



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI  
Junior Certificate Examination

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**120/01**

**Paper 1** (Closed Books)

**October/November 2024**

**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 **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.

- Mrs. Higgins: But what has my son done to you, Mr Doolittle?
- Doolittle: Done to me! Ruined me. Destroyed my happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle class morality.
- Higgins: [*Rising intolerantly and standing over DOOLITTLE*] You're raving. You're drunk. You're mad. I gave you five pounds. After that I had two conversations with you, at half-a-crown an hour. I've never seen you since. 5
- Doolittle: Oh! Drunk! Am I? Mad! Am I? Tell me this. Did you or did you not write a letter to an old blighter in America that was giving five million to found Moral Reform Societies all over the world, and that wanted you to invent universal language for him? 10
- Higgins: What! Ezra D Wannafeller! He's dead. [*He sits down again carelessly.*]
- Doolittle: Yes: he's dead; and I'm done for. Now did you or did you not write a letter to him to say that the most original moralist at present in England, to the best of your knowledge was Alfred Doolittle, a common dustman.
- Higgins: Oh, after your last visit I remember making some silly joke of the kind. 15
- Doolittle: Ah! You may well call it a silly joke. It put the lid on me right enough. Just give him the chance he wanted to shew that Americans is not like us: that they recognise and respect merit in every class of life, however humble. Them words is in his blooming will, in which, Henry Higgins, thanks to your silly joking, he leaves me a share in his Pre-digested Cheese Trust worth three thousand a year on condition that I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League as often as they ask me up to six times a year. 20
- Higgins: The devil he does! Whew! [*Brightening suddenly*] What a lark!
- Pickering: A safe thing for you, Doolittle. They won't ask you twice.
- Doolittle: It ain't the lecturing I mind. I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair. It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched you, Henry Higgins. Now I am worried; tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me for money. It's a fine thing for you, says my solicitor. Is it? Says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says. When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could. Same with the doctors: used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out that I'm not a healthy man and can't live unless they looks after me twice a day. In the house I'm not let do a hand's turn for myself: somebody else must do it and touch me for it. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself: that's middle class morality. You talk of losing Eliza. Don't you be anxious: I bet she's on my doorstep by this: she that could support herself easily by selling flowers if I wasn't respectable. And the next one to touch me will be you, Henry Higgins. I'll have to learn to speak middle class language from you, instead of speaking 30 35 40

proper English. That's where you'll come in; and I daresay that's what you done it for.

45

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

**Or**

- 2 For what reasons would you admire Mrs. Higgins in the story? Support your answer with details from the play. [20]

**Or**

- 3 You are Mrs. Pearce, after finding out that Eliza will be staying at Higgins' house for the duration of her lessons. 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.

ALAKA *re-enters from the bathroom, a calabash in his hand.*

Alaka: Forgive me, good sister, but to get off the dirt that so many roads had heaped on my body, I had to stay in the bathroom longer than a man should. Has the King been waiting for me?

Ojuola: No, Old One. Food is ready now. [*Leads ALAKA to the dining area, on the opposite side from the bedroom.*] 5

Alaka: Isn't the King eating?

Ojuola: The King refuses to eat, my lord.

Alaka: Is there something troubling his heart besides the illness in the land?

Ojuola: A soothsayer came here and called him the killer of the former King. 10

Alaka: Him...a killer! Is the man mad?

Ojuola: That's what I told the King – not to take him seriously. I even told him about my own trouble when I had my first baby – a boy. This same soothsayer said that the boy had bad luck and that he would kill his father –

Alaka: The boy would do what? 15

Ojuola: And then marry me, his mother afterwards.

Alaka: That your son will kill his own father, and then turn around and marry – [*Starts eating avidly.*] Pray woman, let me eat in peace...

[*Enter ODEWALE from bedroom.*]

Ojuola: [*to ALAKA*] I beg you, Old One, talk to him, tell him not to feel troubled over the – 20

Odewale: [*nervously loud*] What type of clothes was King Adetusa wearing when he was killed?

