



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI  
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**6875/01**

Paper 1 (Set Texts: Closed Books)

**October/November 2019**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials:      Answer booklet/paper  
   As listed in instructions to Supervisors

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**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 How does the following passage portray Mr Birling as a proud and selfish individual? Refer closely to the passage for support.

<b>BIRLING:</b>	Why not?	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Because what happened to her then may have determined what happened to her afterwards, and what happened to her afterwards may have driven her to suicide. A chain of events.	5
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Oh well – put like that, there’s something in what you say. Still, I can’t accept any responsibility. If we were all responsible for everything that happened to everybody we’d had anything to do with, it would be very awkward, wouldn’t it?	10
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Very awkward.	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	We’d all be in an impossible position, wouldn’t we?	
<b>ERIC:</b>	By jove, yes. And as you were saying, Dad, a man has to look after himself –	15
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Yes, well, we needn’t go into all that	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Go into what?	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Oh – just before you came – I’d been giving these young men a little good advice. Now – about this girl, Eva Smith. I remember her quite well now. She was a lively good-looking girl – country-bred, I fancy – and she’d been working in one of our machine shops for over a year. A good worker too. In fact, the foreman there told me he was ready to promote her into what we call a leading operator – head of a small group of girls. But after they came back from their holidays that August, they were all rather restless, and they suddenly decided to ask for more money. They were averaging about twenty-two and six, which was neither more nor less than is paid generally in our industry. They wanted the rates raised so that they could average about twenty-five shillings a week. I refused, of course.	20
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Why?	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	( <i>surprised</i> ) Did you say ‘Why?’	25
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Yes. Why did you refuse?	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Well, Inspector, I don’t see that it’s any concern of yours how I choose to run my business. Is it now?	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	It might be, you know.	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	I don’t like that tone.	30
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	I’m sorry. But you asked me a question.	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	And you asked me a question before that, a quite unnecessary question too.	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	It’s my duty to ask questions.	40

<b>BIRLING:</b>	Well, it's my duty to keep labour costs down, and if I'd agreed to this demand for a new rate we'd have added about twelve per cent to our labour costs. Does that satisfy you? So I refused. Said I couldn't consider it. We were paying the usual rates and if they didn't like those rates, they could go and work somewhere else. It's a free country, I told them.	45
<b>ERIC:</b>	It isn't if you can't go and work somewhere else.	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	Quite so.	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	(to <i>Eric</i> ) Look – just you keep out of this. You hadn't even started in the works when this happened. So they went on strike. That didn't last long, of course.	50
<b>GERALD:</b>	Not if it was just after the holidays. They'd be all broke – if I know them.	
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Right, Gerald. They mostly were. And so was the strike, after a week or two. Pitiful affair. Well, we let them all come back – at the old rates – except the four or five ring-leaders, who'd started the trouble. I went down myself and told them to clear out. And this girl, Eva Smith, was one of them. She'd had a lot to say – far too much – so she had to go.	55
<b>GERALD:</b>	You couldn't have done anything else.	
<b>ERIC:</b>	He could. He could have kept her on instead of throwing her out. I call it tough luck.	60
<b>BIRLING:</b>	Rubbish! If you don't come down sharply on some of these people, they'd soon be asking for the earth.	65
<b>GERALD:</b>	I should say so!	
<b>INSPECTOR:</b>	They might. But after all it's better to ask for the earth than to take it.	70

Or

- 2 To what extent would you agree that the Birlings are responsible for Eva Smith's death? Remember to support your answer with details from the text.

Or

- 3 You are Mrs Birling and you have just heard that your son Eric made Eva Smith pregnant. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

## Either

- \*4 In what ways do you think the conversation below clearly brings out Juliet and Friar Lawrence's anxiety and desperation?

JULIET

O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits.  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, 5  
On Thursday next be married to this County.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy wisdom thou can'st give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise, 10  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt 15  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twi'xt my extremes and me, this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that 20  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope, 25  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake 30  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to escape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of any tower, 35  
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,  
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls; 40

Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud –  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble –

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love. 45

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed, 50

And this distilled liquor drink thou off,  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; 55

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To wanny ashes, thy eyes' windows fall  
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death, 60

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. 65

Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

Or

- 5 How far do you think Shakespeare's portrayal of Paris encourages you to sympathise with him?  
Remember to refer closely to the text for support.

Or

- 6 You are Romeo just after you hear that Juliet is dead. Write your thoughts.

