



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Junior Certificate Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/01

Paper 1 (Closed Books)

October/November 2023

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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 **dark 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.

SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion*

Either

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

[*Higgins bursts in. He is, as the parlour-maid had said, in a state.*]

Higgins:	Look here, mother: here's a confounded thing!	
Mrs. Higgins:	Yes, dear. Good morning. [<i>He checks his impatience and kisses her, whilst the parlour-maid goes out.</i>] What is it?	
Higgins:	Eliza's bolted.	5
Mrs. Higgins:	[<i>Calmly continuing her writing</i>] You must have frightened her.	
Higgins:	Frightened her! nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that; and instead of going to bed she changed her clothes and went right off: her bed wasn't slept in. She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs. Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it. What am I to do?	10
Mrs. Higgins:	Do without, I'm afraid, Henry. The girl has a perfect right to leave if she chooses.	
Higgins:	[<i>Wandering distractedly across the room</i>] But I can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got. I'm –	15
[<i>Pickering comes in. Mrs. Higgins puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table.</i>]		
Pickering:	[<i>Shaking hands</i>] Good morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry told you? [<i>He sits down on the ottoman.</i>]	
Higgins:	What does that ass of an inspector say? Have you offered a reward?	
Mrs. Higgins:	[<i>Rising in indignant amazement</i>] You don't mean to say you have set the police after Eliza?	20
Higgins:	Of course. What are the police for? What else could we do? [<i>He sits in the Elizabethan chair.</i>]	
Pickering:	The inspector made a lot of difficulties. I really think he suspected us of some improper purpose.	25
Mrs. Higgins:	Well, of course he did. What right have you to go to the police and give the girl's name as if she were a thief, or a lost umbrella, or something? Really! [<i>She sits down again, deeply vexed.</i>]	
Higgins:	But we want to find her.	
Pickering:	We can't let her go like this, you know, Mrs. Higgins. What were we to do?	30
Mrs. Higgins:	You have no more sense, either of you, than two children. Why –	
[<i>The parlour-maid comes in and breaks off the conversation.</i>]		
The Parlour-maid:	Mr. Henry: a gentleman wants to see you very particular. He's been sent on from Wimpole Street.	35
Higgins:	Oh, bother! I can't see anyone now. Who is it?	
The Parlour-maid:	A Mr. Doolittle, Sir.	
Pickering:	Doolittle! Do you mean the dustman?	
The Parlour-maid:	Dustman! Oh no, sir: a gentleman.	
Higgins:	[<i>Springing up excitedly</i>] By George, Pick, it's some relative of hers that she's gone to. Somebody we know nothing about. [<i>To the parlour-maid</i>] Send him up, quick.	40
The Parlour-maid:	Yes, Sir. [<i>She goes.</i>]	

- Higgins: *[Eagerly, going to his mother]* Genteel relatives! now we shall hear something. *[He sits down in the Chippendale chair.]* 45
- (a) What are your feelings towards Mr. Higgins as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What does the passage reveal about Mrs Higgins' character? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- Or
- 2 For what reasons would you admire Eliza Dolittle in the story? Support your answer with details from the play. [20]
- Or
- 3 You are Pickering at the end of the story. 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.

First Chief: [*Emerging from the bedroom with a blood-stained dagger.*] Oh...Ogun... It is all over.

Ogun Priest: Is he dead too?

First Chief: Gods! I have seen deaths before. As a warrior in this land of Kutuje, I have seen deaths, at home, in battle. I have seen deaths. But the death of a woman with a knife pushed deep by her own hands to reach her very womb...Gods! 5

[*ADEROPO wrenches his arms free from the CHIEFS' grip, rushes into the bedroom, flings The curtain wide open to be confronted by KING ODEWALE groping about in the bedroom, his eyes gouged out and oozing blood. ADEROPO staggers back in horror from the bedroom.*]

First Chief: He reached down... calmly... so calmly... pulled out the knife from her body and then again calmly... [*Demonstrates gouging of eyes.*] 10

Ogun Priest: Plucked out his own eyes?

[*CHIEFS and PRIEST make for the bedroom, but collide with ADEROPO.*]

Aderopo: Why didn't anybody stop him!

