



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 2023**

**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 are worth equal marks.

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**TURN OVER FOR SECTION A**

## SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

J.B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

## Either

- \*1 What do you think the following passage reveals about the Birlings and the way they relate to each other? Refer closely to the passage for support.

Birling:	Well, well – this is very nice. Very nice. Good dinner too, Sybil. Tell cook from me.	
Gerald:	[ <i>politely</i> ] Absolutely first-class.	
Mrs Birling:	[ <i>reproachfully</i> ] Arthur, you're not supposed to say such things –	
Birling:	Oh – come, come – I'm treating Gerald like one of the family. And I'm sure he won't object.	5
Sheila:	[ <i>with mock aggressiveness</i> ] Go on, Gerald – just you object!	
Gerald:	[ <i>smiling</i> ] Wouldn't dream of it. In fact, I insist upon being one of the family now. I've been trying long enough, haven't I? [ <i>As she does not reply, with more insistence.</i> ] Haven't I? You know I have.	
Mrs Birling:	[ <i>smiling</i> ] Of course she does.	10
Sheila:	[ <i>half serious, half playful</i> ] Yes – except for all last summer, when you never came near me, and I wondered what had happened to you.	
Gerald:	And I've told you – I was awfully busy at the works all that time.	
Sheila:	[ <i>same tone as before</i> ] Yes, that's what you say.	
Mrs Birling:	Now, Sheila, don't tease him. When you're married you'll realize that men with important work to do sometimes have to spend nearly all their time and energy on their business. You'll have to get used to that, just as I had.	15
Sheila:	I don't believe I will. [ <i>Half playful, half serious, to GERALD.</i> ] So you be careful.	
Gerald:	Oh – I will, I will. [ <i>ERIC suddenly guffaws. His parents look at him.</i> ]	20
Sheila:	[ <i>severely</i> ] Now – what's the joke?	
Eric:	I don't know – really. Suddenly I felt I just had to laugh.	
Sheila:	You're squiffy.	
Eric:	I'm not.	
Mrs Birling:	What an expression, Sheila! Really the things you girls pick up these days!	25
Eric:	If you think that's the best she can do –	
Sheila:	Don't be an ass, Eric.	
Mrs Birling:	Now stop it, you two. Arthur, what about this famous toast of yours?	
Birling:	Yes, of course. [ <i>Clears his throat.</i> ] Well, Gerald, I know you agreed that we should only have this quiet little family party. It's a pity Sir George and – er – Lady Croft can't be with us, but they're abroad and so it can't be helped. As I told you, they sent me a very nice cable – couldn't be nicer. I'm not sorry that we're celebrating quietly like this –	30
Mrs Birling:	Much nicer really.	
Gerald:	I agree.	35
Birling:	So do I, but it makes speech-making more difficult –	
Eric:	[ <i>not too rudely</i> ] Well, don't do any. We'll drink their health and have done with it.	
Birling:	No, we won't. It's one of the happiest nights of my life. And one day, I hope, Eric, when you've a daughter of your own, you'll understand why. Gerald, I'm going to tell you frankly, without any pretences, that your engagement to Sheila means	40

a tremendous lot to me. She'll make you happy, and I'm sure you'll make her happy. You're just the kind of son-in-law I always wanted. Your father and I have been friendly rivals in business for some time now – though Crofts Limited are both older and bigger than Birling and Company – and now you've brought us together, and perhaps we may look forward to the time when Crofts and Birlings 45 are no longer competing but are working together – for lower costs and higher prices.

- Gerald: Hear, hear! And I think my father would agree to that.
- Mrs Birling: Now, Arthur, I don't think you ought to talk business on an occasion like this.
- Sheila: Neither do I. All wrong. 50
- Birling: Quite so, I agree with you. I only mentioned it in passing. What I did want to say was – that Sheila's a lucky girl – and I think you're a pretty fortunate young man too, Gerald.
- Gerald: I know I am – this once anyhow.
- Birling: [*raising his glass*] So here's wishing the pair of you – the very best that life can bring. Gerald and Sheila. 55
- Mrs Birling: [*raising her glass, smiling*] Yes, Gerald. Yes, Sheila darling. Our congratulations and very best wishes!
- Gerald: Thank you.
- Mrs Birling: Eric! 60
- Eric: [*rather noisily*] All the best! She's got a nasty temper sometimes – but she's not bad really. Good old Sheila!
- Sheila: Chump! I can't drink to this, can I? When do I drink?

