

**NAMIBIA SENIOR SECONDARY CERTIFICATE**

**ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE HIGHER LEVEL 8315/3**

PAPER 3 Literature

2 hours 45 minutes

Marks 50

**2019**

Additional Materials: Answer Book  
Prescribed textbooks

**INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your answers in the Answer Book provided.
- Write your Centre Number, Candidate Number and Name in the spaces on the Answer Book provided.
- Write in dark blue or black pen.
- Do not use correction fluid.
- Candidates may use the prescribed textbooks, **but these may not include any notes.**
- This examination paper consists of 3 sections:
  - Section A: Prose
  - Section B: Drama
  - Section C: Poetry
- Candidates must answer **one** question from each section. In total you **must** answer **three** questions.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Republic of Namibia

**MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, ARTS AND CULTURE**

## SECTION A: PROSE

- Answer **one** question from this section.
- You may answer either **Question 1** or **Question 2**.
- You should write between **350** and **500** words.

**CROCODILE BURNING by Michael Williams**

Read the following extracts from the novel, CROCODILE BURNING, and then answer the question which follows:

Mosake's face appears at the cab window. He taps sharply at the glass. I wind the window down. "Have you any idea what it would cost me to cancel tonight's show? A bloody fortune!"... "You two - after the show tonight - my office!"... We are under the stage, below the boiler room, under the earth, in his lair... He's dragged us down to a black hole under the theatre. He's hidden us away. He's leaving us to rot. He stands over me with his *sjambok* raised. He is breathing rapidly... I wince away from the *sjambok*. "You have broken the most important rule in theatre..." Mosake pulled the door closed behind him, and the lashing of the *sjambok* began... He left us with the memory of his flailing *sjambok*.

Exactly how rich is our show making us kids, I wonder? I think I make a lot of money, but how much, exactly?... I take out a piece of my writing paper to do the sums... I can hardly grasp the number that jumps off the page at me. That's seventy-two thousand dollars... And all I get is one hundred and fifty dollars?

Tonight, after the show, Mosake made his announcement: "The show's been extended for another six months..." "Can we go home first?" Tisha blurted out... "Oh, no!", He laughed. "There's no time for that! It's too far, and too expensive... Anyway, why would you want to go home when you're having such a wonderful time here?"... "Are you telling me that you're homesick for your shanty hovel, for your miserable life in Soweto?"... "Back there you're nothing but one of a million boys roaming the streets and trying to survive." "There are thousands of kids back home who would kill for the chance to be doing what you're doing here. I would replace you like that..." "Which one of you wants to go home?"... "Tomorrow I'll put you on the next flight home"... "You've been given the privilege of serving iSezela ... and don't you ever forget it."

Later in the evening Siphos mother phones from South Africa. His father's been killed in a mining accident... Siphos comes back, looking terrible. "Mosake just said; "What about the show? Not even for a week..."

"Look, I can't say definitely that Mosake's cheating you, because I've no proof. But it certainly looks like there's something odd going on," Linda says putting her coffee down... Linda is right... Mosake has pocketed our allowances... You shouldn't be living more than two together.

"Nobody told us what it was like in New York!". "And Mosake's used our ignorance to take advantage of us," Nongeni says... Remember Oswald, our financial backer,... "Remember how quickly Mosake ditched him once the show was a success?"... Mosake probably knew then that the show was coming to New York and didn't want to have to share the big bucks... Gloria confides that the other reason Cathy left was because of a money problem with Mosake.

“So you have forgotten the message of iSezela?” Mosake says, walking slowly about the room with the *sjambok* in his right hand, its thong trailing behind him... “When I say warm up, you will warm up!” He rushes at us, lashing the *sjambok*... “You will do as I say!”... He raises his *sjambok* again... Bob Haskins strides over to Mosake, snatches the *sjambok* from his hand, and throws it out of his reach. “Have you gone crazy? You have no right to do this to these kids. How dare you!”

Pablo goes on, real calm and smooth, his finger pointing at Mosake. “This guy’s not giving them their S. and T., and he’s also not paying them even the minimum wage for Broadway performers...”

Mosake tried to speak, but no words come. He looks at Linda, but she turns away. He looks at us, and we stare him down. There’s no refuge for him.

