



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/01

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

October/November 2020

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 in this paper carry equal marks of 20, giving a total of **60 marks**.

This document consists of **17** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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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 What impression does the following passage give the audience of Gerald Croft's personality as well as his relationship with Sheila Birling?

<i>Inspector:</i>	[...] When and where did you first meet her?	
<i>Gerald:</i>	All right, if you must have it. I met her first, sometime in March last year, in the stalls bar at the Palace. I mean the Palace music hall here in Brumley—	
<i>Sheila:</i>	Well, we didn't think you meant Buckingham Palace.	5
<i>Gerald:</i>	[to SHEILA] Thanks. You're going to be a great help, I can see. You've said your piece, and you're obviously going to hate this, so why on earth don't you leave us to it?	
<i>Sheila:</i>	Nothing would induce me. I want to understand exactly what happens when a man says he's so busy at the works that he can hardly ever find time to come and see the girl he's supposed to be in love with. I wouldn't miss it for worlds—	10
<i>Inspector:</i>	[with authority] Yes, Mr Croft – in the stalls bar at the Palace Variety Theatre ...	
<i>Gerald:</i>	I happened to look in, one night, after a long dull day, and as the show wasn't very bright, I went down into the bar for a drink. It's a favourite haunt of women of the town—	15
<i>Mrs B.:</i>	Women of the town?	
<i>Birling:</i>	Yes, yes. But I see no point in mentioning the subject – especially— [indicating SHEILA.]	20
<i>Mrs B.:</i>	It would be much better if Sheila didn't listen to this story at all.	
<i>Sheila:</i>	But you're forgetting I'm supposed to be engaged to the hero of it. Go on, Gerald. You went down into the bar, which is a favourite haunt of women of the town.	25
<i>Gerald:</i>	I'm glad I amuse you—	
<i>Inspector:</i>	[sharply] Come along, Mr Croft. What happened?	
<i>Gerald:</i>	I didn't propose to stay long down there. I hate those hard-eyed dough-faced women. But then I noticed a girl who looked quite different. She was very pretty – soft brown hair and big dark eyes— [breaks off.] My God!	30
<i>Inspector:</i>	What's the matter?	
<i>Gerald:</i>	[distressed] Sorry – I – well, I've suddenly realized – taken it in properly – that's she's dead—	
<i>Inspector:</i>	[harshly] Yes, she's dead.	35
<i>Sheila:</i>	And probably between us we killed her.	
<i>Mrs B.:</i>	[sharply] Sheila, don't talk nonsense.	
<i>Sheila:</i>	You wait, Mother.	
<i>Inspector:</i>	[to GERALD] Go on.	
<i>Gerald:</i>	She looked young and fresh and charming and altogether out of place down there. And obviously she wasn't enjoying herself. Old Joe Meggarty, half-drunk and goggle-eyed, had wedged her into a corner with that obscene fat carcass of his—	40

<i>Mrs B.:</i>	[<i>cutting in</i>] There's no need to be disgusting. And surely you don't mean Alderman Meggarty?	45
<i>Gerald:</i>	Of course I do. He's a notorious womanizer as well as being one of the worst sots and rogues in Brumley—	
<i>Inspector:</i>	Quite right.	
<i>Mrs B.:</i>	[<i>staggered</i>] Well, really! Alderman Meggarty! I must say, we are learning something tonight.	50
<i>Sheila:</i>	[<i>coolly</i>] Of course we are. But everybody knows about that horrible old Meggarty. A girl I know had to see him at the Town Hall one afternoon and she only escaped with a torn blouse—	
<i>Birling:</i>	[<i>sharply, shocked</i>] Sheila!	
<i>Inspector:</i>	[<i>to GERALD</i>] Go on, please.	55
<i>Gerald:</i>	The girl saw me looking at her and then gave me a glance that was nothing less than a cry for help. So I went across and told Joe Meggarty some nonsense – that the manager had a message for him or something like that – got him out of the way – and then told the girl that if she didn't want any more of that sort of thing, she'd better let me take her out of there. She agreed at once.	60

Or

- 2 How far does J.B. Priestley's portrayal of Eric Birling encourage you to sympathise with him? Remember to refer closely to the play to support your views.

