**EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND**



**JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION**

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| **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH 120/02**  **Paper 2 (Unseen Text) October/November 2014**  **1 hour 30 minutes**  Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper |

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question. **Either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

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

Both questions in this paper are worth 20 marks.

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This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2

**EITHER**

**1.** Read the following passage about a dust storm in the Central Australian desert

Explore the different ways in which the narrator creates a sense of fear and worry for you as you read this passage.

To help you answer the question, you might like to consider the following:

* the way the writer describes the atmosphere/situation
* the writer’s use of language
* any other ideas you might have

One **1**sweltering late afternoon in March, I walked

out to collect wood for the stove. Glancing toward

the west, I saw a terrifying sight. A vast boiling

cloud was mounting in the sky, black and

sulphurous yellow at the heart, varying shades of 5

ochre red at the edges. Where I stood, the air was

utterly still, but the **2**writhing cloud was approaching

silently and with great speed. Suddenly I noticed

that there were no birds to be seen or heard. All had

taken shelter. I called my mother. We watched 10

helplessly. Always one for action, she turned

swiftly, went indoors and began to close windows.

Outside I collected the buckets, rakes, shovels and

other implements that could blow away or smash a

window if hurled against one by the boiling wind. 15

Within the hour, my father arrived home. He and

my mother sat on the back step not in their usual

restful **3**contemplation, but silenced instead by

**4**dread.

A dust storm usually lasts days, blotting out the

sun, launching **5**banshee winds day and night. It is 20

dangerous to stray far from shelter, because the

sand and **6**grit lodge in one’s eyes, and a visibility

often reduced to a few feet can make one

completely **7**disorientated. Animals which become

exhausted and lie down are often sanded over and 25

**8**smothered. There is nothing anyone can do but stay

inside, waiting for the calm after the storm. Inside,

it is stifling. Every window must be closed against

the dust, which seeps relentlessly through the

slightest crack. Meals are gritty and sleep elusive. 30

Rising in the morning, one sees a perfect outline of

one’s body, an after image of white where the dust

has not collected on the sheets.

As the winds **9**seared our land, they took away the

dry 10herbage, piled it against the fences, and then 35

slowly began to silt over the 11debris. It was three

days before we could venture out, days of almost

unendurable tension. The crashing of the boughs of

trees against our roof and the sharp roar as a nearly

empty rainwater tank blew off its stand and rolled 40

away, 12triggered my father’s recurring nightmares of

France during World War 1, so that when he did fall

into a fitful slumber it would be to awake

screaming. It was usually I who woke him from his

nightmares. I, the child in the family, would waken 45

and attempt to soothe a frantic adult.

When we emerged, there were several feet of

sand piled up against the windbreak to my mother’s

garden; the contours of new sandhills were

beginning to form in places where the dust eddied 50

and collected. There was no question that there

were also many more bare patches where the

remains of dry grass and herbage had lifted and

blown away.

From *The Road from Coorain: An Australian*

*Memoir,* by Jill Ker Conway, Vintage, 1992

**Glossary**

1 sweltering : uncomfortably hot

2 writhing : twisting

3 contemplation : meditation

4 dread : great fear

5 banshee : loud, high pitched sound

6 grit : particles of sand or stone causing

discomfort

7 disoriented : confused

8 smothered : suffocated

9 seared : burned

10 herbage : plants

11 debris : collected rubbish

12 triggered : started

**OR**

**2.** Read the poem below and explore how it makes you have many strong feelings while reading it.

How does the poem make you feel this way?

In your response, you may include:

* The story being told by the poem
* The language of the poem
* Your feelings as you read the poem
* Any other ideas that might have impressed you as you read the poem

**Reapers in a Mieliefield**

Faces **1**furrowed and wet with sweat,

Bags tied to their wasp waists

Women reapers bend mielie stalks

Break cobs in rustling **2**sheathes

Toss them in the bags

and move through row upon row of maize. 5

Behind them, like a desert tanker,

a dust-raising tractor

pulls a trailer,

driven by a pipe-puffing man

flashing tobacco-stained teeth

as yellow as the harvested grain. 10

He stops to pick bags

loaded by thick-limbed labourers

in vests baked

brown with dust. 15

The sun lashes

the workers with

a red-hot rod;

they stop for a while

to wipe a **3**brine-bathed brow

and drink from battered cans 20

bubbling with malty 4maheu

Thirst is slaked in seconds,

Men jerk bags like feather cushions

and women become prancing wild mares;

soon the day’s work will be done

and the reapers will rest in the kraals. 25

**Glossary**

1. Furrowed : to make the skin on your face

make deep lines or folds.

1. Sheath : a close fitting part of a plant.
2. Brine : Water which contains a lot of salt.

4. Mahewu : a drink made from mealie.

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