

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/73

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

May/June 2014

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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, glue or correction fluid.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the two poems printed below; they are both by Patrick Kavanagh (1904–1967).

Memory Of My Father

Every old man I see
 Reminds me of my father
 When he had fallen in love with death
 One time when sheaves were gathered. 5
 That man I saw in Gardner Street
 Stumbled on the kerb was one,
 He stared at me half-eyed,
 I might have been his son.
 And I remember the musician
 Faltering over his fiddle 10
 In Bayswater, London,
 He too set me the riddle.
 Every old man I see
 In October-coloured weather
 Seems to say to me: 15
 "I was once your father."

In Memory Of My Mother

I do not think of you lying in the wet clay
 Of a Monaghan graveyard; I see
 You walking down a lane among the poplars
 On your way to the station, or happily
 Going to second Mass on a summer Sunday– 5
 You meet me and you say:
 "Don't forget to see about the cattle–"
 Among your earthiest words the angels stray.
 And I think of you walking along a headland
 Of green oats in June, 10
 So full of repose, so rich with life–
 And I see us meeting at the end of a town
 On a fair day by accident, after
 The bargains are all made and we can walk
 Together through the shops and stalls and markets 15
 Free in the oriental streets of thought.
 O you are not lying in the wet clay,
 For it is harvest evening now and we
 Are piling up the ricks against the moonlight
 And you smile up at us – eternally. 20

2 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from the novel *The Boy Next Door* (published 2009) by Irene Sabatini.

“Let’s go for a stroll in the park. We can get something to drink at the bar by the train rides.”

Centenary Park.

Ah, the pleasures of Saturday afternoons, strolling up the long thoroughfare, bumping into other families, coming and going. The thrill of treats awaiting. On special occasions, perhaps a birthday, the train rides, perhaps even two, on the miniature steam train run by the Rotary Club of Bulawayo; the conductor walking along the open carriages, punching tickets and making jokes; the train starting, steam shooting up in a straight column; the pulse and the pace of my heart quickening; Daddy curling up, shoulders bent in the seat next to me, his head scraping the wooden roof; ducking under the long, long narrow tunnel, where if you’re brave enough you can touch the walls with your outstretched hands; up some bridges; *oh look*, a pond of ducks; watch your outstretched hands on the thickets and then back again to the waiting platform. 5 10

The frantic scramble onto the huge models of an airplane and a tank, children shooting and calling, *vroom, vroom, pa pa pa pa*. 15

The run up to the playground, a haven of swings and slides, *look, look what I can do. Look!* And the swings that can go so high that the sky seems to be about to crash on you, and coming off, legs shaking.

“That’s where I got this,” I say to David, turning my head and tapping a finger to the scar above my right eyebrow. 20

“On that?” he says, eyeing the slide.

“Yes. I was seven, maybe eight. It looked so high, scary. The big kids would go down whooping. I was with Thandi, one of Uncle Jacob’s kids. She had gone down a few times already. She was the same age as me and they lived in some flats in Luveve Township, which I thought was very exotic.” 25

David starts fiddling with the Walkman.

“Anyway, I finally worked up the courage to go on it. I can almost feel myself going up those steps, biting my lips, wanting to cry; the other kids, bigger kids, pushing and prodding behind me, *move, go, move*. So I’m finally right at the top, my legs have managed to carry me up those, what, twenty steps, and when I look down, Mummy and Daddy seem so small. I squeeze my eyes shut, my heart is racing. I’m holding on for dear life to the sides. I can barely hear Mummy, Daddy, Uncle Jacob, maybe even Thandi calling out encouragement. And then, suddenly, I’m off. One of the bigger kids behind me must have given me a shove. I open my eyes, big mistake. The sky seems to be falling. I will never stop. I’ll keep going, going ... and so, to make myself stop, I swerve to the right just as I get to the bottom, and I hit a bit of the metal edge that’s jutting out. Lots of blood. I had to have stitches.” 30 35

David looks at the rusty slide again with a newfound respect, and then the earphones are back on. 40

I don’t tell him how Daddy had to blame someone as usual. My mother. Or that there were specific times when black children were allowed in the playground.

Centenary Park.

What a grand affair it used to be. And now look at it.

3 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from the radio play *The Power* (1992) by Trevor Rhone.

[A radio plays an up-tempo version of "Let the Power fall on I". In another room American cartoons play on a television set.]