Or

- 3 You are Sheila and are rushing out of the room after the Inspector has shown you Eva Smith's photograph. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either

*4 What picture do you think the following passage paints of the Capulet and the Montague families?

<i>Gregory:</i>	[<i>Aside to SAMPSON</i>] Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.	
<i>Sampson:</i>	Yes, better, sir.	
<i>Abraham:</i>	You lie.	
<i>Sampson:</i>	Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.	5
	[<i>They fight.</i>]	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do.	
	[<i>Enter TYBALT.</i>]	10
<i>Tybalt:</i>	What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward!	15
	[<i>They fight. Enter an OFFICER with three or four armed Citizens</i>]	
<i>Officer:</i>	Clubs, bills and partisans, strike! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!	20
	[<i>Enter CAPULET in his nightgown, with LADY CAPULET, his wife</i>]	
<i>Capulet:</i>	What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!	
<i>Lady Capulet:</i>	A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?	
<i>Capulet:</i>	My sword I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.	25
	[<i>Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE, his wife.</i>]	
<i>Montague:</i>	Thou villain, Capulet. [<i>To his wife</i>] Hold me not; let me go.	
<i>Lady Montague:</i>	Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.	
	[<i>Enter PRINCE ESCALUS with his train.</i>]	30
<i>Prince:</i>	Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel – Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture from those bloody hands Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your movéd Prince. Three civil brawls bred of an airy word By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments To wield old partisans in hands as old, Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.	35
	If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away. You, Capulet, shall go along with me,	40
		45

	And Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Freetown, our common judgement-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [<i>Exeunt all except MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.</i>]	50
<i>Montague:</i>	Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew. Were you by when it began?	55
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Here were the servants of your adversary And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared, Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and out the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part.	60
<i>Lady Montague:</i>	O where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.	65

Or

- 5 Why do you think we still like the nurse despite the fact that she makes a lot of mistakes? Remember to refer closely to the text for support.

Or

- 6 You are Romeo on your way to buy poison from the Apothecary. Write your thoughts.

WOLE SOYINKA: The Trials of Brother Jero

*7 How does Soyinka make the following passage so amusing, yet so serious?

	<i>[In front of the prophet's home. Later that day. CHUME is just wiping off the last crumbs of yams on his plate. AMOPE watches him.]</i>	
Amope:	You can't say I don't try. Hounded out of house by debtors, I still manage to make you a meal.	
Chume:	<i>[Sucking his fingers, sets down his plate]</i> It was a good meal, too.	5
Amope:	I do my share as I've always done. I cooked you your meal. But when I ask you to bring me some clean water, you forget.	
Chume:	I did not forget.	
Amope:	You keep saying that. Where is it then? Or perhaps the bottles fell of your bicycle on the way and got broken.	10
Chume:	That's a child's lie, Amope. You are talking to a man.	
Amope:	A fine man you are then, when you can't remember a simple thing like a bottle of clean water.	
Chume:	I remembered. I just did not bring it. So that is that. And now pack up your things because we're going home.	15
	<i>[AMOPE stares at him unbelieving.]</i>	
Chume:	Pack up your things; you heard what I said.	
Amope:	<i>[Scrutinizing]</i> I thought you were a bit early to get back. You haven't been to work at all. You've been drinking all day.	20
Chume:	You may think what suits you. You know I never touch any liquor.	
Amope:	You needn't say it as if it was a virtue. You don't drink only because you cannot afford to. That is all the reason there is.	
Chume:	Hurry. I have certain work to do when I get home and I don't want you delaying me.	25
Amope:	Go then. I am not budging from here until I get my money.	
	<i>[CHUME leaps up, begins to throw her things into the bag. BROTHER JERO enters, hides and observes them.]</i>	
Amope:	<i>[Quietly]</i> I hope you have ropes to tie me on the bicycle, because I don't intend to leave this place unless I am carried out. One pound eight shillings is no child's play. And it is my money, not yours.	30
	<i>[CHUME has finished packing the bag and is now tying it on to the Carrier.]</i>	
Amope:	A messenger's pay isn't that much you know – just in case you've forgotten you're not drawing a Minister's pay. So you better think again if you think I am letting my hard-earned money stay in the hands of that good-for-nothing.	35
	Just think, only this morning while I sat here, a Sanitary Inspector came along. He looked me all over and he made some notes in his book. Then he said, I suppose, woman, you realize that this place is marked down for slum clearance. This to me, as if I lived here. But you sit down and let your wife be exposed to such insults. And the Sanitary Inspector had a motor-cycle too, which is one better than a bicycle.	40
Chume:	You'd better be ready soon.	45
Amope:	A Sanitary Inspector is a better job anyway. You can make something of yourself one way or another. They all do. A little here and a little there, call it bribery if you like, but see where you've got even though you don't drink or smoke or take bribes.	50

