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LITERATURE

PAPER 1 LITERARY APPRECIATION AND PROSE 1215/1

Wednesday **16 MAY 2018** 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 12 printed pages and 4 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.

Ralph: *Good girl! I'll be right down. We have a lot of things to talk about. (Softly) A lot of things. (Ralph exits. A sudden flash of lightning and loud crash of thunder cause Gwen to jump up, terrified. As she sits back on sofa, trying to regain her composure, her fingers brush along sofa cushion. She discovers protruding sleeve of raincoat, jumps up, pulls coat out from under cushion and searches through pockets. She pulls out a handkerchief.)*

Gwen *(Examining the handkerchief) E.F. The initials – E.F! Emily Forsythe! This must be Miss Forsythe's raincoat. And Simon said that she had worn it when she left for the Hathaways! (Gwen throws raincoat onto sofa and drops handkerchief.) Miss Forsythe never left the house. She's still here somewhere! (Crash of thunder. Resolutely, Gwen walks to cellar door. She reaches out, but quickly pulls her hand back from locked door, as if realizing the uselessness of her action. Frantically, she strides across stage and stops suddenly in front of wall phone near window. She trembles with excitement.) The phone! I'll call the Hathaway house! If Miss Forsythe isn't there, then I'll know the truth! (She picks up phone and dials rapidly, with no result. She jiggles phone nervously.) Hello?...*

(Gwen glances over her shoulder. She turns back to phone, with her back to the left exit.) Hello! Jed Hathaway? This is Gwen Craig. What? (Pause) I – I can't hear you, Jed. This is a poor connection. (Pause) Yes – the storm. (Pause) Listen to me, please. I want to speak to Miss Forsythe. Yes, yes! I understand that she's at your house. She is there, isn't she? (Simon appears at left.) What? Miss Forsythe isn't there? (Suspiciously) Didn't you call her to come this afternoon? (Grimly) Yes, there must be some mistake. (Simon quickly crosses to phone, and places his hand on it, breaking the connection. Gwen spins, and gives cry of terror. Simon takes phone from her and hangs it up. He watches her intently. Firmly, he guides her to sofa, looks at raincoat and nods silently. Gwen wrenches away.) Where is Miss Forsythe?

- Simon: *(Bitterly)* You're a little meddler!
- Gwen: What have you done to her?
- Simon: You're making a terrible mistake. Why did you have to come here tonight? You'll spoil everything. Now, listen to me.
- Gwen: *(Quickly)* Jed Hathaway never called her. She didn't leave this house. Miss Forsythe is in this house. *(Simon nods slowly.)* You killed her!
- Simon: Be quiet!
- Gwen: *(Loudly)* You killed Miss Forsythe! *(Points to cellar)* Open that door. Miss Forsythe is down there. That's why you locked the cellar. That's why you wouldn't let Jenny go down there!
- Simon: Listen –
- Gwen: Stay away from me. You killed Daniel Forsythe, too! Why? Why? Why? *(Sobs hysterically)* Why did you kill them? They never harmed you! *(Backs away)* Who are you? Why did you come here?
- Simon: Don't go any further. You can't leave here now!
- Gwen: Why? Do you want to kill me, too? You'll have to kill me – now that I know your secret! But you won't get away with it. I called Jed Hathaway. He knows that Miss Forsythe is missing. He'll call the police!
- Simon: Gwen! Be quiet!
- Gwen: And Jenny. She knows that something is wrong. No, you won't be able to get away with it! You can't get away with it!
- Simon: *(Angrily)* Don't you realize that you're ruining everything? *(He grabs her arm. She struggles savagely.)*
- Gwen: Let me go! *(She finally breaks Simon's grasp.)* Miss Forsythe is down there, isn't she? Miss Forsythe is in the cellar!
- (Simon pulls key out of his pocket.)*
- Simon: *(Angrily)* I told you to keep quiet! Oh, no! You had to play detective. You had to call the Hathaway place. You had to find that raincoat. All right! You wanted to know the truth. Well, I'll tell you. Yes, I'll show you. *(He walks to cellar door, unlocks it, and pulls it open, as Gwen, spellbound, watches him. Muffled footsteps are heard from cellar. The footsteps grow louder, as though someone is ascending the stairs. Miss Forsythe, a thin, tired old lady, appears in doorway, carrying a hurricane lamp.)*
- Miss Forsythe: *(Nodding wearily and speaking in low voice)* Hello, Gwen.
- Gwen: Miss Forsythe! *(Runs forward and embraces her)* Oh, thank heavens, you're safe! *(Loudly)* You're safe! *(She sobs, as Miss Forsythe comforts her.)*



