



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND
Swaziland General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

6875/01

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

October/November 2018

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.

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SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

J.B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

Either

- *1 What impressions do you form of Birling's character and his relationship with his family from the following passage?

GERALD:	No, thanks. Can't really enjoy them.	
BIRLING:	<i>(taking one himself)</i> Ah, you don't know what you're missing. I like a good cigar. <i>(Indicating decanter.)</i> Help yourself.	
GERALD:	Thank you.	5
	<i>Birling lights his cigar and Gerald, who has lit a cigarette, helps himself to port, then pushes the decanter to Birling.</i>	
BIRLING:	Thanks. <i>(Confidentially.)</i> By the way, there's something I'd like to mention – in strict confidence – while we're by ourselves. I have an idea that your mother – Lady Croft – while she doesn't object to my girl – feels you might have done better for yourself socially –	10
	<i>Gerald, rather embarrassed, begins to murmur some dissent, but Birling checks him.</i>	15
	No, Gerald, that's all right. Don't blame her. She comes from an old country family – landed people and so forth – there's a fair chance that I might find my way into the next Honours List. Just a knighthood, of course.	20
GERALD:	Oh – I say – congratulations!	
BIRLING:	Thanks. But it's a bit too early for that. So don't say anything. But I've had a hint or two. You see, I was Lord Mayor here two years ago when Royalty visited us. And I've always been regarded as a sound useful party man. So – well – I gather there's a very good chance of a knighthood – so long as we behave ourselves, don't get into the police court or start a scandal – eh? <i>(Laughs complacently.)</i>	25
GERALD:	<i>(laughs)</i> You seem to be a nice well-behaved Family –	30
BIRLING:	We think we are –	
GERALD:	So if that's the only obstacle, sir, I think you might as well accept my congratulations now.	35
BIRLING:	No, no, I couldn't do that. And don't say anything yet.	
GERALD:	Not even to my mother? I know she'd be delighted.	
BIRLING:	Well, when she comes back, you might drop a hint to her. And you can promise her that we'll try to keep out of trouble during the next few months.	40
	<i>They both laugh.</i>	

ERIC enters.

ERIC:	What's the joke? Started telling stories?	
BIRLING:	No. Want another glass of port?	
ERIC:	<i>(sitting down)</i> Yes, please. <i>(Take decanter and helps himself.)</i> Mother says we mustn't stay too long. But I don't think it matters. I left 'em talking about clothes again. You'd think a girl had never had any clothes before she gets married. Women are potty about 'em.	45
BIRLING:	Yes, but you've got to remember, my boy, that clothes mean something quite different to a woman. Not just something to wear – and not only something to make 'em look prettier – but—well, a sort of sign or token of their self-respect.	50
GERALD:	That's true.	
ERIC:	<i>(eagerly)</i> Yes, I remember – <i>(but he checks himself.)</i>	
BIRLING:	Well, what do you remember?	
ERIC:	<i>(confused)</i> Nothing.	
BIRLING:	Nothing?	60
GERALD:	<i>(amused)</i> Sounds a bit fishy to me.	
BIRLING:	<i>(taking it in same manner)</i> Yes, you don't know what some of these boys get up to nowadays. More money to spend and time to spare than I had when I was Eric's age. They worked us hard in those days and kept us short of cash. Though even then – we broke out and had a bit of fun sometimes.	65
GERALD:	I'll bet you did.	
BIRLING:	<i>(solemnly)</i> But this is the point. I don't want to lecture you two young fellows again. But what so many of you don't seem to understand now, when things are so much easier, is that a man has to make his own way – has to look after himself – and his family too, of course, when he has one – and so long as he does that he won't come to much harm. But the way some of these cranks talk and write now, you'd think everybody has to look after everybody else, as if we were all mixed up together like bees in a hive-community and all that nonsense. But take my word for it, you youngster – and I've learnt in the good hard school of experience – that a man has to mind his own business and look after himself and his own – and –	70
	<i>We hear a sharp ring of a front door bell. Birling stops to listen.</i>	75
		80
		85

Or

- 2 Explore how in this play J.B. Priestley mocks the principles or values by which many wealthy people live their lives.