First Chief: I tried, son... the gods bear me witness... I... rushed him, wrestled to seize the knife from his grip but... his strength was the strength of a hundred vexed lions. And I was alone. 15

[*CHILDREN prance on to stage playfully approaching ADEROPO.*]

Children: Baba, baba, baba! We have waited for you all these days. What happened to our mother and – 20

[*ODEWALE is groping his way into the sitting room. News has spread and the TOWNSPEOPLE are converging on to the palace. ADEROPO shields the children from the gory sight of KING ODEWALE.*]

Aderopo: Abero... Abero... come take them away –

Odewale: Did I hear the voice of my brother, Aderopo? 25

[*ABERO leads children away.*]

Aderopo: [*Prostrating himself.*] Your... highness.

Odewale: My brother, I have done you much wrong with my grave suspicions.

Aderopo: It is nothing, your highness... It is the way the gods meant it to happen.

Odewale: No, no! Do not blame the gods. Let no one blame the powers. My people, learn from my fall. The powers would have failed if I did not let them use me. They knew my weakness: the weakness of a man easily moved to the defense of his tribe against others. I once slew a man on my farm in Ede. I could have spared him. But he spat on my tribe. He spat on the tribe I thought was my own tribe. The man laughed, and laughing, he called me a 'man from the bush tribe of Ijekun'. And I lost my reason. Now I find out that that very man was my... own father, the King who ruled his land before me. It was my run from the blood I spilled to calm the hurt of my tribe, that brought me to this land to do more horrors. Pray my people – Baba Ogunsomo – 30 35

- (a) What are your feelings towards Odewale as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What does the passage reveal about Aderopo's character? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

5 For what reasons would you admire Ojuola in the story? Support your answer with details from the play. [20]

Or

6 You are the Ogun Priest at the end of the story. Write your thoughts. [20]

SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

LUCY DLAMINI AND NONHLANHLA VILAKATI (ed.): *When Fishes Flew and other Poems*

Either

*7 What emotions are evoked in you as you read the following poem? [20]

***Night of the Scorpion* Nissim Ezekiel**

I remember the night my mother
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours
of steady rain had driven him
to crawl beneath a sack of rice.

Parting with his poison – flash
of diabolic tail in the dark room –
he risked the rain again.

The peasants came like swarms of flies
and buzzed the Name of God a hundred times
to paralyse the Evil One.

With candles and with lanterns
throwing giant scorpion shadows
on the mud- baked walls
they searched for him: he was not found.

They clicked their tongues.

With every movement that the scorpion made
his poison moved in mother's blood, they said.
May he sit still, they said.

May the sins of your previous birth
be burned away tonight, they said.

May the sum of evil
balance in this unreal world
against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.

May the poison purify your flesh
of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the centre,
the peace of understanding on each face.

More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,
More insects, and the endless rain.
My mother twisted through and through
groaning on a mat.

My father, sceptic, rationalist,
trying every curse and blessing,
powder, mixture, herb, and hybrid.

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He even poured a little paraffin
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it,
I watched the flame feeding on my mother.

I watched the holy man perform his rites
to tame the poison with an incantation.
After twenty hours
it lost its sting.

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My mother only said,
thank God the scorpion picked on me
and spared my children.

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Or

8 What is the speaker's attitude towards love in **one** of the following poems?

Sadism: Milton Mphicwa Dlamini
Blackberry Sweet: Dudley Randall

[20]

Or

9 With close reference to **either** *The Kraal* by Stella Ngatho **or** *Once Upon a Time* by Gabriel Okara, explore how the speaker has painted a negative picture of human relationships.

[20]

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*

Either

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

Standing in the door, he saw two men approach; and one of the carried a lantern which lighted the ground and the legs of the men. They turned in through the opening of Kino's brush fence and came to his door. And Kino saw that one was the doctor and the other the servant who had opened the gate in the morning. The split knuckles on Kino's right hand burned when he saw who they were.

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The doctor said, 'I was not in when you came this morning. But now, at the first chance, I have come to see the baby.'

Kino stood in the door, filling it, and hatred raged and flamed in the back of his eyes, and fear too, for the hundreds of years of subjugation were cut deep in him.

'The baby is nearly well now,' he said curtly.

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The doctor smiled, but his eyes in their lymph-lined hammocks did not smile.

He said, 'Sometimes, my friend, the scorpion sting has a curious effect. There will be apparent improvement, and then without warning – pouf!' He pursed his lips and made a little explosion to show how quick it could be, and he shifted his small black doctor's bag about so that the light of the lamp fell upon it, for he knew that Kino's race love the tools of any craft and trust them. 'Sometimes,' the doctor went on in a liquid tone, 'sometimes there will be a withered leg or a blind eye or a crumpled back. Oh, I know the sting of a scorpion, my friend, and I can cure it.'

