NAMIBIA SENIOR SECONDARY CERTIFICATE

ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE HIGHER LEVEL 8315/1

PAPER 1 Reading and Directed Writing — 2 hours 30 minutes

Marks 50 — **2017**

Additional Materials: Answer Book

INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION TO CANDIDATES

- Write your answers on the Answer Book provided.
- Write your Centre Number, Candidate Number and Name in the spaces provided on the Answer Book.
- Write in dark blue or black pen.
- Do not use correction fluid.

- Answer **all** questions.

- **Start each part on a separate page.**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Republic of Namibia

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, ARTS AND CULTURE

[Turn over

PART 1

Read the following extract and then answer Questions **1 – 4**.

This land – our land

It was 10 February 2001, just before sunrise, when the Namibian Police knocked on my door. The smell of rain covered Bushmanland in a blanket of new life. The sergeant in charge asked me to accompany him to Tsumkwe's clinic, the only health centre in Eastern Bushmanland.

As the screams from within the clinic became more audible, I was informed of what had happened. Where man and animal co-exist, conflict is inevitable. The amount of blood on the clinic floor gave justifiable reason to pursue and destroy the culprit.

The life of the Ju/'hoansi is simple yet wholesome compared to the luxurious lifestyle provided by mega-cities. The Ju/'hoansi are born from the land. They appreciate the little things we have forgotten. They pray for rain, and when it comes, it gives them hope and brings peace to the soul. These indigenous people of Namibia have learned to live from the earth, preferring exposure to the natural environment above the shelter provided by a modern lifestyle. Unfortunately, this sometimes comes at a high price.

A family of three had been sleeping peacefully, taking in the fresh scent of the rain, when, just before dawn, the hyena struck, taking the four-year-old girl from between her mother and father.

The mother was woken by her daughter's terrified screams as the dark shadow ran away with the small child clutched in its powerful jaws. Within minutes, the mother had reached the hyena, and with all her might started pulling back her child in a competition between life and death. The hyena, yielding to the commotion, relinquished the child and slowly slunk off into the cover of the bush.

The little girl's life had been spared because the hyena's teeth were blunt. But she had been scalped, and the nurses were worried about bleeding on the brain. She was transported to the nearest medical doctor.

By 08:00 that morning, permission was granted to shoot and destroy the hyena. My trackers and I went to the village in Tsumkwe where the girl had been taken. We found it strange that any wild animal would wander into such a place filled with human smells and sounds. The fact that the animal's incisors had been unable to crush the skull indicated that we were dealing with an old hyena which could no longer hunt game, and had resorted to finding easier meals within man's boundaries.

We would hunt at night so that we could blind the animal with a spotlight and get a good shot at it at night. As we drove through the village where the little girl had been taken, the inhabitants watched in silence. We could sense their fear.

The powerful rays of the spotlight swept over the grassy fields time and again. We continued the hunt night after night, heading out into the darkness with high hopes. One morning explains how the life of the Ju/'hoansi people differs from life in the big cities. Moving swiftly and silently, we had covered 10 kilometres by 10:00, but 14:00 and 40 kilometres later, with the sun blazing and the humidity intensifying the heat, we realised that no man could ever catch up with a hyena on foot. We had learnt an important lesson.

Foolishly, we thought we had worked out how she moved. Ironically the safest place for her to look for food in Tsumkwe was behind the vehicle that carried the men seeking to destroy her. By 17 February, our nightly ritual had proven to be futile, yet she continued to feast on goats,

dogs and chickens. We realised later that she was actually following our hunting car, killing in the wake of our tracks.

We then rigged two capture cages and 20 gin-traps in the Tsumkwe surroundings, which were now so booby-trapped that we were afraid to wander around in the bush. No matter how much I hated this way of hunting, it had to be done. All other options had been exhausted. However, the hyena managed to elude all our traps. We could do nothing but continue with our normal routine of hunting at night. The hyena and her pack had now killed twenty one goats, thirty four dogs, fifty seven chickens and two lambs.

