

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION BOARD
General Certificate of Education Examination

JUNE 2025

ADVANCED LEVEL

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

Duration: Three Hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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 *Coriolanus*, and answer the questions that follow it.

Nicanor: I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.	
Adrian: It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.	
Nicanor: I am a Roman, and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?	5
Adrian: Nicanor, no?	
Nicanor: The same, sir.	
Adrian: You had more beard when I last saw you, but <i>your favour is well appeared by your tongue</i> . What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.	10
Nicanor: There had been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.	
Adrian: Hath been? Is it ended? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.	15
Nicanor: The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again, for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are <i>in a ripe aptness</i> to take all power from the people, and to pluck them from their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.	20
Adrian : Coriolanus banished?	25
Nicanor: Banished, sir.	
Adrian: You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.	
Nicanor: The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great oppose Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.	30
Adrian: He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.	
Nicanor: I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?	35
Adrian: A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.	
Nicanor: I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and I am the man. I think that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.	40
Adrian: You take my part from me, sir. I have the most cause to be glad of yours.	45
Nicanor: Well, let us go together.	

- a) Put the italicized lines in good modern English prose
- your favour is well appeared by your tongue.* (lines 8-9)
 - in a ripe aptness.* (lines 19-20)
- b) Comment on **two** aspects of Nicanor's character.
- c) Pick out **two** figures of speech used in the extract and comment on their aptness.

(2 marks)

(2 marks)

(2 marks)

- d) i) State **two** themes used in this extract. (1 mark)
 ii) Comment on the dramatic significance of this extract. (1 mark)
- e) Adrian is a spy. In **at most fifty words**, write the intelligence report he will likely present to the Volscian state upon his return. (2 marks)

2. Read the following extract from Wole Soyinka's *A Dance of the Forests*, and answer the questions that follow it.

ESHUORO: Answer quickly. On whose side are you?	
MURETE: I hadn't been told we were taking sides.	
ESHUORO: Fool. How you survived till now I do not know.	
Have you seen how they celebrate the gathering of the tribes in our own destruction?	
today they even dared to chase out the forest spirits by poisoning the air with petrol fumes.	5
Have you seen how much of the forest has been torn down for their petty decorations?	
MURETE: I know it wasn't the humans <i>who ate my roofing</i> .	
[Eshuoro presses his arm so hard Murete yelps with pain.]	
ESHUORO: Don't talk back, tree gleaner. I'm telling you,	
Today must be <i>a day of reprisals</i> .	10
While they are gluttoned and full of themselves that is the time.	
Aroni's little ceremony must be made into a bloody sentence.	
My patience is at an end.	
Where the humans preserve a little bush behind their homes,	
it is only because they want somewhere for their garbage.	15
Dead dogs and human excrement are all you'll find in it.	
The whole forest stinks. Stinks of human obscenities.	
And who holds us back? <i>Forest Father and his lame minion</i> , Aroni.	
They and their little ceremonies of gentle rebuke.	
MURETE: You feel strongly about it. That is commendable.	20
Isn't Forest Father the one who can help you?	
Go and talk to him. Or if you are afraid to go,	
Tell me and I'll make you an appointment.	
ESHUORO: You had better not go to him if that is in your mind.	
I'll have you bitten for seven years by ants.	25
MURETE: Oh. Oh. So you can count on them can you? You have	
been poisoning the mind of the ants.	
ESHUORO: They were not difficult to win over.	
and they'll be present at the welcoming.	
Four hundred million of their dead will crush the humans in a load of guilt.	30
Four hundred million <i>callously smoked to death</i> .	
Since when was the forest so weak that humans could smoke out the owners	
and sleep after?	
MURETE: No one has complained much. We have claimed our own victims	
for every tree that is felled or for every beast that is slaughtered,	35
There is recompense, given or forced.	
ESHUORO: [twists his arm.] Be sure then to take yourself off today.	
Every one of you that won't come clearly on my side must take himself off.	
Go into the town if you love them so much and join the gathering of the tribes.	
MURETE: What will you do?	40
ESHUORO: My jester will accompany me.	
Aroni means to let the humans judge themselves.	
Good. My jester will teach them.	

a) Give the meaning in context of the following words and expression:

- i) ... *who ate my roofing* (line 7)
- ii) ... *a day of reprisals* (line 10)
- iii) ... *Forest Father and his lame minion* (line 18)
- iv) ... *callously smoked to death* (line 31)

(2 marks)

b) Identify any **two** environmental hazards that the extract raises or suggests

(2 marks)

c) i) "*Aroni means to let the humans judge themselves....*" How does this quote high light the irony in the plot of the play?