Miss Forsythe: *Yes, I'm safe.*

Gwen: *But – but I don't understand. What were you doing down there? Why were you hiding? Who – who is he? (Points defiantly at Simon.)*

Miss Forsythe: *That's unimportant now. I wanted to know the truth about Daniel's death. I thought I would learn everything – tonight! (Sighs) Now I'm not so sure.*

From "Miss Forsythe Is Missing" by John Murray

How does the writing here make this extract particularly dramatic for you?

[24]

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.

That lazy Friday afternoon, Alicia soaked up the sun with the other wives, sipping tropical rum-laced drinks. After a few hours her companions, done in by the combination of rum and warm Bahama sunshine, begged off and returned to their respective rooms.

Alicia lingered at the beach. She was provocative and alluring in a white maillot swimsuit which showed off her slim, tanned body to its best advantage. She relished the fact that she was finally alone, free of Harry as well as her dowdy, flabby female companions, whose average age was easily twice her own. She closed her eyes, dreamily soaking up the sun. It was then that Alicia decided to change the venue for her fifth and final Planter's Punch drink.

Alicia rose lazily from her deck chair, quite aware that all eyes were on her. She walked slowly from the beach to the Pineapple Bar and did so without the slightest difficulty, since with years of practice, she had perfected the art of making her requests indistinguishable from a command.

Aubrey was a little puzzled by her request, but not overly concerned. Although hotel guests could order whatever they wanted from room service, every now and then one of them might decide to have their drink brought up from the beach bar. But this particular guest could spell temptation for any one of his younger, less seasoned waiters. Aubrey quickly made the empirical decision to mix the drink with the greatest of care himself, and personally deliver it to Mrs Corning's room.

At the second knock, the room door opened inward. Alicia Corning's supple body, still clad in her wet swim suit, framed the doorway. Aubrey hurried into the room, removed the frosty drink together with a drinking straw and napkin from the tray and placed them on the table. He handed her the bill for signature and turned to be on his way back to the Pineapple Bar. Just as he reached the doorway, he felt the light touch of her hand at the back of his neck. Instinctively, he quickly spun around. Her ominous words were slow, flat and measured, like water dripping onto a smooth, flat rock.

"Aubrey, who would take your word over mine that all you did was bring this drink to me in my room?" On hearing this, he froze. Aubrey's attempts to answer her suggestion brought on only feeble stammering. Alicia deftly took the tray from his hand. She calmly unbuttoned his shirt.



When it was all over, he lay uneasily on the bed as the enormity of his situation sank in. He fully understood that he was in a place where it was disastrous to desist and even more disastrous to continue. By the end of the Cornings' eight week stay, Aubrey and Alicia had settled into a cozy pattern of surreptitious love in the afternoon once a week. Now he had yet another reason to eagerly anticipate the season.

How does Albury's writing here make this a striking and significant moment for you? [20]

OR 3. How does Albury make compelling for you the challenges that people face in any **TWO** stories from Perspectives from Inner Windows? [20]

OR 4. What view of relationships does Albury express most memorably for you in Perspectives from Inner Windows? Support your ideas by referring in detail to any **TWO** of the following stories:

"Peaches on a Dilly Tree"

"Pot of Gold"

"Waiting for Love"

[20]

ZEE EDGELL: Beka Lamb

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

'It's time, Tama.'

