



EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI

Junior Certificate Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

120/02

Paper 2 (Unseen Text)

October/November 2021

1 hour 30 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 **one** question. **Either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

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

Both questions in this Question Paper are worth 20 marks each.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Either

- 1** Read the following passage about an inexperienced veterinary surgeon helping a cow which has complications while calving or giving birth.

Explore how this passage moves you to sympathise with the veterinary surgeon.

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

- the depiction of the veterinary surgeon
- the portrayal of the other characters
- the author's use of language

I went over to my bucket of water, cold now and bloody, and silently soaped my arms. Then I lay down again, feeling the cobbles¹ harder than ever against my chest. I worked my toes between the stones, shook the sweat from my eyes and for the hundredth time thrust an arm that felt like spaghetti into the cow; alongside the little dry legs of the calf, like sandpaper tearing against my flesh, then to the bend in the neck and so to the ear and then, agonisingly, along the side of the face towards the lower jaw which had become my major goal in life. 5

It was incredible that I had been doing this for nearly two hours; fighting as my strength ebbed to push a little noose round that jaw. I had tried everything else – repelling a leg, gentle traction with a blunt hook in the eye socket, but I was back to the noose. 10

It had been a miserable session all through. The farmer, Mr Dinsdale, was a long, sad, silent man of few words who always seemed to be expecting the worst to happen. He had a long, sad, silent son with him and the two of them had watched my efforts with deepening gloom. 15

But worst of all had been Uncle. When I had first entered the hillside barn I had been surprised to see a little bright-eyed old man in a pork pie hat settling down comfortably on a bale of straw. He was filling his pipe and clearly looking forward to the entertainment. 20

'Now then, young man,' he cried in the nasal twang of the West Riding. 'I'm Mr Dinsdale's brother. I farm over in Listondale.'

I put down my equipment and nodded. 'How do you do? My name is Harriot.'

The old man looked me over, piercingly. 'My vet is Mr Broomfield. Expect you'll have heard of him – everybody knows him, I reckon. Wonderful man, Mr Broomfield, especially at calving. Do you know, I've never seen 'I'm beat yet.' 25

I managed a wan smile. Any other time I would have been delighted to hear how good my colleague was, but somehow not now, not now. In fact the words set a mournful little bell tolling inside me. 30

'No, I'm afraid I don't know Mr Broomfield,' I said, taking off my jacket and, more reluctantly, peeling my shirt over my head.

'But I haven't been around these parts very long.'

Uncle was aghast. 'You don't know him! Well you're the only one as doesn't. They think the world of him in Listondale, I can tell you.' He lapsed into a shocked silence and applied a match to his pipe. Then he shot a glance at my goose-pimpled torso². 'Strips like a boxer does Mr Broomfield. Never seen such muscles on a man.' 35

A wave of weakness coursed sluggishly³ over me. I felt suddenly leaden-footed⁴ and inadequate. As I began to lay out my ropes and instruments on a clean towel the old man spoke again. 40

'And how long have you been qualified, may I ask?

'Oh, about seven months.'

'Seven months!' Uncle smiled indulgently, tamped down his tobacco and blew out a cloud of rank, blue smoke. 'Well, there's now like a bit of experience, I always says. Mr Broomfield's been doing my work now for over ten years and he really knows what he's about.' 45

Extracted from the novel, *All Creatures Great and Small*, by James Harriot (1970).

Glossary

1. **Cobbles:** small stones
2. **Torso:** The main part of the body, not including the head, arms or legs.
3. **Sluggishly:** very slow than normal
4. **Leaden-footed:** very slow and finding it hard to act.

Or

- 2 Read the following poem describing someone's feelings about the Alexandra Township in South Africa.

Explore how this poem vividly depicts the persona's strong feelings about Alexandra.

In your response, you may include:

- the language of the poem
- the portrayal of Alexandra
- the persona's feelings towards Alexandra

Alexandra

Mogane Wally Serote

Were it possible to say,
 Mother, I have seen more beautiful mothers,
 A most loving mother,
 And tell her there I will go,
 Alexandra, I would have long gone from you. 5

But we have only one mother, none can replace,
 Just as we have no choice to be born,
 We can't choose mothers;
 We fall out of them like we fall out of life to death.

And Alexandra, 10
 My beginning was knotted to you,
 Just like you knot my destiny.
 You throb in my inside silences
 You are silent in my heart-beat that's loud to me.
 Alexandra often I've cried. 15

When I was thirsty my tongue tasted dust,
 Dust burdening your nipples.
 I cry Alexandra when I'm thirsty.
 Your breasts ooze¹ the dirty waters of your dongas,
 Water diluted with the blood of my brothers, your 20
 children,
 Who once chose dongas for death-beds.
 Do you love me Alexandra, or what are you doing to me?

You frighten me mama,
 You wear expressions like you would be nasty to me, 25
 You are bloody cruel.
 Alexandra hell

What have you done to me?
 I feel I have sunk to such meekness!
 I lie flat while others walk on me to far places. 30
 I have gone from you, many times,
 I come back.
 Alexandra, I love you;
 I know
 When these worlds became funny to me, 35
 I silently waded² back to you
 And amid the rubble I lay,
 Simple and black.

Glossary

1. **Ooze:** the flow of a thick liquid from something.
2. **Waded:** walked with an effort through something, especially in water or mud.

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