



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND

Junior Certificate Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/02

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

October/November 2018

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

1 hour 30 minutes

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 **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 each.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Answer either Question 1 or Question 2

EITHER

1. Read the following passage about a boy from the South African townships.

What are your feelings as you read this passage?

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

- the author's portrayal of the boy
- the dog and its actions
- the portrayal of the Prophetess

The boy knocked timidly on the door, while a big fluffy dog sniffed at his ankles. That dog made him uneasy; he was afraid of strange dogs and his fear made him anxious to go into the house as soon as possible. But there was no answer to his knock. Should he simply turn the doorknob and get in? What would the prophetess say? Would she curse him? He was not sure now which he feared more: the prophetess or the dog. If he stood longer there at the door, the dog might soon decide that he was up to some mischief after all. If he left, the dog might decide he was running away. And the prophetess! What would he say when she eventually opened the door to find no one there? She might decide someone had been fooling, and would surely send lightning after the boy. But then, leaving would also bring the boy another problem: he would have to leave without the holy water for which his sick mother had sent him to the prophetess. 5

There was something strangely intriguing about the prophetess and holy water. All that one was to do, the boy had so many times heard in the streets of the township, was fill a bottle with water and take it to the prophetess. She would then lay her hands on the bottle and pray. And the water would be holy. And the water would have the curing powers. That's what his mother had said too. 10 15 20 25

The boy knocked again, this time with more urgency. But he had to be careful not to annoy the prophetess. It was getting darker and the dog continued to sniff at his ankles. The boy tightened his grip round the neck of the bottle he had just filled with water from the street tap on the other side of the street, just opposite the prophetess's house. He would hit the dog with this bottle. What's more, if the bottle broke he would stab the dog with the sharp glass. But what would the prophetess say? She would probably 30 35

curse him. The boy knocked again, but this time he heard the faint voice of a woman.

‘Kena!’ the voice said.

The boy quickly turned the knob and pushed. The door did not yield. And the dog growled. The boy turned the knob again and pushed. This time the dog gave a sharp bark, and the boy knocked frantically.

40

Then he heard the bolt shoot back, and saw the door open to reveal darkness. Half the door seemed to have disappeared into the dark.

45

Glossary

‘Kena’

Come in

OR

2. Explore how the poet creates intense feelings of fear in the following poem.

In your response, you may include:

- the portrayal of nightfall
- the language of the poem
- any other ideas you might have

Nightfall in Soweto

Oswald Mbuyiseni Mnsthali

Nightfall comes like
a dreaded disease
seeping through the pores
of a healthy body
and ravaging it beyond repair.

A murderer's hand,
lurking in the shadows,
clasping the dagger,
strikes down the helpless victim.

I am the victim.
I am slaughtered
every night in the streets.
I am cornered by the fear
gnawing at my timid heart;
in my helplessness I languish.

Man has ceased to be man
Man has become beast
Man has become prey.

I am the prey;
I am the quarry to be run down
by the marauding beast
let loose by cruel nightfall
from his cage of death.

Where is my refuge?
Where am I safe?
Not in my matchbox house
Where I barricade myself against nightfall.

I tremble at his crunching footsteps,
I quake at his deafening knock at the door.
"Open up!" he barks like a rabid dog
thirsty for my blood

Nightfall! Nightfall!

You are my mortal enemy.
But why were you ever created?
Why can't it be daytime?
Daytime forever more?

Glossary

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1. Dreaded: | Frightening |
| 2. Seeping: | Flow into or out of something through holes |
| 3. Ravaging: | To destroy or damage something |
| 4. Clasp: | A way of holding something tightly |
| 5. Gnawing: | Continuously causing pain |
| 6. Quarry: | A person or animal that someone is trying to catch |
| 7. Crunching: | Makes the noise of something being crushed |
| 8. Mortal: | Deadly |

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