Granny Ivy immediately gripped Beka's arm, propelling her over towards the coffin. She was shocked to see Greatgran's face looking so slack. Somebody had stuck the curved tortoise-shell comb in the very middle of Greatgran's hair, which was dressed all wrong, and Greatgran's mouth was twisted. The coffin was closed, and carried slowly out of the house and down the stairs by Daddy Bill, Uncle Curo and two other friends. Beka followed behind Lilla and Granny Ivy staring at the men's grip on the silver plated handles of the coffin. She was conscious of the onlookers crowding the neighbouring verandahs, and of the people lining both sides of the street to watch. Crossing the boxboard bridge over the drain to the street, Beka heard a woman say to her companion,

'Old Mother Straker was one of the last. Not too many left now of the old people that remember things from the time before. The young ones aren't interested. All they think about is picture show, motor car, party and clothes.'

Beka looked up into the woman's face, shaped like a cashew seed, and the woman said,

'This one here, she is one of the great-grand pickney, no better and no worse.'

The coffin was hearsed, and Beka's Daddy came down the line of people to seat them in a black car Mr Blanco had lent the Lambs for the occasion. Aunt Tama and Beka were put in front and Granny Ivy and Lilla had the back seat to themselves. Beka noticed that Daddy Bill's eyes were bloodshot, the lids swollen and heavy. He had loved Greatgran Straker as his own mother. He had helped organize the funeral, paying many of the expenses.

Beka heard the wheels of the hearse crunching on the street as it moved off, the men following on foot, then the women, then the cars. All along the route from Aunt Tama's house on Manioc Road, down Water Lane, where many bars were situated, and over the swing bridge, people lined the street sides. Women and children stood on verandahs. Anyone who could spare the time, stopped whatever they were doing to watch the funeral go by. It was a custom. It was important to know who had died, under what circumstances, to whom the person was related, and who the mourners were following the hearse, and why they felt the need to attend this particular funeral. There were few events that commanded the total attention of the community as much as a passing funeral. Its size was commented upon, and the life story of the deceased, whatever was known of it, whispered from person to person. It was more than a funeral they watched. In a way, it was a small lesson in community history, and everyone, for those minutes, was a diligent scholar. Belizeans did not often articulate what they did know of their history, even amongst themselves. By and large, most people preferred to forget the time that had gone before. But on certain occasions, and especially at the funerals of the very aged, through the use of innuendos and euphemisms, a feeling was communicated, and this was understood.

The only song Beka really heard during the service was the one her mother sang, without the accompaniment of the organ, in the choir balcony projecting from the rear wall of the cathedral. Her mother made a false start, but then her voice moved with strength over the assemblage. Aunt Tama was crying, and Granny Ivy kept shoving the damp handkerchief towards her, but she wouldn't take it. Daddy Bill stared fixedly at an enormous statue of St. Joseph, holding a long-stemmed lily, standing on a ledge high above Beka's head. The



service was short, and similar to many other Catholic services, and the priest spoke a few words with as genuine feeling as he could manage, a few more songs were sung, and then he led the way out of the church.

How does Edgell's writing in this extract make vivid for you the impact of Great-gran Straker's death on her family and community? [20]

OR 6. How does Edgell powerfully convey to you the strong sense of love and commitment in Beka Lamb? Support your ideas by referring in detail to characters and situations. [20]

OR 7. In Beka Lamb, Edgell focuses more on females in Belizean society than on males. What, in your view, is the significance of this? Support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

WILLIAM GOLDING: Lord of the Flies

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

There was no light left save that of the stars. When they had understood what made this ghostly noise and Percival was quiet again, Ralph and Simon picked him up unhandily and carried him to a shelter. Piggy hung about near for all his brave words, and the three bigger boys went together to the next shelter. They lay restlessly and noisily among the dry leaves, watching the patch of stars that was the opening towards the lagoon. Sometimes a littlun cried out from the other shelters and once a bigun spoke in the dark. Then they too fell asleep.