- He's got a motor-bike ... anyway, who would want to offer kola to a Chief Messenger?
- Chume:* Shut your big mouth!
- Amope:* [*aghast*] What did you say?
- Chume:* I said shut your big mouth. 55
- Amope:* To me?
- Chume:* Shut your big mouth before I shut it for you. [*Ties mat round the cross-bar*] And you'd better start to watch your step from now on. My period of abstinence is over. My cross has been lifted off my shoulders by the prophet. 60
- Amope:* [*Genuinely distressed*] He's mad.
- Chume:* [*Viciously tying up the mat*] My period of trial is over. [*Practically strangling the mat*] If you so much as open your mouth now... [*Gives a further twist to the string.*]
- Amope:* God help me. He's gone mad. 65
- Chume:* [*Imperiously*] Get on the bike.
- Amope:* [*Backing away*] I'm not coming with you.
- Chume:* I said get on the bike!
- Amope:* Not with you. I'll find my own way home. 70
- [*CHUME advances on her. AMOPE screams for help. BROTHER JERO Crosses himself. CHUME catches her by the arm but she escapes, runs to the side of the house and beats on the door.*]
- Amope:* Help! Open the door for God's sake. Let me in.

Or

- 8 Explore the ways in which Soyinka has portrayed Brother Jero as an outstandingly intelligent character in the play. Refer closely to the text for support.

Or

- 9 You are Amope. The Sanitary Inspector has just told you that the prophet's home is marked down for slum clearance. Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question in this section.

JACK HYDES (ed.): *Touched with Fire*: Section C

Either

***10** Explore how the following poem brings out strong feelings of sympathy and hope.

The Zulu Girl

When in the sun the hot red acres smoulder,
Down where the sweating gang its labour plies,
A girl flings down her hoe, and from her shoulder
Unslings her child tormented by the flies.

She takes him to a ring of shadow pooled 5
By thorn-trees: purple with the blood of ticks,
While her sharp nails, in slow caresses ruled,
Prowl through his hair with sharp electric clicks.

His sleepy mouth plugged by the heavy nipple,
Tugs like a puppy, grunting as he feeds: 10
Through his frail nerves her own deep languors ripple
Like a broad river sighing through its reeds.

Yet in that drowsy stream his flesh imbibes
An old unquenched unsmotherable heat—’ 15
The curbed ferocity of beaten tribes,
The sullen dignity of their defeat.

Her body looms above him like a hill
Within whose shade a village lies at rest.
Or the first cloud so terrible and still
That bears the coming harvest in its breast. 20

Roy Campbell

Or

11 *Snakecharmer* by Sylvia Plath and *Fern Hill* by Dylan Thomas deal with the theme of beauty in different ways. Choose **one** of these poems and explain how the poet has used vivid pictures to portray admiration of creation.

