



**GCSE**

C700U10-1A



**MONDAY, 1 NOVEMBER 2021 – MORNING**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE – Component 1**  
**20th Century Literature Reading and Creative Prose Writing**

**Resource Material for use with Section A**

**SECTION A: 40 marks**

*Read carefully the passage below.*

*This story is set in Botswana, a country in Africa.*

1 Mma Ramotswe had set up her detective agency with the money from the sale of her father's  
cattle. He had owned a big herd and had no other children so every single animal went to her  
when he was no longer able to take care of them. 'I want you to have your own business,' he  
said. She held her father's hand and looked into the eyes of the man she loved beyond all others  
5 and who had worked and saved to make life good for her.

After a slow start, she was surprised to find that her services as a private detective were in  
considerable demand. In almost every case she came up with some information for the client.  
When she could not, she did not charge a fee, which meant that everyone was happy.

10 When Happy Bapetsi came in, Mma Ramotswe gave her some tea, as she always did with  
nervous clients, and watched her closely. Mma Ramotswe confidently believed that everything  
you wanted to know about a person was written in the face. Now this Happy Bapetsi was  
intelligent and she also had few worries. This was shown by the fact she had few lines on her  
face. So it was man trouble, Mma Ramotswe thought. Some man had turned up and spoilt  
15 everything, destroying her happiness with his bad behaviour.

'I used to have a happy life,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'A very happy life. Then this thing happened,  
and I can't say that anymore. Let me tell you a little about myself. I was brought up by my mother.  
My mother told me my Daddy went away to work when I was a little baby and never came back.  
My mother did not mind a great deal because she never really liked him.'

20 She went on, 'I did well at school and discovered that I could do arithmetic rather well.  
Eventually I got a job in a bank and it was simple for me. I could look at whole sheets of figures  
and understand them immediately. I got promotion after promotion but I don't think I can go  
further because all the men are worried that I'll make them look stupid. But I don't mind. I get  
good pay and I have a nice house with four rooms. I finish work by three in the afternoon and  
25 then I go shopping.'

Mma Ramotswe smiled. 'You have done well.'

'I was very happy,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'But then this thing happened. My Daddy arrived at  
the house.'

30 Mma drew in her breath. She had expected a boyfriend problem but fathers were a different  
matter altogether.

'He just knocked on the door,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'It was a Saturday afternoon and I was  
resting when I heard him knocking. I went to the door and there was this man, about sixty or  
so, standing there with his hat in his hands. He told me that he was my Daddy and that he had  
been living abroad for a long time but now he was back in Botswana. And had come to see me.  
35 I almost fainted. He then asked if he could stay in one of the spare rooms.'

She paused.

'That was three months ago. Since then, he has been living in that room and I have been  
doing all the work for him. All he does is sit in his chair and tell me what to do for him next.'

'Many men are like that,' interrupted Mma Ramotswe.

40 Happy Bapetsi nodded. 'This one is especially like that and I have been getting very tired of  
running after him. I would not resent this but I do not think he is my real Daddy. I think he is an  
impostor and is just looking for a good retirement home.'

Mma Ramotswe just stared in astonishment.

45 'Can you help me? Can you find out if this man is my real Daddy?' said Happy Bapetsi with  
desperation in her voice.

Mma Ramotswe did not hesitate. 'I'll find out,' she said. 'It may take a day or two but I'll find  
out.'

The next day, Mma Ramotswe put her plan into action. She borrowed a nurse's uniform and set off to Happy Bapetsi's house. As she neared the house, she increased her speed so that she would arrive in a cloud of dust. The Daddy was sitting in his chair outside the front door and he sat up straight when he saw Mma Ramotswe run up to the house.

'Are you Happy Bapetsi's Daddy?' she asked, pretending to be out of breath.

'Yes,' he said proudly.

'I'm sorry to say there has been an accident. Happy was run over and has lost a lot of blood. She needs a big operation.'

The Daddy let out a wail. 'My daughter! My baby Happy!'

A good actor, thought Mma Ramotswe.

'Yes,' she went on. 'It is very sad. And they need lots of blood to make up for what she has lost.'

The Daddy frowned. 'They must give her that blood. We can pay.'

'It's not the money,' said Mma Ramotswe. 'We must have blood from her family and you're the only one she has.'

The Daddy sat down heavily.

'I'm an old man,' he said.

Mma Ramotswe sensed it would work. This man was an impostor.

'That is why we are asking you. She needs so much blood. They will have to take about half your blood. And that is very dangerous for you. You could die.'

The Daddy's mouth fell open.

'Die?'

'Yes,' said Mma Ramotswe. 'But you are her father and we know that you would do this for your daughter. The doctor is waiting.'

Mma Ramotswe took his wrist and tugged him towards the van.

'No,' he said. 'I don't want to.'

'You must,' said Mma Ramotswe.

The Daddy shook his head. 'No,' he said faintly. 'I won't. You see, I'm not really her Daddy. There has been a mistake.'

Mma Ramotswe let go of his wrist. Then, arms folded, she stood before him and addressed him directly.

'So you are not the Daddy. Then what are you doing sitting in that chair and eating her food? Have you heard what the law says about people like you?'

The Daddy looked at the ground and shook his head.

'Well,' said Mma Ramotswe firmly. 'You go inside that house and get your things. You have five minutes. Then I am going to take you to the bus station.'

The Daddy just stood there, looking miserable.

'Inside!' she ordered. 'Four minutes left now!'

Alexander McCall Smith