A sliver of moon rose over the horizon, hardly large enough to make a path of light even when it sat right down on the water; but there were other lights in the sky, that moved fast, winked, or went out, though not even a faint popping came down from the battle fought at ten miles' height. But a sign came down from the world of grown-ups, though at the time there was no child awake to read it. There was a sudden bright explosion and a corkscrew trail across the sky; then darkness again and stars. There was a speck above the island, a figure dropping swiftly beneath a parachute, a figure that hung with dangling limbs. The changing winds of various altitudes took the figure where they would. Then, three miles up, the wind steadied and bore it in a descending curve round the sky and swept it in a great slant across the reef and the lagoon towards the mountain. The figure fell and crumpled among the blue flowers of the mountain-side, but now there was a gentle breeze at this height too and the parachute flopped and banged and pulled. So the figure, with feet that dragged behind it, slid up the mountain. Yard by yard, puff by puff, the breeze hauled the figure through the blue flowers, over the boulders and red stones, till it lay huddled among the shattered rocks of the mountain-top. Here the breeze was fitful and allowed the strings of the parachute to tangle and festoon; and the figure sat, its helmeted head between its knees, held by a complication of lines. When the breeze blew the lines would strain taut and some accident of this pull lifted the head and chest upright so that the figure seemed to peer across the brow of the mountain. Then, each time the wind dropped, the lines would slacken and the figure bow forward again, sinking its head between its knees. So as the stars moved across the sky, the figure sat on the mountain-top and bowed and sank and bowed again.

How does Golding's writing here create a particularly unsettling feeling in you? [20]

OR 9. To what extent is Ralph responsible for the chaos that occurs on the island? Support your view by referring in detail to Golding's writing. [20]

OR 10. How does Golding powerfully convey to you human cruelty in **TWO** incidents in Lord of the Flies? [20]



CHESTER THOMPSON: The Fledgling

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

I was awakened by the doleful crowing of a neighbour's rooster. It was young and its enthusiastic discord a poor greeting to the first light of dawn. Thoughts of my mother and brothers at the end of the village were interrupted by Auntie's voice from the kitchen. "Make haste boy, your breakfast is ready." I dabbed at my face with a wet cloth, dressed quickly, and ran down the stairs and into the kitchen. The morning sun spilled through the doorway and filled the room with a warm glow. Breakfast aromas mingled with the salt clean smell of the ocean.

Breakfast over, Auntie checked me out pretty good. You would have thought I was going to church. There wasn't much to check out: clean blue denim shorts and freshly ironed faded flour bag shirt, feet bare. Shoes were kept good for Sundays. She rummaged in her spacious apron pocket, found a comb and scraped it across my scalp. "You got sisal hair and blue eyes, like ripe seagrapes," she said, "just like your daddy when he was a boy."

Another foray into her pocket produced a wash cloth, which she swiped across my already clean face. She said, "If you're going to be a school teacher you must keep your hair combed and your face clean."

"Now it's time to go," she said. I backed out of the door as her nodding head accompanied a spate of instructions. "Make haste, child, you'll get a bad mark if you're late. Listen to your teacher, don't play with bad boys and remember the magic words – please and thank you."

We were now at the front gate and, as I joined the other children, her last words were "And if you want to go 'you know where' hold up your hand for permission." The first bell had already rung and we hurried to the school house, on a hill, at the end of the village.

The scene at the school house was unlike anything I had imagined. The small playground 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."

What do you find striking about Thompson's portrayal of the boy's first day of school? [20]

OR 12. How does Thompson's portrayal of **TWO** aspects of Hope Town cause you to view them in a positive light? [20]

OR 13. How does Thompson draw your attention to the boy's changing attitudes towards Auntie as the story progresses? [20]



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LITERATURE

PAPER 2 DRAMA AND POETRY 1215/2

Wednesday **23 MAY 2018** 9:00 A.M.–11:30 A.M.