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Kino felt the rage and hatred melting towards fear. He did not know, and perhaps the doctor did. And he could not take the chance of putting his certain ignorance against this man's possible knowledge. He was trapped, as his people were always trapped, and would be until, as he had said, they could be sure that the things in the books were really in the books. He could not take a chance- not with the life or with the straightness of Coyotito. He stood aside and let the doctor and his man enter the brush hut.

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Juana stood up from the fire and backed away as he entered, and she covered the baby's face with the fringe of her shawl. And when the doctor went to her and held out his hand, she clutched the baby tight and looked at Kino where he stood with the fire shadows leaping on his face.

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Kino nodded, and only then did she let the doctor take the baby.

'Hold the light,' the doctor said, and when the servant held the lantern high, the doctor looked for a moment at the wound on the baby's shoulder. He was thoughtful for a moment and then he rolled back the baby's eyelid and looked at the eyeball. He nodded his head while Coyotito struggled against him.

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'It is as I thought,' he said. 'The poison has gone inwards and it will strike soon. Come, look!' He held the eyelid down. 'See – It is blue.' And Kino looking anxiously so that indeed it was a little blue. And he didn't know whether or not it was always a little blue. But the trap was set. He couldn't take a chance.

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The doctor's eyes watered in their little hammocks. 'I will give him something to try to turn the poison aside,' he said. And he handed the baby to Kino.

Then from his bag he took a little bottle of white powder and capsule of gelatine. He filled the capsule with the powder and closed it, and then around the first capsule he fitted a second capsule and closed it. Then he worked very deftly. He took the baby and

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pinched its lower lip until it opened its mouth. His fat fingers placed the capsule far back on the baby's tongue beyond the point where he could spit it out, and then from the floor he picked up a little pitcher of pulque and gave Coyotito a drink, and it was done.

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(a) What makes the doctor such a dislikeable character in the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What are your feelings towards Kino as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

11 To what extent would you sympathise with Juana in the story? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

12 You are Kino, realising that your canoe has been broken. Write your thoughts. [20]

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

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

She slowly took off her swim cap and stretched her mouth slightly without showing her teeth, giving me a restrained smile.

‘Are you OK?’ she asked.

‘Sorry,’ I muttered, the sound of my rough ‘r’ hanging between us.

She kept smiling. We stood there looking at each other, her hand making circles on the water. She looked at me thoughtfully, her head tilted to one side, as if she was deciding whether or not my nose was right for my face. 5

‘What’s your name again?’ KB asked. I put my right foot on top of my left one and followed her hand movement with my eyes. She was gracefully smoothing out her hair with her fingers and not looking up at me anymore. 10

‘Tshidiso,’ I finally said, my heart racing.

‘Do you have a nickname?’ She was floating on her back now, squinting against the sun’s glare. I thought, she is talking to me!

‘Tshidi,’ was all I could manage to say.

‘I love nicknames, my dad too. We call my sister ‘Snuggles’ because that her favourite thing in the whole world. She’s always coming into my room and climbing into bed for snuggles. Oh! She’s the cutest!’ 15

‘You have beautiful hair,’ I said.

‘Thanks. Urgh! I never know what to do with it. It just grows and grows. I swear my mother has White blood. You should see her. That’s where I get the hair. Hers is like, I don’t know, down to her back.’ She stood up, turned her body and put her hand halfway down her back. 20

I laughed a little too eagerly. I did not want the conversation to end.

‘Seriously, you should see her. Actually, do you want to come to my house for my birthday?’ 25

I swallowed hard and took a deep breath before answering. But before I could say anything the bell rang and the swimming teacher clapped her hands and called us to get out of the pool. KB swam away and I was the last to climb out.

That night at home I watched TV1, the English channel. I understood everything but had no idea how to make my accent sound like that. In the following days, I abandoned the lemon tree for the sofa, watching television and practising my new accent by trying to repeat after news anchors – or even people in shows I did not find particularly interesting. Mmamane Malebone came to sit with me and asked to watch the Setswana news, but I told her we should start watching the news in English. 30

‘I have to practice my English,’ I said. ‘They’re always insisting that we only speak English, and since we don’t speak it at home, how is it going to be easier for me?’ ‘You don’t have to go to that school if you don’t want to, you know,’ she said. It would have sounded harsh if someone else had said it, but my mother liked to cut problems short. 35

‘It’s a good school,’ I said.