Ojuola: I...I cannot now remember, my lord.

[*ODEWALE, gravely disappointed, stops short, gazing absently ahead of him.*]

Alaka: I hear you are not eating, my master. Never mind; pray, sit down, I have brought you good news. 25

[*ODEWALE does not respond.*]

Ojuola: My lord, Baba Alaka is talking to you.

Odewale: What is it?

Alaka: Sit down, my master.

Odewale: Why? 30

Ojuola: Baba Alaka says he has brought you good news.

Odewale: [*lifelessly*] Well?

Alaka: I am amazed my master, I have been in here now a long time, and yet you have not asked about the health of your mother and father in our village.

Odewale: Well?... Well, how are my mother and father? 35

Alaka: Is the scorpion angry at them?

Odewale: You never mind that. How are my mother and my father? I have asked now.

Alaka: That is the good news I have brought to you; your mother is getting very old!

Odewale: I'm glad. And my father?

Alaka: He passed on to the land of the Silent Ones. 40

Ojuola: Awu! And you call that good news?

Alaka: Not me – it is the King. It is the news he has been waiting to hear. [*To ODEWALE.*] Isn't it? You made me swear to come and tell you as soon as Mother and Father fell in death, didn't you? Well, your father has fallen. Two years ago. But your mother refuses to follow him. And me, age is weighing on me. So I said to myself: 'Alaka, son of Odediran, instead of waiting for Mama to die, why not go and look for her son. 45

Odewale. Go... Get up and look for her son.' So I came. [ To OJUOLA.] Have I done wrong?

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

**Or**

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

**Or**

- 6 You are one of the townspeople, seeing Odewale exile himself 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 is the speaker's attitude towards her lover in the following poem? [20]

***The Ways of Love* Margaret Barrett Browning**

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and the breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of every day's 5  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10  
 I love with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints – I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Or

- 8 With close reference to **either** *Those Winter Sundays* by Robert Hayden **or** *My Scars Run Too Deep* by Beata da Sales, discuss the speaker's experiences on father-and-son relationships. [20]

Or

- 9 Choose **one** of the following poems and show how the speaker's words make you feel very sad.

*Once Upon a Time:* Gabriel Okara

*My Story is on the Leaves:* Sarah Mkhonza

[20]

**TURN OVER FOR SECTION C**

## SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**LUCY Z. DLAMINI: *The Amaryllis***

**Either**

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

‘When are you likely to finish reading your book, Tana?’

‘In an hour or two. Would you like to read it afterwards?’

‘No. I wanted to know when you could you pay Reuben a surprise visit.’

I stared at her. ‘Why would I want to do that? If Reuben wants to see me he’ll come here.’

‘That’s the problem,’ Julie retorted with a sigh. ‘Must we stand by and let you continue living in fool’s paradise?’ 5

‘What do you mean?’

Both were in my line of vision in this tiny cell-like room, so I had no need to shift my gaze. When Julie failed to respond and Patience still maintained her silence, I continued, ‘What have you two been up to since this morning? Or could it be you’ve joined Sylvia and company and begun 10  
carousing your weekends away?’ As I pronounced this obscure word, preferring it to the simple *drinking*, I had the satisfied sense of sounding like Reuben. At the same time, I noticed the abashed look on my friends’ faces, which I took to mean that I might be nearer the mark than I could ever have imagined. ‘Well, Tana,’ said Julie, ‘I suppose we’ve no option but to hit the nail on the head since it’s clear that hints won’t work with you.’ I kept quiet, waiting for more. 15

‘Something funny has been going on between Reuben and someone we know very well. We feel it’s important for you to know the truth. And it’s best for you not to rely on hearsay but to find things out for yourself. If you marched straight to Reuben’s room right now, you’d know what we are talking about. Reuben’s deceiving you, Tana. He’s taking advantage of your blind trust in him. As we’re sitting here he’s shut in there with another girl...’ 20

I felt my hands go clammy. My whole body suddenly became hot and itchy. The impulse to scratch away was very strong. But I also felt quite limp and unable to stir. My breathing grew laboured and my vision dimmed. I sensed a constriction in my chest. My head and ears were alive with the sound of a million ringing bells. My stomach churned. At some point I became conscious that Julie had stopped talking and that she and Patience were watching me closely, 25  
uneasily. I felt dreadful.