**Or**

- 2 How far do you agree that Priestley presents the Inspector as more than a policeman? Support your answer with reference to the play.

**Or**

- 3 You are Eva Smith just after Mrs Birling has refused to grant you charity. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

## Either

- \*4 What impression do you form of the characters of Antonio and Sebastian and the way they relate to each other in the following extract?

	[A street.]	
	[Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]	
Sebastian:	I would not by my will have troubled you; But since you make your pleasure of your pains; I will no further chide you.	5
Antonio:	I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you – though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage – But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.	10 15
Sebastian:	My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay; But were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?	20
Antonio:	To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.	
Sebastian:	I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.	25
Antonio:	Would you'd pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets. Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.	30
Sebastian:	Belike you slew great number of his people.	
Antonio:	Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did. Only myself stood out; For which, if I be lapsed in this place; I shall pay dear;	35 40
Sebastian:	Do not then walk too open.	
Antonio:	It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse. In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.	45
Sebastian:	Why I your purse?	

Antonio:	Haply your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.	50
Sebastian:	I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.	
Antonio:	To th' Elephant.	55
Sebastian:	I do remember. [ <i>Exeunt.</i> ]	

**Or**

**5** 'Love often drives people to desperate actions'. How far do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with reference to the play.

**Or**

**6** You are Viola just after Malvolio has thrown the ring from Olivia on the ground and left. Write your thoughts.

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

**Either**

\*7 What do you think the following passage reveals about the relationship between Jeroboam and the Old Prophet? Support your answer with close reference to the passage.

- Jeroboam: I am a Prophet. A prophet by birth and by inclination. You have probably seen many of us on the streets, many with their own churches, many inland, many on the coast, many leading processions, many looking for processions to lead, many curing the deaf, many raising the dead. In fact, there are eggs and there are eggs. Same thing with prophets. I was born a Prophet. I think my parents found that I was born with rather thick and long hair. It was said to come right down to my eyes and down to my neck. For them, this was a certain sign that I was born a natural prophet. And I grew to love the trade. It used to be a very respectable one in those days and competition was dignified. But in the last few years, the beach has become fashionable, and the struggle for land has turned the profession into a thing of ridicule. Some prophets I could name gained their present beaches by getting women penitents to shake their bosoms in spiritual ecstasy. This prejudiced the councillors who came to divide the beach among us. Yes, it did come to the point where it became necessary for the Town Council come to the beach and settle the prophets' territorial warfare once and for all. My Master, the same one who brought me up in prophetic ways staked his claim and won a grant of land ... I helped him, with a campaign led by six dancing girls from the French territory, all dressed as Jehovah's Witnesses. What my old Master did not realize was that I was really helping myself. Mind you, the beach is hardly worth having these days. The worshippers have dwindled to a mere trickle and we really have to fight for every new convert. They all prefer High Life to the rhythm of celestial hymns. And television too is keeping our wealthier patrons at home. They used to come in the evening when they would not easily be recognized. Now they stay at home and watch television. However, my whole purpose in coming here is to show you one rather eventful day in my life, a day when I thought for a moment that the curse of my old Master was about to be fulfilled. It shook me quite a bit, but ... the Lord protects his own ...
- [Enter OLD PROPHET shaking his fist.]
- Old Prophet: Ungrateful wretch! Is this how you repay the long years of training I have given you? To drive me, your old Tutor, off my piece of land ... telling me I have lived beyond my time. Ha! May you be rewarded in the same manner. May the Wheel come right round and find you just as helpless as you make me now ...
- [He continues to mouth curses, but inaudibly.]
- Jeroboam: [ignoring him.] He didn't move me one bit. The old dodderer had been foolish enough to imagine that when I organized the campaign to acquire his land in competition with [ticking them off on his fingers] – The Brotherhood of Jehu, the Cherubims and Seraphims, the Sisters of Judgement Day, the Heavenly Cowboys, not to mention the Jehovah's Witnesses whom the French girls impersonated – well, he must have been pretty conceited to think that I did it all for him.
- Old Prophet: Ingrate! Monster! I curse you with the curse of the Daughters of Discord. May they be your downfall. May the Daughters of Eve bring ruin down on your head!
- [OLD PROPHET goes off, shaking his fist.]
- Jeroboam: Actually that was a very cheap curse. He knew very well that I had one weakness – women. Not my fault, mind you. You must admit that I am rather good-looking ... no, don't be misled, I am not at all vain. Nevertheless, I decided to be on my guard. The call of prophecy is in my blood and I would not risk my calling with the fickleness of women. So I kept away from them. I am still single



and since that day when I came into my own, no scandal has ever touched my name. And it was a sad day indeed when I woke up one morning and the first thing to meet my eyes was a daughter of Eve. You may compare that feeling with waking up and finding a vulture crouched on your bedpost. 50

**Or**

- 8** How far would you agree that the influence of social status is an important driving force in the play? Support your answer with reference to the play.

