



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/01

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

October/November 2024

2 hours 15 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 **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 are worth equal marks.

The total mark for this paper is 60.

This document consists of **19** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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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** How does Priestley dramatically portray Inspector Goole's firmness and purposefulness in the following passage? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.
- | | | |
|------------|---|----|
| Inspector: | Mr Birling? | |
| Birling: | Yes. Sit down, Inspector. | |
| Inspector: | <i>[sitting]</i> Thank you, sir. | |
| Birling: | Have a glass of port – or a little whisky? | |
| Inspector: | No, thank you, Mr Birling. I'm on duty. | 5 |
| Birling: | You're new, aren't you? | |
| Inspector: | Yes, sir. Only recently transferred. | |
| Birling: | I thought you must be. I was an alderman for years – and Lord Mayor two years ago – and I'm still on the Bench – so I know the Brumley police officers pretty well – and I thought I'd never seen you before. | 10 |
| Inspector: | Quite so. | |
| Birling: | Well, what can I do for you? Some trouble about a warrant? | |
| Inspector: | No, Mr Birling. | |
| Birling: | <i>[after a pause, with a touch of impatience]</i> Well, what is it then? | |
| Inspector: | I'd like some information, if you don't mind, Mr Birling. Two hours ago a young woman died in the Infirmary. She'd been taken there this afternoon because she'd swallowed a lot of strong disinfectant. Burnt her inside out, of course. | 15 |
| Eric: | <i>[involuntarily]</i> My God! | |
| Inspector: | Yes, she was in great agony. They did everything they could for her at the Infirmary, but she died. Suicide, of course. | 20 |
| Birling: | <i>[rather impatiently]</i> Yes, yes. Horrid business. But I don't understand why you should come here, Inspector – | |
| Inspector: | <i>[cutting through, massively]</i> I've been round to the room she had, and she'd left a letter there and a sort of diary. Like a lot of these young women who get into various kinds of trouble, she'd used more than one name. But her original name – her real name – was Eva Smith. | 25 |
| Birling: | <i>[thoughtfully]</i> Eva Smith? | |
| Inspector: | Do you remember her, Mr Birling? | |
| Birling: | <i>[slowly]</i> No – I seem to remember hearing that name – Eva Smith – somewhere. But it doesn't convey anything to me. And I don't see where I come into this. | 30 |
| Inspector: | She was employed in your works at one time. | |
| Birling: | Oh – that's it, is it? Well, we've several hundred young women there, y'know, and they keep changing. | 35 |
| Inspector: | This young woman, Eva Smith, was a bit out of the ordinary. I found a photograph of her in her lodgings. Perhaps you'd remember her from that. <i>[INSPECTOR takes a photograph, about postcard size, out of his pocket and goes to BIRLING. Both GERALD and ERIC rise to have a look at the photograph, but the INSPECTOR interposes himself between them and the photograph. They are surprised and rather annoyed. BIRLING stares hard, and with recognition, at the photograph, which the INSPECTOR then replaces in his pocket.]</i> | 40 |

Gerald:	[<i>showing annoyance</i>] Any particular reason why I shouldn't see the girl's photograph, Inspector?	45
Inspector:	[<i>coolly, looking hard at him</i>] There might be.	
Eric:	And the same applies to me, I suppose?	
Inspector:	Yes.	
Gerald:	I can't imagine what it could be.	
Eric:	Neither can I.	50
Birling:	And I must say, I agree with them, Inspector.	
Inspector:	It's the way I like to go to work. One person and one line of inquiry at a time. Otherwise, there's a muddle.	
Birling:	I see. Sensible really. [<i>Moves restlessly, then turns.</i>] You've had enough of that port, Eric.	55
	[<i>The INSPECTOR is watching BIRLING and now BIRLING notices him.</i>]	
Inspector:	I think you remember Eva Smith now, don't you, Mr Birling?	
Birling:	Yes, I do. She was one of my employees and then I discharged her.	
Eric:	Is that why she committed suicide? When was this, Father?	
Birling:	Just keep quiet, Eric, and don't get excited. This girl left us nearly two years ago. Let me see – it must have been in the early autumn of nineteen-ten.	60
Inspector:	Yes. End of September, nineteen-ten.	

