



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Eswatini General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

6875/02

October/November 2023

1 hour 20 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

As listed in Instructions to Supervisors

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, 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 **either** Question **1** **or** Question **2**.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

At the end of the examination fasten all your work securely together.

Both questions in this paper are worth **20 marks**.

This document consists of **4** printed pages.

Answer either Question 1 or Question 2

EITHER

- 1 Read the following passage, which is an extract from a novel written by Buchi Emecheta in 1979. The passage describes a hunting expedition.

What feelings are evoked in you as you read this passage?

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

- the depiction of Nwokocha Agbadi
- the portrayal of the other characters
- the use of language

It was during one rainy season that Nwokocha Agbadi went to hunt some elephants which he and his age-group knew would be crossing the bush marshes called Ude. He came too near one of the heavy creatures on this occasion, and that single slip almost led to a terrible disaster. He was thrown with a mighty tusk into a nearby wild sugar-cane bush and he landed in the bubbly black mud. The animal was so enraged that, uncharacteristically for a big elephant, it chased after him blindly, bellowing like a great locomotive, so that the very ground seemed about to give way at its heavy approach. Agbadi reacted quickly. He was pinned to the sugar-cane bush unable to move his body, none the less with a practised hand he aimed his spear and threw it under the belly of the angry animal. It roared, but still made a determined assault on Agbadi, almost tearing his arm from his shoulder, attacking him with a fury increased by the painful spear under it. The elephant roared and fell, but not before it had wounded Agbadi so badly that he himself suspected he was nearing his end. The other hunters, hearing the commotion, rushed to the scene and quickly finished off the elephant, which was still very alive and kicking furiously. They saw Nwokocha Agbadi bleeding to death. His shoulder bone was thrust out of his skin, and the elephant's tusks had indented his side. The men gathered and with bamboo splints tied the twisted shoulder, though they could do little about the bleeding side; judging from the pool of blood that was fast forming around him, they doubted that he would last long. Agbadi soon passed out and it seemed to all that he had died. The oldest man of the group took his *otuogwu* cloth¹ which he had left in a dry hilly place by the stream, rolled Agbadi in it as if he were a dead person, then the anxious hunters carried him in a bigger bamboo crate which they had quickly constructed, and made their way gradually and sadly home.

The procession of dignified men emerging from the belly of the bush into the town was a moving spectacle. It was obvious to those farmers on their way to their lands that something was very wrong, but if they suspected the truth, they could not yet show grief: Nwokocha Agbadi was not only a chief but an important one, therefore the disclosure of his death would have to comply with certain cultural laws – there must be gun shots, and two or three goats must be slaughtered before the announcement. Anyone who started grieving before the official proclamation would be made to pay fines equivalent to three goats. So people watched the hunters' approach in awe, wondering who it was that had been so mummified². Women and children ran from their homesteads to witness the sight, and observant people noticed that the only chief missing among the returning hunters was Nwokocha Agbadi. His carriers were followed by four hefty male slaves dragging the dead elephant, groaning and sweating with the weight of the beast. People knew then that Agbadi had either been badly wounded or killed while hunting the elephant! Word circulated in whispers.

When Ona heard of it, the more vulnerable personality underneath her daily steely mask came out. She dashed out from where she was sitting by her father and soon caught up with the carriers. 40

'Tell me, please say something, is my lover dead?' she asked anxiously as she galloped after them on the balls of her feet, her waist-beads rumbling to the rhythm of her movements. 45

She held on first to this man, asking the same question, then to that one, begging him to say something. She pestered Agbadi's closest and oldest friend Obi Idayi, so much so that he lost his temper. He had ignored her for some time, and never had any love for this wild uncontrolled woman. He did not know what Agbadi found in her. Now he stopped in his heavy stride and snapped, 50

'In life you tortured him, teased him with your body. Now that he is dead, you cry for his manhood.'

Ona was stunned. She held her hands over her head and spoke like someone hypnotized: 'It can't be. It just can't be.'

Some older women standing by hushed her, saying, 'He may be your lover, girl, but don't forget that he is Nwokocha Agbadi. Watch your tongue.' 55

With fear and apprehension lightening her brain, Ona followed the carriers to Ogbodi.

Glossary

1. **Otuogwu cloth:** a cloth for a great man of high traditional rank in Nigeria.
2. **Mummified:** describes a dead body preserved with oils and cloth wrappings.

OR

- 2 Read the following poem by Seamus Heaney about a farmer's son who follows his father around as he performs his farming duties.

In what ways does the poet portray the strong feelings of the speaker?

In your response, you may consider the following:

- the poet's choice of words
- the description of the father as he ploughs the land
- your own feelings as you read the poem

Follower

My father worked with a horse-plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts¹ and the furrow.
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing 5
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock².
The sod rolled over without breaking.
At the headrig³, with a single pluck

Of reins, the sweating team turned round 10
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back 15
Dipping and rising to his plod.

I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow 20
In his broad shadow round the farm.

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.

Glossary

1. **Shafts:** handles of a plough
2. **Steel-pointed sock:** blade that tears through the soil making lines
3. **Headrig:** strip of unploughed land at the edge of a ploughed field