Or

12 ‘Poetry has the ability to make us aware of the world around us.’
Choose **one** poem from this section of the anthology that has made you think deeply about something you were not necessarily aware of before. Refer in detail to the poem of your choice.
(Do not use *The Zulu Girl*)

BRIAN WALTER and FELICITY WOOD (eds.): *Groundwork*

Either

- *13 Examine how the writing in the following poem clearly portrays the speaker's feelings of great disappointment.

It's Over Now

I remember those days when we used to
Come to each other with faces full of smiles,
With eyes full of joy and loving,
Hearts full of longing.
But now it's over. 5

I remember those days
When we used to talk and never stopped.
Mouths full of stammering and murmuring,
Not knowing what to say and what to leave out.
But don't be sorry for yourself, it's over now. 10

I remember those days
When we used to sit under the musharagi tree,
With arms around each other's neck,
Owning all creatures and nature.
Never remind yourself about it, it's history now. 15

I remember those days
When we used to make some earthly promises,
Not knowing that one day
You will be the tornado that'll wreck my life apart.
I may be dreaming but it's over now. 20

We used to see each other everytime
Laughter was our breakfast,
Smiles our lunch,
Joy our supper,
And love was our day and night dish. 25

A.H. Magagula

Or

- 14 *The Dry Season* by Kwesi Brew and *Wind a Change* by Grace Nichols deal with the idea of change in different ways. Choose **one** of these poems and explore how change has been described.

Or

- 15 'Sometimes poetry makes us aware of sad life situations.' Choose **one** of the following poems and explain how the poet conveys sadness.

- Letter From a Contract Worker by Antonio Jacinto
- *Boy on a Swing* by Mbuyiseni Oswald Mtshali

TURN OVER FOR SECTION C

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Either

***19** How do you think Lee makes this passage so amusing yet so serious?

Aunt Alexandra fitted into the world of Maycomb like a hand into a glove, but never into the world of Jem and me. I so often wondered how she could be Atticus's and Uncle Jack's sister that I revived half-remembered tales of changelings and mandrake roots that Jem had spun long ago.

These were abstract speculations for the first month of her stay, as she had little to say to Jem or me, and we saw her only at mealtimes and at night before we went to bed. It was summer and we were outdoors. Of course some afternoons when I would run inside for a drink of water, I would find the living—room overrun with Maycomb ladies, sipping, whispering, fanning, and I would be called: 'Jean Louise, come speak to the ladies.'

When I appeared in the doorway, Auntie would look as if she regretted her request; I was usually mud-splashed or covered with sand.

'Speak to your Cousin Lily,' she said one afternoon, when she had trapped me in the hall.

'Who?' I said.

'Your Cousin Lily Brooke', said Aunt Alexandra.

'She our cousin? I didn't know that.'

Aunt Alexandra managed to smile in a way that conveyed a gentle apology to Cousin Lily and firm disapproval to me. When Cousin Lily Brooke left I knew I was in for it.

It was a sad thing that my father had neglected to tell me about the Finch Family, or to install any pride into his children. She summoned Jem, who sat warily on the sofa besides me. She left the room and returned with a purple-covered book on which *Meditations of Joshua S. St Clair* was stamped in gold.

'Your Cousin wrote this,' said Aunt Alexandra. 'He was a beautiful character.'

Jem examined the small volume. 'Is this Cousin Joshua who was locked up for so long?'

Aunt Alexandra said, 'How did you know that?'

'Why, Atticus said he went round the bend at the University. Said he tried to shoot the president. Said Cousin Joshua said he wasn't anything but a sewer—inspector and tried to shoot him with an old flintlock pistol, only it just blew up in his hand. Atticus said it cost the family five hundred dollars to get him out of that one—'

Aunt Alexandra was standing stiff as a stork. 'That's all,' she said. 'We'll see about this.'

Before bedtime I was in Jem's room trying to borrow a book, when Atticus knocked and entered. He sat on the side of Jem's bed, looked at us soberly, then he grinned.