Or

- 2 'I must say, we are learning something tonight!' In relation to this statement by Mrs Birling, discuss the ways in which Priestley presents the lessons learnt by each member of the Birling family in the play. Support your answer with close reference to the play.

Or

- 3 You are Gerald after admitting to the Inspector that you knew Eva Smith. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Either

- *4 What impressions do you form of the characters of Olivia, Feste and Malvolio in this passage? Support your answer with close reference to the play.

[Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO and ATTENDANTS]

- Feste: God bless thee, lady!
- Olivia: Take the fool away.
- Feste: Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
- Olivia: Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you. 5
Besides, you grow dishonest.
- Feste: Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away. 10
- Olivia: Sir, I bade them take away you. 15
- Feste: Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, 'Cucullus non facit monachum'; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.
- Olivia: Can you do it?
- Feste: Dexteriously, good madonna. 20
- Olivia: Make your proof.
- Feste: I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
- Olivia: Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
- Feste: Good madonna, why mournest thou?
- Olivia: Good fool, for my brother's death. 25
- Feste: I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
- Olivia: I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
- Feste: The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
- Olivia: What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend? 30
- Malvolio: Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.
- Feste: God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly. Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool. 35
- Olivia: How say you to that, Malvolio?
- Malvolio: I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 40
- Olivia: O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 45

- Feste: Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.
[Enter MARIA]
- Maria: Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.
- Olivia: From the Count Orsino, is it? 50
- Maria: I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.
- Olivia: Who of my people hold him in delay?
- Maria: Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
- Olivia: Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [Exit MARIA] Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home – what you will to dismiss it. [Exit MALVOLIO] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it. 55
- Feste: Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains, for – here he comes – one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater. 60

Or

- 5 'The world of Twelfth Night is a world turned upside down.' Discuss ways in which Shakespeare presents events in the play that bear out this statement. Support your answer with close reference to the play.

Or

- 6 You are Maria after Olivia has said about Malvolio, 'let this fellow be looked to'. Write your thoughts.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Either

- *7 How does Hansberry dramatically present the relationship between Walter and Ruth in the following passage? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.

Walter:	Is he out yet?	
Ruth:	What do you mean <i>out</i> ? He ain't hardly got in there good yet.	
Walter:	[<i>wandering in, still more oriented to sleep than to a new day</i>] Well, what was you doing all that yelling for if I can't even get in there yet? [<i>Stopping and thinking.</i>] Cheque coming today?	5
Ruth:	They <i>said</i> 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?	10
Walter:	Not scrambled. [<i>RUTH starts to scramble eggs.</i>] Paper come? [<i>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.</i>] Set off another bomb yesterday.	
Ruth:	[<i>maximum indifference</i>] Did they?	
Walter:	[<i>looking up</i>] What's the matter with you?	15
Ruth:	Ain't nothing the matter with me. And don't keep asking me that this morning.	
Walter:	Ain't nobody bothering you. [<i>Reading the news of the day absently again.</i>] Say, Colonel McCormick is sick.	
Ruth:	[<i>affecting tea-party interest</i>] Is he now? Poor thing.	
Walter:	[<i>sighing and looking at his watch</i>] Oh, me. [<i>He waits.</i>] 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.	20
Ruth:	[<i>turning on him</i>] 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 no 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 ...	25
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?	
	[<i>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.</i>]	30
Ruth:	[<i>almost matter-of-factly, a complaint too automatic to deserve emphasis</i>] Why you always got to smoke before you eat in the morning?	
Walter:	[<i>at the window</i>] Just look at 'em down there ... Running and racing to work ... [<i>He turns and faces his wife and watches her a moment at the stove, and then, suddenly.</i>] You look young this morning, baby.	35
Ruth:	[<i>indifferently</i>] Yeah?	
Walter:	Just for a second – stirring them eggs. It's gone now – just for a second it was – you looked real young again. [<i>Then drily</i>] It's gone now – you look like yourself again.	
Ruth:	Man, if you don't shut up and leave me alone.	40
Walter:	[<i>looking out to the street again</i>] First thing a man ought to learn in life is not to make love to no coloured woman first thing in the morning. You all some evil people at eight o'clock in the morning.	