Additional materials:
Answer booklet

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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 **THREE** questions, at least **ONE** from each section (Section I, Drama and Section 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.

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

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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.

At rise: RUTH is ironing again. She has the radio going. Presently BENEATHA'S bedroom door opens and RUTH'S mouth falls and she puts down the iron in fascination.

Ruth: *What have we got on tonight!*

Beneatha: *[Emerging grandly from the doorway so that we can see her thoroughly roped in the costume Asagai brought] You are looking at what a well-dressed Nigerian woman wears – [She parades for RUTH, her hair completely hidden by the headdress; she is coquettishly fanning herself with an ornate oriental fan, mistakenly more like Butterfly than any Nigerian that ever was] Isn't it beautiful? [She promenades to the radio and, with an arrogant flourish, turns off the good loud blues that is playing] Enough of this assimilationist junk! [RUTH follows her with her eyes as she goes to the phonograph and puts on a record and turns and waits ceremoniously for the music to come up. Then, with a shout –] OCOMOGOSIAY!
[RUTH jumps. The music comes up, a lovely Nigerian melody. BENEATHA listens, enraptured, her eyes far away – “back to the past”. She begins to dance. RUTH is dumbfounded.]*

Ruth: *What kind of dance is that?*

Beneatha: *A folk dance.*

Ruth: *[Pearl Bailey] What kind of folks do that, honey?*

Beneatha: *It's from Nigeria. It's a dance of welcome.*

Ruth: *Who you welcoming?*

Beneatha: *The men back to the village.*

Ruth: *Where they been?*

Beneatha: *How should I know – out hunting or something. Anyway, they are coming back now ...*



Ruth: *Well, that's good.*

Beneatha: *[With the record]
Alundi, alundi
Alundi alunya
Jop pu a jeepua
Ang gu sooooooooooooo*

Ai yai yae ...

Ayehaye – alundi

[WALTER comes in during this performance; he has obviously been drinking. He leans against the door heavily and watches his sister, at first with distaste. Then his eyes look off – “back to the past” – as he lifts both his fists to the roof, screaming]

Walter: *YEAH ... AND ETHIOPIA STRETCH FORTH HER HANDS AGAIN! ...*

Ruth: *[Drily, looking at him] Yes – and Africa sure is claiming her own tonight.
[She gives them both up and starts ironing again]*

Walter: *[All in a drunken, dramatic shout] Shut up! ... I'm digging them drums ...
them drums move me! ... [He makes his weaving way to his wife's face
and leans in close to her] In my heart of hearts – [He thumps his chest] – I
am much warrior!*

Ruth: *[Without even looking up] In your heart of hearts you are much drunkard.*

Walter: *[Coming away from her and starting to wander around the room,
shouting] Me and Jomo ... [intently, in his sister's face. She has stopped
dancing to watch him in this unknown mood] That's my man, Kenyatta.
[He is suddenly in possession of an imaginary spear and actively
spearing enemies all over the room] FLAMING SPEAR! HOT DAMN!
OCOMOGOSIAY ...*

Beneatha: *[To encourage WALTER, thoroughly caught up with this side of him]
OCOMOGOSIAY, FLAMING SPEAR!*

Walter: *THE LION IS WAKING ... OWIMOWEH! [He pulls his shirt open and
leaps up on the table and gestures with his spear]*

Beneatha: *OWIMOWEH!*

What impressions of the characters does Hansberry's writing create for you in this extract? [20]

OR 2. In your view, are the Younger family's dreams still "deferred" at the end of the play? Support your view by referring in detail to Hansberry's writing. [20]

OR 3. In what ways can Mama be said to represent traditional values and viewpoints? Support your ideas with details from Hansberry's portrayal of her. [20]



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Henry IV Part One

EITHER 4. Read the following extract from Henry IV Part One, then answer the question that follows.

