



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/01

Paper 1 (Closed Books)

October/November 2012

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 consist of **18** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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.

NERISSA: Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men
at their death have good inspirations. Therefore the
lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold,
silver and lead-where of who chooses his meaning
5 chooses you-will no doubt never be chosen by any
rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what
warmth is there in your affection towards any of these
princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA: I pray thee over-name them and as thou namest
10 them I will describe them; and according to my
description level at my affection.

NERISSA: First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA: Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but
talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation
15 to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I
am much afeard my lady his mother played false with
a smith.

NERISSA: Then is there the Country Palatine.

PORTIA: He doth nothing but frown-as who should say,
20 'And you will not have me, choose!' He hears merry

tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping
 philosopher when he grows old, being so full of
 unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be
 married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than
 25 to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA: How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le
 Bon?

PORTIA: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a
 man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but
 30 He! – Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's,
 a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine;
 He is every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he falls
 straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow.
 If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands.
 35 If he would despise me, I would forgive him-for if he
 love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA: What say you then to Falconbridge, the young
 baron of England?

PORTIA: You know I say nothing to him, for he under-
 40 stands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin,
 French nor Italian-and you will come into the court and
 swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English.
 He is a proper man's picture-but alas, who can
 converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited!
 45 I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
 France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour
 everywhere!

NERISSA: What think you of the Scottish lord, his
 neighbour?

50 **PORTIA:** That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for
 he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and
 swore he would pay him again when he was able. I
 think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed
 under for another.

55 **NERISSA:** How like you the young German, the Duke of
 Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA: Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober-
 and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk.
 When he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and
 60 when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the
 worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go
 without him.

NERISSA: If he should offer to choose, and choose the
 right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's
 65 will if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA: Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a
 deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if
 the devil be within and that temptation without, I know
 he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere
 70 I will be married to a sponge.

(a) What does this passage reveal about Portia's feelings towards each of the suitors?
 Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What do you find particularly amusing as you read this passage?
 Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

- 2** For what reasons would you feel sympathy for Shylock in this play? Refer closely to the play to support your answer. [20]

Or

- 3** You are Bassanio, and you have just read the letter that informs you that Antonio's ships have all been lost or wrecked at sea. 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.

BABA FAKUNLE: Handle me gently, I pray you, for I am full of years.

FIRST CHIEF: Well then, talk!

ODEWALE: I shall count to three... Baba, feel this... [*Lets him feel his sword.*] I have sworn by Ogun to expose the murderer before the eyes of all at the feast of Ogun that ends tonight. I brought you all the way from Oyo to help us; and you are headstrong. My people ail and die; you are headstrong and silent.

5

BABA FAKUNLE: Rage all you can, King, I will speak no more.

THIRD CHIEF: Pray you, Old One, to be silent is to be –

ODEWALE: Don't beg him. He will not talk. The murderers have sealed his lips with money. Hmm, our race is falling fast, my people. When the elders we esteem so highly can sell their honour for devil's money, then let pigs eat shame and men eat dung.

10

BABA FAKUNLE: You called me pig! You are the murderer!

FIRST CHIEF: Murderer?

15

ODEWALE: Why, I have not killed you yet; I have not even touched you and you call me —

BABA FAKUNLE: Go on, touch me. Call up your raw anger, and in the blindness of it, strike me dead!

FIRST CHIEF: Your highness, the man doesn't know what he is saying.

20

THIRD CHIEF: It is old age.

BABA FAKUNLE: [*Feeling for BOY.*]: Boy... boy... where are —
[*BODYGUARDS rush on him, to force him down.*]

ODEWALE: Gently!

BABA FAKUNLE: No, let them... let them attack me. Is it not ignorance that 25
 makes the rat attack the cat? Ten thousand of them – let them... attack me.
 They have the arms, they have the swords, But me... I have only one weapon
 and this I have used, and mine is the victory. Ifa be praised.

SECOND CHIEF: What weapon is it you have used?

BABA FAKUNLE: Truth. The weapon of Truth. 30

ODEWALE [*Scornfully*]: What truth?

BABA FAKUNLE: The truth that you are the cursed murderer that you seek.

ODEWALE: Do you feel better now?

THIRD CHIEF: Is it because the King called you plotter in the death of our
 former King, that now, like a parrot that has eaten too much pepper, you call 35
 him murderer?

SECOND CHIEF: My lord, let him go: Our Elders say he who drums for a
 sick man is himself a sick man.

ODEWALE: [*To BABA.*] Have you anything more to say? Very well then,
 Old One... here... [*Handing BOY money.*] have this for your troubles. 40

BABA FAKUNLE: How much did he give you boy?

BOY: Ten cowries, Baba.