Or

- 3 You are Mrs Birling, just moments after you have denied Eva Smith some help from your charity organisation. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either

- *4 What do you think the following passage reveals about the character of the Nurse and her relationship with Juliet?

Enter JULIET

JULIET
How now? Who calls?

NURSE
Your mother.

JULIET
Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET
This is the matter. Nurse, give leave a while;
We must talk in secret. [Nurse *begins to leave*] Nurse, 5
come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET
She's not fourteen. 10

NURSE
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth – and yet, to my teen be it
spoken, I have but four – she's not fourteen. How long
is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET
A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE
Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas – Eve at 15
night shall be fourteen. Susan and she – God rest
all Christian souls – were of an age. Well, Susan is with
God; she was too good for me. But, as I said, on
Lammas-Eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she,

Marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake 20
now eleven years, and she was weaned – I never shall for –
get it – of all the days of the year, upon that day; for I had
then laid wormwood to my dug, sitting in the sun
under the dove-house wall. My lord and you were then

at Mantua – nay, I do bear a brain! But, as I said, when 25
it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug and
felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it tetchy, and fall out
with the dug! “Shake”, quoth the dove-house. –’Twas
no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it

is eleven years, for then she could stand high-lone; nay, 30
by the rood, she could have run and waddled all about,
for even the day before, she broke her brow; and then
my husband – God be with his soul, 'a was a merry man –
took up the child. “Yea, quoth he”, “dost thou fall

upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast 35
more wit, wilt thou not, Jule?” And, by my holiday,
the pretty wretch left crying, and said “Ay”. To see now

how a jest shall come about! I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he; and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay". 40

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this. I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE

Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say "Ay"; and yet I warrant it had upon it brow a bump as big as a young cockerel's stone – a perilous knock – and it cried bitterly. "Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted, and said "Ay". 45

JULIET

And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I. 50

NURSE

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed. And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your dispositions to be married? 55

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

Or

- 5 Some people think that Juliet deserves to be sympathised with because she does not receive proper guidance at home. How far do you agree with this view? Remember to refer closely to the play for support.

Or

- 6 You are Capulet at the very end of the play. Write your thoughts.

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero*

Either

- *7 What does the following passage reveal to you about brother Jero's character, and the way he relates to other people?

A short while later. The Beach. A few stakes and palm leaves denote the territory of Brother Jeroboam's church. To one side is a palm tree, and in the centre is a heap of sand with assorted empty bottles, a small mirror, and hanging from one of the bottles is a rosary and cross.

Brother Jero is standing as he was last seen when he made his escape – white flowing gown and a very fine velvet cape, white also. Stands upright, divine rod in hand, while the other caresses the velvet cape.