**Or**

- 9** You are Amope just after Chume has announced that you must pack your things because you are going home. Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JACK HYDES (ed.): *Touched with Fire: Section B: 'The light of setting suns'***

**Either**

**\*10** Explore how the speaker has portrayed the young woman in the following poem by Skip Spence.

**Motorcycle Irene**

There she sits a'-smokin' Reefer in her mouth. Her hair hanging northward As she travels south. Dirty, on her Harley, (But her nails are clean.) Super-powered, de-flowered, Over-eighteen Irene.	5
I've seen her in the bare Where her tattoos and her chains Wrap around her body, Where written are the names Of prisons she's been in, and lovers she has seen, Curve-winding, bumping, grinding Motorcycle Irene.	10  15
Ground round like hamburger Laying in a splat 'Tis Irene, her sheen I seen In pieces crumpled flat. Her feet were in the bushes, Her toes were in her hat, Stark-ravin', un-shaven Motorcycle Irene.	20
The Hunchback, the Cripple, The Horseman and the Fool, Prayer books and candles, and Carpets cloaks and jewels, Knowing all the answers Breaking all the rules, With stark naked, unsacred, Motorcycle Irene.	25  30

Or

- 11 The poems, *Easter Morning – The African Intellectual* by Abioseh Nicol and *In Westminster Abbey* by John Betjeman deal with Christianity. Choose **one** of the poems and explain how the attitude of the speaker in the poem has affected you.

Or

- 12 How does the poet convey a critical view of human beings in *Mountain Lion* by D. H. Lawrence?

**BRIAN WALTER and FELICITY WOOD (eds.):**  
***Groundwork: An Introduction to Reading and Writing about Poetry***

**Either**

- \*13** How do you think the poet's words paint a clear picture of the effects of the storm in the following poem by Pius Oleghe?

**A Sudden Storm**

The wind howls, the trees sway,  
 The loose house-top sheets clatter and clang,  
 The open window shuts with a bang,  
 And the sky makes night of the day.

Helter-skelter the parents run, 5  
 Pressed with a thousand minor cares:  
 'Hey, you there! Pack the house wares!  
 And where on earth's my son?'

Home skip the little children: 10  
 'Where have you been, you naughty boy?'  
 The child can feel nothing but joy,  
 For he loves the approach of the rain.

The streets clear, the houses fill,  
 The noise gathers as children shout  
 To rival the raging wind without, 15  
 And naught that can move is still –

A bright flash! – a lighted plain;  
 Then, from the once-black heavens,  
 Accompanied by noise that deafens,  
 Steadily pours the rain. 20

**Or**

- 14** Explore how, in **one** of the following poems, the poet has given a vivid picture of life and death.

- *Break, Break, Break* by Alfred Tennyson
- *Death the Leveller* by James Shirley

**Or**

- 15** Show the ways in which the poem, *Wind a Change* by Alice Walker, represents oppressed people. Support your answer with close reference to the poem.

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

## Either

- \*16 Explore how the poet's language describes the beauty of the evening in the following sonnet by William Wordsworth.

**It is a beauteous evening, calm and free**

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea: 5  
 Listen! The mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder – everlastingly.  
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought 10  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year  
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

## Or

- 17 Explore the bitter-sweet presentation of love in **one** of the following sonnets.

- *Sonnet 33 Full many a glorious morning have I seen* by William Shakespeare
- *Sonnet 42 That thou hast her...* by William Shakespeare

## Or

- 18 How do you think the poet deals with the subject of death in *The Dead* by Rupert Brooke?

## SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

**Either**

**\*19** How do you think this passage creates a sense of fear and anxiety?

‘H-ey, Atticus?’

I thought he would have a fine surprise, but his face killed my joy. A flash of plain fear was going out of his eyes, but returned when Dill and Jem wriggled into the light.

There was a smell of stale whiskey and pig-pen about, and when I glanced around I discovered that these men were strangers. They were not the people I saw last night. Hot embarrassment shot through me: I had leaped triumphantly into a ring of people I had never seen before.

