



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI  
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**6875/01**

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

**October/November 2022**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials:      Answer booklet/paper  
   As listed in instructions to Supervisors

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an answer booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do **not** use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A (Drama), **one** question from Section B (Poetry) and **one** question from Section C (Prose).

At least **one** of these must be a passage-based question (marked\*) and **at least one** must be an essay/empathic question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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**TURN OVER FOR SECTION A**

## SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

J.B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

## Either

\*1 Explore how, in this passage, the writer brings out strong feelings in you.

- Mrs Birling: [*distressed*] Eric, I can't believe it. There must be some mistake. You don't know what we've been saying.
- Sheila: It's a good job for him he doesn't, isn't it?
- Eric: Why?
- Sheila: Because mother's been busy blaming everything on the young man who got this girl into trouble, and saying he shouldn't escape and should be made an example of – 5
- Birling: That's enough, Sheila.
- Eric: [*bitterly*] You haven't made it any easier for me, have you, Mother?
- Mrs Birling: But I didn't know it was you – I never dreamt. Besides, you're not the type – you don't get drunk – 10
- Sheila: Of course he does. I told you he did.
- Eric: You told her. Why, you little sneak!
- Sheila: No, that's not fair, Eric. I could have told her months ago, but of course I didn't. I only told her tonight because I knew everything was coming out – it was simply bound to come out tonight – so I thought she might as well know in advance. Don't forget – I've already been through it. 15
- Mrs Birling: Sheila, I simply don't understand your attitude.
- Birling: Neither do I. If you had any sense of loyalty –
- Inspector: [*cutting in, smoothly*] Just a minute, Mr. Birling. There'll be plenty of time, when I've gone, for you all to adjust your family relationships. But now I must hear what your son has to tell me. [*Sternly, to the three of them*] And I'll be obliged if you'll let us get on without any further interruptions. [*Turning to Eric*] Now then. 20
- Eric: [*miserably*] Could I have a drink first?
- Birling: [*explosively*] No. 25
- Inspector: [*firmly*] Yes. [*As BIRLING looks like interrupting explosively*] I know – he's your son and this is your house – but look at him. He needs a drink now just to see him through.
- Birling: [*to ERIC*] All right. Go on. 30
- [*ERIC goes for a whisky. His whole manner of handling the decanter and then the drink shows his familiarity with quick heavy drinking. The others watch him narrowly.*]
- [*Bitterly*] I understand a lot of things now I didn't understand before.
- Inspector: Don't start on that. I want to get on. [*To ERIC*] When did you first meet this girl?
- Eric: One night last November. 35
- Inspector: Where did you meet her?
- Eric: In the Palace bar. I'd been there an hour or so with two or three chaps. I was a bit squiffy.
- Inspector: What happened then?
- Eric: I began talking to her, and stood her a few drinks. I was rather far gone by the time we had to go. 40
- Inspector: Was she drunk too?
- Eric: She told me afterwards that she was a bit, chiefly because she'd not had much to eat that day.
- Inspector: Why had she gone there –? 45

Eric: She wasn't the usual sort. But – well, I suppose she didn't know what to do. There was some woman who wanted her to go there. I never quite understood about that.

Inspector: You went with her to her lodgings that night?

Eric: Yes, I insisted – it seems. I'm not very clear about it, but afterwards she told me 50 she didn't want me to go in but that – well, I was in that state when a chap easily turns nasty – and I threatened to make a row.

Inspector: So she let you in?

Eric: Yes. And that's when it happened. And I didn't even remember – that's the hellish thing. Oh – my God! – how stupid it all is! 55

Mrs Birling: [*with a cry*] Oh – Eric – how could you?

**Or**

- 2** How does your attitude towards Sheila change as the play progresses? Support your views with reference to the text.

**Or**

- 3** You are Eric after realising that Eva Smith was pregnant with your baby. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

## Either

- \*4 How does the following passage create both amusement and surprise? Refer closely to the passage to support your answer.

