



# EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI

## Junior Certificate Examination

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**120/01**

**Paper 1 (Closed Books)**

**October/November 2019**

**2 hours 15 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 name, Centre number and candidate number on all the work you hand in.

Write in **blue** or **black ink**.

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.

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

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This document consists of **16** printed pages.



So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
 He plies the duke at morning and at night,  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,  
 The duke himself, and the magnifincoes  
 Of greatest port have all persuaded with him,  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica     When I was with him I have heard him swear  
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him. And I know, my Lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia       Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio    The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit  
 In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

- (a) What feelings do you have as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]
- (b) What in your opinion does this passage reveal about the characters and relationship of Bassanio and Portia? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage [10]

Or

2. How far do you think Antonio's description of Bassanio as "good" and honourable is justified? Remember to refer closely to the text to support your views. [20]

Or

3. You are Portia just after Bassanio has chosen the correct casket. Write your thoughts. [20]

**OLA ROTIMI: *The Gods are not to Blame***

**Either**

\*4. Read the following passage and then answer the questions that follow.

**Prologue 3**

He tells them  
 what it is that the boy who has brought  
 as mission from the gods  
 to carry out on earth.  
 BABA FAKUNLE:.. This boy, he will kill his own father  
 and then marry his own mother!

[*The TOWNSPEOPLE sing a dirge, softly.*]

NARRATOR: Bad word!  
 Mother weeps, Father weeps.  
 The future is not happy,  
 but to resign oneself to it  
 is to be crippled fast.  
 Man must struggle.  
 The bad future must not happen.  
 The only way to stop it  
 is to kill  
 kill the unlucky messenger  
 of the gods,  
 kill the boy.

Mother sinks to the ground,  
 In sorrow for the seed  
 that life must crush so soon!  
 Father consoles her, in his own grief.  
 Priest of Ogun ties boy's feet  
 with a string of cowries  
 meaning sacrifice  
 to the gods who have sent  
 boy down to this Earth.

Priest bears boy to Gbonka,  
 the King's special messenger,  
 and orders him to go into the bush

with the little boy,  
to the evil grove.

*[GBONKA bears baby away. Lights fade on TOWNSPEOPLE sitting on bare stage.]*

But Obatala,  
God of Creation,  
Has a way  
of consoling the distressed.  
Two years later,  
King Adetusa and his wife Ojuola  
have another son,  
Aderopo,  
to fill the nothingness  
left behind by the first.

*[Lights on TOWNSPEOPLE again singing, dancing as they disperse.]*

It is now  
two and thirty years  
since that boy  
was borne into the bush  
to die, and dying stop  
the awesome will of fate.

King Adetusa has met  
rough death  
and passed into the land  
of our silent fathers.  
*[Enter QUEEN OJUOLA.]*

## **Prologue 5**

Queen Ojuola herself  
is not getting younger .  
Their second son, Aderopo,  
is now full-grown.

*[ADEROPO appears, apparently returning from the farm, with a hoe in one hand and a strung bundle of yams slung over his shoulder. He prostrates himself before OJUOLA , who takes the yams. They exit together.]*

The land of Kutuje  
had known peace and seen quiet  
for some time  
until the people of Ikolu,  
taking advantage of death in the palace,  
attacked Kutuje.

*[War song, IKOLU ATTACKERS invade palace; KUTUJE TOWNSPEOPLE run helter-skelter.]*

They killed hundreds,  
they seized hundreds,  
they enslaved hundreds more,  
and left behind in the land of Kutuje  
hunger, and thirst, and fear.

*[KUTUJE TOWNSPEOPLE enter again and range themselves solemnly about the stage. Light fades on NARRATOR and shines simultaneously on ODEWALE, clad in a shabby farmer's tunic and tight – fitting shorts. He moves into the sorrowing crowd of TOWNSPEOPLE, touching them consolingly as he speaks.]*

ODEWALE : I heard their wailings,  
first as rumor;  
I heard them, far, far away  
in the course of my countless wanderings  
from land to land ,town to town, village to village,  
seeking peace and finding none.

I came to this land of Kutuje  
to see for myself  
the truth of the rumored wailings

Crossing seven waters  
I, son of the tribe of  
Ijekun Yemoja,  
found my way,  
to this strange land  
Of Kutuje. I came  
to see suffering, and I felt suffering.  
'Get up,  
Get up,' I said  
to them; not to do something  
is to be crippled fast. Up, up,  
all of you;  
to lie down resigned to fate  
is madness.  
Up, up, struggle: the world is  
Struggle.'

*[TOWNSPEOPLE rise up slowly in a solid phalanx, their faces alight with a new self –confidence.]*

I gathered the people of Kutuje  
under my power  
and under my power  
we attacked the people of Ikolu,  
freed our people ,  
seized the lands of Ikolu,  
and prospered from their sweat.