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero***

**Either**

- \*7 How far and in what ways does the following extract portray Brother Jero as a cold and selfish character?

CHUME: ...

No, is not possible. I no believe that. If na so, how they come quarrel then. Why she go sit for front of 'in house demand all 'in money. I no beat 'am yet...

*[He stops suddenly. His eyes slowly distend.]*

Almighty! Chume, fool! O God, my life done spoil. My life done spoil finish. O God a no 'get eyes for my head. Na lie. Na big lie. Na pretence 'e de pretend that wicked woman! She no 'go collect nutin! She no 'mean to sleep for outside house. The Prophet na 'in lover. As soon as 'e dark, she go in go meet 'in man. O God, wetin a do for you wey you go spoil my life so? Wetin make you vex for me so? I offend you? Chume, foolish man, your life done spoil. Your life done spoil. Yeah, ye...ah ah, ye- e-ah, they done ruin Chume for life...ye-e-ah, ye-e-ah,...

*[He goes off, his cries dying off-stage.]*

*Light up slowly on Jero. The member is seen kneeling now at Brother's Jero's feet, hands clasped and shut eyes raised to heaven...]*

JERO:

*[his voice gaining volume.]* Protect him therefore. Protect him when he must lead this country as his great ancestors have done. He comes from the great warriors of the land. In his innocence he was not aware of this heritage. But you know everything and you plan it all. There is no end, no beginning...

*[Chume rushes in, brandishing a cutlass.]*

CHUME:

Adulterer! Woman – thief! Na today a go finish you!

*[Jero looks round.]*

JERO:

God save us! *[Flees.]*

MEMBER:

*[unaware of what is happening.]* Amen.

*[Chume follows out Jero, murder-bent.]*

MEMBER:

Amen. Amen. *[Open his eyes.]* Thank you, Proph...

*[He looks right, left, back, front, but he finds the Prophet has really disappeared.]*

Prophet! Prophet! *[Turns sharply and rapidly in every direction, showing.]* Prophet, where are you? Where have you gone? Prophet! Don't leave me, Prophet, don't leave me!

*[He looks up slowly, with awe.]*

Vanished. Transported. Utterly transmuted. I knew it. I knew I stood in the presence of God...

*[He bows his head, standing. Jeroboam enters quite collected, and points to the convert.]*

JEROBOAM:

You heard him. With your own ears you heard him. By tomorrow, the whole town have heard about the miraculous disappearance of Brother Jeroboam. Testified to and witnessed by no less a person than one of the elected Rulers of the country...

MEMBER:	<i>[goes to sit on the mound.]</i> I must await his return. If I show faith, he will show himself again to me... <i>[Leaps up as he is about to sit.]</i> This is holy ground. <i>[Takes off his shoes and sits. Gets up again.]</i> I must hear further from him. Perhaps he has gone to learn more about this ministerial post... <i>[Sits.]</i>	50
JEROBOAM:	I have already sent for the police. It is a pity about Chume. But he has given me a fright, and no prophet likes to be frightened. With the influence of that nincompoop I should succeed in getting him certified with ease. A year in the lunatic asylum would do him good anyway. <i>[The member is already nodding.]</i> Good... He is falling asleep. When I appear again to him he'll think I have just fallen from the sky. Then I'll tell him that Satan just sent one of his emissaries into the world under the name of Chume, and that he had better put him in a straight-jacket at once... And so the day is saved. The police will call on me here as soon as they catch Chume. And it looks as if it is not quite time for the fulfilment of that spiteful man's prophecy.	55
	<i>[He picks up a pebble and throws it at the Member. At the same time a ring of a red or some equally startling colour plays on his head, forming a sort of halo. The Member wakes with a start, stares open-mouthed, and falls flat on his face, whispering in rapt awe –]</i>	60
	‘Master!’	65
		70

Or

- 8 Soyinka's drama shows, how in a society, it is the fittest and strongest characters who survive. Explore the truth of this statement by referring closely to the play.

Or

- 9 You are Chume just after Brother Jero has given you permission to beat your wife. Write your thoughts.



## SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JACK HYDES, ed.: *Touched with Fire***

**Either**

- \*10** Explore how the speaker uses powerful language to present an emotional picture of his relationships in the following poem.