- JERO: I don't know how she found out my house. When I bought the goods off her, she did not even ask any questions. My calling was enough to guarantee payment. It is not as if this was a well-paid job. And it is not what I would call a luxury, this velvet cape which I bought from her. It would not have been necessary if one were not forced to distinguish himself more and more from these scum who degrade the calling of the Prophet. It becomes important to stand out, to be distinctive. I have set my heart after a particular name. They will look at my velvet cape and they will think of my goodness. Inevitably they must begin to call me... the Velvet-hearted Jeroboam. [*Straightens himself.*]
- Immaculate Jero, Articulate Hero of Christ's Crusade... Well, it is out. I have not breathed it to a single soul, but that has been my ambition. You've got to have a name that appeals to the imagination – because the imagination is a thing of the spirit – it must catch the imagination of the crowd. Yes, one must move with modern times. Lack of colour gets one nowhere even in the Prophet's business.
- [*Looks all around him.*]
- Charlatans! If only I had this beach to myself. [*With sudden violence.*] But how does one maintain his dignity when the daughter of Eve forces him to leave his own house through a window? God curse that woman! I never thought she would dare affront the presence of a man of God. One pound eight for this little cape. It is sheer robbery.
- [*He surveys the scene again. A young girl passes, sleepily, clothed only in her wrapper.*]
- JERO: She passes here every morning, on her way to take a swim. Dirty-looking thing.
- [*He yawns.*]
- I am glad I got here before any customers – I mean worshippers-well, customers if you like. I always get that feeling every morning that I am a shop-keeper waiting for customers. The regular ones come at definite times. Strange, dissatisfied people. I know they are dissatisfied because I keep them dissatisfied. Once they are full, they won't come again. Like my good apprentice, Brother Chume. He wants to beat his wife, but I won't let him. If I do, he will become contented, and then that's another of my flock gone forever. As long as he doesn't beat her, he

comes here feeling helpless, and so there is no chance of his
rebellling against me. Everything, in fact, is planned. 50

*[The young girl crosses the stage again. She has just had her
swim and the difference is remarkable. Clean, wet, shiny face and
hair. She continues to wipe herself with her wrapper as she
walks.]*

JERO: *[Following her all the way with his eyes.]* Every morning,
every day I witness this divine transformation, O Lord. 55

[He shakes his head suddenly and bellows.]

Pray Brother Jeroboam, pray! Pray for strength against
temptation.

*[He falls on his knees, face squeezed in agony and hands clasped. 60
Chume enters, wheeling his bike. He leans it against the palm
tree.]*

Or

8 How far do you think Wole Soyinka encourages you to feel pity for Chume's wife, Amope?
Remember to refer closely to the text for support.

Or

9 You are Chume, having just dropped your wife, Amope next to the house of the person who owes her
money, where she intends to lay in wait for a week. Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

Either

- *10** How does the following poem by Lenrie Peters create memorable pictures in order to convey the harsh effects of war?

We Have Come Home

We have come home
 From the bloodless war
 With sunken hearts
 Our boots full of pride –
 From the true massacre of the soul 5
 When we have asked
 ‘What does it cost
 To be loved and left alone?’

We have come home,
 Bringing the pledge 10
 Which is written in rainbow colours
 Across the sky – for burial
 But it is not the time
 To lay wreaths

For yesterday’s crimes 15

Night threatens
 Time dissolves
 And there is no acquaintance
 With tomorrow
 The gurgling drums. 20

Echo the stars
 The forest howls –
 And between the trees
 The dark sun appears.

We have come home 25

When the dawn falters
 Singing songs of other lands
 The Death March
 Violating our ears
 Knowing all our lore and tears 30
 Determined by the spinning coin.

We have come home
 To the green foothills
 To drink from the cup
 Of warm and mellow birdsong. 35

To the hot beaches
 Where boats go out to sea
 Threshing the ocean’s harvest

And the harassing, plunging
 Gliding gulls shower kisses on the waves 40
 We have come home.

Where through the lightning flash
 And thundering rain
 The Pestilence, the drought
 The sodden spirit 45
 Lingers on the sandy road
 Supporting the tortured remnants
 Of the flesh
 That spirit which asks no favour
 But to have dignity. 50

Or

- 11 The poems, *The Going* (by Thomas Hardy) and *They Flee from me that sometime did me seek* (by Wyatt Thomas) reflect on relationships. Choose **one** of these poems and explain how it powerfully conveys to you the effects of a strong relationship.

Or

- 12 Explore the ways in which the words of **either** *The Zulu Girl* (by Roy Campbell) **or** *The Soldier* (by Rupert Brooke) strikingly convey the injustices of the world.

