

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

PAPER 3 WRITTEN COMPREHENSION &
DIRECTED WRITING 1310/3

Friday **18 MAY 2012** 9.00 – 11.10 A.M.
including 10 minutes
reading time

Additional materials:
Answer booklet

<p>MINISTRY OF EDUCATION NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS</p>

BAHAMAS GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Do not open this booklet until you are told to do so.

Write your school number, candidate number, surname and initials in the spaces provided on the answer booklet.

Answer **ALL** the questions in the answer booklet provided.

Number your answers clearly.

Special attention should be given to the directions for each question.

Work should be neat and well-organized.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks available for each question or part question is shown in brackets.

Dictionaries are **NOT** permitted.

Read the following passage carefully before you attempt any questions.

Justin's heart raced as he scurried down the dark and winding street. He was only a few minutes away from his home, but even one minute was a long time to be out in the open when you were being hunted down like a small, wounded animal by a pack of ravenous wild dogs. It was two o'clock in the morning and there was no traffic. The silence of the early morning seemed to rest on the sleeping houses like a heavy, damp blanket. When he saw the bright lights of a car entering the street, he darted behind a large, green dumpster in front of *Strachan's Kitchen*. Then, making a quick decision, he clambered into it. 5

The sour, gut-retching stench of week-old garbage assailed him, almost overpowering him. Justin slowly lowered his body, careful to watch out for cans with serrated edges. His feet and bottom sank into a squishy mass but he resigned himself to suffering and tried to be perfectly still. By the bright light of the street lamp overhead, he saw maggots writhing in and out of what appeared to be a plastic bag of rotting meat. A rat abandoned its revolting meal to stare at the recent addition. Something wiggled down his neck into his shirt, but he dared not move. He heard the vehicle crawling by, loud, angry voices spilling out of its windows. "It's them," he thought. When he had sprinted from Conrad's backyard, Conrad and about four others had caught him and pummeled his body before he had gathered a superhuman strength and managed to escape. Looking back, he had seen them jumping into Conrad's car. 10 15

Now waves of panic attacked him, followed by an icy dread. Crouching even further down in the dumpster, he remembered his cell phone in his back pocket, but was afraid to speak. Besides, he had no minutes on it anyway. With slightly trembling fingers he sent a quick text message to several of his friends: *plz call da man 2 come 2 my street*. The police! Never had he had a negative encounter with them. "God," he thought, "Please help me. How am I going to get out of this? I've got to stop it, somehow!" He was tired of it and wished with all his heart that he had never said yes to Conrad's invitation. But it was too late for regrets now. 20 25

Once, in primary school, he had written a letter of apology to a playmate and it had made a world of difference in repairing their fractured friendship. He could remember it even now: "Dear Sam. I was wrong. I am sorry. Please forgive me. Will you still be my friend?" Nowadays, however, such strategies didn't work. What would conciliatory words mean to people who were angry all the time, who wore their grievances against the world like medals? For the thugs in the car, fighting was a favourite pastime. No, what he needed most now was someone to rescue him ... and lots of money and a bath, he decided, allowing himself to chuckle grimly as the sound of the car and the voices died away. He certainly could not keep running for the rest of his life. Yet, unless he paid his debts, he would always be looking over his shoulder. He had sunk into a mire, that was for sure, and saw no way in which he could reach the security of firm ground. How had this mess all begun? 30 35

Crouched in the dumpster, he thought of his lifelong friendship with old and kindhearted Jethro Ferguson. What would he say if he could see him now? Mr. Ferguson had known his family for years and had become a kind of surrogate father after Justin's dad had died in a freak jitney accident four years ago. When Justin was in 40

The corner store was warm and welcoming, carrying groceries, drugs and notions as well as school supplies. There was also a small deli near the back. Compact and well-stocked, it served as a community hub and attracted folk from outside the neighbourhood as well. Then last year, after Justin had graduated, Mr. Ferguson had called him into the back office and offered him a semi-permanent position. 45

“Justin, congratulations again on your grades. I’m proud of you, man. Now that you’re through with high school, it’s college for you, right?” 50

“Well, Mr. Ferguson, I don’t know. I was hoping to go off to college to study marine biology but with my Moms so ill, we need the money for her medical bills.”

