

FORM TP 2017258



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CARIBBEAN EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL
CARIBBEAN ADVANCED PROFICIENCY EXAMINATION®

LITERATURES IN ENGLISH

UNIT 1 – Paper 01

1 hour 45 minutes

READ THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY.

1. This paper consists of FIFTEEN questions. Answer ALL questions.
2. You are advised to take some time to read through the paper and plan your answers.
3. If you need to rewrite any answer and there is not enough space to do so on the original page, you must use the extra lined page(s) provided at the back of this booklet. **Remember to draw a line through your original answer.**
4. **If you use the extra page(s) you MUST write the question number clearly in the box provided at the top of the extra page(s) and, where relevant, include the question part beside the answer.**

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SECTION A
MODULE 1 – DRAMA
QUESTIONS 1–5

Read the extract below and answer Questions 1–5.

The Two Brothers

Evening time.

5 *For the first time the room is untidy. The beds are not made, the table cluttered, the floor is littered with the strings and wrappings of the parcels of the previous day. MORRIS is alone. He sits lifelessly at the table, his head fallen on his chest, his arms hanging limp at his sides. On the table is a small bundle. Then ZACHARIAH comes in. He behaves normally, going straight to the bed and taking off his shoes. Only when this is done, does he realize something is wrong. The footbath hasn't been prepared.*

ZACHARIAH: What's this? [*Looking around for the basin*] Foot salts finished? Hell, man! Couldn't you have seen? What must I do now? My feet are killing me again.
10 I've been on them today, you know. [*Touching the toes.*] Eina! Eina! Forget the salts then. Just give me some hot. A soak will do them good.
[*MORRIS doesn't move.*]
Some hot, Morrie! Please! [*Nothing happens*] What's the matter with you? Don't tell me the stove is clogged up! [*Goes to the stove and feels the kettle*]
15 Agh, no, man! What the hell's happened? A man works all day, his feet are killing him and he comes home and finds this [*the stove*] ... and this [*the room*]. Floor not swept! Beds not made!
[*Beginning to realize*] There is something wrong in here. You say nothing.
[*Morris struggles to find a word, but fails and drops his shoulders in a gesture of defeat and resignation.*]
20 You mean ... [*disbelief*] ... you mean you got nothing to say? [*A little laugh but this quickly dies*] NO! It's not funny. Try to say something, Morrie. Please [*Desperate*] Try telling me what happened. Ja! What happened?

MORRIS: I've given up.

25 ZACHARIAH: What?

MORRIS: I mean, I can't carry on.

ZACHARIAH: Oh, so you've just stopped.

MORRIS: Yes.



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30 ZACHARIAH: But that won't do! Emphatically not! A man can't just stop like that, like you. That's definitely not good, because.... You want to know why? Because a man must carry on. Most certainly. Otherwise who is going to sweep the floor? Ja. Ever think about that? If everybody just gave up, just sat down, and couldn't carry on ... me at the gate ... you in here ... why, nothing would happen. Isn't that so? One by one we would just topple over and nothing would happen.

35 But we all know that *something* got to happen. So that proves it, doesn't it? We *must* carry on. Okay? Feeling better? [*Sees the bundle on the table for the first time*] What's this bundle, Morrie?

MORRIS: My belongings.

ZACHARIAH: What's that?

40 MORRIS: My Bible, my other shirt and my alarm clock.

ZACHARIAH: And what would they be doing in here?

MORRIS: I was leaving, Zach.

ZACHARIAH: Leaving?

MORRIS: Going away.

45 ZACHARIAH: Where?

MORRIS: The road. Wherever it went.

ZACHARIAH: Oh! [*Pause*] And what about me?

MORRIS: I know, I know.

ZACHARIAH: But you don't care, hey?

50 MORRIS: I do care, Zach!

ZACHARIAH: [*ignoring the denial*]: That's a fine thought for a loving brother. I'm surprised at you. In fact, I'm shocked.

MORRIS: Stop it, Zach! I'm still here. I know I can't go. You see, this morning when you were at work, I thought it out. It's no use any more, I said. There's no future left for us now, in here. So I wrapped up my Bible and my clock in my shirt and wrote the farewell note. Four pages! I explained everything. I was ready to go, man ... until I realized that you couldn't read. My God, that hurt! That cut me deep! Zach can't read without me! [*Pause*] So you see, I know I can't go ... but I've given up.