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

- *13 Explore how Karen Press has used powerful language to portray the people's feelings of fear and helplessness in the following poem.

this winter coming

walking in the thick rain
of this winter we have only just entered,
who is not frightened?

the sea is swollen, churning in broken waves
around the rocks, the sand is sinking away 5
the seagulls will not land
under this sky, this shroud falling
who is not frightened?

in every part of the city, sad women climbing onto buses,
dogs barking in the streets, and the children 10
in every doorway crying,
the world is so hungry, madam's house is clean
and the women return with slow steps
to the children, the street, the sky tolling like a black bell;
these women are a tide of sadness 15
they will drown the world,
who is not frightened?

on every corner man standing
old stumps in the rain, tombstones
engraved with open eyes 20
watching the bright cars full of sated faces
pass them, pass them, pass them,
who is not frightened?

into the rain the children are running
thin as the barest twigs they kindle a fire 25
to fight the winter, their bare bodies
a raging fire of dead children
and the sky collapsing under centuries of rain
the wind like a mountain crying,
who is not frightened of this winter 30
coming upon us now?

Or

- 14 Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet has treated the subject of love.

Letter from a Contract Worker by Antonio Jacinto
It's over now by A.H. Magagula

Or

15 How does the poet create a highly emotional atmosphere in **one** of these poems?

The Abandoned Old Woman by Stephen Watson
Tichborne's Elegy by Chidiok Tichborne

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

Either

- *16 Explore how the poet, Elizabeth Browning, uses the power of words to help her convey her extreme feelings of love in the following poem.

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight. 5
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Or

- 17 How do you think Shakespeare deals with the idea of beauty in **one** of the following sonnets?
- **Sonnet 20** – *'A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted'*
 - **Sonnet 127** – *'In the old age black was not counted fair'*

Or

- 18 'Sometimes we find comfort in very strange situations'. Explain how the writer of **one** of the following sonnets creates a sense of comfort.
- **Sonnet 87** – *'Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing'* by William Shakespeare
 - **Holy Sonnet X** – *'Death be not proud'*, by John Donne.

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Either

***19** How do you think this passage creates tension and anxiety?

The back of the Radley house was less inviting than the front: a ramshackle porch ran the width of the house; there were two doors and two dark windows between the doors. Instead of a column, a rough two-by-four supported one end of the roof. An old Franklin stove sat in a corner of the porch: above it a hat-rack mirror caught the moon and shone eerily.

5

‘Ar-r’, said Jem softly, lifting his foot.

‘Smatter?’

‘Chickens,’ he breathed.

10

That we would be obliged to dodge the unseen from all directions was confirmed when Dill ahead of us spelled G-o-d in a whisper. We crept to the side of the house, around to the window with the hanging shutter. The sill was several inches taller than Jem.

15

‘Give you a hand up,’ he muttered to Dill, ‘Wait, though.’ Jem grabbed his left wrist and my right wrist, I grabbed my left wrist and Jem’s right wrist, we crouched, and Dill sat on our saddle. We raised him and he caught the window, sill.

20

‘Hurry,’ Jem whispered, ‘we can’t last much longer.’

Dill punched my shoulder, and we lowered him to the ground.

‘What’d you see?’

‘Nothing. Curtains. There’s a little teeny light way off somewhere, though.’

25

‘Let’s get away from here,’ breathed Jem, ‘Let’s go ‘round in back again. Sh-h,’ he warned me, as I was about to protest.

‘Let’s try the back window.’

30

‘Dill, *no*,’ I said.

Dill stopped and let Jem go ahead. When Jem put his foot on the bottom step, the step squeaked. He stood still, then tried his weight by degrees. The step was silent. Jem skipped two steps, put his foot on the porch, heaved himself to it, and teetered a long moment. He regained his balance and dropped to his knees. He crawled to the window, raised his head and looked in.

35

Then I saw the shadow. It was the shadow of a man with a hat on. At first I thought it was a tree, but there was no wind blowing, and tree-trunks never walked. The back porch was bathed in moonlight, and the shadow, crisp as toast, moved across the porch toward Jem.