Maria: He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.  
 Olivia: Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?  
 Maria: No, madam, he does nothing but smile Your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come; for sure the man is tainted in's wits.  
 Olivia: Go call him hither. 5  
 [Exit MARIA]  
 I am as mad as he,  
 If sad and merry madness equal be.  
 [Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO]  
 How now, Malvolio! 10  
 Malvolio: Sweet lady, ho, ho.  
 Olivia: Smil'st thou?  
 I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.  
 Malvolio: Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the 15  
 very true sonnet is: 'Please one and please all'.  
 Olivia: Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?  
 Malvolio: Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.  
 Olivia: Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 20  
 Malvolio: To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.  
 Olivia: God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?  
 Maria: How do you, Malvolio?  
 Malvolio: At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws.  
 Maria: Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 25  
 Malvolio: 'Be not afraid of greatness.' 'Twas well writ.  
 Olivia: What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?  
 Malvolio: 'Some are born great,' –  
 Olivia: Ha?  
 Malvolio: 'Some achieve greatness,' – 30  
 Olivia: What say'st thou?  
 Malvolio: 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'  
 Olivia: Heaven restore thee!  
 Malvolio: 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,' –  
 Olivia: 'Thy yellow stockings?' 35  
 Malvolio: 'And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.'  
 Olivia: 'Cross-garter'd?'  
 Malvolio: 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;' –  
 Olivia: Am I made?  
 Malvolio: 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.' 40  
 Olivia: Why, this is very midsummer madness.  
 [Enter SERVANT]  
 Servant: Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.  
 Olivia: I'll come to him. [Exit SERVANT] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. 45  
 Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.  
 [Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.]

**Or**

**5** With close reference to the text, show how Shakespeare presents the pain of love in the play.

**Or**

**6** You are Viola just after the shipwreck. Write your thoughts.

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero***

**\*7** Explore how the writer arouses strong feelings in you in this passage.

Jero: [not opening his eyes] Pray with me, brother. Pray with me. Pray for me against this one weakness ... against this one weakness, O Lord ...

Chume: [falling down at once] Help him, Lord. Help him, Lord.

Jero: Against this one weakness, this weakness, O Abraham ...

Chume: Help him, Lord. Help him, Lord. 5

Jero: Against this one weakness David, David, Samuel, Samuel.

Chume: Help him. Help him. Help 'am. Help 'am.

Jero: Job Job, Elijah Elijah.

Chume: [getting more worked up] Help 'am God. Help 'am God. I say make you help 'am. Help 'am quick quick. 10

Jero: Tear the image from my heart. Tear this love for the daughters of Eve ...

Chume: Adam, help 'am. Na your son, help 'am. Help this your son.

Jero: Burn out this lust for the daughters of Eve.

Chume: Je-e-esu, J-e-esu, Je-e-esu. Help 'am one time Je-e-e-e-su.

Jero: Abraka, Abraka, Abraka. 15

[CHUME joins in]

Abraka, Abraka, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra, Hebra ...

Jero: [rising] God bless you, brother. [Turns around] Chume!

Chume: Good morning, Brother Jeroboam.

Jero: Chume, you are not at work. You've never come before in the morning. 20

Chume: No. I went to work but I had to report sick.

Jero: Why, are you unwell, brother?

Chume: No, Brother Jero ... I ...

Jero: A-ah, you have troubles and you could not wait to get them to God. We shall pray together. 25

Chume: Brother Jero ... I ... I. [He stops altogether]

Jero: Is it difficult? Then let us commune silently for a while.

[CHUME folds his arms, raises his eyes to heaven.]

Jero: I wonder what is the matter with him. Actually I knew it was he the moment he opened his mouth. Only Brother Chume reverts to that animal jabber when he gets his spiritual excitement. And that is much too often for my liking. He is too crude, but then that is to my advantage. It means he would never think of setting himself up as my equal. 30

[He joins CHUME In his meditative attitude, but almost immediately discards it, as if he has just remembered something.] 35

Christ my Protector! It is a good job I got away from that wretched woman as soon as I did. My disciple believes that I sleep on the beach, that is, if he thinks I sleep at all. Most of them believe the same, but, for myself, I prefer my bed. Much more comfortable. And it gets rather cold on the beach at nights. Still, it does them good to believe that I am something of an ascetic ... [He resumes his meditative pose 40 for a couple of moments.]

[Gently] Open your mind to God, brother. This is the tabernacle of Christ. Open your mind to God.

[CHUME is silent for a while, then bursts out suddenly.]

Chume: Brother Jero, you must let me beat her! 45

Jero: What!

Chume: [desperately] Just once, Prophet. Just once.

Jero: Brother Chume!

Chume: Just once. Just one sound beating, and I swear not to ask again.

Jero: Apostate. Have I not told you the will of God in this matter? 50

Chume: But I've got to beat her, Prophet. You must save me from madness.



Jero: I will. But only if you obey me.