- (a) What are your feelings for King Adetusa and Queen Ojuola as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with detail from the text. [10]
- (b) What, in your opinion does the passage reveal about Odewale's character? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]

**Or**

5. How far would you feel sympathy for the townspeople of the land of Kutuje? Remember to support your answer with detail from the text. [20]

**Or**

6. You are Aderopo and you have just heard that King Odewale is the one who murdered your father, King Adetusa. Write your thoughts. [20]

**SECTION B: POETRY**

Answer **one** question in this section.

**LUCY DLAMINI AND NONHLANHLA (Compilers): *When Fishes Flew and Other Poems.***

**Either**

**\*7** Read the following poem carefully and then answer the question that follows.

***“The Tyger”***

**William Blake**

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire on thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? And what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?  
When the stars threw down their spears  
And the water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what ways do you find the above poem very interesting to read? Remember to refer closely to the poem for support.

[20]

Or

8. Some poems deal mostly with emotions. Pick **one** poem from the following that you find particularly emotional and say why. Remember to support your answer with detail from the poem.

[20]

***Just a Passerby* : Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali**

***Sadism* : Mphicwa Dlamini**

Or

9. Choose **one** poem from the following and say how the poet has dealt with the subject of love. Remember to support your answer with detail from the poem.

[20]

***The Woman I Married:* Edwin Waiyaki**

***The Passionate Shepherd to His Love:* Christopher Marlowe**

**SECTION C : PROSE**

Answer **one** question in this section.

**JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*****Either**

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

Kino and Juana walked through the city as though it were not there. Their eyes glanced neither right nor left nor up nor down, but stared only straight ahead. Their legs moved a little jerkily, like well-made wooden dolls, and they carried pillars of black fear about them. And, as they walked through the stone and plaster city, brokers peered at them from barred windows and the servants put one eye to a slitted gate and mothers turned the faces of their youngest children inwards against their skirts; Kino and Juana strode side to side through the stone and plaster city and down among the brush houses, and the neighbors stood back and let them pass. Juan Tomas raised his hand in greeting and did not say the greeting and left his hand in the air for a moment uncertainly.

In Kino's ears the Song of the Family was as fierce as a cry. He was immune and terrible, and his song had become a battle cry. They trudged past the burned square where their house had been without even looking at it. They cleared the brush that edged the beach and picked their way down the shore towards the water. And they did not look towards Kino's broken canoe.

And when they came to the water's edge they stopped and stared out over the Gulf. And then Kino laid the rifle down, and he dug among his clothes, and then he held the great pearl in his hand. He looked into its surface and it was grey and ulcerous. Evil faces peered from it into his eyes, and he saw the light of burning. And in the surface of the pearl he saw the frantic eyes of the man in the pool. And in the surface of the pearl he saw Coyotito lying in the little cave with the top of his head shot away. And the pearl was ugly; it was grey, like a malignant growth. Kino heard the music of the pearl, distorted and insane.

Kino's hand shook a little, and he turned slowly to Juana and held the pearl out to her. She stood beside him, still holding her dead bundle over her shoulder. She looked at the pearl in his hand for a moment and then she looked into Kino's eyes and said softly, 'No, you'.

And Kino drew back his arms and flung the pearl with all his might. Kino and Juana watched it go, winking and glimmering under the setting sun. They saw the little splash in the distance, and they stood side by side watching the place for a long time.

- (a) In what ways does the writer make the situation in this passage so sad as you Read it? Remember to support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What would you say about the characters of Juana and Kino and the way they relate to each other as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]

Or

11. "Sometimes it is believed that luck also brings about evil forces." With close reference to the text, support this point of view. [20]

Or

12. You are Kino at the moment you are hiding at Juan Tomas' house with your family. Write your thoughts. [20]

**KAGISO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*****Either**

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

Her first question was the one I hated most from adults, “Is anyone home?”

I mean, I was almost thirteen! But it was as if nothing but my ears were standing in front of her! A look from her at my hands on my hips and I quickly let them drop and stood up straight.

I finally realized that I had not just imagined her always looking displeased with the world. All those times I remembered her coming home bitter after having left a job were as real as the stench from the rubbish heap at the corner of our street, which even now came seeping through the windows. She dragged her body past mine, showing affection with only one quick, smooth stroke of my newly relaxed hair.

“What did they do to your hair?” she muttered, and moved on without waiting for an answer.

I stood in the middle of the kitchen stroking my hair back into place. It was my first relaxer and I was proud of it. “When the other two come,” I thought, “I ‘ll never sleep.”

By the time Mmamane Malebone and Mmamane Mabatho arrived home from work, I had tired of watching people from the lemon tree and was sitting on the living room sofa trying to decide which song I should ask for when I called the TV show *Sidlalela Intsha* ( We Play for the Young). When I saw the aunts, I spoke like a comrade announcing that the police were coming. “She’s back!” I half whispered, half yelled. Mmamane Malebone’s eyes widened and I saw her swallow hard.