### Question 1: Context-based

Using the compilation of extracts above show how Mosake’s true nature and his real objectives are revealed to the cast members of iSezela.

[20]

OR

### Question 2: Essay

Outline and analyse Seraki Mandindi’s character and personality in the set book ‘*Crocodile Burning*’.

[20]

## SECTION B: DRAMA

- Answer **one** question from this section.
- You may answer either **Question 3** or **Question 4**.
- You should write between **350** and **500** words.

## ‘MASTER HAROLD’ ... AND THE BOYS by Athol Fugard

Read the following extracts from the play, ‘MASTER HAROLD’ ... AND THE BOYS, and then answer the question which follows:

SAM: [Shaking his head.] It’s your turn to put money in the jukebox.

WILLIE: I only got bus fare to go home. [He returns disconsolately to his work.]...

HALLY: [Cheerfully.] How’s it, chaps?

SAM: Okay, Hally.

WILLIE: [Springing to attention like a soldier and saluting.] At your service, Master Harold!...

[Willie lets fly with his slop rag. It misses Sam and hits Hally.]

HALLY: [Furious.] For Christ’s sake, Willie! What the hell do you think you’re doing!... Act your bloody age! [Hurls the rag back at Willie.] Cut out the nonsense now and get on with your work. And you too, Sam. Stop fooling around...

SAM: That’s the way they do it in jail... *Ja*. When the magistrate sentences you to ‘strokes with a light cane’... They make you lie down on a bench. One policeman pulls down your trousers and holds your ankles, another one pulls your shirt over your head and holds your arms...

[Sam and Willie demonstrate.]...

HALLY: The old Jubilee Boarding House...

WILLIE: ‘Sam, Willie... is he in there with you boys?’...

HALLY: Which meant I got another rowing for hanging around the ‘servants’ quarters’,... around the corner into the backyard, hold my breath again because there are more smells coming when I pass your lavatory... Like that time I barged in and caught you and Cynthia ... at it. Remember? God, was embarrassed! I didn’t know what was going on at first... [Back to his memories... Using a few chairs he recreates the room as he lists the items.] A gray little room with a cold cement floor... Willie’s bed ... it’s propped up on bricks because one leg is

broken... Under Willie's bed is an old suitcase with all his clothes in a mess, which is why I never hide there... I realized what you were doing. 'Sam is making a kite?'.. The sheer audacity of it took my breath away. I mean, seriously, what the hell does a black man know about flying a kite?... And remember my Mom's orders ... you're to help Willie with the windows. Come on now, I don't want any more nonsense in here... For Christ's sake, you two!... [*Grabs his ruler and gives Willie a vicious whack on the bum.*] How the hell am I supposed to concentrate with the two of you behaving like bloody children!

WILLIE: You going to write about it, Master Hally?

HALLY: Yes, gentleman, that is precisely what I am considering doing. Old Doc Bromely - he's my English teacher... He doesn't like natives. But I'll point out to him that the culture of a primitive black society includes its dancing and singing...

WILLIE: Play the jukebox please, *Boet* Sam!

SAM: I also only got bus fare, Willie.

HALLY: Just get on with your bloody work and shut up... And as far as my father is concerned, all you need to remember is that he is your boss... He's a white man and that's good enough for you... To begin with, why don't you also start calling me Master Harold, like Willie...

SAM: And if I don't?

HALLY: You might just lose your job... I can tell you now that somebody who will be glad to hear I've finally given it to you will be my Dad. Yes! He agrees with my Mom. He's always going on about it as well. 'You must teach the boys to show you more respect, my son...' You mustn't get the wrong idea about me and my Dad, Sam... He's got a marvellous sense of humour... It's not fair, is it, Hally? Then I have to ask: 'What, chum?' And then he says: 'A kaffir's arse' ... and we both have a good laugh...

SAM: It's me you're after...

[*Sam stops and looks expectantly at the boy. Hally spits in his face. A long and heartfelt groan from Willie. For a few seconds Sam doesn't move.*]

SAM: I've also got a memory of a little white boy when he was still wearing short trousers, and a black man... It was the old Jubilee days. 'Sam, please help me to go and fetch my Dad.'... You went in first by yourself to ask permission for me to go into the bar... Oh, *ja* ... something else! ... If you ever do write it as a short story, there was a twist in our ending. I couldn't sit down there and stay with you. It was a 'Whites Only' bench. You were too young, too excited to notice then...