Chume: In anything else, Prophet. But for this one, make you let me just beat 'am once.

Jero: Apostate!

Chume: I no go beat 'am too hard. Jus' once, small small.

Jero: Traitor!

55

**Or**

- 8** With close reference to the text, discuss the presentation of Chume's character transformation throughout the course of the play.

**Or**

- 9** You are Jero the moment you discover Amope outside your house. Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JACK HYDES (ed.): *Touched with Fire: Section B 'The light of setting suns'***

**Either**

**\*10** What feelings are evoked as you read the following poem by D. H. Lawrence?

**Mountain Lion**

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo canyon  
Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam, water sounds  
still unfrozen, and the trail is still evident.

Men!  
Two men! 5  
Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.  
We hesitate.  
They have a gun.  
We have no gun. 10

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow  
and inwardness of the Lobo valley.  
What are you doing here on this vanishing trail?

What is he carrying? 15  
Something yellow.  
A deer?

*Qué tiene, amigo?*  
*León –*

He smiles, foolishly, as if he were caught doing wrong. 20  
And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn't know.  
He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion,  
A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness. Dead.  
He trapped her this morning, he says, smiling foolishly. 25

Lift up her face,  
Her round, bright face, bright as frost.  
Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two dead ears;  
And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine dark  
rays, 30  
Dark, keen, fine eyes in the brilliant frost of her face.  
Beautiful dead eyes.

*Hermoso es!*

They go out towards the open;  
 We go on into the gloom of Lobo. 35  
 And above the trees I found her lair,  
 A hole in the blood-orange brilliant rocks that stick up, a little  
 cave.  
 And bones, and twigs, and a perilous ascent.

To, she will never leap up that way again, with the yellow flash 40  
 of a mountain lion's long shoot!  
 And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more, out  
 of the shadow of the cave in the blood-orange rock,  
 Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

Instead, I look out. 45  
 And out to the dim of the desert, like a dream, never real;

To the snow of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the ice of the  
 mountains of Picoris,  
 And near across at the opposite steep of snow, green trees  
 motionless standing in snow, like a Christmas toy. 50

And I think in this empty world there was room for me and a  
 mountain lion.  
 And I think in the world beyond, how easily we might spare a  
 million or two of humans  
 And never miss them. 55  
 Yet what a gap in the world, the missing white frost-face of that  
 slim yellow mountain lion!

Or

- 11 Choose **one** of the following poems and discuss how they effectively capture the intense emotions in the relationships of fathers and their sons. Support your views with details from the text.

- *Little Boy Crying* by Mervyn Morris
- *The Toys* by Coventry Patmore

Or

- 12 In his poem *London*, how does William Blake use language to convey strong negative thoughts about the city? Support your views with reference to the text.

**BRIAN WALTER and FELICITY WOOD (eds.):**  
***Groundwork: An Introduction to Reading and Writing about Poetry***

**Either**

**\*13** What feelings are evoked as you read the following poem by Jennifer Davids?

**Poem for My Mother**

That isn't everything, you said on the afternoon I brought a poem to you hunched over the washtub with your hands the shrivelled burnt granadilla skin of your hands covered by foam.	5
And my words slid like a ball of hard blue soap into the tub to be grabbed and used by you to rub the clothes.	10
A poem isn't all there is to life, you said with your blue-ringed gaze scanning the page once looking over my shoulder and back at the immediate dirty water	15  20
and my words being clenched smaller and smaller.	25

**Or**

**14** Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet has portrayed the subject of injustice and suffering. Support your views with details from the text.

- *The Song of Sunrise* by Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali
- *The Blues is You in Me* by Sipho Sepamla

**Or**

**15** Discuss how the poem *Death the Leveller* by James Shirley presents death in such a memorable way. Support your views with details from the text.

ELISE VARGA (ed.): UNBROKEN CHAINS: *An Anthology of Poetry*

Either

- \*16 What feelings are evoked as you read the following poem by William Shakespeare? Support your views with details from the poem.

Sonnet 23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,	
Who with his fear is put besides his part,	
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,	
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,	
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say	5
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,	
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,	
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.	
O, let my books be then the eloquence	
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,	10
Who plead for love and look for recompense,	
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.	
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:	
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.	

Or

- 17 Explain how the speaker's intense admiration of nature is evident in **one** of these poems by William Wordsworth. Support your views with details from the text.
- *It is a beauteous evening, calm and free*
  - *Composed upon Westminster Bridge*

Or

- 18 Explore how Rupert Brooke uses emotional language in describing the dead soldiers in his poem *The Dead*. Support your views with details from the text.

## SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Either

**\*19** What do you think the following passage reveals about the personalities of Jem and Scout?

When Jem came home he asked me where I got such a wad. I told him I found it.

‘Don’t eat things you find, Scout.’

‘This wasn’t on the ground, it was in a tree.’

Jem growled.

‘Well it was,’ I said. ‘It was sticking in that tree yonder, the one comin’ from school.’

‘Spit it out right now!’

I spat it out. The tang was fading, anyway. ‘I’ve been chewin’ it all afternoon and I ain’t dead yet, not even sick.’

Jem stamped his foot. ‘Don’t you know you’re not supposed to even touch the trees over there? You’ll get killed if you do!’

‘You touched the house once!’

‘That was different! You go gargle – right now, you hear me?’

‘Ain’t neither, it’ll take the taste outa my mouth.’

‘You don’t’n I’ll tell Calpurnia on you!’

Rather than risk a tangle with Calpurnia, I did as Jem told me. For some reason, my first year of school had wrought a great change in our relationship: Calpurnia’s tyranny, unfairness, and meddling in my business had faded to gentle grumblings of general disapproval. On my part, I went to much trouble, sometimes, not to provoke her.

Summer was on the way; Jem and I awaited it with impatience. Summer was our best season: it was sleeping on the back screened porch in cots, or trying to sleep in the tree-house; summer was everything good to eat; it was a thousand colours in a parched landscape; but most of all, summer was Dill.

The authorities released us early the last day of school, and Jem and I walked home together. ‘Reckon old Dill’ll be coming home tomorrow,’ I said.

‘Probably day after,’ said Jem. ‘Mis’sippi turns ’em loose a day later.’

As we came to the live oaks at the Radley Place I raised my finger to point for the hundredth time to the knot-hole where I had found the chewing gum, trying to make Jem believe I had found it there, and found myself pointing at another piece of tin-foil.

‘I see it, Scout! I see it – ’

Jem looked around, reached up, and gingerly pocketed a tiny shiny package. We ran home, and on the front porch we looked at a small box patchworked with bits of tinfoil collected from chewing-gum wrappers. It was the kind of box wedding rings came in, purple velvet with a minute catch. Jem flicked open the tiny catch. Inside were two scrubbed and polished pennies, one on top of the other. Jem examined them.

‘Indian-heads,’ he said. ‘Nineteen-six and Scout, one of ’em’s nineteen-hundred. These are real old.’

‘Nineteen-hundred,’ I echoed. ‘Say – ’

‘Hush a minute, I’m thinkin’.’

‘Jem, you reckon that’s somebody’s hidin’ place?’

‘Naw, don’t anybody much but us pass by there, unless it’s some grown person’s – ’

‘Grown folks don’t have hidin’ places. You reckon we ought to keep ’em, Jem?’

‘I don’t know what we could do, Scout. Who’d we give ’em back to? I know for a fact don’t anybody go by there – Cecil goes by the back street an’ all the way around by town to get home.’

Cecil Jacobs, who lived at the far end of our street next door to the post office, walked a total of one mile per school day to avoid the Radley Place and old Mrs Henry Lafayette

5

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35

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45

Dubose. Mrs Dubose lived two doors up the street from us; neighbourhood opinion was unanimous that Mrs Dubose was the meanest old woman who ever lived. Jem wouldn't go by her place without Atticus beside him.

'What you reckon we oughta do, Jem?'

50

Finders were keepers unless title was proven. Plucking an occasional camellia, getting a squirt of hot milk from Miss Maudie Atkinson's cow on a summer day, helping ourselves to someone's scuppernongs was part of our ethical culture, but money was different.

'Tell you what,' said Jem. 'We'll keep 'em till school starts, then go around and ask everybody if they're theirs. They're some bus child's maybe – he was too taken up with gettin' outa school today an' forgot 'em. These are somebody's, I know that. See how they've been slicked up? They've been saved.'

55

'Yeah, but why should somebody wanta put away chewing gum like that? You know it doesn't last.'

60

'I don't know, Scout. But these are important to somebody ...'

'How's that, Jem ... ?'

'Well, Indian-heads – well, they come from the Indians. They're real strong magic, they make you have good luck. Not like fried chicken when you're not lookin' for it, but things like long life 'n' good health, 'n' passin' six-weeks tests ... these are real valuable to somebody. I'm gonna put 'em in my trunk.'