‘Tana, take it easy.’ Patience pleaded.

‘Men are pigs,’ exclaimed Julie, sounding far away. ‘The mistake we make is ever to trust them at all.’ Still I said nothing.

At some point my friends left for tea, and I was happy to be alone with my thoughts. After 30  
a while, however, I found my reflections unbearable. I closed my eyes and hoped for sleep. But sleep eluded me. I next tried another trick: *Think of some past pleasant experiences you’ve had, Tana. Like the day of your departure from your home when your parents lavished so much praise on you. The Five Hundred Emalangeneni nestling in your account, a gift from your parents; your adorable baby sister, Sebe...* So, I turned my thoughts on my family. But it was futile. The present kept rushing back. Why, why, Reuben? I kept asking. Why make me the laughing stock of the whole campus? I’m sure everyone knows about this and is talking about it. I’ve become a 35  
spectacle. Is this your way of demonstrating your love and decency? My eyes filled with tears which poured out unchecked.



(a) What does the passage reveal about Tana's friends? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

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

Or

11 With close reference to Zakhe, discuss the lessons you have learnt about the results of bad behaviour? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

12 You are Tana, after welcoming your prodigal sister back home from Botswana. Write your thoughts. [20]

KAGISO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*

## Either

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

Our neighbours called our house *ko baloing*, 'home of the witches'. I heard them talk about Mmamane Malesedi running around naked on hot Sunday afternoons, chasing men out of our house and onto the street. People still claim to remember the colour of her panties – beige ones that I have never seen – and her untidy mop of hair standing up straight as she ran out with a knife in her hand. I heard men and women whisper.

5

'Her breasts were as firm as a young girl's.'

'She would threaten murder.'

'She wore nothing.'

'She only wore those panties.'

'I think that pair is the only one she has.'

10

But I had no idea what they were talking about. Sure, Mmamane Malesedi was often angry and strict with me, but of all the aunts I had never seen her undressed. Yes, I had seen all three of them furious, but this was mostly when a teacher's beating left bruises on my body. I once came home with my backside covered in blue and purple stripes from being thrashed with a cane. I couldn't sit down without wincing from the pain, which sent all three aunts marching to school and demanding that the teacher be dismissed.

15

'Outlaw the beatings!' they insisted to a stunned Principal Chauke. They wanted him to make caning illegal in his school. They always wanted the rules changed. No wonder there was always a Masemola sister story going around the neighbourhood. Everyone feared them. The gossip included the naked Sunday chases as well as what went on inside our house, despite the fact that most people had never even been near our gate. They said, 'They brew things in there, things to use on men.'

20

'No woman should have that kind of rage.'

'The eldest one killed herself with her own poison.'

And this, which I only heard once, 'That child has no chance of a normal life, just like those girls (my aunts) never did.'

25

At first, I thought that other children did not like me, but when I grew older I realised that I lived in the kind of household mothers warn their children to keep away from. Once I was playing with a neighbour's little girl when suddenly her mother pulled her by the ear, yelling that there had been madness in my family for many generations, and no child of hers would go anywhere near me. No one was allowed to play alone with me, and no child invited me to her home.

30

People only liked me when I kept my distance. I overheard Mma Motsei, our next-door neighbour, whispering to a friend over a cup of tea once, 'You never know when they could send her with something.'

35

I was always trying to imagine what I could be sent with to the neighbours' houses. The only thing I knew for sure was that none of the aunts had ever married – something that all the neighbours frowned upon. I once heard someone say that it was a sign of a shameful home that I called them all Mmamane.

For their parts, the aunts returned the neighbors' scorn. But even so, it was clear that they wanted their past to be forgotten. As we say in Setswana, *Se se sa feleng, sa e thlola* – what doesn't end is a bad omen. As the August dust must finally settle, the feuds that had trailed on from one generation to the next needed to be put to rest. The country was mending many years of broken fences. And in our own way, so was my family.