5

Atticus got up from his chair, but he was moving slowly, like an old man. He put the newspaper down very carefully, adjusting its creases with lingering fingers. They were trembling a little.

10

‘Go home, Jem,’ he said. ‘Take Scout and Dill home.’

We were accustomed to prompt, if not always cheerful acquiescence to Atticus’s instructions, but from the way he stood Jem was not thinking of budging.

‘Go home, I said.’

15

Jem shook his head. As Atticus’s fists went to his hips, so did Jem’s, and as they faced each other I could see little resemblance between them: Jem’s soft brown hair and eyes, his oval face and snug-fitting ears were our mother’s, contrasting oddly with Atticus’s greying black hair and square-cut features, but they were somehow alike. Mutual defiance made them alike.

20

‘Son, I said go home.’

Jem shook his head.

‘I’ll send him home,’ a burly man said, and grabbed Jem roughly by the collar. He yanked Jem nearly off his feet.

‘Don’t you touch him!’ I kicked the man swiftly. Barefooted, I was surprised to see him fall back in real pain. I intended to kick his shin, but aimed too high.

25

‘That’ll do, Scout.’ Atticus put his hand on my shoulder. ‘Don’t kick folks. No – ’ he said, as I was pleading justification.

‘Ain’t nobody gonna do Jem that way,’ I said.

‘All right, Mr Finch, get ’em outa here,’ someone growled. ‘You got fifteen seconds to get ’em outa here.’

30

In the midst of this strange assembly, Atticus stood trying to make Jem mind him. ‘I ain’t going,’ was his steady answer to Atticus’s threats, requests, and finally, ‘Please Jem, take them home.’

I was getting a bit tired of that, but felt Jem had his own reasons for doing as he did, in view of his prospects once Atticus did get home. I looked around the crowd.

35

It was a summer’s night, but the men were dressed, most of them, in overalls and denim shirts buttoned up to the collars. I thought they must be cold-natured, as their sleeves were unrolled and buttoned at the cuffs. Some wore hats pulled firmly down over their ears. They were sullen-looking, sleepy-eyed men who seemed unused to late hours. I sought once more for a familiar face, and at the centre of the semi-circle I found one.

40

‘Hey, Mr Cunningham.’

The man did not hear me, it seemed.

‘Hey, Mr Cunningham. How’s your entailment gettin’ along?’

Mr Walter Cunningham’s legal affairs were well known to me; Atticus had once

45

described them at length. The big man blinked and hooked his thumbs in his overall straps. He seemed uncomfortable; he cleared his throat and looked away. My friendly overture had fallen flat.

Mr Cunningham wore no hat, and the top half of his forehead was white in contrast to his sun-scorched face, which led me to believe that he wore one most days. He shifted his feet, clad in heavy work shoes.

50

‘Don’t you remember me, Mr Cunningham? I’m Jean Louise Finch. You brought us some hickory nuts one time, remember?’ I began to sense the futility one feels when unacknowledged by a chance acquaintance.

**Or**

**20** Atticus says real courage is, ‘when you’re licked before you begin but you begin anyway’. How is this statement represented throughout the novel? Support your answer with reference to the text.

**Or**

**21** You are Jem, recovering after Bob Ewell’s vicious attack. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

## Either

\*22 In what ways does Golding make this passage so shocking and terrifying?

The hunters were looking uneasily at the sky, flinching from the stroke of the drops. A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The flickering light became brighter and the blows of the thunder were only just bearable. The littluns began to run about, screaming.

Jack leapt on to the sand. 5

'Do our dance! Come on! Dance!'

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire. Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and the boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side-stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spits, and the rest clubs of fire-wood. A circling movement developed and a chant. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable. 10 15

*'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'*

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the centre of the ring yawned emptily. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism. The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose a tone in agony. 20

*'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'*

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind. 25

*'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'*

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror. 30

'Him! Him!'

The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe. 35

*'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'*

The blue-white scar was constant, the noise unendurable. Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill. 40

*'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood! Do him in!'*

The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the centre, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring, and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws. 45

Then the clouds opened and let down the rain like a waterfall. The water bounded from the mountain-top, tore leaves and branches from the trees, poured like a cold shower over the struggling heap on the sand. Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand.