**They flee from me, that sometime did me seek**

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek  
 With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.  
 I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
 That now are wild, and do not remember  
 That sometime they put themselves in danger                   5  
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range  
 Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise  
 Twenty times better; but once, in special,  
 In thin array, after a pleasant guise,                   10  
 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,  
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,  
 Therewith all sweetly did me kiss  
 And softly said, 'Dear heart, now like you this?'

It was no dream; I lay broad waking:                   15  
 But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,  
 Into a strange fashion of forsaking;  
 And I have leave to go of her goodness,  
 And she also to use newfangleness.  
 But since that I so kindly am served,                   20  
 I would fain know what she hath deserved.

By Sir Thomas Wyatt

**Or**

- 11** Explore how the poet uses imagery to convey beautiful and exciting pictures in **one** of the following poems.

- *Kubla Khan*                    (by Samuel Taylor Coleridge)
- *A Hard Frost*                (by C. Day Lewis)

**Or**

- 12** Choose **one** of the following poems where you think the poet has presented a sad but true picture of life. Explore how the poet achieves this.

- *The Zulu Girl*                (by Roy Campbell)
- *A Poison Tree*                (by William Blake)

**Either**

\*13 How do you think the poet's words paint a clear picture of the effects of night rain in the following poem?

**Night Rain**

What time of night it is  
 I do not know  
 Except that like some fish  
 Doped out of the deep  
 I have bobbed up bellywise 5  
 From stream of sleep  
 And no cocks crow.  
 It is drumming hard here  
 And I suppose everywhere  
 Droning with insistent ardour upon 10  
 Our roof-thatch and shed  
 And through sheaves slit open  
 To lightning and rafters  
 I cannot make out overhead  
 Great water drops are dribbling 15  
 Falling like orange or mango  
 Fruits showered forth in the wind  
 Or perhaps I should say so  
 Much like beads I could in prayer tell  
 Them on string as they break 20  
 In wooden bowls and earthenware  
 Mother is busy now deploying  
 About our roomlet and floor.  
 Although it is so dark  
 I know her practised step as 25  
 She moves her bins, bags, and vats  
 Out of the run of water  
 That like ants filing out of the wood  
 Will scatter and gain possession  
 Of the floor. Do not tremble then 30  
 But turn brothers, turn upon your side  
 Of the loosening mats  
 To where the others lie.  
 We have drunk tonight of a spell  
 Deeper than the owl's or bat's 35  
 That wet of wings may not fly.  
 Bedraggled upon the *iroko*, they stand  
 Emptied of hearts, and  
 Therefore will not stir, no, not  
 Even at dawn for then 40  
 They must scurry in to hide.  
 So we'll roll over on our back  
 And again roll to the beat  
 Of drumming all over the land  
 And under its ample soothing hand 45  
 Joined to that of the sea  
 We will settle to sleep of the innocent and free.

By John Pepper Clark

Or

14 Explore how the poet vividly conveys his disapproval of city life in **one** of the following poems.

- *London August* (by Charles Ould)
- *City Johannesburg* (by Mongane Wally Serote)

Or

15 Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet has powerfully portrayed the sad but true realities of life.

- *Sometimes it happens* (by Brian Patten)
- *The Abandoned Old Woman* (by Stephen Watson)



## SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**HARPER LEE: *To Kill A Mockingbird***

**Either**

- \*19** What do you think this passage reveals about Aunt Alexandra's personality and the way she relates to her family?

Aunt Alexandra was hooking a rug and not watching us, but she was listening. She sat in her chair with her work-basket beside it, her rug spread across her lap. Why ladies hooked woollen rugs on boiling nights never became clear to me. 5

'I heard it,' she said.

I remembered the distant disastrous occasion when I rushed to Walter Cunningham's defence. Now I was glad I'd done it. 'Soon's school starts I'm gonna ask Walter home to dinner,' I planned, having forgotten my private resolve to beat him up next time I saw him. 'He can stay over sometimes after school, too. Atticus could drive him back to Old Sarum. Maybe he could spend the night with us sometime, okay, Jem?' 10

'We'll see about that,' Aunt Alexandra said, a declaration that with her was always a threat, never a promise. 15

Surprised, I turned to her. 'Why not, Aunty? They're good folks.'

She looked at me over her sewing glasses. 'Jean Louise, there is no doubt in my mind that they're good folks. But they're not our kind of folks.' 20

Jem says, 'She means they're yappy, Scout.'

'What's a yap?'

'Aw tacky. They like fiddlin' and things like that.'