40

Dill saw it next. He put his hands to his face.

When it crossed Jem, Jem saw it. He put his arms over his head and went rigid. 45

The shadow stopped about a foot beyond Jem. Its arm came out from its side, dropped, and was still. Then it turned and moved back across Jem, walked along the porch and off the side of the house, returning as it had come. 50

Jem leaped off the porch and galloped toward us. He flung open the gate, danced Dill and me through, and shooed us between two rows of swishing collards. Halfway through the collards I tripped; as I tripped the roar of a shotgun shattered the neighbourhood. 55

Dill and Jem dived beside me. Jem's breath came in sobs: 'Fence by the school yard! – hurry, Scout!'

Jem held the bottom wire; Dill and I rolled through and were halfway to the shelter of the school yard's solitary oak when we sensed that Jem was not with us. We ran back and found him struggling in the fence, kicking his pants off to get loose. He ran to the oak tree in his shorts. 60

Safely behind it, we gave way to numbness, but Jem's mind was racing: 'We gotta get home, they'll miss us.' 65

Or

20 Do you think Harper Lee encourages you to sympathise with Mrs Dubose or despise her? Support your views with details from the text.

Or

21 You are Scout at the end of your first day at school. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either

*22 How do you think Golding's writing in this passage brings out the intense fear and anxiety that the boys are experiencing?

Argument started again. Ralph held out the glimmering conch and Maurice took it obediently. The meeting subsided.

"I mean when Jack says you can be frightened because people are frightened anyway that's all right. But when he says there's only pigs on this island I expect he's right but he doesn't know, not really, not certainly I mean" – Maurice took a breath—"My daddy says there's things, what d'you call 'em that make ink – squids – that are hundreds of yards long and eat whales whole." He paused again and laughed gaily. "I don't believe in the beast of course. As Piggy says, life's scientific, but we don't know, do we? Not certainly, I mean—"

Someone shouted.

"A squid couldn't come up out of the water!" 15

"Could!"

"Couldn't!"

In a moment the platform was full of arguing, gesticulating shadows. To Ralph, seated, this seemed the breaking-up of sanity. Fear, beasts, no general agreement that the fire was all-important: and when one tried to get the thing straight the argument sheered off, bringing up fresh, unpleasant matter. 20

He could see a whiteness in the gloom near him so he grabbed it from Maurice and blew as loudly as he could. The assembly was shocked into silence. Simon was close to him, laying hands on the conch. Simon felt a perilous necessity to speak; but to speak in assembly was a terrible thing to him. 25

"Maybe", he said hesitantly, "maybe there is a beast." 30

The assembly cried out savagely and Ralph stood up in amazement.

"You, Simon? You believe in this?"

"I don't know," said Simon. His heartbeats were choking him. But...." 35

The storm broke.

"Sit down!"

"Shut up!"

"Take the conch!"

"Sod you!" 40

"Shut up!"

Ralph shouted.

"Hear him! He's got the conch!"

"What I mean is... maybe it's only us."

"Nuts!" 45

That was from Piggy, shocked out of decorum. Simon went on.

"We could be sort of...."

Simon became inarticulate in his effort to express mankind's essential illness. Inspiration came to him. 50

"What's the dirtiest thing there is?"

As an answer Jack dropped into the uncomprehending silence that followed it the one crude expressive syllable. Release was like an orgasm. Those littluns who had climbed back on the twister fell off again and did not mind. The hunters were screaming with delight. 55

Simon's effort fell about him in ruins; the laughter beat him cruelly and he shrank away defenceless to his seat.

At last the assembly was silent again. Someone spoke out of turn. 60

"Maybe he means it's some sort of ghost."

Ralph lifted the conch and peered into the gloom. The lightest thing was the pale beach. Surely the littluns were nearer?