Or

- 8** To what extent does Hansberry encourage you to sympathise with Walter in the play? Support your answer with close reference to the play.

Or

- 9** You are Mama after Walter has admitted to losing part of the insurance money in a scam. 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** How do you think the poet John Gurney uses language to make the following poem so emotional? Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

The Porpoises

Plutarch would have called it suicide, some strange ancestral yearning of the school that drove them to the harbour, past the bar, then left them, beached and squealing, on the rocks, abandoned by the quick ebb of the tide	5
that slides out through the darkness. Here they lay, bleeding, overheating, as their calls went whistling to each other through the sea, the free ones swimming back towards the lost till they in turn were stranded, and the men	10
came wading from the village, torches high to finish them with cleavers. After all, such creatures were the gift of Providence, pig-fish from the ocean, porpoises, their blunt heads and their countershaded sides	15
sent in to feed the village. That they lived as harmless as young children on the deep, would court the running hull upon the foam, rush at it head on, to rub its sides with amorous rough vigour – fawned on men,	20
and lifted them from drowning in the waves, mourned in deep affliction if they died, was scarcely to the point. Life was hard, the women three parts starving, and the beasts condemned to die, exhausted, by their own	25
irrational compulsion. Nonetheless the sheer fact of their killing seems a crime, intrudes on my awareness every time I think upon creation, on its Cause, that link with mutilation that distorts	30
the bond of pure dependence: and at dusk, especially when the blue gloss of the mud thrusts up above the grey silt of the tide I feel myself accused, and in my mind act out my reparation. Drag them down,	35
haul them by the tail-flukes or the snout towards the deeper water: hold them up, their skin as tough as rubber, smooth as wrack, the warm air of their blowholes on my arms, until, their strength returning, off they plunge	40
in great leaps past the headland. Watch them go, the slow heave of their undulating backs departing like a groundswell through the waves	

in synchronised perfection, till they float
at rest beneath the moonlight, with each head
a map of echo-shadows, as they hang
transparent to the uproar of the deep.

45

Or

- 11 Explain how *The Fallen Birdman* by Roger McGough helps you to have a better understanding of life issues. Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

Or

- 12 Explain how the poet in **one** of the following poems deals with the idea of the passage of time:

- *The Pond* by Michael Schmidt
- *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* by Charles Causley

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

Either

- *13** How do you think the poet Thomas Hardy uses language to make this poem so emotional? Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

At Tea

The kettle descants in a cosy drone,
 And the young wife looks in her husband's face,
 And then at her guest's, and shows in her own
 Her sense that she fills an envied place;
 And the visiting lady is all abloom,
 And says there was never so sweet a room.

5

And the happy young housewife does not know
 That the woman beside her was his first choice,
 Till the fates ordained it could not be so . . .
 Betraying nothing in look or voice
 The guest sits smiling and sips her tea,
 And he throws her a stray glance yearningly.

10

Or

- 14** The poem *Roddy M'Corley* by Anonymous: Ireland, deals with death. Explain how the poet shows Roddy M'Corley's attitude towards death. Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

Or

- 15** 'Time and maturity can allow understanding to develop between two people.' In what ways and with what effects does the poet in **one** of the following poems explore this idea?
- *The River Merchant's Wife by A letter* by Ezra Pound
 - *Poem for My Mother* by Jennifer Davids

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

Either

- *16 How do you think the poet Brian Patten uses language to make this poem so emotional? Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

Sometimes It Happens

And sometimes it happens that you are friends and then
 You are not friends,
 And friendship has passed.
 And whole days are lost and among them
 A fountain empties itself.

5

And sometimes it happens that you are loved and then
 You are not loved
 And love is past.
 And whole days are lost and among them
 A fountain empties itself into the grass.