It was 20:00 still early in our nightly hunt, when we spotted the red eyes again. She was next to a small hut with four men sitting around the fire, their hands extended towards the heat of the flames. The rifle pressed into my shoulder as my right eye stared onto the crosshair. The sound of a cartridge being forced into the barrel made the men around the fire grow silent. My finger pressed the trigger. Although the rifle kicked hard into my shoulder, I could see her going down. A clean brain shot assured us she had not felt a thing.

The next minute the people of Tsumkwe started shouting, praising our success. We took the dead hyena into town the next morning so that everyone could see she was no longer a threat to their peaceful way of life.

(Adapted from Flamingo, April 2008)

Answer the following questions **in your own words as far as possible**.

1 Explain how the life of the Ju/'hoansi people differs from life in the big cities. [2]

2 What aspects of the hyena's behaviour were unusual on the night of 9 February 2001 **and** what reasons are suggested to account for this strange behaviour? [3]

3 What was ironic of the hyena's behaviour and how did it benefit her? [2]

4 Explain **three** ways in which the author and the hunters took the hunting of this dangerous creature seriously. [3]

[10]

Part 2

Read the following article and then answer Questions **5 – 15**.

The Story of Sugar

Sugarcane was domesticated 10 000 years ago on the island of New Guinea. It was used there as a kind of magic potion, a cure for every mood and it featured prominently in ancient Guinean myths. Initially people picked cane and ate it raw, chewing a stem until the taste hit their tongues like an explosion. A kind of elixir, a cure for every mood, sugar featured prominently in ancient New Guinean myths. The taste of sugar was a kind of elixir and even priests sipped sugar water from coconut shells at religious ceremonies. 1

Sugar spread slowly from island to island, finally reaching the Asian mainland around 1000 B.C. By A.D. 500 it was being processed into a powder in India and used as a medicine for headaches, stomach flutters and even impotence. For years sugar refinement remained a secret science, passed from master to apprentice. By 600 the art had spread to Persia, where rulers entertained guests with a plethora of sweets. When Arab armies conquered the region, they carried away the knowledge and love of sugar. It was like throwing paint at a fan: first here, then there, sugar turning up wherever Allah was worshipped. "Wherever they went, the Arabs brought with them sugar, the product and the technology of its production," writes Sidney Mintz in *Sweetness and Power*. "Sugar, we are told, followed the Koran." 2

Muslim rulers made a great show of sugar. Marzipan was the rage, ground almonds and sugar sculpted into outlandish concoctions that demonstrated the wealth of the state. A 15th century writer described an entire marzipan mosque commissioned by a caliph: it was marvelled at, prayed in, devoured by the poor. The Arabs perfected sugar refinement and turned it into an industry. The work was brutally difficult. Workers were exposed to the heat of the fields, the flash of the scythes, the smoke of the boiling rooms and the crush of the mills. By 1500, with the demand for sugar surging, the work was considered suitable only for the lowest of labourers. Many of the field hands were prisoners of war, eastern Europeans captured when Muslim and Christian armies clashed. 3

Perhaps the first Europeans to fall in love with sugar were British and French crusaders who went east to gain control of the Holy Land from the heathens. They returned home full of visions and stories and memories of sugar. As cane is not at its most productive in temperate climates – it needs tropical, rain-drenched fields to flourish – the first European market was built on a trickle of Muslim trade and the sugar that reached the West was consumed only by the nobility, so rare it was classified as a spice. However, with the spread of the Ottoman Empire in the 1400s, trade with the East became more difficult. To the Western elite who had fallen under the sugar spell there were few options: deal with the small southern European sugar manufacturers, defeat the Turk, or develop new sources of sugar. 4

In school they call it the Age of Exploration, the search for territories and islands that would send Europeans all around the world. In reality it was, to no small degree, a hunt for fields where sugarcane would prosper. In 1425 the Portuguese Prince known as Henry the Navigator sent sugarcane to Madeira with an early group of colonists. The crop soon made its way to other newly-discovered Atlantic islands – the Cape Verde Islands and the Canaries. 5

