



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/01

Paper 1 (Closed Books)

October/November 2014

2 Hours 15 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 **three** questions: **one** question from Section A (Drama), **one** question from Section B (Poetry), and **one** question from Section C (Prose).

At least **one** of these must be a passage – based question (marked*), and at least **one** must be an essay/empathic question.

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

Marks allocated to each question are shown in brackets [] at the end of each question.

This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.

SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

Either

1. Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

SHYLOCK	:	My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.	
PORTIA	:	Is he not able to discharge the money?	
BASSANIO	:	Yes, here I tender it for him in the court; Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart; If this will not suffice, it must appear That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you Wrest once the law to your authority; To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel devil of his will.	5 10
PORTIA	:	It must not be ; there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established; "T will be recorded for a precedent, And many an error by the same example Will rush into the state. It cannot be.	15
SHYLOCK	:	A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!	
PORTIA	:	I pray you let me look upon the bond.	20
SHYLOCK	:	Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.	
PORTIA	:	Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.	

- SHYLOCK : An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven. –
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice. 25
- PORTIA : Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. [To SHYLOCK] Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond. 30
- SHYLOCK : When it is paid, according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge,
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar 35
Proceed to judgement; by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond
- ANTONIO : Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement. 40
- PORTIA : Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
- SHYLOCK : O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
- PORTIA : For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty, 45
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
- SHYLOCK : 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
- PORTIA : [To ANTONIO] Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
- SHYLOCK : Ay, his breast, 50
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
"Nearest his heart", those are the very words.
- PORTIA : It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
- SHYLOCK : I have them ready. 55

- PORTIA : Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
- SHYLOCK : Is it so nominated in the bond?
- PORTIA : It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity. 60
- SHYLOCK : I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
- PORTIA : [*To ANTONIO*] You merchant, have you anything to say?

- (a) How does Shakespeare make you strongly dislike Shylock in this passage?
Support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]
- (b) In what ways does the passage make you have strong feelings of admiration for Portia?
Support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]

Or

2. To what extent do you think Bassanio's love for Portia is real?
Support your answer with detail from the play. [20]

Or

3. You are Portia just before Bassanio opens the caskets.
Write your thoughts. [20]

OLA ROTIMI: *The Gods are not to Blame***Either**

- *4. Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

[Odewale comes out of bedroom. He is visibly shaken.]

ODEWALE: When the evil-plotter beats his drum for the downfall of the innocent, the gods will not let that drum sound!

FIRST CHIEF: Your highness, you must rest awhile.

ODEWALE: [*Pacing nervously.*]: Indeed! When the evil plotter beats his drum for the downfall of the innocent, I say Oduduwa, the all-powerful will never, never let it – [Faces *FIRST CHIEF.*] It is all my fault. I should have known. The hyena flirts with the hen, the hen is happy, not knowing that her death has come. I am an Ijekun man. That is the trouble. I, an Ijekun man, came to your tribe, you made me king, and I was happy, ignorant that plots, subversion, and intrigues would forever keep me company. Oh, but you wait... you will know me. One by one I will catch you: one by one, I will fell you all. First, that boy, Aderopo or whatever he calls himself. He wants to be King, so what did he do? He bribed the Seer to come and insult me, to call me murderer of his father. 5

FIRST CHIEF: My lord, you make charges sometimes without grounds. 10

ODEWALE: I DO, DO I? Very well then, tell me this: 'Bedsharer'. You heard it. Didn't you? That blind bat who calls himself Seer says I am a 'bedsharer'. What does that mean? Sharing a bed with whom? Ojuola, Aderopo's mother. In other words, I don't belong in that bed. In other words, I have no right to be King. What do you think of that? You don't answer? 15

FIRST CHIEF: The Seer is too old, my lord, he doesn't know what he's saying.

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FIRST CHIEF: The Seer is too old, my lord, he doesn't know what he's saying.