10

And sometimes you want to speak to her and then
 You do not want to speak,
 Then the opportunity has passed.
 Your dreams flare up, they suddenly vanish.

And also it happens that there is nowhere to go and then
 There is somewhere to go,
 Then you have bypassed.
 And the years flare up and are gone,
 Quicker than a minute.

15

So you have nothing.
 You wonder if these things matter and then
 They cease to matter,
 And caring is past.
 And a fountain empties itself into the grass.

20

Or

- 17 How does William Shakespeare deal with the subject of beauty and time in the poem *From Fairest Creatures We Desire Increase*? Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

Or

- 18 Explore the ways in which the poet presents a difficult life situation in **one** of the following poems.
- *In detention* by Chris Van Wyk
 - *Poem of Return* by Joffre Rocha

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Either

- *19** In your opinion, how does Lee make this passage both amusing and serious? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.

‘Miss Maudie,’ I said one evening, ‘do you think Boo Radley’s still alive?’	
‘His name’s Arthur and he’s alive,’ she said. She was rocking slowly in her big oak chair. ‘Do you smell my mimosa? It’s like angels’ breath this evening.’	
‘Yessum. How do you know?’	
‘Know what, child?’	5
‘That B – Mr Arthur’s still alive?’	
‘What a morbid question. But I suppose it’s a morbid subject. I know he’s alive, Jean Louise, because I haven’t seen him carried out yet.’	
‘Maybe he died and they stuffed him up the chimney.’	
‘Where did you get such a notion?’	10
‘That’s what Jem said he thought they did.’	
‘S-ss-ss. He gets more like Jack Finch every day.’	
Miss Maudie had known Uncle Jack Finch, Atticus’s brother, since they were children. Nearly the same age, they had grown up together at Finch’s Landing. Miss Maudie was the daughter of a neighbouring landowner, Dr. Frank Buford. Dr. Buford’s profession was medicine and his obsession was anything that grew in the ground, so he stayed poor. Uncle Jack Finch confined his passion for digging to his window boxes in Nashville and stayed rich. We saw Uncle Jack every Christmas, and every Christmas he yelled across the street for Miss Maudie to come marry him. Miss Maudie would yell back, ‘Call a little louder, Jack Finch, and they’ll hear you at the post office, I haven’t heard you yet!’ Jem and I thought this a strange way to ask for a lady’s hand in marriage, but then Uncle Jack was rather strange. He said he was trying to get Miss Maudie’s goat, that he had been trying unsuccessfully for forty years, that he was the last person in the world Miss Maudie would think about marrying but the first person she thought about teasing, and the best defense to her was spirited offense, all of which we understood clearly.	15
‘Arthur Radley just stays in the house, that’s all,’ said Miss Maudie. ‘Wouldn’t you stay in the house if you didn’t want to come out?’	
‘Yessum, but I’d wanta come out. Why doesn’t he?’	
Miss Maudie’s eyes narrowed. ‘You know that story as well as I do.’	20
‘I never heard why, though. Nobody ever told me why.’	
Miss Maudie settled her bridgework. ‘You know old Mr Radley was a foot-washing Baptist –’	25
‘That’s what you are, ain’t it?’	
‘My shell’s not that hard, child. I’m just a Baptist.’	30
‘Don’t you all believe in foot-washing?’	
‘We do. At home in the bathtub.’	
‘But we can’t have communion with you all –’	35
Apparently deciding that it was easier to define primitive baptistry than closed communion, Miss Maudie said: ‘Foot-washers believe anything that’s pleasure is a sin. Did you know some of ‘em came out of the woods one Saturday and passed by this place and told me me and my flowers were going to hell?’	40
‘Your flowers, too?’	
‘Yes ma’am. They’d burn right with me. They thought I spent too much time in God’s outdoors and not enough time inside the house reading the Bible.’	45

My confidence in pulpit Gospel lessened at the vision of Miss Maudie stewing forever in various Protestant hells. True enough, she had an acid tongue in her head, and she did not go about the neighborhood doing good, as did Miss Stephanie Crawford. But while no one with a grain of sense trusted Miss Stephanie, Jem and I had considerable faith in Miss Maudie. She had never told on us, had never played cat-and-mouse with us, she was not at all interested in our private lives. She was our friend. How so reasonable a creature could live in peril of everlasting torment was incomprehensible.