‘I don’t want you always working hard to please people. You’re smart and you always do well. I don’t want you to think that speaking English with White accent is more important than what you really have to learn at school.’ 40

‘I should talk like the other girls.’ I raised my voice, exasperated. She had no idea.

‘As long as they understand what you’re saying, you don’t have to speak like them,’ Mmamane Mmabatho said, having just appeared in the doorway. 45
Mmamane Malebone added, ‘Malesedi said she hears you often sit alone in class. Why? Because you don’t want them to hear you talk? You’re embarrassed?’

Mmamane Mmabatho always said things exactly the way she saw them. I looked down my hands and then back up at the TV. I won't speak to them, they don't know what they talking about, I thought. Then I changed my mind. 'Who tells her? People are spying on me?' I spoke to them in English for the first time and was discouraged by the sound of my accent. 50

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'/yo!' my mother said. That's how you speak to your elders?'

I was only grateful that Mmamane Malesedi was not home yet.

(a) What are your feelings towards KB as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What does the passage reveal about Tshidiso's mothers? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

14 To what extent would you sympathise with Matshidiso in the story? Support your answer with details from the story. [20]

Or

15 You are Veronica going to Mrs. Allison's office after the netball court incident. Write your thoughts. [20]

VELAPHI MAMBA (ed.): *Africa Kills Her Sun***Either**

***16** Read the following passage from the story *The First Christmas Without My Mother* by Lucy Dlamini carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

‘Shut up, you fool! What is this, howling and disturbing everyone! And who do you think you have pushed off the bed?’ This was followed by a resounding smack, and I looked up to find my step-mother towering over me and shaking me roughly. My half-sister Sheshile with whom I shared the bed was lying on the floor.

‘But where is my mother?’

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‘Listen to the idiot! What do you mean, where is your mother? What do you mean by that?’

My step-mother continued to snarl at me. She yanked me off the bed and sent my head crashing against the wall. For a minute I was in total darkness but I did not mind that. I did not feel any pain. I noticed, though, that my sister Sheshile had woken up and was sitting on the floor, silently watching what was going on.

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My mind was still trying to sort things out. I was confused. My mother had been here ... or what was it that had happened? I looked around the sitting-dining room where our bed was. The light was on, and my step-mother was still standing over me. She had her usual wrapper on her and her shoulders were bare. Her vehement expression was frightening to see. Suddenly she turned to return to the bedroom.

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‘Climb back into the bed, Sheshile, and don’t let this lunatic push you off the bed. Busy seeing ghosts!’ Sheshile climbed back next to me and began straightening the blankets.

That’s it! It suddenly occurred to me. My mother is dead, and so it was her ghost that I saw. With my left hand I supported my left cheek and I slowly moved my right over the blankets. Sheshile did the same, at the same time watching me with eyes full of tears but remaining quiet.

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But was it a ghost that I saw? I continued to muse. Ghost are scary ... but ... but I wasn’t scared of my mother ... No, my mother cannot be a ghost, and I would like her to visit me again. And will she visit Mondli as well? But... but where are my presents?

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I began searching around with my eyes. Nothing on the sofas. Nothing on the table or on the chairs. ‘Oh, the presents weren’t real.’ I said this aloud. No shoes. No watch. No dress. No Alice band. And the birthday present...NOTHING.

I bent my head as the tears poured out of my eyes and flowed down my face.

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‘THIS TIRESOME, TIRESOME CHILD! Why is that light still on?’

This came from the bedroom. In a softer tone my step-mother continued to say, ‘Sheshile, are you back in bed, my very own?’

Sheshile silently leaned towards me, wound her chubby arms around my neck and clumsily pulled my head onto her lap. She kept me there for only a little while. Very gentle she pushed me away and climbed out of bed to switch off the light. She came back and we continued to sit up in bed, very close to each other, but saying not a word. In the absolute quiet I heard the gentle rustle of the leaves of the avocado tree on our backyard as wind gently rose.

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(a) What makes Thandile's step-mother, a dislikeable character? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What are your feelings towards Thandile as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

17 To what extent would you sympathise with Charles in the story *Under the Shade of the Sahara* by Zodwa Motsa. Support your answer with details from the story. [20]

Or

18 You are Sukey de Jager, just after finding out that your sister has died in the story, *The Sisters*. Write your thoughts. [20]

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