ODEWALE: Indeed? Tell me more. Go on, son of Kutuje. Expose yourself. The Seer is too old? Too old to talk sense? Then why, may I ask, did you readily agree when Aderopo advised us to bring him here to talk? 25

FIRST CHIEF: We thought he could help.

ODEWALE: Well, he has done what you sons of Kutuje wished. He called me murderer. Which means I must leave the land. Is that not so? [*Chuckles cynically.*] Is Aderopo jealous that I am sharing a bed with his mother? Very well then, let him come and sleep with his mother. 30

FIRST CHIEF: The gods forbid that such thoughts should enter the heads of the living.

ODEWALE: Oh, you wait, I have sent for him to come. Bedsharer. So, let him come and marry his own mother. And not stopping there, let him bear children by her. 35

[*Enter OJUOLA.*]

OJUOLA: Aderopo is here, my lord.
 FIRST CHIEF: My lord, I beg leave of you. [*Exit.*]
 OJUOLA: Shall I bring him in? 40
 ODEWALE: You go inside. [OJUOLA hesitates.] Go, go, go woman.

[She goes into inner room. ADEROROPO knocks. ODEWALE does not appear. He knocks a third time, still no answer. ODEWALE is sitting on throne, Gnawing at his fingernails in suppressed rancour. Door opens a crack. ADEROROPO pokes his head round, opens it further. Sees ODEWALE.] 45

ADEROROPO: My lord, may I come –
 ODEWALE: If you think that you can drum for my downfall, and hope that drum will sound, then your head is not good.
 ADEROROPO [*Nonplussed*]: What was that, my lord?
 ODEWALE: What is the matter, fellow, aren't you a Yoruba man? Must 50
 proverbs be explained to you after they are said? Aderopo, if you think like a tortoise you can plot against me without my cutting you down first with my own tortoise tricks, then, fellow, madness is in your liver.
 ADEROROPO: Is that supposed to be a new form of greeting?
 ODEWALE: [*Irked*]: Aha! I said if you think that you can uproot a tree that 55
 has been planted by the gods... hmm... my brother... [*Gestures at his head to imply madness in the other's.*]

- (a) What does this passage reveal about Odewale's feelings and what is going on in his mind at this moment?
 Refer closely to the passage to support your response. [10]
- (b) What do you learn from this passage about the relationship between Odewale and the First Chief?
 Refer closely to the passage to support your response. [10]

Or

5. Odewale says, 'No, no! Do not blame the gods. Let no one blame the powers. To what extent do you agree with Odewale's statement?
 Refer closely to the play to support your response. [20]

Or

6. You are Queen Ojuola just before you kill yourself.
 Write your thoughts. [20]

SECTION B : POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

LUCY DLAMINI AND NONHLANHLA VILAKATI, ed.: *When Fishes Flew and Other Poems.*

Either

*** 7** Read the following poem carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

“Night of the Scorpion” *Nissim Ezekiel*

I remember the night my mother was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours of steady rain had driven him to crawl beneath a sack of rice.	5
Parting with his poison – flash of diabolic tail in the dark room – he risked the rain again. The peasants came like swarms of flies and buzzed the Name of God a hundred times	10
to paralyse the Evil One. With candles and with lanterns throwing giant scorpion shadows on the mud-baked walls they searched for him: he was not found.	15
They clicked their tongues.	20
With every movement that the scorpion made his poison moved in mother’s blood, they said. May he sit still, they said. May the sins of your previous birth	25
be burned away tonight, they said. May the sum of evil balanced in this unreal world against the sum of good become diminished by your pain.	30
May the poison purify your flesh of desire, and your spirit of ambition, they said, and they sat around on the floor with my mother in the centre, the peace of understanding on each face.	35

More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours, More insects, and the endless rain. My mother twisted through and through groaning on a mat. My father , sceptic, rationalist, trying every curse and blessing, powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.	30 35
He even poured a little paraffin upon the bitten toe and put a match to it, I watched the flame feeding on my mother. I watched the holy man perform his rites to tame the poison with an incantation. After twenty hours it lost its sting.	40
My mother only said, thank God the scorpion picked on me and spared my children.	45