'Well I do too—' 25

'Don't be silly, Jean Louise,' said Aunt Alexandra. 'The thing is, you can scrub Walter Cunningham till he shines, you can put him in shoes and a new suit, but he'll never be like Jem. Besides, there's a drinking streak in that family a mile wide. Finch women aren't interested in that sort of people.' 30

'Aun-ty,' said Jem, 'she ain't nine yet.'

'She may as well learn it now.'

Aunt Alexandra had spoken. I was reminded vividly of the last time she had put her foot down. I never knew why. It was when I was absorbed with plans to visit Calpurnia's house. I was curious, interested; I wanted to be her 'company', to see how she lived, who her friends were. 35

I might as well have wanted to see the other side of the moon. This time the tactics were different, but Aunt Alexandra's aim was the same. Perhaps this was why she had come to live with us – to help us choose our friends. I would hold her off as long as I could: 'If they're good folks, then why can't I be nice to Walter?' 40

'I didn't say not to be nice to him. You should be friendly and polite to him, you should be gracious to everybody, dear. But you don't have to invite him home.' 45  
 'What if he was kin to us, Aunty?'

'The fact is that he is not kin to us, but if he were, my answer would be the same.' 50

'Aunty,' Jem spoke up, 'Atticus says you can choose your friends but you sho' can't choose your family, an' they're still kin to you no matter whether you acknowledge 'em or not, and it makes you look right silly when you don't.' 55

'That's your father all over again,' said Aunt Alexandra, 'and I still say that Jean Louise will not invite Walter Cunningham to this house. If he were her double first cousin once removed he would still not be received in this house unless he comes to see Atticus on business. Now that is that.' 60

She had said Indeed Not, but this time she would give her reasons: 'But I want to play with Walter, Aunty, why can't I?' 65

She took off her glasses and stared at me. 'I'll tell you why,' she said. 'Because – he – is – trash, that's why you can't play with him. I'll not have you around him, picking up his habits and learning Lord-knows-what. You're enough of a problem to your father as it is.' 65

'I don't know what I would have done, but Jem stopped me. He caught me by the shoulders, put his arm around me, and led me sobbing in fury to his bedroom. Atticus heard us and poked his head around the door. "s all right, sir, Jem said gruffly, "s not anything." Atticus went away. 70

**Or**

**20** How do you think Harper Lee's portrayal of Bob Ewell makes him such a dislikeable character? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

**Or**

**21** You are Atticus after being asked to defend Tom Robinson in his case against Mayella Ewell. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

## Either

\*22 How do you think the following passage brings out Ralph's tension and confusion? Refer closely to the passage for support.

"Heave! Heave! Heave!"

Ralph put down his spear, then picked it up again. He pushed his hair back irritably, took two hasty steps across the little space and then came back. He stood looking at the broken ends of branches. 5

Still silence.

He caught sight of the rise and fall of his diaphragm and was surprised to see how quickly he was breathing. Just left of centre, his heart-beats were visible. He put the spear down again. 10

"Heave! Heave! Heave!"

A shrill, prolonged cheer.

Something boomed up on the red rock, then the earth jumped and began to shake steadily, while the noise as steadily increased. Ralph was shot into the air, thrown down, dashed against branches. At his right hand, and only a few feet away, the whole thicket bent and the roots screamed as they came out of the earth together. He saw something red that turned over slowly as a mill-wheel. Then the red thing was past and the elephantine progress diminished towards the sea. 15 20

Ralph knelt on the ploughed-up soil, and waited for the Earth to come back. Presently the white, broken stumps, the split sticks and the tangle of the thicket refocused. There was a kind of heavy feeling in his body where he had watched his own pulse. 25

Silence again.

Yet not entirely so. They were whispering out there; and suddenly the branches were shaken furiously at two places on his right. The pointed end of a stick appeared. In panic, Ralph thrust his own stick through the crack and struck with all his might. 30

"Aaa-ah!"

His spear twisted a little in his hands and then he withdrew it again. 35

"Ooh-ooh-----"

Someone was moaning outside and a babble of voices rose. A fierce argument was going on and the wounded savage kept groaning. Then when there was silence, a single voice spoke and Ralph decided that it was not Jack's. 40

"See? I told you – he's dangerous."

The wounded savage moaned again.

What else? What next?

