

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION BOARD

General Certificate of Education Examination

Literature in English 3
0735

JUNE 2022

ADVANCED LEVEL

Subject Title	Literature in English
Paper No./Title	Paper 3 – Context Questions and Literary Appreciation
Subject Code No.	0735

Three hours

Answer all FOUR questions. Each question carries 10 marks.

You are reminded of the necessity for good English and orderly presentation in your answers.

Turn Over

SECTION A: CONTEXT QUESTIONS

1. Read the following extract from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and answer the questions that follow it.

Hamlet:

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! *What is a man*
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. 5
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 10
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event –
 A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
 And ever three parts coward – I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means 15
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure 20
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw 25
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? While, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame 30
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? – O, from this time forth
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! 35

- (a) Put the following italicized lines into modern English prose.
 (i) "*what is a man ... sleep and feed.*" (lines 2 – 4)
 (ii) "*Makes mouths at ... mortal and unsure.*" (lines 19 – 20) (2 marks)
- (b) Briefly recount what Hamlet discusses with the Captain just before this soliloquy. (2 marks)
- (c) Why does this scene constitute the turning point of the play? (2 marks)
- (d) Comment on the use of contrast in this extract. (2 marks)
- (e) What aspect of this extract would appeal to an audience in a stage performance of the play? (2 marks)

WILLIAM CONGREVE: *The Way of the World*

2. Read the following extract from Congreve's *The Way of the World* and answer the questions that follow it

MILLAMANT: Ay, as wife, spouse, my joy, jewel, love, sweetheart

And the rest of that *nauseous cant*, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar I shall never bear that. Good Mirabel, don't let you be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fidler and sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers and then never be seen there together again as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after, let us never visit together, but *let us be very strange* and well-bred. Let us be as strand as if we had been married a great while and as well-bred as if we were not married at all. 5

MIRABEL: Have you any more conditions to offer? Hither your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILLAMANT: Trifles: as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or *wry faces* on your part to wear what I please, and choose conversation with me to converse with wits that I don't like intimate with fools because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing room when I'm out of humour, without giving reason, to have closet inviolate; To be sole empress of my tea-table which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer. I may by *degrees dwindle* into a wife. 10 15

MIRABELL: Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions: that when you are dwindling into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband.

a) Give meaning in context of the following words and expressions

- i) *nauseous cant* (line 2)
- ii) *let us be very strange* (line 6)
- iii) *wry faces* (line 11)
- iv) *degrees dwindle* (line 17)

(2 marks)

b) Pick out two conditions which Millamant sets for her marriage with Mirabel. Explain why you think each of them is anxious to set nuptial conditions.

(2 marks)

c) State the immediate outcome of this proviso scene and identify two characters who are directly affected by it

(2 marks)

- d) i) Identify two social issues of Congreve's era which are evident in this extract.
- ii) Insert a possible stage direction before the opening line of this extract.

(2 marks)

e) Assuming you are a marriage counsellor advising young persons who are betrothed, give them four reasons why you would either encourage or discourage pre-marriage terms.

(2 marks)

Turn Over

SECTION B: PROSE APPRECIATION

3. Read this passage and answer the questions that follow it.

"You're wasting everybody's time, Mr Commissioner for Information. I will not go to Abazon. Finish! *Kabisa!* Any other business?"

"As Your Excellency wishes. But . . ."

"But me no buts, Mr Arikol! The matter is closed, I said. How many times, for God's sake, am I expected to repeat it? Why do you find it so difficult to swallow my ruling on anything?"

"I am sorry, Your Excellency. But I have no difficulty swallowing and digesting your rulings."

For a minute or so the fury of his eyes lay on me. Briefly our eyes had been locked in combat. Then I had lowered mine to the shiny table-top in ceremonial capitulation. Long silence. But he was not appeased. Rather he was making the silence itself grow rapidly into its own kind of contest, like the eye-wink duel of children. I *conceded victory* there as well. Without raising my eyes I said again: "I am very sorry, Your Excellency." A year ago I would never have said it again that second time – without doing great violence to myself. Now I did it like a casual favour to him. It meant nothing at all to me – no inconvenience whatever – and yet it was everything to him.

I have thought of all this as a game that began innocently enough and then went suddenly strange and poisonous. But I may prove to be too sanguine even in that. For, if I am right, then looking back on the last two years it should be possible to point to a specific and decisive event and say: it was at such and such a point that everything went wrong and the rules were suspended. But I have not found such a moment or such a cause although I have sought hard and long for it. And so it begins to seem to me that this thing probably never was a game that the present was there from the very beginning only I was too blind or too busy to notice. But the real question which I have often asked myself is why then do I go on with it now that I can see. I don't know. Simple inertia, maybe. Or perhaps sheer curiosity: to see where it will all end. I am not thinking so much about him as about my colleagues, eleven intelligent, educated men who let this happen to them, who actually went out of their way to invite it, and who even at this hour had seen and learnt nothing, the cream of our society and the hope of the black race. I suppose it is for them that I am still at this silly observation post making farcical entries in the crazy log-book of this our ship of state. Disenchantment with them turned long ago into detached clinical disinterest.