In 1493, when Columbus set off on his second voyage to the New World, he, too, carried cane. This eventually ended in the age of big sugar, of Caribbean islands and slave plantations, leading, in time, to great smoky refineries on the outskirts of artificial cities, to mass consumption, overweight children, obese parents, and men in XXL tracksuits trundling along in electric carts. 6

Columbus planted the New World's first sugarcane in Hispaniola, the site, not coincidentally, of the great slave revolt a few hundred years later. Within decades mills marked the heights in 7

Jamaica and Cuba, where rain forest had been cleared and the native population eliminated by disease or war, or enslaved. The Portuguese created the most effective model, making Brazil into an early boom colony, with more than 100 000 slaves churning out tons of sugar.

As more cane was planted, the price of the product fell. As the price fell, demand increased. Economists call it a virtuous cycle – not a phrase you would use if you were not on the receiving side of the equation. In the mid-17th century sugar began to change from a luxury spice, classed with nutmeg and cardamon, to a staple, first for the middle class and then for the poor. 8

By the 18th century the marriage of sugar and slavery was complete. Every few years a new island – Puerto Rico, Trinidad – was colonised, cleared, and planted. When the natives died, the planters replaced them with African slaves. After the crop was harvested and milled, it was piled in the holds of ships and carried to London, Amsterdam, and Paris where it was traded for finished goods, which were brought to the west coast of Africa and traded for more slaves. The bloody side of this 'triangular trade,' during which millions of Africans died, was known as the Middle Passage. Until the slave trade was banned in Britain in 1807, more than 11 million Africans were shipped to the New World - more than half ending up on sugar plantations. According to Trinidadian politician and historian Eric Williams, "Slavery was not born of racism; rather racism was the consequence of slavery." Africans, in other words, were not enslaved because they were seen as inferior; they were seen as inferior to justify the enslavement required for the prosperity of the early sugar trade. 9

The original British sugar island was Barbados. It was deserted when a British captain found it on 14 May 1625 and the island was soon filled with grinding mills, plantation houses, and shanties. Tobacco and cotton were grown in the early years, but cane quickly overtook the island, as it did wherever it was planted in the Caribbean. Within a century the fields were depleted and the water table sapped. By then the most ambitious planter had left Barbados in search of the next island to exploit. By 1720 Jamaica had captured the sugar crown. 10

For an African, life on these islands was hell. Throughout the Caribbean, millions died in the fields and pressing houses or while trying to escape. Gradually the sin of the trade began to be felt in Europe. Reformers preached abolition; housewives boycotted slave-grown cane. In *Sugar: A Bittersweet History* Elizabeth Abbott quotes Quaker leader William Fox, who told a crowd that for every pound of sugar, "we may be considered as consuming two ounces of human flesh." A slave in Voltaire's *Candide*, missing both a hand and a leg, explains his mutilation: "When we work in the sugar mills and we catch our finger in the millstone, they cut off our hand; when we try to run away, they cut off a leg; both things have happened to me. It is at this price that you eat sugar in Europe." 11

And yet there was no stopping the boom. Sugar was the oil of its day. The more you tasted, the more you wanted. In 1700 the average Englishman consumed 4 pounds a year. In 1800 the common man ate 18 pounds of sugar. In 1870 that same sweet-toothed chap was eating 47 pounds annually. Was he satisfied? Of course not! By 1900 he was up to 100 pounds a year. In that span of 30 years, world production of cane and beet sugar exploded from 2.8 million tons a year to 13 million plus. Today the average American consumes 77 pounds of added sugar annually, or more than 22 teaspoons of added sugar a day. 12

If you go to Barbados today, you can see the legacies of sugar: the ruined mills, their wooden blades turning in the wind, marking time; the faded mansions; the roads that rise and fall but never lose sight of the sea; the hotels where the tourists are filled with jam and rum; and those few factories where the cane is still heaved into the presses, and the raw sugar, sticky sweet, is sent down the chutes. Standing in a refinery, as men in hard hats rushed around me, I read a handwritten sign: a prayer beseeching the Lord to grant them the wisdom, protection, and strength to bring in the crop. 13

(Article adapted from National Geographic, August 2013)

For questions **5 – 10** write down the letter **A, B, C** or **D** to indicate the answer which you regard as most appropriate to the question.