BABA FAKUNLE: Hand him back nine. All I am taking is one cowry for
 Esu the messenger of Ifa and Olodumare. No more.

ODEWALE: I don't want the balance 45

BABA FAKUNLE: Then hand him back his money, boy.

ODEWALE: Give it back then. You do not deserve it anyway. Now go and
 eat without shame the dirty money of your masters, the murderers.

BABA FAKUNLE: Again you force words from me! [*Hotly.*] You force
 words from me again you... you bedsharer! 50

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.

***My African Tears Sing a Song* Karen K. Zamberia**

I don't bother to laugh
when I see cattle and a hut,
a boiling pot,
broken hopes.

My grandmother lives in a hut. 5
Since one isn't enough,
she built herself three;
if only bricks were free

She'd build herself one strong home,
but they are not, so I cry for her; 10
my African tears sing a song.

We can only do so much
but no-one has the perfect voice
to try and sing this African song
that will heal Africa. 15

If you wish to hire a thief,
come to Africa.

If you want a foolish politician
with a sick thirst for big cars,
welcome to Africa.

20

If you wish for a bucket full of suffering,
free of charge and with interest,
where else to go, but Africa?

If you want to cry,
come with me, cry with me,
for my African tears sing a song.

25

Sing in Swahili, Lingala or SiSwati.

Any language is suitable for this song:

30

We have waited for so long
for the perfect voice, the perfect song;
join me as I sing this African song
for my African tears sing a song.

Let's raise Africa,

35

let's change Africa,

for Africa hangs on a shoestring.

It could fall.

It could die!

Without this song, Africa could vanish!

40

Only young tears,

our tears,

can cleanse Africa,
can save Mama Africa

7. By referring closely to the poet's use of language, explore his feelings and attitudes towards Africa.

Or

- 8 "A good poem always has the ability to strongly touch the feelings of the reader" Explore any **two** poems of your choice from the prescribed list that have touched you and further explain how and why you were so affected by these poems.

(You must not use the poem *My African Tears Sing a Song*)

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

Or

- 9 Explore the different ways in which the poets treat their ideas about nature in any **two** of the following poems.

Hawk Roosting by Ted Hughes

Hunting Snake by Judith Wright

The Tiger by William Blake

Remember to refer closely to the poem to support your response. [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.

He smelled the breeze and he listened for any foreign sound of secrecy or creeping, and his eyes searched the darkness, for the music of evil was sounding in his head and he was fierce and afraid. After he had probed the night with his senses he went to the place by the side post where the pearl was buried, and he dug it up and brought it to his sleeping-mat, and under his sleeping-mat he dug another little hole in the dirt floor and buried his pearl and covered it up again.

And Juana, sitting by the fire hole, watched him with questioning eyes, and when he had buried his pearl she asked, 'Who do you fear?'

Kino searched for a true answer, and at last he said, 'Everyone.' And he could feel a shell of hardness drawing over him.

After a while they lay down together on the sleeping-mat, and Juana did not put the baby in his box to-night, but cradled him on her arms and covered his face with her shawl. And the last light went out of the embers in the fire hole.

But Kino's brain burned, even during his sleep, and he dreamed that Coyotito could read, that one of his own people could tell him the truth of things. And in his dream, Coyotito was reading from a book as large as a house, with letters as big as dogs, and the words galloped and played on the book. And then darkness spread over the page, and with the darkness came the music of evil again, and Kino stirred in his sleep; and when he stirred, Juana's eyes opened in the darkness. And then Kino awakened, with the evil music pulsing in him, and he lay in the darkness with his ears alert.

Then from the corner of the house came a sound so soft that it might have been simply a thought, a little furtive movement, a touch of a foot on earth, the almost inaudible purr of controlled breathing. Kino held his breath to listen, and he knew that whatever dark thing was in his house was holding its breath too, to listen. For a time no sound at all came from the corner of the brush house. Then Kino might have thought he had imagined the sound. But Juana's hand came creeping over to him in warning, and then the sound came again! – the whisper of a foot on dry earth and the scratch of fingers in the soil.

- (a)** In what ways do you think John Steinbeck has created an atmosphere of great fear in this passage? Support your response with details from the passage. [10]
- (b)** What are your feelings for Kino and his family as you read this passage? Explain your feelings using the passage for support. [10]

Or

11 What are your feelings about the following people's interests in Kino's pearl?

The doctor

The priest

The trackers

[20]

Or

12 You are Kino, Just after you have thrown the pearl back to the sea.

Write your thoughts.

[20]

KAGISO LESEGO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*

Either

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

Amid the morning flood of workers pouring out of cars, trains, taxis and buses, we walked the twenty minutes from the taxi to school. In my excitement, I felt I was leaping my way to my new life, charging onto greener pastures. But even as I marched along with the crowd, I was still not walking as quickly as Mmamane Malesedi. By the time we reached the iron gates with the words ASCENSION CONVENT SCHOOL on them, I was out of breath and hoping the wind had not done much damage to my hair.

