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CARIBBEAN EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL  
CARIBBEAN ADVANCED PROFICIENCY EXAMINATION<sup>®</sup>  
LITERATURES IN ENGLISH

UNIT 1 – Paper 032

*2 hours 30 minutes*

**READ THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY.**

1. This paper consists of **THREE** sections with **ONE** question in **EACH** section.
2. Answer **ALL** questions.
3. You are advised to take some time to read through the paper and plan your answers.
4. 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.**
5. **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.**

**DO NOT TURN THIS PAGE UNTIL YOU ARE TOLD TO DO SO.**

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SECTION A

MODULE 1 – DRAMA

Read the extract below and answer Question 1 on the lined pages provided, pages 7–10. There is a blank space on page 6. You may use this space to make notes and plan your essay.

Clov

HAMM: Then he's living. (*Pause.*) Did you ever have an instant of happiness?

CLOV: Not to my knowledge.

*Pause.*

5 Bring me under the window. (*Clov goes towards the chair.*) I want to feel the light on my face. (*Clov pushes chair.*) Do you remember, in the beginning, when you took me for a turn? You used to hold the chair too high. At every step you nearly tipped me out. (*With senile quiver.*) Ah great fun, we had, the two of us, great fun! (*Gloomily.*) And then we got into the way of it. (*Clov stops the chair under window right.*) There already? (*Pause. He tilts back his head.*) Is it light?

10 CLOV: It isn't dark.

HAMM: (*Angrily.*) I'm asking you, is it light?

CLOV: Yes.

*Pause.*

HAMM: The curtain isn't closed?

15 CLOV: No.

HAMM: What window is it?

CLOV: The earth.

20 HAMM: I knew it! (*Angrily.*) But, there's no light there! The other! (*Clov pushes chair towards window left.*) The earth! (*Clov stops the chair under window left. Hamm tilts back his head.*) That's what I call light! (*Pause.*) Feels like a ray of sunshine. (*Pause.*) No?

CLOV: No.

HAMM: It isn't a ray of sunshine I feel on my face?

CLOV: No.

25 *Pause.*

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HAMM: Am I very white? (*Pause. Angrily*) I'm asking you am I very white?

CLOV: Not more so than usual.

*Pause.*

HAMM: Open the window.

30 CLOV: What for?

HAMM: I want to hear the sea.

CLOV: You wouldn't hear it.

HAMM: Even if you opened the window?

CLOV: No.

35 HAMM: Then, it's not worth while opening it?

CLOV: No.

HAMM: (*violently*). Then open it! (*Clov gets up on the ladder, opens the window. Pause.*)  
Have you opened it?

CLOV: Yes.

40 *Pause.*

HAMM: You swear you've opened it?

CLOV: Yes.

*Pause.*

45 HAMM: Well...! (*Pause.*) It must be very calm. (*Pause. Violently.*) I'm asking you is it very  
calm?

CLOV: Yes.

HAMM: It's because there are no more navigators. (*Pause.*) You haven't much conversation  
all of a sudden. Do you not feel well?

CLOV: I'm cold.

50 HAMM: What month are we? (*Pause.*) Close the window, we're going back. (*Clov closes  
the window, gets down, pushes the chair back to its place, remains standing behind  
it head bowed.*) Don't stay there, you give me the shivers! (*Clov returns to his place  
beside the chair.*)

Samuel Beckett, *Endgame*. Faber and  
Faber, 1958, pp. 42-43.

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SECTION B

MODULE 2 – POETRY

Read the poem below and answer Question 2 on the lined pages provided, pages 13–16. There is a blank space on page 12. You may use this space to make notes and plan your essay.

**Claudia by the Mirror**

She washes her face,  
wipes away the moisture,  
the black rings around her eyes.  
The remnants of the mascara will leave  
5 grit in the corner of her eye in the morning.  
Her lips are tender and rough  
where the lipstick has hardened.  
All this, the making of her face  
into something touched and looked at,  
10 she takes off.  
The black cardigan, the thread  
she always intends to cut off,  
the russet scarf she wound around her neck,  
unwinding now.  
15 Facing the layers she stacks on her bed,  
she becomes more and more naked.  
She touches her face  
Under her skin she feels her mother's bones.

*Gabeba Baderoon, "Claudia by the Mirror". In A Hundred Silences,  
Kwela Books, 2006, p. 47.*

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SECTION C

MODULE 2 – PROSE FICTION

Read the extract below and answer Question 3 on the lined pages provided, pages 19–22. There is a blank space on page 18. You may use this space to make notes and plan your essay.

Giving Blood

5 The noise of music from record shops and from the rooms of unemployed bachelors, the panic of the sirens, and the dehydrating heat followed them all the way to the hospital. Emokhai waited under the branches of a barren orange tree, a few yards from the hospital gate, while Marjomi caught up with him. Marjomi, devious, and absent-minded, stumbled down the street with quick movements that didn't seem to get him very far. The expression in his eyes gave him the look of an occasional criminal. He sidled up to Emokhai, rested a hand on his shoulder, and looked over at the Queen Mary Memorial Hospital, with its plaques, its dust-eaten statutes, the rusting ambulance vehicles that were broken down in the courtyard, and its flaking signboard. Then he said:

'My friend there has got to be something wrong with us.'

10 'What do you mean?'

'Surely there's a better way.'

'What are you grumbling about? You've got expensive blood, man. Let's go.'

15 And so on that boiling afternoon they went into the hospital. They were treated badly by the nurses, who hustled them into the waiting-room. Emokhai was called first. He shuffled out into one of the crowded blood units. Marjomi sat jerking his head, waving his hand, fretting on the uncomfortable metallic seat. When Emokhai came back in, having sold a pint, he looked very pale. He staggered as he pushed through the waiting-room door. Then he slumped into a chair, shut his eyes, and breathed erratically.

20 It was a while before they called Marjomi. And before they did he had to make some trouble. He went up to one of the nurses and an argument started.

'I need the money!' he shouted.

'You've sold enough for one week. Do you think we drink it, eh?' the nurse replied, and stormed away.

Marjomi went back into the waiting-room. He began to pace up and down, in a curious frenzy.

*Ben Okri, Stars of the New Curfew. Penguin Books, 2010, pp. 43–44.*

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