'Er – h'rm,' he said. He was beginning to preface some things he said with a throaty noise, and I thought he must at last be getting old, but he looked the same. 'I don't exactly know how to say this,' he began.

'Well, just say it,' said Jem. 'Have we done something?'

Our father was actually fidgeting. 'No, I just want to explain to you that – your Aunt Alexandra asked me ... son, you know you're a Finch, don't you?'

‘That’s what I’ve been told.’ Jem looked out of the corners of his eyes. His voice rose uncontrollably, ‘Atticus, what’s the matter?’ 45

Atticus crossed his knees and folded his arms. ‘I’m trying to tell you the facts of life.’

Jem’s disgust deepened. ‘I know all that stuff,’ he said.

Atticus suddenly grew serious. In his lawyer’s voice, without a shade of inflexion, he said: ‘Your aunt has asked me to try and impress upon you and Jean Louise that you are not from run-of-the-mill people, that you are the product of several generations’ gentle breeding—’ Atticus paused, watching me locate an elusive redbug on my leg. 50

‘Gentle breeding,’ he continued, when I had found and scratched it, ‘and that you should try to live up to your name—’ Atticus persevered in spite of us: ‘She asked me to tell you you must try to behave like the little lady and gentleman that you are. She wants to talk to you about the family and what it’s meant to Maycomb County through the years, so you’ll have some idea of who you are, so you might be moved to behave accordingly,’ he concluded at a gallop. 55

Stunned, Jem and I looked at each other, then Atticus, whose collar seemed to worry him. We did not speak to him. 60

Presently I picked up a comb from Jem’s dresser and ran its teeth along the edge.

‘Stop that noise,’ Atticus said.

His curtness stung me. The comb was midway in its journey, and I banged it down. For no reason I felt myself beginning to cry, but I could not stop. This was not my father. My father never thought these thoughts. My father never spoke so. Aunt Alexandra had put him up to this, somehow. Through my tears I saw Jem standing in a similar pool of isolation, his head cocked to one side. 65

There was nowhere to go, but I turned to go and met Atticus’s vest front. I buried my head in it and listened to the small internal noises that went on behind the light blue cloth: his watch ticking, the faint crackle of his starched shirt, the soft sound of his breathing. 70

Or

20 Of Calpurnia, Atticus says ‘She is a faithful member of this family ... and another thing, the children love her.’ What, in your opinion, makes Calpurnia such a lovable and valuable member of the Finch Family? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

Or

21 You are Bob Ewell moments after you have been cross-examined by Atticus. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either

*22 How do you think Golding's writing presents such a contrasting picture of Ralph and Piggy in this passage?

Piggy appeared again, sat on the rocky ledge, and watched Ralph's green and white body enviously.

'You can't half swim.'

'Piggy.'

Piggy took off his shoes and socks, ranged them carefully on the ledge, and tested the water with one toe. 5

'It's hot!'

'What did you expect?'

'I didn't expect nothing. My auntie—'

'Sucks to your auntie!' 10

Ralph did a surface dive and swam under water with his eyes open; the sandy edge of the pool loomed up like a hillside. He turned over, holding his nose, and a golden light danced and shattered just over his face. Piggy was looking determined and began to take off his shorts. Presently he was palely and fatly naked. He tip-toed down the sandy side of the pool and sat there up to his neck in water smiling proudly at Ralph. 15

'Aren't you going to swim?'

Piggy shook his head.

'I can't swim. I wasn't allowed. My asthma—'

'Sucks to your ass-mar!' 20

Piggy bore this with a sort of humble patience.

'You can't half swim well.'

Ralph paddled backwards down the slope, immersed his mouth and blew a jet of water into the air. Then he lifted his chin and spoke.

'I could swim when I was five. Daddy taught me. He's a commander in the Navy. When he gets leave he'll come and rescue us. What's your father?' 25

Piggy flushed suddenly.