Explore how this poem creates strong feelings of frustration and surprise as you read it. [20]

Or

8. Choose **two** of the following Poems and explore how they make you think deeply about life.

- *Hunting Snake* - Judith Wright
- Hearken My Children* - Mzi Mahola
- If* - Jared Angira

Remember to refer closely to the poem to support your answer. [20]

Or

9. Choose **one** poem from the following and show how the poet's language makes the poem very memorable to you.

- Caged Bird* - Maya Angelou
- My African Tears Sing A Son* - Karen K. Zamberia

Remember to refer closely to the poem to support your answer. [20]

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*

Either

***10** Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

And the newcomers, particularly the beggars from the front of the church, who were great experts in financial analysis, looked quickly at Juana's old blue skirt, saw the tears in her shawl, appraised the green ribbon on her braids, read the age of Kino's blanket and the thousand washings of his clothes, and set them down as poverty people and went along to see what kind of drama might develop. The four beggars in front of the church knew everything in the town. They were students of the expressions of young women as they went in to confession, and they saw them as they came out and read the nature of the sin. They knew every little scandal and some very big crimes. They slept at their posts in the shadow of the church so that no one crept in for consolation without their knowledge. And they knew the doctor. They knew his ignorance, his cruelty, his avarice, his appetites, his sins. They knew his clumsy abortions and the little brown pennies he gave sparingly for alms. They had seen his corpses go into the church. And, since early mass was over and business was slow, they followed the procession, these endless searchers after perfect knowledge of their fellow men, to see what the fat lazy doctor would do about an indigent baby with a scorpion bite. 5

The scurrying procession came at last to the big gate in the wall of the doctor's house. They could hear the splashing water and the singing of caged birds and the sweep of the long brooms on the flagstones. And they could smell the frying of good bacon from the doctor's house. 10

Kino hesitated a moment. This doctor was not of his people. This doctor was of a race which for nearly four hundred years had beaten and starved and robbed and despised Kino's race, and frightened it too, so that the 15

20

25

30

indigene came humbly to the door. And, as always when he came near to one of this race, Kino felt weak and afraid and angry at the same time. Rage and terror went together. He could kill the doctor more easily than he could talk to him, for all of the doctor's race spoke to all of Kino's race as though they were simple animals. And as Kino raised his right hand to the iron ring knocked in the gate, rage swelled in him, and the pounding music of the enemy beat in his ears, and his lips drew tight against his teeth – but with his left hand he reached to take off his hat. The iron ring pounded against the gate. Kino took off his hat and stood waiting. Coyotito moaned a little in Juana's arms, and she spoke softly to him. The procession crowded close, the better to see and hear.

And a moment the big gate opened a few inches. Kino could see the green coolness of the garden and little splashing fountain through the opening. The man who looked out at him was one of his own race. Kino spoke to him in the old language. 'The little one – the first-born – has been poisoned by the scorpion,' Kino said. 'He requires the skill of the healer.'

The gate closed a little, and the servant refused to speak in the old language. 'A little moment,' he said. 'I go to inform myself,' and he closed the gate and slid the bolt home. The glaring sun threw the bunched shadows of the people blackly on the white wall.

- (a) How do you think the writer has used language to describe a desperate atmosphere in the passage? Support your response with reference to the passage. [10]
- (b) How does the passage influence you to have strong feelings of dislike for the doctor? Support your response with reference to the passage. [10]

Or

11. How far do you blame Kino for Coyotito's death? Remember to refer closely to the novel to support your views. [20]

Or

12. You are one of the pearl buyers after Kino has refused to sell this pearl to you. Write your thoughts. [20]

KAGISO LESEGO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*

Either

***13** Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

I asked my mother what she thought would happen.
 “They’ll decide soon, I’m sure,” she said.
 “Do you think they’ll come back?”
 “The girls?” She sat back in the kitchen chair and looked at the window
 as if it held the answer. 5

“I think they’ll let the White girl come back, but Veronica? I don’t think
 so. I think they are under a lot of pressure from the parents, and the White
 parents are in the majority.”