65

Before Jem went to his room, he looked for a long time at the Radley Place. He seemed to be thinking again.

**Or**

- 20** 'Most children gain their knowledge through life lessons.' With reference to the Finch children, how far do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with close reference to the text.

**Or**

- 21** You are Atticus just before the trial. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

## Either

\*22 How do you think Golding's writing in this passage brings out the goodness in Ralph?

By now, Ralph had no self-consciousness in public thinking but would treat the day's decisions as though he were playing chess. The only trouble was that he would never be a very good chess player. He thought of the littluns and Piggy. Vividly he imagined Piggy by himself, huddled in a shelter that was silent except for the sounds of nightmare.

'We can't leave the littluns alone with Piggy. Not all night.'

5

The other boys said nothing but stood round, watching him.

'If we went back we should take hours.'

Jack cleared his throat and spoke in a queer, tight voice.

'We mustn't let anything happen to Piggy, must we?'

Ralph tapped his teeth with the dirty point of Eric's spear.

10

'If we go across –'

He glanced round him.

'Someone's got to go across the island and tell Piggy we'll be back after dark.'

Bill spoke, unbelieving.

'Through the forest by himself? Now?'

15

'We can't spare more than one.'

Simon pushed his way to Ralph's elbow.

'I'll go if you like. I don't mind, honestly.'

Before Ralph had time to reply, he smiled quickly, turned, and climbed into the forest.

Ralph looked back at Jack, seeing him, infuriatingly, for the first time.

20

'Jack – that time you went the whole way to the castle rock.'

Jack glowered.

'Yes?'

'You came along part of this shore – below the mountain, beyond there.'

'Yes.'

25

'And then?'

'I found a pig-run. It went for miles.'

Ralph nodded. He pointed at the forest.

'So the pig-run must be somewhere in there.'

Everybody agreed, sagely.

30

'All right then. We'll smash a way through till we find the pig-run.'

He took a step and halted.

'Wait a minute though! Where does the pig-run go to?'

'The mountain,' said Jack, 'I told you.' He sneered. 'Don't you want to go to the mountain?'

35

Ralph sighed, sensing the rising antagonism, understanding that this was how Jack felt as soon as he ceased to lead.

'I was thinking of the light. We'll be stumbling about.'

'We were going to look for the beast –'

'There won't be enough light.'

40

'I don't mind going,' said Jack hotly. 'I'll go when we get there. Won't you? Would you rather go back to the shelters and tell Piggy?'

Now it was Ralph's turn to flush but he spoke despairingly, out of the new understanding that Piggy had given him.

'Why do you hate me?'

45

The boys stirred uneasily, as though something indecent had been said. The silence lengthened.

Ralph, still hot and hurt, turned away first.

'Come on.'



He led the way and set himself as by right to hack at the tangles. Jack brought up the rear, displaced and brooding. 50

The pig-track was a dark tunnel, for the sun was sliding quickly towards the edge of the world and in the forest shadows were never far to seek. The track was broad and beaten and they ran along at a swift trot. Then the roof of leaves broke up and they halted, breathing quickly, looking at the few stars that pricked round the head of the mountain. 55

'There you are.'

The boys peered at each other doubtfully. Ralph made a decision.

'We'll go straight across to the platform and climb tomorrow.'

They murmured agreement; but Jack was standing by his shoulder.

'If you're frightened of course – ' 60

Ralph turned on him.

'Who went first on the castle rock?'

'I went too. And that was daylight.'

'All right. Who wants to climb the mountain now?'

Silence was the only answer. 65

'Samneric? What about you?'

'We ought to go an' tell Piggy – '

'– yes, tell Piggy that – '

'But Simon went!'

'We ought to tell Piggy – in case – ' 70

'Robert? Bill?'

They were going straight back to the platform now. Not, of course, that they were afraid – but tired.

Ralph turned back to Jack.

'You see?' 75

'I'm going up the mountain.'

**Or**

- 23** To what extent do you think the boys learn lessons from their experience on the island? Support your views with details from the text.

**Or**

- 24** You are Jack, having just been accused by Ralph for letting the fire die, thereby missing the chance of rescue. Write your thoughts.

**BARRIE WADE (ed.): *Into the Wind: Contemporary Stories in English***

**Either**

- \*25** How do you think this passage from *A Woman on a Roof* by Doris Lessing presents the personality of the woman?