KING HENRY IV: *Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?*

WESTMORELAND: *In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.*

KING HENRY IV: *Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.*

WESTMORELAND: *This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.*

How does Shakespeare's writing in this extract reveal the issues that will be important in the rest of the play? [20]

OR 5. In this play, how does Shakespeare make both the positive and negative aspects of acquiring power memorable for you? [20]

OR 6. Does Shakespeare lead you to think that Falstaff is completely without morals, or does Falstaff have some redeeming values? Support your opinion by referring closely to Shakespeare's writing. [20]

EFUA T. SUTHERLAND: The Marriage of Anansewa

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

STORYTELLER: *So then, Ananse didn't toil in vain?*

PLAYERS: *No.*

STORYTELLER: *Still, isn't this the first sign of trouble?*

PLAYERS: *Well, we shall see.*

[Gong rhythm. Two women rise, one starting off the song for the mboguo]

MBOGUO

[The two women share the song with the Players. They dance to it in a matronly way. Storyteller leads them in the dance to Property Man who hands to one of them a girdle* with money tied in a huge knot in it. She ties it around her waist. Storyteller accompanies them back to sit in their places.]

Am I not Odum's child?*

Am I not Odum's child?

Oh I hate the sun!

Abena e,*

I'd rather be dead.

O delicate one,

Abena e,

Abena e,

I'd rather be dead.

I never did toil,

Abena e,

Abena e,

I'd rather be dead.

Unseasoned one,

Abena e,

Abena e,

I'd rather be dead.

O pitiful one,

Abena e,

Abena e,

I'd rather be dead.

[Property Man sets a chair and a side table when the dance ends. Ananse, dressed in a brand new cloth, enters in good spirits and sits.]



ANANSE: *Serve my gin here.*

[Property Man obliges. While Ananse is sipping his gin the song ceases. Promptly the two women rise in haste and keeping step with each other move towards Ananse. They are Sapaase Messengers now.]

SAPAASE

MESSENGERS: ***[Together] Agoo!* We are looking for Pa Ananse.***

FIRST

MESSENGER: *We are told he lives here.*

ANANSE: *I am Ananse.*

SECOND

MESSENGER: *Is that so?*

TOGETHER: ***[Curtsyng] Oh, then good morning, Pa.***

FIRST

MESSENGER: *We have been sent from SAPAASE Palace.*

ANANSE: ***[with great fuss] Chairs! Bring chairs for the messengers of royalty. [Property Man provides chairs.] And water! Water, instantly! Let the royal travellers have water at once. [Sitting down himself.]***

*girdle: usually a band of cloth a woman uses to tie her skirt round her waist.

*Odum: name of a rich and powerful man in a folk tale.

*Abena: Odum's daughter, who got married without having been prepared for the difficulties she encountered.

*Agoo!: vocalized knocking.

How does Sutherland effectively engage her audience in this extract? [20]

OR 8. To what extent would you say that Ananse's actions are the cause of the major problems in the play? Support your view with details from Sutherland's writing. [20]

OR 9. In your view, is Anansewa as innocent as she seems? Refer closely to Sutherland's writing in the play to support your views. [20]

TELCINE TURNER: Woman Take Two

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

Matilda: Merline! Merline, oh!

[MERLINE stops singing.]

Merline: Thought I hear someone call my name.

Matilda: And you ain' answer 'cause you t'ink it was sperrit and der sperrit would take yer voice, hey? The way you singin sound like something good happen.

Merline: What good depend on who it concern. One man cerasie is anodder man poison. Sit down, Matilda. Take the weight off yer legs.

Matilda: I'll be only too willin. **[Sits in the space on the box holding the rinsing tub.]** Talk 'bout tired? Das me. Dem jitney run so unpredictable I haddie walk home. **[Sighs deeply and rubs her leg.]**

Merline: A long soak in a basin o' salt and warm water is all you need and you ready to go again.