'My dad is dead,' he said quickly, 'and my mum—'

He took off his glasses and looked vainly for something with which to clean them.

'I used to live with my auntie. She kept a sweet-shop. I used to get ever so many sweets. As many as I liked. When'll your dad rescue us?' 30

'Soon as he can.'

Piggy rose dripping from the water and stood naked, cleaning his glasses with a sock. The only sound that reached them now through the heat of the morning was the long, grinding roar of the breakers on the reef. 35

'How does he know we're here?'

Ralph lolled in the water. Sleep enveloped him like the swathing mirages that were wrestling with the brilliance of the lagoon.

'How does he know we're here?'

Because, thought Ralph, because, because. The roar from the reef became very distant. 40

'They'd tell him at the airport.'

Piggy shook his head, put on his flashing glasses and looked down at Ralph.

Or

23 At the end of the story, the Captain who comes to rescue the boys asks them who their boss is, and Ralph answers that he is. In your opinion does Ralph deserve to be called the boss? Refer closely to the text to support your ideas.

Or

24 You are Simon on your way up the mountain to try and find answers about the mysterious beast. Write your thoughts.

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

- *25** How do you think John Wyndham's writing in this passage from the story *Dumb Martian* portrays Lellie as an admirable character?

There was a lot of padding in the cylinder. He fetched more from the others, and packed the stuff in. It was while he paused to figure out a way of triggering the thing off with himself inside, that he realized he was beginning to feel cold. As he turned the knob up a notch, he glanced down at the meter on his chest – in an instant he knew ... She had known that he would fit fresh air bottles and test them; so it had been the battery, or more likely, the circuit, she had tampered with. The voltage was down to a point where the needle barely kicked. The suit must have been losing heat for some time already.

5

He knew that he would not be able to last long – perhaps not more than a few minutes. After its first stab, the fear abruptly left him, giving way to an impotent fury. She'd tricked him out of his last chance, but, by God, he could make sure she didn't get away with it. He'd be going, but just one small hole in the dome, and he'd not be going alone ...

10

The cold was creeping into him, it seemed to come lapping at him icily through the suit. He pressed the jet control and sent himself scudding back towards the dome. The cold was gnawing in at him. His feet and fingers were going first. Only by an immense effort was he able to operate the jet which stopped him by the side of the dome. But it needed one more effort, for he hung there, a yard or so above the ground. The cutter lay where he had left it, a few feet beyond his reach. He struggled desperately to press the control that would let him down to it, but his fingers would no longer move. He wept and gasped at the attempt to make them work, and with the anguish of the cold creeping up his arms. Of a sudden, there was an agonizing, searing pain in his chest. It made him cry out. He gasped – and the unheated air rushed into his lungs, and froze them ...

15

In the dome's living room Lellie stood waiting. She had seen the spacesuited figure come sweeping across the levelling at an abnormal speed. She understood what it meant. Her explosive device was already disconnected; now she stood alert, with a thick rubber mat in her hand, ready to clap it over any hole that might appear. She waited one minute, two minutes ... When five minutes had passed she went to the window. By putting her face close to the pane and looking sideways she was able to see the whole of one spacesuited leg and part of another. They hung there horizontally, a few feet off the ground. She watched them for several minutes. Their gradual downward drift was barely perceptible.

20

25

She left the window, and pushed the mat out of her hand so that it floated away across the room. For a moment or two she stood thinking. Then she went to the bookshelves and pulled out the last volume of the encyclopaedia. She turned the pages, and satisfied herself on the exact status and claims which are connoted by the word 'widow'.

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Or

26 'Sometimes writers present the world as such an unpleasant place.' Choose one of the following stories and examine how they present an unpleasant side of life.

- *The Lemon Orchard* by Alex La Guma
- *The Sniper* by Liam O'Flaherty

Or

27 *Feet*: You are Jane Turner just after Collier has looked over his shoulder to deny you the invite. Write your thoughts.