50

‘That ain’t right, Miss Maudie. You’re the best lady I know.’

Miss Maudie grinned. ‘Thank you ma’am. Thing is, foot-washers think women are a sin by definition. They take the Bible literally, you know.’

55

‘Is that why Mr Arthur stays in the house, to keep away from women?’

‘I’ve no idea.’

‘It doesn’t make sense to me. Looks like if Mr Arthur was hankerin’ after heaven he’d come out on the porch at least. Atticus says God’s loving folks like you love yourself –’

Miss Maudie stopped rocking, and her voice hardened. ‘You are too young to understand it,’ she said, ‘but sometimes the Bible in the hand of one man is worse than a whiskey bottle in the hand of – oh, of your father.’

60

I was shocked. ‘Atticus doesn’t drink whiskey,’ I said. ‘He never drunk a drop in his life – nome, yes he did. He said he drank some one time and didn’t like it.’

Miss Maudie laughed. ‘Wasn’t talking about your father,’ she said. ‘What I meant was, if Atticus Finch drank until he was drunk he wouldn’t be as hard as some men are at their best. There are just some kind of men who – who’re so busy worrying about the next world they’ve never learned to live in this one, and you can look down the street and see the results.’

65

Or

- 20** ‘Lee presents Boo Radley as a character deserving our pity, who later on wins our admiration.’ How far do you agree with this view? Support your answer with close reference to the text.

Or

- 21** You are Jem having safely returned from fetching your pants from Nathan Radley’s place. Write your thoughts.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Either

- *22** How does Achebe's writing in this passage bring out feelings of horror and sadness? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.

The drums and the dancing began again and reached fever-heat. Darkness was around the corner, and the burial was near. Guns fired the last salute and the cannon rent the sky. And then from the centre of the delirious fury came a cry of agony and shouts of horror. It was as if a spell had been cast. All was silent. In the center of the crowd a boy lay in a pool of blood. It was the dead man's sixteen-year-old son, who with his brothers and half-brothers had been dancing the traditional farewell to their father. Okonkwo's gun had exploded and a piece of iron had pierced the boy's heart.

5

The confusion that followed was without parallel in the tradition of Umuofia. Violent deaths were frequent, but nothing like this had ever happened.

The only course open to Okonkwo was to flee from the clan. It was a crime against the earth goddess to kill a clansman, and a man who committed it must flee from the land. The crime was of two kinds, male and female. Okonkwo had committed the female, because it had been inadvertent. He could return to the clan after seven years.

10

That night he collected his most valuable belongings into headloads. His wives wept bitterly, and their children wept with them without knowing why. Obierika and half a dozen other friends came to help and to console him. They each made nine or ten trips carrying Okonkwo's yams to store in Obierika's barn. And before the cock crowed Okonkwo and his family were fleeing to his motherland. It was a little village called Mbanta, just beyond the borders of Mbaino.

15

As soon as the day broke, a large crowd of men from Ezeudu's quarter stormed Okonkwo's compound, dressed in garbs of war. They set fire to his houses, demolished his red walls, killed his animals and destroyed his barn. It was the justice of the earth goddess, and they were merely her messengers. They had no hatred in their hearts against Okonkwo. His greatest friend, Obierika, was among them. They were merely cleansing the land which Okonkwo had polluted with the blood of a clansman.

20

Obierika was a man who thought about things. When the will of the goddess had been done, he sat down in his *obi* and mourned his friend's calamity. Why should a man suffer so grievously for an offense he had committed inadvertently? But although he thought for a long time he found no answer. He was merely led into greater complexities. He remembered his wife's twin children, whom he had thrown away. What crime had they committed? The Earth had decreed that they were an offense on the land and must be destroyed. And if the clan did not exact punishment for an offense against the great goddess, her wrath was loosed on all the land and not just on the offender. As the elders said, if one finger brought oil it soiled the others.

