly procession. *[Folds her sweater.]*

Beverly: Matilda Bascombe run her mouth as usual?

Merline: Not overmuch. She only does talk to be sociable anyway.

Beverly: Whose reputation she tear apart in order to be sociable?

Merline: She ain' tear no reputation. She just mention somethin' concernin' the people she work for ... Seem like the oldest gal wit' child.

Beverly: I knew it! Spreading scandal.

Merline: 'Tain' no scandal; is warnin. Take care, 'cause Trouble don' pick and choose who to come to. Das why I always behind you not to let dese worthless man mess with you just so ... Jennifer do like I say?

[Does not wait for an answer but goes out with sweater, hat, and shoes. Can be heard after a few seconds] No, no, can' be! *[Erupts into the front room and confronts Beverly.]*

You, miss lady, ent I leave you in charge?

Beverly: What's the matter?

Merline: Slackness, das the matter! When I left, the last word out my mouth was for Jennifer to go to the faucet, den make ready for bed. Now I come back to find the water buckets empty as Kaiyer back pocket and no Jennifer in sight.

Beverly: She just went for water to bathe.

Merline: What she was doin' before?

Beverly: Washing dishes.

Merline *[Regarding Beverly with scorn]:* Come again ... If you had to lie for shelter you would sleep outdoors.

Beverly *bites into a chocolate.*

Merline: Ay, ay! Candy and all. Who own dem?

Beverly: As you can see – me. Lionel brought them.

Merline: What for?

Beverly: How you mean what for?

Merline: Man don' buy candy just to spend money ... Somethin' gotta give.

Beverly: There you go again.

Merline: Judas sell Christ for thirty pieces of silver. *[Holds up the chocolate box.]* Dis all Lion-el think you worth?

Beverly: Leave him alone! *[Snaps the thread on the skirt as if it were Merline's neck, snatches up the box, and leaves the room.]*

How does Telcine Turner's writing convey to you the change in mood in this extract?
[20]

OR 11. To what extent do you think Turner presents the women in the play in a negative light? In your response refer to at least **TWO** characters, and support your views with details from Turner's writing. [20]

OR 12. What do you find particularly dramatic about the closing scene of this play? Support your response with details from Turner's writing. [20]

SECTION II

POETRY

You must answer at least **ONE** and not more than **TWO** questions from this section. The poems you refer to in your answers must be taken from the lists of poems in the prescribed texts studied for this examination. You must not use the same information substantially in more than one essay. You may select poems by one poet or by two different poets.

13. Which **TWO** poems that you have studied have had the most powerful impact on you?
How has the poets' writing created this effect? [20]
14. Choose **TWO** poems that you have studied, one portraying a strong character and the other a weak character, and explore how the poets make these characters memorable for you. [20]
15. How does the writing in **TWO** poems that you have studied powerfully draw your attention to the problems that we face as human beings? [20]