5 Sugarcane was so delicious that New Guineans often mentioned it

A as a medicinal drink for priests.

B as an essential drink at religious ceremonies.

C as an important aspect in their myths.

D in myths describing the immortality of their priests. [1]

6 Persian "rulers entertained their guests with plethora of sweets" suggest that Persian rulers

A developed the art of sugar refinement.

B regarded sweets so highly that they used it as a major source of entertainment.

C stole ideas from Indian masters.

D tried to win over their guests by offering them an overabundance of sweets. [1]

7 Popularising sugar production was first fully developed by

A Arabs.

B Asians.

C Indians.

D Persians. [1]

8 The first sugar workers

A received insufficient wages.

B were always convicts.

C were often Christian prisoners of war.

D were treated brutally. [1]

9 Sugar played an important role in

A causing European crusaders to succumb to its spell.

B enslaving prisoners of war.

C establishing slavery as a lucrative enterprise.

D exhibiting Muslim leaders' power over the West. [1]

10 The aim of the article is to

A alert readers to a breed of ill, depressed and over-weight off-spring.

B cruelly threaten that sugar usage can only lead to death.

C inform readers about the health hazards of sugar.

D outline the hazardous implications of sugar through a history of its development. [1]

Answer questions **11 – 15 in your own words as far as possible**.

11 Explain why it was detrimental for the poor when the price of sugarcane dropped. [2]

12 The Trinidadian politician, Eric Williams, claimed that "racism was the consequence of slavery". What does he want to justify and why? [3]

13 Explain the following remark in William Fox's statement that for every pound of sugar

"... we may be considered as consuming two ounces of human flesh." [3]

14 The author mentions that at its boom, sugar was "the oil of its day." (Paragraph 12) What figure of speech is used and what is he implying? [2]

15 What do you see to be the author's intention in the final paragraph? Your analysis should be supported by the factual detail provided **and** by reference to linguistic techniques used by the author. [4]

[20]

PART 3

Read the following article and answer Question **16**.

Hearing for the First Time

My guide dog, Matt, shuffles at my feet. We are on a crowded train, and I am trying to build a mental picture of the other riders. I smell a strong, sweet perfume. My fellow passengers probably have not noticed it – they will be busy chatting on their cell phones or reading the paper. But to me, it is a clue. Does the lovely scent belong to a girl on her way to meet her boyfriend? Or perhaps she has a first date? I can smell coffee too. I tell myself to be careful in case there is a hot drink nearby.

This is my life as a deaf-blind woman: trapped in a world that is getting darker by the day, a silent world interrupted only by the blurry low-level white noise my hearing aids give me. But in a month, I will have cochlear implants. The surgeons tell me that at the age of 39, I might be able to hear for the first time the voices of those I love: my family, my friends, and the colleagues I work alongside of as a mentoring coordinator. It is an incredible prospect, but it comes with serious risks. If the auditory nerve is damaged, I will be stripped of even the fuzzy noise I have come to rely on, a sound that is a bit like what you hear when you are underwater. I am overwhelmed by fear. My mother is worried too. "You are OK as you are, Joanne," she says. "What if it goes wrong?" But what if it does not? What if there is a chance that I will take out my hearing aids and never put them back in again?

I know that one day soon, I will lose what remains of my eyesight – I have retinitis pigmentosa, another symptom of Usher syndrome, the rare and cruel genetic condition that robbed me of my hearing at birth. Since I began going blind, in my late 20s, I have had no peripheral vision– just a narrow tunnel of sight in front of my face that lets me lip-read. But is there really a chance that the doctors are going to give me back my ears in exchange? My eyelids feel as if someone has attached lead weights to them. Slowly, with a huge effort, I blink them open. A crack in the ceiling of the hospital ward comes into focus. Then a face appears in my tunnel vision. It is Mom. "Did they do the operation?" I croak. "Is it over?" Mom laughs.