At this point the woman, still lying prone, brought her two hands up behind her shoulders with the ends of a scarf in them, tied it behind her back, and sat up. She wore a red scarf tied around her breasts and brief red bikini pants. This being the first day of the sun she was white, flushing red. She sat smoking, and did not look up when Stanley let out a wolf whistle. Harry said: 'Small things amuse small minds,' leading the way back to their part of the roof, but it was scorching. Harry said: 'Wait, I'm going to rig up some shade,' and disappeared down the skylight into the building. Now that he'd gone, Stanley and Tom went to the farthest point they could to peer at the woman. She had moved, and all they would see were two pink legs stretched on the blanket. They whistled and shouted but the legs did not move. Harry came back with a blanket and shouted: 'Come on, then.' He sounded irritated with them. They clambered back to him and he said to Stanley: 'What about your missus?' Stanley was newly married, about three months. Stanley said, jeering: 'What about my missus?' – preserving his independence. Tom said nothing, but his mind was full of the nearly naked woman. Harry slung the blanket, which he had borrowed from a friendly woman downstairs, from the stem of a television aerial to a row of chimney pots. This shade fell across the piece of gutter they had to replace. But the shade kept moving, they had to adjust the blanket, and not much progress was made. At last some of the heat left the roof, and they worked fast, making up for lost time. First Stanley, then Tom, made a trip to the end of the roof to see the woman. 'She's on her back,' Stanley said, adding a jest which made Tom snicker, and the older man smile tolerantly. Tom's report was that she hadn't moved, but it was a lie. He wanted to keep what he had seen to himself: he had caught her in the act of rolling down the little red pants over her hips till they were no more than a small triangle. She was on her back, fully visible, glistening with oil. 5

Next morning, as soon as they came up, they went to look. She was already there, face down, arms spread out, naked except for the little red pants. She had turned brown in the night. Yesterday she was a scarlet and white woman, today she was a brown woman. Stanley let out a whistle. She lifted her head, startled, as if she'd been asleep, and looked straight over at them. The sun was in her eyes, she blinked and stared, then she dropped her head again. At this gesture of indifference, they all three, Stanley, Tom and old Harry, let out whistles and yells. Harry was doing it in parody of the younger men, making fun of them, but he was also angry. They were all angry because of her utter indifference to the three men watching her. 10

'Bitch,' said Stanley. 15

'She should ask us over,' said Tom, snickering. 20

Harry recovered himself and reminded Stanley: 'If she's married, her old man wouldn't like that.' 25

'Christ,' said Stanley virtuously, 'if my wife lay about like that, for everyone to see, I'd soon stop her.' 30

Harry said, smiling: 'How do you know, perhaps she's sunning herself at this very moment?' 35

'Not a chance, not on our roof.' The safety of his wife put Stanley into a good humour, and they went to work. But today it was hotter than yesterday; and several times one or the other suggested they should tell Matthew, the foreman, and ask to leave the roof until the heat wave was over. But they didn't. There was work to be done in the basement of the big block of flats, but up here they felt free, on a different level from ordinary humanity shut in the streets or the buildings. A lot more people came out on to the roofs that day, for an hour at midday. Some married couples sat side by side in deck chairs, the women's legs stockingless and scarlet, the men in vests with reddening shoulders. 40

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The woman stayed on her blanket, turning herself over and over. She ignored them, no matter what they did. When Harry went off to fetch more screws, Stanley said: 'Come on.' Her roof belonged to a different system of roofs, separated from theirs at one point by about twenty feet. It meant a scrambling climb from one level to another, edging along parapets, clinging to chimneys, while their big boots slipped and slithered, but at last they stood on a small square projecting roof looking straight down at her, close. She sat smoking, reading a book. Tom thought she looked like a poster, or a magazine cover, with the blue sky behind her and her legs stretched out. Behind her a great crane at work on a new building in Oxford Street swung its black arm across the roofs in a great arc. Tom imagined himself at work on the crane, adjusting the arm to swing over and pick her up and swing her back across the sky to drop her near him. 50 55

They whistled. She looked up at them, cool and remote, then went on reading.

Or

- 26 How does the writer persuade you to have strong feelings of admiration for Lellie in *Dumb Martian* by John Wyndham? Support your views with reference to the text.

Or

- 27 You are Selina in the story *Let Them Call it Jazz* by Jean Rhys, when you discover that you are being sent to jail. Write your thoughts.

