



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/02

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

October/November 2022

1 hour 20 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer booklet/paper

As listed in Instructions to Supervisors

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 **either** Question **1** or Question **2**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

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

Both questions in this paper are worth 20 marks.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Answer either Question 1 or Question 2

EITHER

- 1 Read the following passage from a short story by Roald Dahl, about a loving housewife whose husband wants a divorce.

How has the writer successfully created tension and anxiety for you as you read this passage?

In your response you may want to consider the following:

- the behaviour and feelings of the wife
- how the writer uses language
- the husband's behaviour and feelings

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil¹. Her skin – for this was her sixth month with child – had acquired a wonderful translucent² quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid³ look, seemed larger, darker than before. 5

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tyres on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in. 10

'Hullo darling,' she said.

'Hullo,' he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a weak one for herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other, opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side. 15

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved to luxuriate⁴ in the presence of this man, and to feel – almost as a sunbather feels the sun – that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whiskey had taken some of it away. 20 25

'Tired, darling?'

'Yes,' he said. 'I'm tired.' And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn't really watching him but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another. 30

'I'll get it!' she cried, jumping up.

'Sit down,' he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whiskey in it. 35

'Darling, shall I get your slippers?'

'No.'

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong. 40

'I think it's a shame,' she said, 'that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long.'

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

'Darling,' she said. 'Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday.' 45

'No,' he said.

'If you're too tired to eat out,' she went on, 'it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair.'

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign. 50

'Anyway,' she went on, 'I'll get you some cheese and crackers first.'

'I don't want it,' he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face.

'But you *must* have supper. I can easily do it here. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer.' 55

'Forget it,' he said.

'But, darling, you *must* eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like.'

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

'Sit down,' he said. 'Just for a minute, sit down.'

It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened. 60

'Go on,' he said. 'Sit down.'

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

'Listen,' he said, 'I've got something to tell you.' 65

Glossary

1. *tranquil* quiet and peaceful
2. *translucent* clear
3. *placid* calm
4. *luxuriate* to relax while enjoying something pleasant

OR

2 Read the following poem by Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali, which describes Nightfall in Soweto.

Explore how this poem portrays strong feelings of fear and terror.

In your response, you may include:

- the portrayal of nightfall in Soweto
- the language of the poem
- the poem's mood and tone

Nightfall in Soweto

Nightfall comes like
a dreaded disease
seeping through the pores
of a healthy body
and ravaging it beyond repair. 5

A murderer's hand,
lurking in the shadows,
clasping the dagger,
strikes down the helpless victim.

I am the victim. 10
I am slaughtered
every night in the streets.
I am cornered by the fear
gnawing at my timid heart;
in my helplessness I languish. 15

Man has ceased to be man
Man has become beast
Man has become prey.

I am the prey;
I am the quarry¹ to be run down 20
by the marauding² beast
let loose by cruel nightfall
from his cage of death.

Where is my refuge?
Where am I safe? 25
Not in my matchbox house
Where I barricade myself against nightfall.

I tremble at his crunching footsteps,
 I quake at his deafening knock at the door.
 'Open up!' he barks like a rabid dog
 thirsty for my blood. 30

Nightfall! Nightfall!
 You are my mortal enemy.
 But why were you ever created?
 Why can't it be daytime?
 Daytime forever more? 35

Glossary

1. *quarry*: An animal pursued by the hunter (Prey).
2. *marauding*: Going about in search of things to steal or people to attack.

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