



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF SWAZILAND

Junior Certificate Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/01

Paper 1 (Closed Books)

October/November 2018

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 Hours 15 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 **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 in this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

Either

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

PORTIA	You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, Such as I am. Though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish To wish myself better, yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself, A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times More rich---	5
	That only to stand high in your account, I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account. But the full some of me Is some of nothing – which, to term in gross, Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised; Happy in this, she is not yet so old But she may learn; happier than this, She is not bred so dull but she can learn; Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit Commits itself to yours to be directed, As from her lord , her governor , her king.	10
	Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours Is now converted .But now I was the lord Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, Queen o’ver myself; and even now, but now, This house, these servants, and this same myself Are yours , my lord’s. I give them with this ring, Which when you part from, lose, or give away, Let it presage the ruin of your love And be my vantage to exclaim on you.	15
BASSANIO	Madam, you have bereft me of all words. Only my blood speaks to you in my veins, And there is such confusion in my powers As, after some oration fairly spoke By a beloved Prince, there doth appear Among the buzzing pleased multitude, Where every something being blent together Turns to a wild of nothing , save of joy Expressed and not expressed. But when this ring Part from this finger, then parts life from hence. O then be bold to say Bassanio’s dead!	20
NERISSA	My lord and lady, it is now our time	25

That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper, 40
 To cry 'good joy'. Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRATIANO My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish -
 For I am sure you can wish none from me -
 And when your honours mean to solemnise 45
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
 Even at the time I may be married too.

BASSANIO With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRATIANO I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours: 50
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.
 You loved, I loved – for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortunes stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls; 55
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last (if promise last)
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune 60
 Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA Is this true , Nerissa?

NERISSA Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRATIANO Yes, faith, my lord. 65

BASSANIO Our feast shall be much honoured in your Marriage.

GRATIANO [To NERISSA] We'll play with them the first
 boy for a thousand ducats.

NERISSA What, and stake down? 70

GRATIANO No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
 stake down.
 But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel!
 What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio!

- (a) What can you say about Bassanio and Gratiano's feelings as you read the passage? Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What do you think the passage reveals about Portia's personality? Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

2. How far do you sympathise with Shylock in the play. Remember to support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

3. You are Bassanio just after Antonio has agreed to seal the bond with Shylock on your behalf. 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.

[BODYGUARDS hustle GBONKA close to ODEWALE]

GBONKA: [Scared.] It is so, it is so, I was with King Adetusa when he met his death.

ODEWALE: Who slew him?

GBONKA: It was near Ede, at the place where three footpaths meet!

ODEWALE: I did not ask you where--

5

FIRST CHIEF: He said who killed the former king?

ODEWALE: I want the truth!

GBONKA: A man, your highness.

CHIEFS: A man! Did you not tell us a bank of robbers?

ODEWALE: Which do you want us to believe now? Answer quick!

10

GBONKA: A man! May Sango's lightning strike me dead if I'm lying!

ODEWALE: What kind of a man--what was he like?

GBONKA: It was a long time ago, my lord.

ODEWALE: Very well, then, let that pass. [points to Alaka.] This man Here-look at him very well. Do you remember him?

15

GBONKA: [After glaring at Alaka.] Did he say he was the man who killed King Adetusa?

ODEWALE: Answer my question! Do you remember him?

GBONKA: [Stares at Alaka again]. I do not my lord.

ALAKA: [Familiarly.]: Aha! Old One Gbonka!

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GBONKA [Curious]. Hunh?

ALAKA: Do you not remember? Hmm...old age indeed does cruel things to the mind! You do not remember-

GBONKA: [Angrily]. I said: I do not! Why trouble me? A-ah! Why must I say I know you when I do not know you?

25

ALAKA: He-eh ! Old man Gbonka –

GBONKA: Talk.

ALAKA: Old one, you do not remember one Ijekun boy who hunted deer with his master in the bush of Ipetu?

GBONKA: Many people hunted deer in the bush of Ipetu.

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ALAKA: Ijekun boy, I mean an Ijekun boy from the vottage of Ishokun near Ikoti, the village of your wife.

ODEWALE: You waste time!

ALAKA: The man's brain is aged, my lord, and it needs to be prodded little by little to bring forth remembrance.

35

ODEWALE: So, be quick about it!

ALAKA: Old one, remember, you even sent us a message of greetings to the father of your wife who lived in Ikoti in Ijekun – Yemoja, home of Atakumosa.

GBONKA: [Nodding remembrances.] Ehenn! How is your master the great hunter? 40

ALAKA: My master the great hunter has passed on to the land of our silent Fathers.

GBONKA: Ooh, may peace rest on his spirit. So this is you?--Come, my son, come to my arms!

[They embrace. ODEWALE steps in and tears them violently apart.]

ODEWALE: This man said you handed him a baby boy in the bush of Ipetu. 45

GBONKA: Hunh?