25

30

Or

- 23** In your view of the story, does Achebe present Okonkwo as a hero who should be admired or a villain who should be despised? Support your answer with close reference to the text.

Or

- 24** You are Okonkwo on the way back to Umuofia after spending seven years in Mbanta. Write your thoughts.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 25

Either

- *25 How does Alex LaGuma's writing in this passage from *The Lemon Orchard* reveal the white men's cruelty and hatred towards the coloured man? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.

The shotgun was loaded. In the dark this man's face was invisible except for a blur of shadowed hollows and lighter crags. Although he walked in the rear he was the leader of the party. The lantern-bearer slowed down for the rest to catch up with him.

'It's cold, too, Oom,' another man said.

'Cold?' the man with the shotgun asked, speaking with sarcasm. 'Are you colder than this verdomte hotnot, here?' And he gestured in the dark with the muzzle of the gun at the man who stumbled along in their midst and who was the only one not warmly dressed.

This man wore trousers and a raincoat which they had allowed him to pull on over his pyjamas when they had taken him from his lodgings, and he shivered now with chill, clenching his teeth to prevent them from chattering. He had not been given time to tie his shoes and the metal-covered ends of the laces clicked as he moved.

'Are you cold, hotnot?' the man with the light jeered.

The coloured man did not reply. He was afraid, but his fear was mixed with a stubbornness which forbade him to answer them.

'He is not cold,' the fifth man in the party said. 'He is shivering with fear. Is it not so, hotnot?'

The coloured man said nothing, but stared ahead of himself into the half-light made by the small lantern. He could see the silhouette of the man who carried the light, but he did not want to look at the two who flanked him, the one who had complained of the cold, and the one who had spoken of his fear. They each carried a sjambok and every now and then one of them slapped a corduroyed leg with his.

'He is dumb also,' the one who had spoken last chuckled.

'No, Andries. Wait a minute,' the leader who carried the shotgun said, and they all stopped between the row of trees. The man with the lantern turned and put the light on the rest of the party.

'What is it?' he asked.

'Wag'n oomblikkie. Wait a moment,' the leader said, speaking with forced casualness. 'He is not dumb. He is a slim hotnot; one of those educated bushmen. Listen, hotnot,' he addressed the coloured man, speaking angrily now. 'When a baas speaks to you, you answer him. Do you hear?' The coloured man's wrists were tied behind him with a riem and the leader brought the muzzle of the shotgun down, pressing it hard into the small of the man's back above where the wrists met. 'Do you hear, hotnot? Answer me or I will shoot a hole through your spine.'

The bound man felt the hard round metal of the gun muzzle through the loose raincoat and clenched his teeth. He was cold and tried to prevent himself from shivering in case it should be mistaken for cowardice. He heard the small metallic noise as the man with the gun thumbed back the hammer of the shotgun. In spite of the cold little drops of sweat began to form on his upper lip under the overnight stubble.

'For God's sake, don't shoot him,' the man with the light said, laughing a little nervously. 'We don't want to be involved in any murder.'

'What are you saying, man?' the leader asked. Now with the beam of the battery-lamp on his face the shadows in it were washed away to reveal the mass of tiny wrinkled and deep creases which covered the red-clay complexion of his face like the myriad lines which indicate rivers, streams, roads and railways on a map. They wound around the ridges of his chin and climbed the sharp range of his nose and the peaks of

his chin and cheekbones, and his eyes were hard and blue like two frozen lakes.

‘This is mos a slim hotnot,’ he said again. ‘A teacher in a school for which we pay. He lives off our sweat, and he had the audacity to be cheeky and uncivilized towards a minister of our church and no hotnot will be cheeky to a white man while I live.’

Or

- 26** To what extent do you think Cyprian Ekwensi presents Lilian as a character deserving admiration and pity in *A Stranger from Lagos*? Support your answer with close reference to the story.

Or

- 27** You are Selina Davis in *Let them call it Jazz* by Jean Rhys. Mr Sims has just offered you his empty flat to occupy. Write your thoughts.