Ralph fastened his hands round the chewed spear and his hair fell. Someone was muttering, only a few yards away towards the Castle Rock. He heard a savage say "No!" in a shocked voice; and then there was suppressed laughter. He squatted back on his heels and showed his teeth at the 45

wall of branches. He raised his spear, snarled a little, and waited.

50

Once more the invisible group sniggered. He heard a curious trickling sound and then a louder crepitation as if someone were unwrapping great sheets of cellophane. A stick snapped and he stifled a cough. Smoke was seeping through the branches in white and yellow wisps, the patch of blue sky over head turned to the colour of a storm cloud, and then the smoke billowed round him.

55

Someone laughed excitedly, and a voice shouted.

“Smoke!”

**Or**

**23** What do you think makes Jack such a dislikeable character? Refer closely to the text to support your views.

**Or**

**24** You are Roger having just released and sent down the rock that kills Piggy. Write your thoughts.



**BARRIE WADE (ed.): *Into the Wind*****Either**

- \*25 What do you think the following passage, from the story *Samphire*, reveals about Molly's husband and the way he relates to other people?

In the morning she said she would like to see the samphire again. He was very pleased and told the hotel-keeper that she was becoming quite the little botanist. He had already told him and the nice couple from Letchworth (they were called Jones and had a greedy daughter: he was an influential solicitor, and Molly would be a clever girl to be nice to them), he had already told them about the samphire and he had said how he had recognized it at once from lower down, where the path turned, although he had only seen specimens in a *hortus siccus* and illustrations in books.

5

On the way he stopped at the tobacconist on the promenade to buy a stick. He was in high spirits. He told the man at once that he did not smoke, and made a joke about the shop being a house of *ill-fume*, but the tobacconist did not understand. He looked at the sticks that were in the shop but he did not find one for his money and they went out. At the next tobacconist, by the pier, he made the same joke to the man there. She stood near the door, not looking at anything. In the end he paid the marked price for an ash walking stick with a crook, though at first he had proposed a shilling less: he told the man that they were not ordinary summer people, because they were going to have a villa there.

10

15

Walking along past the pier towards the cliff path, he put the stick on his shoulder with a comical gesture, and when they came to the car park where a great many people were coming down to the beach with picnics and pneumatic rubber toys he sang, 'We are the boys that nothing can tire; we are the boys that gather samphire.' When a man who was staying in the same hotel passed near them, he called out that they were going to see if they could get a bunch of jolly good samphire that they had seen on the cliff yesterday. The man nodded.

20

25

It was a long way to the highest cliff, and he fell silent for a little while. When they began to climb he said that he would never go out without a stick again; it was a fine, honest thing, an ashplant, and a great help. Didn't she think it was great help? Had she noticed how he had chosen the best one in the shop, and really it was very cheap, though perhaps they had better go without tea tomorrow to make it up. She remembered, didn't she, what they had agreed after their discussion about an exact allowance for every day? He was walking a few feet ahead of her, so that each time he had to turn his head for her answer.

30

35

It was blowing harder than the day before on the top, and for the last hundred yards he kept silent, or at least she did not hear him say anything.

40

At the turn of the path he cried, 'It is still there. Oh jolly good. It is still there, Molly,' and he pointed out how he had first seen the samphire, and repeated, shouting over the wind, that he had been sure of it at once.

45

For a moment she looked at him curiously while he stared over and up where the plant grew on the face of the cliff, the wind ruffling the thin, fluffy hair that covered his baldness, and a keen expression on

his face; and for a moment she wondered whether it was perhaps possible that he saw beauty there. But the moment was past and the voice took up again its unceasing dumb cry: Go on, oh, go on, for Christ's sake, go on, go on, go on, oh go on. 50

They were there. He had made her look over. 'Note the fleshy leaves,' he had said; and he had said something about samphire pickle! and how the people at the hotel would stare when they brought it back. That was just before he began to crouch over, turned from her so that his voice was lost. 55

He was leaning right over. It was quite true when he said that he had no fear of heights: once he had astonished the workmen on the steeple of her uncle's church by walking among the scaffolding and planks with all the aplomb of a steeplejack. He was reaching down with his left arm, his right leg doubled under him and his right arm extended on the grass: his other leg was stretched out along the break of the cliff. 60

**Or**

**26** How does Jean Rhys's portrayal of Selina, in the story *Let them call it Jazz*, makes you sympathise with her? Remember to refer closely to the text for support.

**Or**

**27** You are Jane at the very end of the story entitled *Feet*. Write your thoughts.