Matilda: No more work for me today.

Merline: Dis ain' your knockin-off time; can' be much later dan twelve o'clock.

Matilda: I did wan' come home so bad I plead sick and' Miz Davies take pity and gimme the rest o' the day off.

Merline: **[Drying her hands on her dress front in preparation for gossip.]** Das kind of her.

Matilda: Not sayin I wan' be ungrateful or put down Miz Davies or anyt'ing, but I gat ideas regardin that li'l deed o' kindness. **[Pause.]** I t'ink she only too glad to get rid o' me.

Merline: Why?

Matilda: **[Taking on an air of conspiracy.]** Well, between you and me and the washtub – look like t'ings comin' to a head! You know, in relation to dat li'l matter I tell you 'bout last week. **[Sits back with a self-satisfied smirk.]** But dey can' fool me ... I see like I don' see and hear like I don' hear, but I know.

Merline: Know what?

Matilda: I know what I know. **[She rummages in her bag, spilling out the various treasures.]**

Merline: Only we two here, Matilda, and dere is no such t'ing as secret between friends Moreover, the people we discussin ain' known to me personal so I can' see why you should play Bo Peep wit' any news you come 'cross ... What you doin'?

Matilda: **[Holding up the dress:]** Miz Davies give me dis only dis mornin. Good, hey? **[MERLINE makes an adequate response.]** Pure linen. Jus right for Lodge. **[Plunges into the bag and comes up with the doll.]** Missis gimme dis, too. For my Gertrude. **[Digs up the beach-ball.]** And dis ... and dis ... **[and the child's shoes]** and dis

Merline: She eider damn generous or jus plain previous. Ain' Christmas yet.

Matilda: You couldn' be more right ... I ain' no fool. Dat woman like plenty people



who never had nothin and manage to get somethin – she stingy! She will put li'l five dollars in yer Christmas card or give you a ribbon her li'l girls don' want, once in a while, but when she so considerate out of season I know was something fishy. I say to myself, I say, "Matilda Bascombe, erryt'ing that fry ain' lard! Dis woman eider dream Christ comin tomorrow and wan' make her soul right or she tryin to buy you off." Das what I say to myself. And the common sense what was the only t'ing my ma leave me when she pass on – that common sense say dis ain' no makin'-peace-wit-God operation. Dis plain adulterated, amalgamated bribery. And right dere and den I decide to go long wit' her. If she wan' buy my silence I ger make her pay good!

Merline: Well, well, well ... She give you the bread too?

Matilda: No. I stop to the Chinese and get that for lunch. [Reaches into the bag and draws out a bottle.] Still and all, some t'ings I don' wait for her to gee me. Whichin she wouldn't anyhow, since she don' believe in spirits. Dis here from Mister Davies – unbeknownst to him, of course.

Merline: Of course. [Laughs.] Damn. A whole bottle.

Matilda: Go bring two glasses; let we moisten we tonsils.

Merline: [Turning to go for the glasses.] When smartness been givin' out, you sure get more dan your share.

Matilda: Der good Lord only promise us two t'ings: a livin' and a killin!

There is general laughter. MERLINE exits. MATILDA breaks the seal on the bottle and takes a quick swig, then wipes her mouth.

Matilda: Yes, ma'am, a livin' and a killin!

What are your impressions of Matilda based on this extract? How does Turner's writing help form these impressions? [20]

OR 11. Which attitudes and behaviours in Bahamian society does Turner cause you to admire? Refer in detail to Turner's writing to support your thinking. [20]

OR 12. In Woman Take Two, what does Turner suggest to you about the importance of family relationships? Refer closely to details from the text in your answer. [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 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. How has the writing in any **TWO** poems that you have studied made the conflicts in them especially powerful to you? [20]
14. In **TWO** poems that you have studied, how does the writing make the speaker's voice vivid for you? [20]
15. Which **TWO** poems that you have studied do you find most memorable? What makes them so memorable to you? [20]



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