Two days after the operation, I am home in Gateshead, England. The specialists think it has gone well, but I have to wait a month before the implants can be switched on. Only then will we know whether it has been a success. Suddenly, I have become helpless. I cannot wear my hearing aids anymore and without them, the white noise that guided me through each day has disappeared. The total and utter silence is a depressing companion. What scares me most is the thought of staying like this forever.

A month later, I am back at the hospital. Mom and I are sitting in the waiting room. A large screen TV posts each patient's name and the waiting time. At last it is my turn and I see a friendly face appear in my tunnel. I take a seat opposite the audiologist, Louise, in her office. Before she switches on the implants, she needs to align 22 electrodes in each ear with a computer. It is a drawn-out process as she attaches wires from my new hearing aids to her computer. When she puts them behind my ears for the first time, they feel cold and hard. After the same laborious process is repeated over and over for each electrode, Louise puts down her pen and smiles at me. "Caaaaaan…yooooooou…heeeeeear…meeeeee?" The first words I have ever heard!

Every letter and syllable bounces off the walls, the ceiling, the doors, ringing out around the room, in my ears, and rattling round my brain as it desperately tries to filter every new sound that has pirouetted out of Louise's mouth and hit my ears, exploding like a firework. Is this what sound is like? This is not a white noise or a gentle hum. This is what it feels like not to be deaf. This is hearing. Suddenly I hear words I have known my entire life but one I am hearing for the first time. So ordinary and yet to me they are the most beautiful words imaginable.

Mom is standing to my right, filming this moment. I try to speak and I have this strange sensation from within. A voice in my head. My own voice! "It sounds very high," I say. "It will sound high-pitched at first," says Louise. "Your brain will readjust it, so it will not always sound that way."

I put my head into my lap and sob. "Smile," says Mom, as she stands with the video camera. She has been my mouthpiece, my ears, my eyes, my entire life and I have never even heard how she sounds until now. My brain tries to compute the difference between her and Louise and instantly spots it: Mom's Northern English accent. So that is how we sound.

The operation has worked. I can hear! If you could bottle joy at its happiest, that is how I am feeling. In all those years in my silent world, words were lost on me, strangers that I could only hope to befriend. And yes, there is an obvious question: How do I know what these spoken words mean, never having heard them before? All those years of lip-reading had taught my brain the shape and feel of spoken words even before I had heard them and now, suddenly, sound and meaning are coming together.

I leave Louise's office a hearing woman. As we walk away, I hear the tap of footsteps on the floor. I hear a phone ringing. I hear the *clink, clink* sound of a lunch trolley. The tiny little signs that everyone takes for granted are colouring my world, bringing it to life like I have never experienced before. On our way home we stop at a restaurant and I am left wondrous when I realise I can answer the waitress without looking at her. I can hear the sound of glasses on a table. I can hear people communicating without looking at them. These are all secrets that the hearing world is now letting me in on. By the time we get back to our hotel room, my brain is exhausted from the effort of hearing. As Mom hangs her coat up in the wardrobe, I ask her for the first time in my life to be quiet. "Ooooh, sorry!" she says. And we collapse into fits of giggles.

(Adapted from Reader's Digest, July/August 2015)

16 Write an article for a magazine on Usher syndrome. Give the necessary details about the genetic condition based on information from the reading passage. Your article should reveal the circumstances of a person who suffers from the disease. This may be based on your own creative ideas. Then also sketch your own creative scenario describing what a person may experience when he or she can hear for the first time.

Your creative impressions should link with some of the ideas mentioned in the article which you may then develop further in order to create an original and stimulating article. You will be awarded for creativity and originality.

Your article should be between **300** and **350** words.

[20]

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