ALAKA: Old One, have you forgotten ? You gave my master a baby boy when we met at Ipetu bush.

GBONKA: If it was so, it was so.

ALAKA: [Proudly indicating ODEWALE]. Look! That now is him! The very baby you brought into the bush tied up in cowry- strings and... 50

[GBONKA lays about ALAKA and starts buffetting him left and right. CHIEFS converge to separate them, but GBONKA manages to wriggle through them. and starts hobbling quickly away.]

ODEWALE: Stop him!

[BODYGUARDS pounce on GBONKA and push him back to ODEWALE.]

GBONKA: [To Alaka]. Madman, may the god of thunder blow up your big mouth before – [Charges at ALAKA again , but ODEWALE intervenes.] 60

ODEWALE – [matchet raised]. Old one, you provoke me with your delays!

GBONKA: [subdued]. Pray, have mercy, I meant you no wrong, I only tried to spare your life , my lord, I meant no harm. They ordered me to kill you in the bush, but I took pity and gave –

ODEWALE: Who ordered you to kill me? 65

GBONKA: The man behind you, my lord, the Priest of Ogun.

OGUN PRIEST: [Gravely]. It is the custom : when gods command, we men must obey!

ODEWALE: Whose child was I? 70

OGUN PRIEST: It is too late now, you must know the last, even if-

ODEWALE: [In a frantic scream]. I said who gave me b-i-r-t-h!

OGUN PRIEST: She. The woman who has just gone into the bedroom. Bearer of your four children. She too is your ...mother!

[Freeze: moment of absorption. ODEWALE drops his matchet, then dazedly goes from one Chief to the next arms held out as if ready to embrace. But he goes past each, avoiding being held or steadied. The round completed, he picks up the matchet and shuffles dreamily into the bedroom. Simultaneously, there is a loud wail in the bedroom. ABERO stumbles out distractedly, crying]

- (a) What are Odewale's feelings as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What can you say about the characters of Gbonka and Alaka as revealed by the passage?
Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- Or**
5. How far do you sympathise with Odewale in this play? Remember to support your answer with details from the text. [20]
- Or**
6. You are Baba Fakunle on your way to Kutuje to reveal the name of the cursed murderer. Write your thoughts. [20]

SECTION B: POETRY

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

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

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

“Hawk Roosting” Ted Hughes

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction. No falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, by each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot.

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –
I kill where I please because it is all mine.
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing of heads –

The allotment of death
For the one patch of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

How has Ted Hughes used **language** to portray the **strong attitude** of the speaker in the above poem?

[20]

Or

8. How do you think the poet creates a memorable atmosphere in **one** of the following poems?

[20]

“Before the Sun” - **Charles Mungoshi**

“To Daffodils” - **Robert Herrick**

Or

9. How has the poet used language to express the feelings of love in any **one** of the following poems?

[20]

“The Passionate Shepherd to His Love” - **Christopher Marlowe**

“Blackberry Sweet” - **Dudley Randall**

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*

Either

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

But Kino's brain burned, even in 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 the 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. 5

Then from the corner of the house came a sound so soft that 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. And now a wild fear surged in Kino's breast, and on the fear came rage, as it always did. Kino's hand crept into his breast where his knife hung on a string, and then he sprang like an angry cat, leaped striking and spitting, for the dark thing he knew was in the corner of the house. He felt cloth, struck at it with his knife and missed, and struck again and felt his knife go through cloth, and then his head crashed with lightning and exploded with pain. 10 15 20 25 30

There was a soft scurry in the doorway, and running steps for a moment, and then silence. Kino could feel warm blood running down from his forehead, and he could hear Juana calling to him, 'Kino! 'Kino!' And there was terror in her voice. Then coldness came over him as quickly as the rage had, and he said, 'I am all right. The thing has gone.' 35

- (a) What are your feelings as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What does this passage reveal about Kino's character? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

11. For what reasons do you find the doctor a dislikeable character in the novel. Refer closely to the text for support. [20]

Or

12. You are Juana in the cave immediately after Coyotito has been shot dead. Write your thoughts. [20]

KAGISO LESEGO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*

Either

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

Tumane took her last breath in the room that would later become central to her sisters' lives. She was the eldest of the four Masemola sisters. No one knew what took her life after two months of incessant headaches, so everyone settled on witchcraft. Her sisters said she had been bewitched, and their neighbours agreed - they thought it must be a punishment for for her many transgressions. They said someone somewhere must have eventually decided to get even with her. Because they had known her temper and her madness for so many years , they found this easy to imagine.

5

"That's a man's kind of rage," they would whisper to each other, as Tumane, barely clothed and armed with a knife, chased someone out of the house and into the street.

10

They said , "a woman knows better. What is she so angry about? She doesn't even have children. A woman only gets like that if she has to protect her children .Someday this rage will kill her – just you watch!"