I find their actions not merely bearable now but actually interesting, even exciting. Quite amazing! And to think that I personally was responsible for recommending nearly half of them for appointment!

And of course, complete honesty demands that I mention one last factor in my continued stay, a fact of which I'm somewhat ashamed, namely that I couldn't be writing this if I didn't hang around to observe it all. And no one else would.

I could read in the silence of their minds, as we sat stiffly around the mahogany table, words like: Well, this is going to be another of those days. Meaning a bad day. Days are good or bad for us now according to how His Excellency gets out of bed in the morning. On a bad day, such as this one had suddenly become after many *propitious auguries*, there is nothing for it but to lie close to your hole, ready to scramble in. And particularly to keep your mouth shut, for nothing is safe, not even the flattery we have become such experts in disguising as debate.

On my right sat the Honourable Commissioner for Education. He is by far the most frightened of the lot. As soon as he had sniffed peril in the air he had begun to disappear into his hole, as some animals and insects do, backwards. Instinctively he had gathered his papers together and was in the very act of lifting the file-cover over them and dragging them into his hole after him when his entire body suddenly went rigid. Stronger alarms from deeper recesses of instinct may have alerted him to the similarity between his impending act and slamming of the door in the face of His Excellency. A fantastic thing happened then. He drops the file-cover in such panic that everyone now turns to him and sees him perform the strangest act of all: the scattering again of his Council papers in panic atonement and restitution for the sacrilege he has come so close to committing, inadvertently. Then he glances round the table until his eyes meet His Excellency's and fall dead on the mahogany. The silence had not been broken since my second apology. I was quite certain that the poor fellow (never a strong one for originality) was getting ready to speak my very words, strictly in the same sequence. I swear it. He had drawn his upper arms tight to his sides as though to diminish his bulk; and clasped his hands before him like a supplicant.

But His Excellency speaks instead. And not even to him the latest offender but still to me. And he is almost friendly and conciliatory, the amazing man. In that instant the day changes. The fiery sun retires

temporarily behind a cloud; we are reprieved and celebrating. I can hear in advance the many compliments we will pay him as soon as his back is turned: that the trouble with His Excellency is that he can never hurt a man and go to sleep over it.

That's one refinement, by the way, we've not yet lost: we do wait for his back to be turned. And some will add: That's a pity because what this country really needs is a ruthless dictator. At least for five good years. And we will all laugh in loud excess because we know – bless our dear hearts – that we shall never be favoured with such an undeserved blessing as a ruthless dictator.

"Do you realize what you are asking me to do Chris?" he said. I say nothing, make no motion, not even of the head. At these moments my head assumes the gravity of granite and though my thinking might remain perfectly clear and logical it seems to emanate from afar taking in these happenings through a telescope. I note for what it's worth that he has dropped the icy distancing of Mister Commissioner and Mr Ariko. But I no longer allow such niceties to distract me. He misread my quietude I think as either agreement or disagreement. It was neither. Pure, unadulterated disinterest.

"You are telling me to insult the intelligence of these people," he says, his tone mollified and rather superior. I shake my head then, slowly. "Yes, that's precisely what you are telling me to do," he says spiritedly, spurred to battle by my *faint resurgent opposition*. "These people believe in rain-makers and so let's go ahead and exploit their ignorance for cheap popularity. That's exactly what you are telling me to do, Chris. Well I can't do it. You all seem to forget that I am still a soldier, not a politician."

He is in mufti as he now tends to be more and more within the precincts of the Presidential Palace: a white *danshiki* tastefully embroidered in gold, and its matching trousers. By contrast, many of my colleagues, especially the crew from the Universities aspire to the military look. Professor Okong wears nothing but khaki safari suits complete with epaulettes. It is amazing how the intellectual envies the man of action.

I think His Excellency noticed the faint smile brought to my face by that reminder that he was still a soldier; he has such a knack for reading faces. I could see him hesitate ever so briefly between taking me up on that smile and ignoring it. What he ended up doing was neither of those but something really quite proficient. Fixing his gaze on me, he yet managed at the same time to convey by his voice that I was excluded from what he was now saying; that his words were too precious to waste on professional dissidents.

"Soldiers are plain and blunt," he says defiantly. "When we turn affairs of state back to you and return to barracks that will be the time to resume your civilian tricks. Have a little patience."

At this point he is boldly interrupted by the Commissioner for Justice and Attorney-General and then everybody else with an assortment of protests. Actually, it is His Excellency's well-chosen words that signalled the brave interruption, for despite the vigour in his voice, the words themselves had sounded the *All Clear* and told us it was all right now to commence our protestations. So we began to crawl out into the open again. In his precise manner, the Attorney-General says "Your Excellency, let us not flaunt the wishes of the people."