I thought about KB leaving and her parents choosing to have nothing to
 do with this. 10

I said to my mother, “The *Sowetan* has had stories on this, so a lot of Black
 people are angry. They could put pressure on the school to do something.
 Don’t you think that you and other people should talk to the school and have
 them bring back the two girls?”

She leant forward to look me in the eye. “Tshidi, remember a few months 15
 ago when Mandela came out of prison?” I nodded and she took a deep breath
 and I knew that she was about to explain something crucial. “A lot of White
 people were angry because they said that a criminal and terrorist was being released. They
 still insist that we should release people like Strydom, that
 maniac who randomly shot and killed a lot of Black people.” 20

“It’s not the same,” I said, confused. “This is only a school. That’s the
 whole country!”

“What’s offensive to you is not always offensive to me. That’s what I’m
 trying to tell you.”

“But it doesn’t matter. The school wants peace. Everyone does. They’re 25
 always saying, ‘This is the new dawn. This is the season for change.’ It’s also a season for
 mending fences, isn’t it? Why can’t they just let it go?”

She shook her head and raised her hand for me to stop. “Change is difficult
 for everyone, especially change that people feel they can’t control. But *this*
 is something people feel they can control. They can make phone calls and 30
 write letters and they are giving money to the school, so... It’s not the whole
 country, but it’s not only about this one school.”

“But Black people can go to the school and protest, can’t they?”

“Tshidiso, when people first moved from the townships to the suburbs there
 was a story about some people being attacked by their White neighbours and 35
 being forced to move back. People could have protested, but that’s not the
 first thing on most people’s minds. Not to say they were not angry, because

we all were. You know, people want homes instead of living in shacks, but they are not about to go and march so that someone can go and live in a bigger house. In any case, we could say whatever we want but the school will look at the people they have known the longest. Black people have just got there ... I don't know. This is a hard one." 40

"You really don't think Veronica will come back?"

"I don't know, but I doubt it," she said, holding my hand. "I think the other girl has a better chance." 45

"The school claims to be so proud of being the first school to let Black people in – and Veronica was in the first group of Black people to go there – I think they should want her to stay, maybe just for that."

My mother shook her head, doubtful. She usually calmed me down and made me believe that nothing was as bad as it seemed. Mmamane Malesedi was the one who never said anything positive, so my mother's negative attitude worried me even more. She was not helping. "If people can say the school is unsafe because their children could get attacked by this one girl ..." She bit her lip. 50

I stood up and started washing the dishes, not interested in hearing more from my mother. 55

- (a) What does this passage reveal about Matshidiso's feelings and what is going on in her mind at this moment?
Refer closely to the passage to support your answer. [10]
- (b) What are some of the challenges faced by Black people in this passage? What are your views about these challenges? Explain your views with reference to the passage. [10]

Or

14. Do you think the Masemola sisters are **'the shameful women of 4 Mabele Street'** as the neighbours believe them to be?
Support your ideas with close reference to the novel. [20]

Or

15. You are Tihelo Masimo, the journalist, and you have decided to interview Tshidiso on the racial incident in her school. Write your thoughts [20]

VELAPHI MAMBA (ed): *Africa Kills Her Sun***Either*****16**

Read the following passage from "*the quarry*" and then answer the questions that follow.