As news of her death passed from one neighbour to another, they said, "Didn't I tell you? See what bitterness can do to a woman's heart?"

15

Snickering and whispering, people walked on the other side of the street when passing the Masemola house. The house itself stood behind a large lemon tree , rising above the weeds and shrubs surrounding it, barely visible to the outsider. Except to a leave for work, the Masemolas hardly ever went outside , never bothered with the yard chores like everyone else. Once in a while, they could play their music at deafening volume , as if to announce to the neighbourhood that they were still there. It was banned music, the kind people could be arrested for. But because everyone said they were witches - and because the suggestion of witchcraft has such power – no policeman had ever walked through their gate to confront them.

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Having lost their parents at a young age, the four sisters, Tumane, Malesedi, Malebone and Mabatho, had decided on their own rules. The neighbours disagreed with them on almost everything, especially on the topics of men, money and rage. The sisters cursed, spat, and sat with their legs apart instead of crossed .They went for months without speaking to anyone but each other. They were the only people on their street who had a high wall built between themselves and their back neighbours.

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After Tumane's death, and with the news of Malebone's child on its way, the Sisters opened their curtains, cut the weeds and shrubs, and mowed the lawn. Malesedi found work away from home and once in a while the two younger

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sisters greeted their elders in the street. The look and the feel of their home was more favourable to the outsider.

They say a person's greatness can be measured by the number of people at his or her funeral; everyone speculated that it was the number of the people at their sister's funeral that prompted the three sisters to open up a little more of their world and let their neighbours in.

40

- (a) What does the passage reveal about the personalities of the Masemola sisters and the way they relate to their neighbours? Remember to use details from the passage for support. [10]
- (b) What are your feelings as you read this passage? [10]

Or

14. In what ways has the writer, Kagiso Molohe, persuaded you to admire Matshidiso in the story? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

15. Imagine you are Veronica on your way to Mrs Allison's office after the netball court incident. Write your thoughts. [20]

VELAPHI MAMBA (ed) : *Africa Kills Her Sun and other Short Stories*

Either

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

And then the priest will come to us, either to pray or to ask if we have any last wishes. Sazan says he will ask for a cigarette. I'm sure they'll give it to him. I can see him puffing hard at it before the bullets cut him down. He says he is going to enjoy that cigarette more than anything he's had in life. Jimba says he'll maintain a sullen silence as a mark of his contempt. I'm going to yell at the priest. I will say, 'Go to hell, you hypocrite, fornicator and adulterer'. 'I will yell on top of my voice in the hope that the spectators will hear me. How I wish there'd be a microphone that will reverberate through the Stadium, nay, through the country as a whole! Then the laugh would be on the priest and those who sent him! The priest will pray for our souls. But it's not us who he should be praying for. He should pray for the living, for those whose lives are a daily torment. Between his prayer and when the shots ring out, there will be dead silence. The silence of the graveyard. The transition between life and death. And it shall be seen that the distinction between them both is narrow as a neck of a calabash. The divide between us breathing like everyone else in the stadium and us as meat for worms is, or, so slim, it makes life a walking death !But I should be glad to be rid of the world, of a meaningless existence that grows drearier by the day. I should miss Sazan and Jimba, though. It'll be a shame to see these elegant gentlemen cut down and destroyed. And I'll miss you, too, my dear girl. But that will be of no consequence to the spectators.

They will troop out of the Stadium, clamber down trees and the balconies of the houses, as though they'd returned from another football match. They will march to their rat holes on empty stomachs, with tales enough to fill a Saturday's evening. Miserable wretches!

The men who shall have eased us out of life will then untie our bodies and dump them into a lorry and thence to some open general grave. That must be a most distasteful task. I'd not do it for a million dollars. Yet some miserable fellow's willows will do it for a miserable salary at the end of the month. A salary which will not feed them and their families till the next payday. A salary which they will have to augment with a bribe, if they are to keep body and soul together. I say, I do feel sorry for them. See? The newspapers will faithfully record the fact of our shooting. If they have space, they'll probably carry a photograph of us to garnish your breakfasts.

I remember once long ago reading in a newspaper of a man whose one request to the priest was that he be buried along with

his walking stick – his faithful companion over the years. He was pictured slumping in death, devotedly clutching his beloved walking stick. True friendship, that. Well, Zole, if ever you see such a photograph of me, make a cutting. Give it a sculptor and ask him to make a stone sculpture of me as I appear in the photograph. He must make as faithful a representative of me as possible. I must be hard of feature and relentless in aspect. I have a small sum of money in the bank and have already instructed the bank to pay it to you for the purpose of the sculpture I have spoken about...

- (a) What are your feelings as you read this passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What can you say about the character of the speaker as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

17. In the story, Dirt to Dirt, how far do you sympathise with Hleziphi for being a victim of male brutality? Remember to support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

18. You are Bhuqa on your way to Zuziwe's funeral. Write your thoughts, [20]

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