Now a great wind blew the rain sideways, cascading the water from the forest trees. 50  
On the mountain-top the parachute filled and moved; the figure slid, rose to its feet,  
spun, swayed down through a vastness of wet air and trod with ungainly feet the tops  
of high trees; falling, still falling, it sank towards the beach and the boys rushed  
screaming into the darkness. The parachute took the figure forward, furrowing the  
lagoon, and bumped it over the reef and out to sea. 55

**Or**

**23** 'If there is an absence of social norms, people show their true nature, and mostly it is evil and vicious.'  
How far do you agree with this view in relation to the experiences of the boys on the Island? Support  
your answer with reference to the text.

**Or**

**24** You are Jack after having attacked Ralph's group and stolen Piggy's glasses. Write your thoughts.

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

- \*25** How do you think Dorothy Johnson's writing in this passage from *A Man Called Horse* communicates Horse's discontentment and unease?

Once he could understand, he could begin to talk a little, and then he was less lonely. Nobody had been able to see any reason for talking to him, since he would not understand anyway. He asked the old woman, 'What is my name?' Until he knew it, he was incomplete. She shrugged to let him know he had none.

He told her in the Crow language, 'My name is Horse.' He repeated it, and she nodded. After that they called him Horse when they called him anything. Nobody cared except the white man himself.

5

They trusted him enough to let him stray out of camp, so that he might have got away and, by unimaginable good luck, reached a trading post or a fort, but winter was too close. He did not dare leave without a horse; he needed clothing and a better hunting weapon than he had, and more certain skill in using it. He did not dare steal, for then they would have surely pursued him, and just as certainly they would have caught him. Remembering the warmth of the home that was waiting in Boston, he settled down for the winter.

10

On a cold night he crept into the tepee after the others had gone to bed. Even a horse might try to find shelter from the wind. The old woman grumbled, but without conviction. She did not put him out.

15

They tolerated him, back in the shadows, so long as he did not get in the way.

He began to understand how the family that owned him differed from the others. Fate had been cruel to them. In a short, sharp argument among the old women, one of them derided Greasy Hand by sneering, 'You have no relatives!' and Greasy Hand raved for minutes of the deeds of her father and uncles and brothers. And she had had four sons, she reminded her detractor – who answered with scorn, 'Where are they?'

20

Later the white man found her mourning and whimpering to herself, rocking back and forth on her haunches, staring at her mutilated hands. By that time he understood. A mourner often chopped off a finger joint. Old Greasy Hand had mourned often. For the first time he felt a twinge of pity, but he put it aside as another emotion, like anger, that he could not afford. He thought: what tales I will tell when I get home.

25

He wrinkled his nose in disdain. The camp stank of animals and meat and rancid grease. He looked down at his naked, shivering legs and was startled, remembering that he was still only a horse.

30

He could not trust the old woman. She fed him only because a starved slave would die and won't be worth boasting about. Just how fitful her temper was he saw on the day when she got tired of stumbling over one of the hundred dogs that infested the camp. This was one of her own dogs, a large, strong one that pulled a baggage travois when the tribe moved camp.

35

Countless times he had seen her kick at the beast as it lay sleeping in front of the tepee, in her way. The dog always moved, with a yelp, but it always got in the way again. One day she gave the dog its usual kick and then stood scolding at it while the animal rolled its eyes sleepily. The old woman suddenly picked up her axe and cut the dog's head off with one blow. Looking well satisfied with herself, she beckoned her slave to remove the body.

40

It could have been me, he thought, if I were a dog. But I'm a horse.

His hope of life lay with the girl, Pretty Calf. He set about courting her, realizing how desperately poor he was both in property and honour. He owned no horse, no weapon but the old bow and the battered arrows. He had nothing to give away, and he needed gifts, because he did not dare seduce the girl.

45

One of the customs of courtship involved sending a gift of horses to a girl's older brother and bestowing much buffalo meat upon her mother. The white man could not wait for some far-off time when he might have either horses or meat to give away. And his courtship had to be secret. It was not for him to stroll past the groups of watchful girls, blowing a flute made of an eagle's wing bone, as the flirtatious young bucks did. 50

He could not ride past Pretty Calf's tepee, painted and bedizened: he had no horse, no finery. 55

Back home, he remembered, I could marry just about any girl I'd wanted to. But he wasted little time thinking about that. A future was something to be earned.

Or

26 How has the harshness and cruelty of racism been explored in **one** of the following short stories? Support your answer with close reference to the text.

- *A Sense of Shame* by Jan Needle
- *Let Them Call it Jazz* by Jean Rhys

Or

27 You are Lellie in *Dumb Martian* just after Duncan has physically abused you to the extent of bruising your face. Write your thoughts.

