



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/02

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

October/November 2013

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.

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

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

EITHER

1. In this extract from a story, the narrator shares some of his experiences of growing up.

How does the writer create amusement for you as you read this passage?

To help you answer the question, you may consider the following:

- The way the narrator tells his story
- How the words used make you feel the way you do
- Any other ideas you may find interesting

The cattle were now no longer with us. They were being kept by an uncle of ours who lived at Musongo. As far as we young ones were concerned, it was good riddance. True, without the cattle and Sali, the home was no longer the same. True, we had said farewell to milk. But oh, what a relief! Oh, what unexpected happiness! For, to say the least, those creatures had made life miserable. Our lives, in particular, but father's life as well. I cannot remember just how many times father had been in trouble because of the cattle. I cannot recall just how many people he had quarrelled with because of the cattle. Nor can I recall on just how many occasions father was summoned to court because of these creatures

One incident, however, stands out in my mind. It was in the rainy season – and one of those seasons when the skies seemed to take a liking to our land. The rains fell regularly, and in the desired amounts. The wind blew gently, and never with too much force. A healthy, sturdy maize crop

flourished in every field, high and low. Many times, it made you wonder whether, by a miracle, free fertilizer was being distributed somewhere. It was simply a season of happiness. On the other hand, however, it meant that the cattle had to be guarded with even greater care. No one, indeed, would have liked such a crop to end in the mouths of the cattle. No one, indeed, would have liked the cattle to even approach their fields. Everyone, indeed, was simply full of hope. And so, we kept a close eye on our roving beasts. But then, there was that dear little game which could not be neglected totally. One cloudy afternoon, we were playing football again somewhere down the valley. The beasts were within sight, their bells clear as ever. Our beasts, however, were rather strange creatures. And of them all, the strangest was an old cow called Nyembere. Now, this particular beast had a way of doing things which often made us wonder if she was truly a cow. Many times, for instance, she refused to be milked by anyone except Sali. As we battled to tie her hind legs, she kicked out viciously at us. Some of us had lost our teeth that way. Sometimes, we would take the dreaded doorplank and beat Nyembere into submission. We would then tie her hind legs in triumph, only to discover that there was not a single drop of milk from her teats. The scheming creature had withheld her milk! And there was worse. Once in a while, the creature would release her milk. Then, just as the milk bucket was getting full to the brim, she would scoop up dry dung with one of her front legs and – and straight into the bucket! Yet, much to our amazement, Sali would milk the same cow without even having to tie her.

In the fields, Nyembere was an endless nightmare. You could be as vigilant as a watchman, yet the damn creature always found a way of sneaking out, sometimes trailing others with her. For that reason, we had tied the loudest bell around her neck. But that didn't help, either. As time went on, Nyembere learnt to sneak away without making the bell tinkle. And on that cloudy afternoon, as we played our dear little game, we suddenly heard Nyembere's bell hundreds of metres away. She was running – and running out of a maize field! Down came the sound: *ngere – ngere; ngere – ngere*; at quite an alarming speed.

'Friends!' Romera said ominously, 'Nyembere has got into a maize field!'

'That creature!' complained Chiu. 'The others are still here!' Moments later, Nyembere came into sight, with Kalkalazane in hot pursuit. It was now or never. And before Kalkalazane came any closer, we had vanished into the bushes like seeds ejected from a pond.

'You can run if you want,' we heard him thundering, 'but let me tell you that I am going to see your father right now!' With those words, he started going up the escarpment, and every step he took was a step towards doom ...

OR

2. How does C. Uche Okeke make this poem very exciting to you?

To help you answer the question you may consider the following:

- What the poem is about
- The language of the poem
- Your feelings as you read the poem
- Any other ideas that might come to you as you read the passage.

They walked and they talked

C. Uche Okeke

They talked and walked
 walked and talked and walked ...
 talkative homing dames;
 mothers, grandmothers, all homing
 returning from a distant mart
 baskets on heads, words on lips ...
 gossip or tall tales of folk at home.

They clapped their hands;
 they screamed from time to time,
 they moved their hands in most expressive ways ...
 their hands spoke even louder than their tongues ...
 as they swept like the great Saharan wind
 along the winding beaten tracks
 before them, silent, deserted.

Not even the discordant croaking of the toad,
 not even the noise of insects here and there,

not even the songs of birds everywhere,
were heard above the noises of these homing folk
who, forgetful of the ancient saying
that even blades of grass are living ears,
could not restrain their long and wagging tongues.

dames	women
homing	going home
mart	market
tall tales	stories difficult to believe
discordant	out of tune, unmusical
wagging	move up and down