In the school's driveway, students were climbing out of their parents' fancy cars and rushing to hug each other. There were also three kombis

-one with only Black girls, another with Indian girls and another with Coloured girls. I saw girls run towards each other and excitedly exchange tidbits about their Christmas holidays. I felt lost but curious and exhilarated.

The four girls dropped off by the Black kombi looked me up and down. I heard them speaking in exactly the same English accent as the White girls. They all ran and hugged other White, Indian and Coloured girls – which made me stare in amazement. All were so at ease with a language that I felt would take me a long time to say anything in.

“Oh my GOSH! She, like STARES!” said one of the Black girls who had just gotten off the kombi. She only glanced at me once before saying this, but everyone around me turned to take a look in my direction. Most of them giggled. My eyes dropped to the ground. I *had* been staring.

This girl’s hair, straightened like that of every Black girl I had seen so far, was much longer than mine. It went down to her shoulders and was held back in a tight ponytail. She threw her head from side to side when she walked so that it bounced all the time. I thought to myself, she did not use Black Like Me relaxer, but probably one of those that say “professional use only.” She probably went to a hair salon every month too. I silently resented my mother for relaxing my hair at home. I had been pleased with it until now.

“She’s new, hey?” another girl said – a White girl, who had given the one with a tight ponytail a lingering hug and still had her arm around her shoulders.

“Duh! Marianne, you haven’t seen her here before, have you?” said the long-haired one, who spoke very loudly, I guessed for my benefit. I later learnt her name was Veronica, but everyone called her Vics. I also came to find out that most of the Black girls had English names although they were not the ones they used in the township.

(a) What in your opinion does this passage reveal about Tshidi's thoughts and feelings at this moment? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What are your feelings for Tshidi in this passage? Explain your feelings using the passage for support. [10]

Or

14 How does the writer, Kagiso Lesego Molohe, make you sympathise with Veronica? Support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

Or

15 You are Kedibone (KB) and you are now enrolled at St Andrews. Write your thoughts. [20]

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

Either

***16**

Read the following passage from *The Bus Conductor* carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

A week before the exams Hlengiwe was heading home on a fast pace, when, suddenly, midway through her journey in one of the gullies sauntered Mabhekzo, classy and flashy as usual. She froze. The sky was dark with heavy clouds and a South easterly wind blew

Roughly across the veld. Thunder rumbled across the mountains to the east. It looked like a heavy storm was about to break out. Already, her heart was pounding heavily and it felt as though it would jump right out of her mouth. She felt weak in the knees and she did not even hear the greetings that Mabhekzo muttered roughly, 'Eita,mntwana! Today is our day, me and you.' He spoke with a kind of frenzy that made her afraid. 'I have waited for too long, Hlengiwe Sikhondze, I can wait no more, he said with a forceful tone. This was a part of him she did not know or even think possible in previous times. She heard herself blurting out a response, 'Get out of my way Bheki, I don't love you and I don't want to speak to you.' She did not know how she had managed to say those words. There was a huge lump stuck somewhere in her throat. She tried to go past him but he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her close to his chest, wanting to kiss her on the lips, 'Yeyi wena fro, stop fooling with me, okay. I mean business today and I am not taking anymore of your nonsense.' He pressed himself on her and she felt his bulging trousers brushing against her groin. He was hard and started to force her down onto the floor of the gully when a thunder blast shook the earth and lightning lashed through the sky like a spider web.

This gave Hlengiwe the chance to break herself free from his nasty grip and run for dear life. He chased after her and she was worried because the thunder was growing by the second. It is said that it is not proper to run while there is thunder and lightning... Clutching her books to her chest, Hlengiwe ran as fast as she could out of the gully into the open veld. Once there she accelerated, not daring to look back until she reached the main road leading to her home. It was then that another loud and ear shattering thunder

blast shook the very foundations of the earth. Rain started to fall in very large drops, catching her just as she approached her homestead. Upon reaching the main hut she shared with her siblings, she bolted in and closed the door firmly behind her.

- (a)** In what way does this passage reveal that Hlengiwe is frightened and is filled with worry?
Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

- (b)** What are your feelings towards “Mabhekzo” as you read this passage?
Explain your feelings with support from the passage. [10]

Or

- 17** From the list of prescribed stories, choose **one** that makes you feel very sad.
Say what the story is about and why you think it is a sad story.
Do not choose *The Bus Conductor* [20]

Or

- 18** Imagine you are Zole in the story “*Africa Kills Her Sun*”. You have just finished reading the letter from Bana. Write your thoughts. [20]