“Tell you what. I’ve had it in mind to offer you a full-time job to tide you over until you get your family on their feet. You’ve done a great job around here helping me out all the years. And you come from good people – everyone in this community knows that. I’m glad to be able to help you out. Your dad was a good man, one of the best I ever knew. So, you think you could manage the store for me? I’ll pay you what you deserve, of course.” 55

Justin had accepted the offer immediately. After all, you needed money to support a family. His mother’s illness prohibited any quick return to her job as a masseuse at a physiotherapy centre and his other siblings were too young to take on part-time jobs. Taking care of them was a responsibility he did not once think of shirking. He was happy to do it. 60

It was funny how everything had changed so quickly. It seemed as if he had blinked his eyes, and all the euphoria he had felt over the smooth way in which his life was unfolding had disappeared. He had gotten up one morning with an unshakeable feeling of unease, a slight gnawing feeling that something was wrong. He couldn’t identify what it was; it was like those annoying, unreachable itches under one’s skin. Early that morning Conrad, who seemed to spend all day driving around, had pulled up at the store, purchased a phone card and ten cases of sodas, and had then invited Justin to a party at his house. Conrad lived in Justin’s neighbourhood, so transportation wasn’t a real problem. “You could walk there, dread, and you know you could always get a ride home afterwards.” Why he had said ‘yes’ to the invitation he would never understand. For the six years they had been high school classmates, he had not even liked Conrad and his ‘boys’. Perhaps his quick, “Okay, I’ll check it out,” had been prompted by the thought of being accepted by the popular clique of young men who had obviously delighted in their reputation as delinquents, always in trouble with the police, and who had just as obviously scorned high-achieving students like Justin. He had often envied them their ‘cool’ appearance, their many girlfriends and the effortless way in which they commanded the respect of their peers. During his high school years, it had not been easy for him to resist the magnetic tugging of their ‘gangsta’ appeal, but he had been determined not to disappoint the many people who believed in him. 65 70 75 80

At nine o’clock that night, he had found himself lounging in Conrad’s backyard with a group of thuggish young men and women in various stages of intoxication. Listening to the frequent and gleefully uttered expletives and obscene stories, he had felt out of place, but had not known how to walk away. So he had consumed one beer after another, against his better judgement, and his discomfort had climbed just as had the thumping beat of the loud music. His friends, who were pretty much just like him, would think they were hallucinating if they were to spot him. 85

The smoky smell of the ribs and chicken on the grill caused his nervous stomach to lurch, but he had eaten his share nonetheless, and then had allowed himself to be lured into a gambling game. He remembered thinking that it would be a way to while away the time. Not only that, he had just received his weekly pay and had foolishly listened to an inner voice urging him that he could win three times his salary in a few hours. 95

He had lost the first game. Then he had won the second, third, fourth, fifth. The stakes were placed higher and he noticed signals being passed among the other players, the clearing of throats and strange movements of fingers. He could attach no meaning to these, yet at one point there was a roar of laughter, as if on cue. He began to lose once more, time after time after time, and soon he was deeply in debt. But it seemed that his new "friends" had a sense of fair play. "Hey, bwoy, it look like your luck run out. You'll have to come back tomorrow night, see if you could win back your money and pay what you owe." The speaker's eyes had flashed in the outside lights that bathed the backyard. There had been more riotous laughter and Justin had not needed to be a psychic to know what would happen if he refused the invitation. 100 105

The following day, Justin had decided to take some of the earnings from the till at work. He would use it to help get his money back and pay off his debt. It was not enough to be missed, and he planned to put it back. Besides, he could never steal from Mr. Ferguson, who had just mentioned to him that he was working on a scholarship for him and had written a glowing testimony of his character. Just the thought of that letter of reference caused ripples of shame to roll over him. Yet he had to get money from somewhere. There was no one from whom to borrow such a large sum. He was the only one among his close friends who held a "decent" job. And he knew he did not have what it would take to approach his pastor or the teachers with whom he still remained close and ask for a loan of almost seven thousand dollars. Their shock and disappointment would be too much to bear; he knew too well that they touted him as their golden boy, the senior altar boy, the public school student who had passed ten BGCSEs with As and Bs. Some of them were working actively to secure a scholarship for him to go off to university. No, he could never approach them. 110 115 120