(1 mark)

ii) Pick out **two** reflexive pronouns in this extract.

(1 mark)

d) Identify any **two** typical aspects of African thought visible in this extract.

(2 marks)

e) i) Pick out **two** stage directions from this extract.

(1 mark)

ii) Suggest any **two** items that might be used by the humans in their "*petty decorations*".

(1 mark)

SECTION B – PROSE APPRECIATION

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

Last year, my husband came back from Britain with his bagged honours degree, as he called it. I'd dressed all the children in their Sunday bests to welcome him at the airport. Baba Sade pressed our four children to himself in joyous hugs but did not embrace me. Instead, he gave me a kiss first on my left cheek and then on the right cheek. His lips felt cold and dry on my Vaseline-shiny-soft face. Then I saw her standing behind him. Her skin was very fair like Bassey, *the albino cobbler* that lived on our street. Only that her hair was jet black and the length of it sent jealous prickles running down my spine.

"Mama Sade, this is Maggie. She's my wife".

"Maggie, this is the mother of my children", he said, turning to the mammy-water beside him.

She smiled and stretched out her hand to shake me. I took her palm in my hand; it felt very soft like Shea butter. There was also a funny smell hanging like a halo around her. It was like the scent of many flowers and herbs mixed together. I looked disbelievingly at my husband grinning beside Maggie. He had complained bitterly when I had started using the perfume I bought from Ahmadu. Baba Sade said it smelt like the disinfectant used in washing dead bodies. I soon discovered that Maggie could do no wrong in the eyes of Baba Sade.

"She is the quintessential civilised African woman", Baba Sade said, when I asked why he brought a foreign woman home. *My eyes widened in amazement* at his words. Maggie, an African woman! Impossible! Baba Sade told me Maggie was also an African woman just like the rest of us because her ancestors were African. They were part of the people that crossed the Atlantic during the slave trade. He said being African is not defined by the language someone speaks or the skin colour because there were many light-skinned Africans in Northern and Southern Africa. If he likes, let him recite the lecture from dawn till sunset, I thought to myself. Maggie can never be considered as an African woman; definitely not as African as me.

"I have heard you, my husband. I will accept Maggie", I said in my most docile voice. That was another thing, Maggie had not learnt – she spoke her mind every time and loudly too.

"Honey, don't be so uncouth, you should close your lips while chewing," Maggie would say, as we sat on the table eating dinner.

"Yes dear", Baba Sade would reply, as he began to chew slower. Baba Sade had taken me aside and explained things to me. Maggie was the woman who helped him to survive in the white man's land.

"I would have died of hunger and cold without her." He'd said in a hoarse whisper.

Even though every woman desires to be the sole apple of her husband's eye, I'd realised that men's eyes are prone to rove like a frog looking for a fly. So, my contention was not with my husband taking a second wife. I hated having a foreign woman as my rival. We could not even fight properly over our husband. Maggie did not understand the abusive songs in our language that I used to taunt her. "See the wife with two left legs and a stick for a hand..." I sang one morning, as I watched Maggie throwing the burnt slices of yam she cooked into the dustbin. Maggie did not understand the concept of African polygamy at all. Imagine her saying we could be good friends or like sisters. "I came to Africa to rediscover my roots. I read that polygamy is not savagery like the West presents it. It's a functional family system," Maggie chatted parrot-like. I shook my head at her ignorance. She talked as if Africa was just one big country with one unified tradition and identity. Even with my Standard-six brain (as Baba Sade named it), I knew that notion was very wrong. Has she come to rediscover the Yoruba roots – to learn the bata dance and the names of the multiple gods? Or to learn the system of age grouping amongst the Igbo?