For three minutes, four minutes, it must have been Johnny stood with his back to the quarry face. After acknowledging the crowd's cheers, he had cut them off from attention, and stood there reassembling his small boy's powers. Everything was silent when again he turned his face to the quarry wall. The foothold was there, the handhold for the left hand was there, but of handhold for the right hand there was no sign whatsoever. At first he could not believe it, but when he tried again he knew there was no doubt of it. Had the handhold been perpendicularly above the toehold he might have done it, but it was at least a foot to the left of his body line. No one could pull himself up such a position. 5

A growl went up from the crowd, of defeat and frustration, and from the more knowledgeable, of sharpened anxiety. Again the questing hands, again the finding of nothing. The small boy, leaving his two arms in this up-stretched position, put his face to the face of the quarry, almost as if he were weeping or praying, which indeed is what some thought he was doing. He brought down his arms and caused the crowd to groan and shudder as his left foot explored the rock below him, trying to find the foothold he had used to reach the ledge. 10 15 20

In complete silence they watched him put his foot on it, but after a moment he withdrew and again laid his face against the face of the quarry. It was then clear that his ambition to climb had gone, and in its place was the frightenedness of a small boy. Again he turned himself round so that he faced the crowd, who could see clearly his loneliness and despair. His movements, so splendidly co-ordinated until now, gave alarming signs of randomness, and for one terrible moment it seemed that he might panic and fall. 25

This was the signal for a young African man of about twenty to take charge. 30

"Hi, sonny", he shouted, waving with an outstretched arm to the Small boy, 'don't be frightened. Thomas Ndhlovu is coming.'

On his way to the starting-point by the notice board, Thomas spoke to a white man who seemed to be senior to the others.

‘Get the police, master, or the fire brigade. I go up to stay with the small boy.’ 35

Then he started his climb, amid a new noise of laughs, cheers, approval, and advice. Thomas soon showed himself to be vigorous and unskilled, and his friends below, who had had been so anxious about the first climber, made jokes about the second. As for Thomas himself, whenever he had brought off what he thought a piece of good climbing, he would turn to the crowd and raise his clenched fist, to be greeted by cheers and laughter. Every few steps he would shout at the small boy, urging him to be of good heart, because one Thomas Ndhlovu was coming. The small boy himself had recovered from his panic and watched absorbedly the progress of his saviour. What had been a tense and terrifying affair had become a kind of festival. Jests and laughter had replaced groans and sighs, and Thomas, with intention somewhat foolish, climbed flamboyantly and wildly, shouting encouragement in English to the small boy and exchanging banter in Zulu with his friends on the ground. It was only when he reached the end of the first trail, and began to inspect the sharp perpendicular ascent that the crowd again fell silent. 40 45 50

Thomas however would not tolerate this new respect. Turning round he shouted something at his friends that caused much laughter. He too made the exploratory motions of hand and it was very clear that he was caricaturing the small boy’s motions. Nevertheless the laughter died away as he began the ascent and he placed his foot on the nine-inch ledge, rulers and ruled, richer and poorer, joined in an ovation of shouting and clapping, which was doubled and redoubled when he too turned to face the crowd. He smiled down at the small white boy and put his hand on his shoulder, as if to assure him that no one fell from a ledge where Thomas Ndhlovu was on it. 55 60 65

‘Now be quiet,’ he said, ‘some time the police come, and the fire Brigade, and you go home to your mother.’

The small boy said, ‘Thanks a million,’ and Thomas said, ‘What your mother say?’

‘I won’t tell my mother,’ said Johnny. 70

Thomas laughed uproariously, and pointed at the crowd below, where newspapermen were taking photographs and interviewing spectators.

(a) How has Alan Paton created a sense of suspense and anxiety for the safety of Johnny Deep in the passage?
Support your answer with reference to the passage. **[10]**

(b) How, in your opinion does this passage bring out the heroism of Thomas Ndhlovu?
Support your answer with reference to the passage. **[10]**

17. From the list of prescribed stories, choose a story that makes you feel very emotional. Say what the story is about and why you feel so emotional about it. You may not choose "The Quarry". **[20]**

Or

18. You are the man with the ugly wife at the end of the story. "The Man with the Ugly Wife". Write your thoughts. **[20]**