“He?” she said. Mmamane Mabatho marched past me towards my bedroom , knocking and opening the door at the same time. “Hao! Malesedi, what brings you back?”

Mmamane Malesedi had started a new job only six months before and the aunts had spent the past two months marveling that it looked like she had finally learned to keep a job. It was the longest time she had worked in one place. Usually when she returned to our house, she stayed inside for days, complaining about how much she hated working for White women and how every Black woman should have her own business. Within weeks, the other two aunts would find her work somewhere else. They would talk to a friend working in a shop or White people’s kitchens and Mmamane Malesedi would be gone for about three months. Then she’d be back again. Every

time she came home there would be arguments - she would try to convince the aunts that she was unfairly dismissed. The aunts would tell her that pronouncements like “I’m not your slave” and “Your mother should have taught you better” were not the sort of things people liked to hear, especially not those who pay your wages.

a) What in your opinion does this passage reveal about Mmamane Malesedi’s character? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]

b) What are your feelings as you read this passage? Support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]

**Or**

14. How far do you consider Mrs. Allison as a fit principal of a multi-racial school? Remember to support your answer with detail from the text. [20]

**Or**

15. You are Mma Motsei, Tshidi’s neighbour, at the end of the story. 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.

The missionary was a short, anonymous-looking man who wore glasses. He had been the resident missionary for some time, and like all his fellows he did not particularly like the people. He always complained to his own kind that they were terrible beggars and rather stupid. So when he opened the door and saw Galethebege there his expression, with raised its eyebrows, said:

‘Well, what do you want now?’

‘I am to be married, sir,’ Galethebege said politely, after the exchange of greetings.

The missionary smiled: ‘Well come in my dear. Let us talk about the arrangements,’ he said pleasantly.

He stared at her with polite, professional interest. She was a complete nonentity, a part of the vague black blur which was his congregation - oh, they noticed chiefs and people like that, but not the silent mass of humble and lowly who had an almost weird capacity to creep silently through life. Her next words brought him sharply into focus.

‘The man I am to marry, sir, does not wish to be married in the Christian way. He will only marry under Setswana custom.’ She said softly.

They always knew the superficial stories about ‘heathen customs’ and an expression of disgust crept into his face – sexual malpractises were associated with the traditional marriage ceremony ( and shudder!), they draped the stinking intestinal bag of the ox around their necks.

‘That we cannot allow!’ he said sharply. ‘Tell him to come and marry in the Christain way.’

Galethebege started trembling all over. She looked at the missionary in alarm. Ralokae would never agree to this. Her intention in approaching the missionary was to acquire his blessing for the marriage, as though a compromise of tenderness could be made between two traditions opposed to each other. She trembled because it was beyond her station in life to be involved in controversy and protest. This missionary noted the trembling

and alarm and his tone softened a bit, but his next words were devastating.

‘My dear,’ he said persuasively, ‘heaven is closed to the unbeliever...’

Galethebege stumbled home on shaking legs. It never occurred to her to question such a miserable religion which terrified people with the fate of eternal damnation in hell – fire if they were ‘heathens’ or sinners. Only Ralokae seemed quite unperturbed by the fate that awaited him. He smiled when Galethebege relayed the words of the missionary to him.

‘Girlfriend,’ he said, carelessly, ‘you can choose what you like, Setswana custom or Cristian custom .I have chosen to live my life by Setswana custom.’

Not once in her life had Galethebege’s integrity been called into question. She wanted to make the point clear.

‘What you mean Ralokae,’ she said firmly, ‘is that I must choose you over my life with the church. I have a great love in my heart for you so I choose you. I shall tell the priest about this matter because his command is that I marry in church,’

Even Galethebege was astounded by the harshness of the Missionary’s attitude. The catastrophe she did not anticipate was they abruptly excommunicated her from the Church. She could no longer enter the village church if she married under Setswana custom. It was beyond her reason that the missionary was the representative of both God and something evil, the mark of ‘civilisation’. It was unthinkable that an illiterate and ignorant man could display such contempt for the missionary civilization.

His rage and hatred were directed at Ralokae, and the only way in which he could inflict punishment was to banish Galethebege from the Church. If it hurt anyone at all, it was only Galethebege. The austere rituals of the church, the mass, the sermons, the intimate communication in prayer with God - all this had thrilled her heart deeply. But Ralokae also was representative of an ancient stream of holiness that people had lived with before any white man had set foot in the land, and it only needed a small protest to stir up loyalty for the old customs.

- a) What are your feelings as you read this passage? Remember to support your answer with detail from the passage. [10]
- b) Describe the character of the missionary and the way he relates to the members of his church. Remember to support your answer with detail from this passage. [10]

Or

17. Why would you find yourself sympathising with Ha'penny in the story, '*Ha Penny*'? Remember to support your answer with detail from the text. [20]

Or

18. Imagine you are Mabhekzo at the very end of the story. Write your thoughts. [20]

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