"Why do you folks dip a curtsy to each other? Isn't it meant for royalty?" Maggie asked, when she noticed everyone kneeling before her. I told her it was our way of greeting each other; both the young and old. My ribs cracked in their cage the next morning when Maggie knelt before my children in greeting. Baba Sade was very embarrassed and the children could not stop giggling at their *ridiculous stepmother*.

Turn Over

My amusement soon turned into resentment as Baba Sade continued to give Maggie special treatment. He installed an air-conditioner in her room because she complained of the stifling heat and when she became pregnant, he bought her a gleaming Peugeot 504. I got so jealous to the point of distraction and I grumbled out loud but Baba Sade only laughed at my dissatisfaction. He said Maggie was not troublesome like indigenous African women and I should be happy to have her as my co-wife. That was before Maggie started acting up.	50
It started on the day set for Baba Sade's chieftaincy celebration. Maggie walked around the house pensively ticking off and adding items to her endless to-do list. She really got blood pulsating at my temple with the way she tried to control everything as if she was the senior wife. "Oh my goodness, you folks are slaughtering the cow on the dirty grass, that's unhygienic." Maggie squealed like the rats inside our foods store. The butcher-men grinned at her; <i>ogling at her flawless skin</i> .	55
"Ha! Oyinbo Madam, we go wash the meat. No wahala," the men replied with an over eagerness to please. That was another thing I detested about Maggie. Wherever she went, the men became crazy and clamoured after her like he-goats on heat – even the randy bleating was part of the meaningless charade. Sometimes, I wonder at the wisdom of our men. They are so enchanted by these akata women as if the women at home are not good enough for them. Their fascination with these foreign women is akin to a child's endearment to a doll. Like the child, they realise these women are not real but they like to live with the deception. Baba Sade's chieftancy ceremony had been scheduled for 2:00pm but the guests did not begin to arrive until two hours later. This made Maggie very upset because she did not understand the concept of African time.	60
"Maggie don't get all worked up, people will soon start to arrive," Baba Sade coaxed. Maggie continued to fret as she thought of all her carefully laid-out plans going to waste. They are all very rude people. Imagine coming to a scheduled event this late! Maggie fumed, as the guests began to trickle in at a quarter to four. Then the debacle began. Maggie grabbed the microphone, "You people should be ashamed of yourselves! I was told that it's a common practice for you to observe African time which is no time. It's such mediocre practices that leave Africa in the dregs of its underdevelopment." There was a meaning-laden silence for several minutes after Maggie's reprimanding speech. Then, the high-life band killed the silence as they burst into the refrain of Ebenezer Obey's song:	65
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <i>ko s'ogbon te le da,</i> <i>ko si iwa t'ele hu,</i> <i>ko s'ona tele lo,</i> <i>te lefti t'aye loorun o.</i> </div> <div> there's no act of wisdom no good behaviour no direction that one can take That will satisfy everyone </div> </div>	70
I laughed merrily at the sarcasm of the musicians; they saw Maggie as the disgruntled foreigner who felt she had all the knowledge about Africa –	75
What it should be or not be even more than the original Africans.	80
"She's just an outspoken woman. She didn't mean any harm", Baba Sade said, in defence of Maggie after the ceremony. Outspoken indeed! I would have been nailed out-rightly mad, if I had dared the same feat. I swallowed my anger as a true resilient African woman.	85
The whole matter travelled from weighing down my back to choking my throat when Baba Sade moved into the same bedroom with Maggie. He even preferred a pregnant Maggie over me. I walked away from their bedroom door quietly....	90

Read the following poem carefully and then answer the questions below.

Turn Over

- a) In about 150 words say what you consider to be the meaning of the poem bringing out the Poet's attitude towards the subject matter (2 marks)
- b) Give the meaning, in context, of the following words and expressions:
- i) *Marks the sport* (line 3)
 - ii) *Faults which our destiny has blossomed into crimes* (line 6-7)
 - iii) *Cursed* (line 8)
 - iv) *Pounding waves* (line 14) (2 marks)
- c) Pick out a metaphor and a personification from the poem and show how they have been effectively used. (2 marks)
- d) How does the structure of the poem contribute to its meaning? (2 marks)
- e) Assuming that you are a journalist who has followed up the environmental degradation in the poem, present a newspaper report on the fate of Keta in about 100 words. (2 marks)
-