**Question 3: Context-based**

Using the compilation of extracts from the play, show how the playwright is focused in his efforts to expose the unreasonable injustices and indignities of apartheid.

**[20]****OR****Question 4: Essay**

Show how Harold, Sam and Willie experience conflict in their circumstances in the play 'MASTER HAROLD' ...and the BOYS.

**[20]**

## SECTION C: POETRY

- Answer **one** question from this section.
- You may answer either **Question 5** or **Question 6**.
- You should write between **150** and **200** words.

**Question 5**

Read the poem and answer the question that follows:

**SOLITUDE by Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
 Weep, and you weep alone;  
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
 But has trouble enough of its own.  
 Sing, and the hills will answer;  
 Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
 The echoes bound to a joy sound,  
 But shrink from voicing care.

10 Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
 Grieve, and they turn and go;  
 They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
 But they do not need your woe.  
 Be glad, and your friends are many;  
 Be sad, and you lose them all, –  
 There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
 But alone you must drink life's gall.

20 Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
 Fast, and the world goes by.  
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
 But no man can help you die.  
 For there is room in the halls of pleasure  
 For a large and lordly train,  
 But one by one we must all file on  
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Trace the outstanding themes and identify the literary techniques used in the poem '*Solitude*'.

[10]

OR

**Question 6**

Read the poem and answer the question that follows:

**SNAKE by D. H. Lawrence**

A SNAKE came to my water-trough  
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,  
To drink there.

5 In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark  
carob-tree  
I came down the steps with my pitcher  
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was  
at the trough before me.

10 He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the  
gloom  
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied  
down, over the edge of the stone trough  
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,  
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a  
15 small clearness,  
He sipped with his straight mouth,  
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack  
long body,  
Silently.

20 Someone was before me at my water-trough,  
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,  
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,  
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and  
25 mused a moment,

And stopped and drank a little more,  
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning  
bowels of the earth  
On the day of Sicilian July with Etna smoking.

30 The voice of my education said to me  
He must be killed,  
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the  
gold are venomous.

35 And the voices in me said, If you were a man  
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish  
him off.



But must I confess how I liked him,  
 How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to  
 drink at my water-trough  
 40 And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,  
 Into the burning bowels of this earth.

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?  
 Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?  
 Was it humility, to feel so honoured?  
 45 I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:  
*If you were not afraid, you would kill him!*

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,  
 But even so, honoured still more  
 50 That he should seek my hospitality  
 From out the dark door of the secret earth.  
 He drank enough  
 And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,  
 And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so  
 55 black,  
 Seeming to lick his lips,  
 And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,  
 And slowly turned his head,  
 And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,  
 60 Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round  
 And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And he put his head into that dreadful hole,  
 And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders,  
 and entered farther,  
 65 A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his with-  
 drawing into that horrid black hole,  
 Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly  
 drawing himself after,  
 Overcame me now his back was turned.

70 I looked round, I put down my pitcher,  
 I picked up a clumsy log  
 And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,  
 But suddenly that part of him that was left behind  
 75 convulsed in undignified haste,  
 Writhed like lightning, and was gone  
 Into the back hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the  
 wall-front,  
 At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with  
 80 fascination.  
 And immediately I regretted it.

I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!  
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human  
education.

85 And I thought of the albatross,  
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,  
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,  
Now due to be crowned again.

90 And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords  
Of life.  
And I have something to expiate;  
A pettiness.

Line 9. *fissure*: a split, a narrow gap

Line 85. *albatross*: an allusion to Coleridge's 'The Ancient Mariner' where the crew  
and ship were cursed when the mariner killed a visiting albatross

Line 92. *expiate*: repent, make up for

Line 93. *pettiness*: smallness of heart and mind

With close reference to the poem, show how the narrator in the poem 'Snake', is divided  
between respect, honour and awe for the snake on the one hand and loathing, inner  
conflict and fear on the other.

[10]

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