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Adapted from Anthol Fugard, "The Blood Knot". In *New English Dramatists*, Penguin Books, 1968, pp. 163-165.

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1. Identify the setting of the extract and give THREE adjectives which can be used to describe the setting.

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[4 marks]

2. Identify TWO props used in the opening stage directions (lines 1–7) and comment on the significance of EACH prop.

Prop 1

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Significance

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Prop 2

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Significance

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[6 marks]

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3. Identify ONE trait that is revealed for EACH of the TWO characters. For EACH trait identified, support your answer with evidence from the extract.

(i) Morris

Trait:

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Evidence:

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[2 marks]

(ii) Zachariah

Trait:

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Evidence:

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[2 marks]



SECTION B

MODULE 2 – POETRY

QUESTIONS 6–10

Read the extract below and answer Questions 6–10.

Digging

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
5 My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills¹
Where he was digging.

10 The coarse boot nestled on the lug², the shaft³
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

15 By God, the old man could handle a spade,
Just like his old man.

My grandfather could cut more turf⁴ in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
20 Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, digging down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

25 The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.



Between my finger and my thumb
30 The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

Seamus Heaney, "Digging". In *Death of a Naturalist*, Faber & Faber, 1966.
Retrieved from www.poetryfoundation.org/poem_and_poets/poems/details47555.

- ¹potato drills – parallel ridges in the earth for growing potatoes.
- ²lug – the flattened top edge of the spade blade, against which the digger pushes with his foot.
- ³shaft – the pole between the handle and the blade of the spade.
- ⁴turf – a section of peat, cut from the ground for fuel.

6. Identify TWO different activities taking place in lines 1–5 of the poem. Use evidence from the lines to support your answer.

Activity 1

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Evidence

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Activity 2

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Evidence

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[4 marks]

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Example 2

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Explanation

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[3 marks]

10. Comment on the significance of the title to the poem as a whole.

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[4 marks]

Total 24 marks

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SECTION C

MODULE 3 – PROSE FICTION

QUESTIONS 11–15

Read the extract below and answer Questions 11–15.

The Helper

With the death of her husband ...

It is a delicate matter to know how to deal with Rose. The ordinarily humane thing to do — tell her not to come back into the house to prepare dinner, take off a few days, recover from the shock — it is not the humane thing to do, for her. Under that bed of hers on its brick stilts there quickly
5 will be a crate of bottles supplied by willing ‘friends’; it is quite natural that someone with her history will turn to drink. So the lady of the house makes a pot of tea and gently calls Rose to their only common ground, the kitchen, and sits with her a while, drinking tea with her on this rare occasion, just as she will go to visit a friend she hasn’t seen for years, if he is dying, or will put in a duty appearance at a wedding in some branch of kin from which she has distanced herself in
10 social status, tastes and interests.

Flesh and tears seem to fuse naturally on Rose’s face; it is a sight that causes the face itself to be
seen afresh, dissolved of so long a familiarity, here in the kitchen, drunk and sober, cooking a leg
of lamb as only she can, or grovelling awfully, little plaited horns of dull hair sticking out under
the respectability of her maid’s cap fallen askew as she so far forgets herself, in embarrassing
15 alcoholic remorse, to try to kiss the hand of the lady of the house. That face — Rose’s face — has changed, the lady of the house notices, just as she daily examines the ageing of her own. The fat smooth brown cheeks have resting upon them beneath the eyes two hollowed stains, the colour of a banana skin gone bad. The drinking has stored its poison there, its fatigue and useless repentance. The body is what the sea recently has been discovered to be: an entity into which no abuse can be
20 thrown away, only cast up again.

Adapted from Nadine Gordimer, “Blinder”. In Crimes of Conscience, Heinemann, 1991, pp. 56–57.

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11. Identify THREE traits that are revealed in EACH of the following characters:

(i) Rose

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[3 marks]

(ii) The lady of the house

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[3 marks]

12. State TWO ways in which Rose copes with her grief. Support your answer with evidence from the extract.

Way 1

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Evidence

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Way 2

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Evidence

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[4 marks]

13. Identify the literary device used in EACH of the following lines and comment on the effectiveness of EACH device.

(i) “The ordinarily humane thing to do ... is not the humane thing to do” (lines 2–4)

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[3 marks]

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(b) Comment on the significance of this irony.

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[2 marks]



