



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/02

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

SPECIMEN PAPER

October/November 2018

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 **4** printed pages.

Answer either Question 1 or Question 2

EITHER

1 Read the following passage from a short story, about a writer who invited a 'friend' to lunch.

In what ways does the writer keep you both amused and worried as you read this passage?

In your response you may consider:

- the writer's choice of words
- the way the passage is developed as the orders are made
- the feelings of the 'host' as the guest makes her order, and the casual way the guest orders her expensive meals
- your feelings as you read.

I answered that I would meet my friend-by-correspondence at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was in fact a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

5

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me.

'I never eat anything for luncheon,' she said.

10

'Oh, don't say that!' I answered generously.

'I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon.'

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not in the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

15

'No,' she answered, 'I never eat more than one thing. Unless you had a little caviare¹. I never mind caviare.'

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell

her that. I told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

'I think you're unwise to eat meat,' she said. 'I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach.'

Then came the question of drink.

25

'I never drink anything for luncheon,' she said.

'Neither do I,' I answered promptly.

'Except white wine,' she proceeded as though I had not spoken. 'These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion.'

'What would you like?' I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive.

30

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

'My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne.'

I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

'What are you going to drink, then?'	35
'Water.'	
She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.	
'I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it.'	40
'I <i>am</i> only going to eat one thing,' I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare. She waved him aside with an airy gesture.	
'No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else.'	45
'I couldn't possibly eat anything more – unless they had some of those giant asparagus ² . I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them.'	
My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.	50
'Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus,' I asked the waiter.	
I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.	55
'I'm not in the least hungry,' my guest sighed, 'but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus.'	
I ordered them.	
'Aren't you going to have any?'	
'No, I never eat asparagus.'	60
'I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat.'	

Glossary

1. Caviare: the eggs of fish, eaten as a very special and expensive type of food.
2. Asparagus: an expensive spring vegetable.

OR

2 Read the following extract from a poem about the experiences of a refugee.

In what ways do you think the poet succeeds in bringing out strong feelings of refugees in the poem below?

In your answer you may consider:

- the poet's use of words
- the poem's figurative language
- the attitude of the refugees
- your own feelings as you read the poem.

Refugee Blues

Say this city has ten million souls,
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there: 5
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew,
Every spring it blossoms anew:
Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair; 10
Asked me politely to return next year:
But where shall we go today, my dear, but where shall we go today?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said:
'If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread'; 15
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me.

Went down to the harbour and stood upon the quay,
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;
They had no politicians and sang at their ease: 20
They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,
A thousand windows and a thousand doors;
Not one of them was ours, my dear, not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow; 25
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (ECESWA) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.