40

- (a) What does the passage reveal about the Masemola family and their relationship with the neighbours? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What are your feelings towards Mmamane Malesedi as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

- 14 With close reference to the story, discuss what you have learnt about the effects of racism. Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

- 15 You are Tshidi, at the end of the first day in the new school in town. Write your thoughts. [20]

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

## Either

\*16 Read the following passage from the story *The Chief's Bride* by Lucy Dlamini carefully, and then answer the questions that follow.

Tenetile was four years old when her father told her that she was so beautiful she was fit to be a chief's future wife. He told her that her dazzling beauty even put the sun to shame, for it instantly lost its lustre once she stepped outside her mother's hut. He followed his words by entering into the habit of keeping her next to him, sharing meals with her by giving her tit bits of the choice parts of chicken, goat meat, wild game or whatever other meat he'd be eating. Meantime, her mother and two older sisters would have to do with relish from various wild or seasonal vegetables. Or when a chicken was slaughtered, the other children would get the head, neck, feet, or the tough and tasteless white parts of those country chickens. 5

Soon she saw herself very special indeed. She felt important, a princess among the wretched of the earth. Before she could talk properly, she had learned to boast. Were she speaking English, she would have used the words 'I'm boouful,' and 'I'm gon mayyie a chief.' Blessed with chubbiness, which to country folk was taken for beauty and good health, she caught the eyes of neighbours and visitors, who all remarked at her promising womanhood. When she was about seven, one old man remarked that she was going to be the mother of ten sons, soldiers for the king. 10 15

'I'm going to have ten children for the king,' she boasted to her unfortunate immediate older sister Fikelephi.

From the age of ten, her father took her to the annual ceremonial Reed Dance at Lobamba Royal Residence, in which all young virgins between twelve and eighteen participated, her chubbiness and height making her seem the same age as the twelve and thirteen year olds. Afterwards, had it been possible, she would have liked to move around her father's homestead with her eyes tightly shut, for sheer self-satisfaction with her lot in life. Praised not only for her plumpness and height, which made many men eye her with impatient anticipation of her full womanhood, she was also blessed with a flawless copper-skin complexion, dimpled cheeks, and dark and thick eyebrows and long eyelashes framing a remarkably clear and expressive pair of eyes. 20 25

One day her mother came and knelt before her father, asking him to allow her to enroll her two older sisters, Hleziphi and Fikelephi, and only brother, Mlungisi, at the nearby Nazarene School. She had secretly worked on his mood by preparing his favourite meal, rabbit garnished with shallot, tomatoes, red peppers and peanut paste. He had washed this down with generous swigs of marula beer. So being in a contented state he gave his permission but warned her that while he might consider paying for Mlungisi's education, the two girls were her sole responsibility because he had no money to waste on turning his daughters into harlots, for that was his view about the education of girls. 30

From then on, he began on working on Tenetile, telling her that school and church (pupils who attended the school started going to church as well) were for puny girls like Fikelephi who could not hope to get rich husbands with byres filled to bursting point with cows. As for Hleziphi, he didn't know how she hoped to learn anything old as she was, he scoffed at his twelve-year old daughter who was going to Grade one. To divert Tenetile's attention, he took her with him on an extended visit to a neighbouring chief's homestead. This chief was one of his closest friends. Here, he and his daughter were feted like royalty. A cow was slaughtered in their honour and Tenetile wore on her wrist the *siphandla*, the thin cow-skin band worn by maidens when a cow is slaughtered in their honour. 35 40

- (a) What does the passage reveal about Tengetile's father? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]
- (b) What feelings do you have towards Fikelephi and Hleziphi? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

- 17 With close reference to the story *Tomorrow is Forever* by Modison Magagula, discuss what you have learnt about love. Support your answer with details from the story. [20]

Or

- 18 You are Lungi in *A Young Man's Anger* by Nomsa Zindela, just after confronting your father about the family issues. Write your thoughts. [20]





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