"Flout, you mean," I said.

"The people?" asked His Excellency, ignoring my piece of pedantry.

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied the Attorney-General boldly.

"The people have spoken. Their desire is manifest. You are condemned to serve them for life." Loud applause and shouts of "Hear! Hear!" Many voices in contest for the floor.

"I am no lawyer," says His Excellency, his slightly raised tone breaking up a hand to hand tussle among the voices, "only a simple soldier. But a soldier must keep his word."

"But you, I beg pardon, I mean Your Excellency, cannot break a word you never even said. The nonsense about one hundred percent was only the machination of a newspaper editor, who in my judgement is a self-seeking saboteur."

"No obligation, Your Excellency, to keep faith with heretics," boomed the Reverend Professor Okong's voice.

"On point of order, Your Excellency." He glares at me now, and then nods to the Attorney-General, who had been interrupted by Okong and myself, to continue.

"Your Excellency, three provinces out of four is a majority anywhere." More applause.

"Your Excellency, I wish to dissociate myself from the Attorney-General's reference to a saboteur and to appeal to my colleagues not to make such statements against public servants who are not present to defend themselves." I liked the look of terror in my colleagues' faces when I used the word 'dissociate' and the relaxation that followed when they realized that I was not saying what they feared I was saying. Even His

Excellency was *thrown off his poise momentarily*. But, unlike the rest, knowing that he has been teased does not amuse him or offer him relief; rather it fills him with anger. He swings his hand sharply to the right where the Chief Secretary sits on the edge of his chair.

"Any other business?" ...

The unexpected convergence of the crisis on his person threw the Chief Secretary into utter confusion and inelegance of speech.

"Oh no, sir. Nothing at all, sir. Your Excellency." And then he looks across the table and our eyes meet... I think that the derisive smile on my face at that moment may have turned the bureaucrat right about. Perhaps he saw in my face a foreshadowing of peer taunts and ridicule lying in ambush for him beyond the massive doors of this citadel... He picks up his fallen words again: "But, Your Excellency, if I may – erm – crave your indulgence – erm – Your Excellency's indulgence – and – erm – put in a word for the Honourable Commissioner."

"Which Honourable Commissioner? There are twelve of them, you know."...

"Your Excellency, I mean the Honourable Commissioner for Information."

There is a long and baffled silence. Then His Excellency who, I admit, is extremely good at such times says:

"He doesn't need a word from you. Remember, he owns all the words in this country – newspapers, radio and television stations..."

The peals of laughter that broke out engulfed everybody for minutes and put us all at ease again... If the meeting ended now, we would go home happy – the homely ones among us entitled to answer their wives with a smile should they ask what kind of day they'd had. But His Excellency wasn't done with us yet, alas.

"What were you going to say for the Commissioner of Information, anyway?"

"Your Excellency, it is – erm – about this visit to Abazon."

"In that case, the meeting stands adjourned." He gets up abruptly...

(a) Give the meaning in context of the following expressions:

- i. "...conceded victory" (line 10)
- ii. "...propitious auguries." (line 35)
- iii. "...faint resurgent opposition" (line 68)
- iv. "...thrown off his poise momentarily" (line 106)

(2 marks)

(b) Comment on the effective use of irony and humour in the passage.

(2 marks)

(c) Transform the following sentence into reported speech: "These people believe in rain-makers and so let's go ahead and exploit their ignorance for cheap popularity" (lines 68-69)

(2 marks)

(d) Give two reasons to justify the claim that the Commissioner for Information is ill at ease with the games they play in these cabinet sessions.

(2 marks)

(e) In about fifty words, comment on the relationship between His Excellency and the Commissioners.

(2 marks)

SECTION C: POETRY APPRECIATION

4. Read the following poem carefully and answer the questions on it.

"The Girl Next Door"

Her shouts break my heart
Her sobs last for hours
She *weeps low* and lone
For fear the whip may return

Her *screeches* break my ears
Her pleas are so frequent
She *mops her tears* with the back of her hand
For fear the whip may return

Her tears fill me with compassion
Her sad face is always appealing
She sends the signal subtly
For fear the whip may return

Out of home she's an angel
Jovial, eager and playful
Yet the moment dad gets home,
The fear, the tears and *the shrieks return*.

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- a) In about 150 words say what you consider to be the meaning of the poem (2 marks)
- b) Give the meaning in context of the following words and expressions: (2 marks)
- i) *weeps low* (line 3)
 - ii) *screeches* (line 5)
 - iii) *mops her tears* (line 7)
 - iv) *the shrieks return* (line 16)
- c) Comment on the effective use of any two figures of speech used in the poem. (2 marks)
- d) Paying attention to structure and diction, say why you find the poem successful. (2 marks)
- e) Taking into account the situation in the poem, write, in a stanza of four lines, what happens to the girl when "the whip" finally returns. (2 marks)

GO BACK AND CHECK YOUR WORK