Radio Announcer: Good morning, Jamaica. The time on your dial is now 7.15, and it is back to school today.

Dad: Come on, Trevor David. Turn off the TV. Trevor David. 5
[The television set goes off.]

Dad: We've got half an hour to get to school.

Trevor David: Ready, Dad.

Dad: Let's go. 10
[Sound of a car driving along a fairly busy street.]

Dad: The traffic's bad.

Trevor David: You need a car like Night Rider, Dad. Gets you through traffic. Bullet proof. Lazer beam. Computer. Jumps. Talks. Lie detector. You going to miss the light. Speed up, Dad. Missed it. A Night Rider, Dad. That's what you need. 15

Dad: Yeah. Buy me one.
[Sound of a car slowing to a halt, and cries of little boys selling newspapers, "Gleaner!", "Herald!"]

Dad: So, Trevor David. Going to beat the brightest boy in the class this term? 20

Trevor David: No, Dad.

Dad: Why not?

Trevor David: I just can't beat him, Dad.

Dad: What if you worked really hard?

Trevor David: Daddy, if he's the brightest boy in the class, nobody can beat him. 25

Dad: Super Boy could beat him.

Trevor David: Yes, but he's from another planet, Dad. He's got super powers.

Dad: There are people right here on this planet with 'Super' powers.

Trevor David: Really, Dad? 30

Dad: Absolutely. In fact there is a story I could tell you about a little boy, round your age, ten, going on eleven, who discovered this quite extraordinary super power.

Trevor David: He did? Tell me about it Dad.

Dad: Like you, this little boy believed he could never beat the brightest boy in his class. 35

Trevor David: So what happened Dad? Where did he get the power? What was the source of the power?

Dad: You'll hear. You'll hear. This little boy's name was Theophilus.

Trevor David: Filofilus. 40

Dad: No Trevor David – 'THEOPHILUS'. Tongue between the teeth.

Trevor David: Theophilus.

- Dad:* That's it. THEOPHILUS. Now, Theophilus lived in a deep rural part of Jamaica, in a little village named "Look Behind". To get to Look Behind, you had to cross seven rivers, over mountains, through valleys. The nearest doctor was twenty miles away so you dare not get sick. Not only was there no doctor in Look Behind, there was no television. 45
- Trevor David:* [Makes sounds of mock distress.]
- Dad:* No radio. No cinema. No electricity. No street lights. 50
- Trevor David:* [His distress grows.] Dark days, Daddy.
- Dad:* If you think those were dark days, then close your eyes. Close them tight. Tight, tight, tight. Really tight. Keep them closed. Even when there was a moon that was what Look Behind was like at night. Dark. Now, Theophilus lived in a little wattle and daub house. 55
- Trevor David:* What's wattle and daub, Dad?
- Dad:* A house made of sticks covered with mud.
- Trevor David:* Shack.
- Dad:* More like a mud house, not much bigger than this car. The story of Theophilus, the boy from Look Behind who thought he could never beat the brightest boy in the class, begins on a late afternoon in Look Behind. 60
- [Sounds of knocking on a wooden gate.]
- Teacher:* Hold the dog! 65
- Dad:* Everybody had a dog in those days, so whenever you knocked on anybody's gate, you had to call out ...
- Teacher:* Hold the dog.
- Birdie:* Dog tie. Come.
- Teacher:* Good evening. 70
- Birdie:* Evening, Sir.
- Teacher:* I was hoping to speak to Theophilus's mother or father.
- Birdie:* I am mother and father Sir.
- Teacher:* I see. I am Walter McKnight. Theophilus's teacher.
- Birdie:* Delighted to make your acquaintance, Teacher. I am Berdina Johnson. Birdie for short. 75
- Teacher:* Pleased to meet you Miss Birdie. I should have sent a message with Theophilus to say I was coming, but he wasn't in school today. In fact he missed three days this week.
- Birdie:* Sorry about that, Sah, but what with the fact that he don't have no father, he have to help in the field. 80
- Teacher:* His father is dead then, is he?
- Birdie:* No, Sah. Left home one day say he going to town, and has not been seen since.

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

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Question 2 © adapted: Irene Sabatini; *The Boy Next Door*; Hodder & Stoughton Ltd; 2010.
Question 3 © Trevor Rhone; *Two Can Play & Other Plays*; Macmillan Education; 2008.

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