Or

- 23** Some people are of the view that Roger is more dangerous than Jack. How far do you agree with this? Remember to refer closely to the text to support your ideas.

Or

- 24** You are Jack at the moment when the officer has asked, "Who's boss here?" and Ralph has answered loudly, "I am". You've just started going forward then changed your mind and stood still. Write your thoughts.

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

Either

- *25 How do you think Jan Needle's writing in this passage from *A Sense of Shame* conveys the strength of Lorraine's fear and anxiety?

It was almost the end of a long friendly summer when Lorraine discovered she was pregnant. She sat in the lavatory in Crawthorpe's on the morning she finally gave up kidding herself, with her head in her hands. She didn't cry. She was stunned, dazed. Neither of them had spoken about that sort of thing, she wasn't on the Pill, hadn't the faintest idea how one went about it—and at first when they'd started being lovers she'd got tense and jumpy around when her periods were due in case the worst had happened. But it hadn't, and somehow, inside their love, they'd got to know it just wouldn't. It was nothing to do with them, pregnancy and babies. They were Mohammed and Lorraine. She'd grown so certain, that when Jackie had asked her once if she was—'you know, all right like that'—Lorraine had said—'Yes'—so innocently, so unafraid, that Jackie had assumed they didn't make love. Lorraine sat in the lavatory for quite a long time, with thoughts buzzing round her brain almost idly. She'd have to have a test, one of the other girls had done that, it was easy, but she knew, she knew. What would she do? What *did* you do? She shook her head every so often, as if to clear her thoughts. She didn't believe it. It couldn't be true. Not *them*. 5

Up on the moors above Denshaw, they sat with their backs to a huge rock and talked about it. There was an easterly wind blowing over the Pennines, quite cold, but the westering sun kept them snug against the stone shelter. Lorraine was still more stunned than anything, although when she'd first told Mohammed, as they'd lain in the grass and kissed, she'd had her first real clutch of fear. He had sort of jumped in her arms, given a muscular spasm, and his warm, brown face had slowly drained of blood. When he saw that he'd frightened her he tried to smile, did smile finally, and sat up and placed her back against the rock and comforted her. She could fight the panic, keep the flood at bay, because she was with him, facing more than three hundred mill chimneys on the plain, and the sun was shining. And she still didn't quite believe it. With him it still seemed unreal, untrue. She didn't *feel* pregnant. She couldn't *be* pregnant. Not truly. 10

But as Mohammed talked, the fear began to creep back. 'What can we *do*? he kept asking. 'What can we *do*? And slowly she came to realize that it *was* real, and that neither of them could do anything. He said once: 'But it's easy now? Isn't it? I mean, like, it's legal now, one of them abortion jobs, isn't it?' And she went very cold inside, icy. Because she didn't know, and she knew she didn't know. She knew nothing. No one had ever taught her anything. Mohammed neither, she thought bitterly. And he even had O-levels. 15

'What about your doctor?' he asked. 'You've got a doctor, haven't you, love?' 20

The hollow feeling was spreading. She was rapidly becoming empty, vast and empty. She thought of Doctor Whitehead and shuddered. He'd known her since a baby. He'd looked after Mum and Dad for years, since before the war. He'd been there when Frederick 25

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was born. She could no more tell Doctor Whitehead she was pregnant than she could fly. Anyway, he'd tell her Mum and Dad, even if he wasn't supposed to. He'd tell them. They'd know.

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'There must be someone', said Mohammed, helplessly. 'There must be someone we could ask. There must be someone who'll help us.'

Or

26 'Sometimes in life one goes through difficult yet necessary experiences. Choose one of the following characters and discuss the lessons they learn in these stories.

- Larry's father in *My Oedipus Complex* by Frank O'Connor
- The grandfather in *Flight* by Doris Lessing

Or

27 You are the man called Horse at the end of the story *A Man Called Horse*. Write your thoughts.

