



# 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

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## 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 <sup>1</sup>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 ochre red at the edges. Where I stood, the air was utterly still, but the <sup>2</sup>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 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. Within the hour, my father arrived home. He and my mother sat on the back step not in their usual restful <sup>3</sup>contemplation, but silenced instead by <sup>4</sup>dread.

5

10

15

A dust storm usually lasts days, blotting out the sun, launching <sup>5</sup>banshee winds day and night. It is dangerous to stray far from shelter, because the sand and <sup>6</sup>grit lodge in one's eyes, and a visibility often reduced to a few feet can make one completely <sup>7</sup>disorientated. Animals which become exhausted and lie down are often sanded over and <sup>8</sup>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. 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 <sup>9</sup>seared our land, they took away the dry <sup>10</sup>herbage, piled it against the fences, and then slowly began to silt over the <sup>11</sup>debris. 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 away, <sup>12</sup>triggered 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 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 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. 50

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 Mieliefeld**

Faces <sup>1</sup>furrowed and wet with sweat,  
 Bags tied to their wasp waists  
 Women reapers bend mielie stalks  
 Break cobs in rustling <sup>2</sup>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 <sup>3</sup>brine-bathed brow  
 and drink from battered cans 20  
 bubbling with malty <sup>4</sup>maheu

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.
  2. Sheath : a close fitting part of a plant.
  3. Brine : Water which contains a lot of salt.
  4. Mahewu : a drink made from mealie.
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