Dipping into the till that first time hadn't helped and his debt had continued to accumulate. The gambling became routine and so did the "borrowing". Sometimes he'd surprise Mr. Ferguson watching him speculatively, and now in every conversation they held the old man would say, "Anything you need to talk to me about?" The last time, Justin had bitten his lip to prevent the damning words from spilling out and averted his eyes from the old man's kind gaze. 125

There was also the problem of Delores, pretty and smart Delores. They had been "talking" since he had met her in the Southern Public Library where he still went to study. He had caught Delores giving him an appraising look three months ago and she had asked him for his telephone number. But he knew she would soon grow tired of "talking", meeting in the library and going to church together. He really liked her and feared she would become impatient and end their budding relationship. Even if he were to visit her home or invite her over to watch television with him on the lumpy sofa in the living room of his home, eventually she'd expect more. 130

The sound of police sirens drew him out of his musings. The street light above the dumpster cast a shimmering glow on the surrounding area as Justin slowly got to his feet and climbed out of his malodorous haven. Was it really only half an hour ago that 135

game, overwhelmed by the dark realization that he'd never erase his debt, never walk away a free man. He shook his head. "God," he thought, "*I know you'll help me. I'm going to stop this, somehow.*" The police car turned onto his street. A faint hope fluttered in his chest as he limped toward its bright flashing lights. 140

P. Moultrie & D. Tynes, 2010

Answer **ALL** the questions, including the multiple choice, in the answer booklet provided.

Unless otherwise indicated, **ALL** answers must be based on the information presented in the passage. Use your own words as far as possible unless directed to do otherwise.

SECTION A

1. "A rat abandoned its revolting meal to stare at the recent addition." (line 14) The "recent addition" refers to:
 - A. a plastic bag of rotting meat
 - B. garbage recently thrown into the container
 - C. the person cowering in the dumpster
 - D. the tin cans with serrated edges[1]

2. What was Justin's immediate reaction upon hearing the approaching car?
 - A. He called the police
 - B. He contacted his friends
 - C. He lay flat in the dumpster
 - D. He remained perfectly still[1]

3. Which one of the following is correct?
 - A. Conrad set his fierce guard dogs on Justin
 - B. Stray neighbourhood dogs pursued Justin as he ran
 - C. A pack of hungry dogs attacked and wounded Justin
 - D. Justin likened Conrad and his friends to ferocious dogs[1]

4. Delores can best be described as
 - A. eager and good-looking
 - B. intelligent and witty
 - C. smart and deceptive
 - D. talkative and unattractive[1]

5. The second paragraph of the passage serves to
- A. highlight Justin's strong feelings of hostility
 - B. create a setting that is tranquil and absolutely safe
 - C. elaborate upon the conflict between Justin and Conrad
 - D. stress Justin's determination to pay off his debt
- [1]
6. Identify **TWO** (2) of Mr. Ferguson's character traits. Give details from the passage to support your ideas. [4]
7. (a) Why did Justin accept the challenge of a betting match? [2]
- (b) What evidence is there that Justin might have been entrapped by Conrad and his friends? [4]
8. In the concluding paragraph of the passage the writer gives us insight into Justin's state of mind.
- Explain **how** the writer indicates to us what Justin is feeling and **why** he gives readers this insight. [3]
9. Although Justin and Conrad are young men who are similar in age, they are quite different in other ways. Write a paragraph of no more than 150 words in which you contrast Justin and Conrad in **specific** ways, providing support for your points. [11]

SECTION B

10. Justin's Big Brother/Sister Club publishes an annual magazine. A number of years have passed and Justin is asked to write an article which begins: "I was a golden boy and then almost lost it all, but managed to restore my life". Imagine you are Justin and write the article. Explain specifically what you almost lost. Then give several pointers to help members of the Big Brother/Big Sister Club make better choices.

You should write no more than 400 words.

[16 marks]

[PAPER TOTAL 45 MARKS]