

NAMIBIA SENIOR SECONDARY CERTIFICATE

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH ADVANCED SUBSIDIARY LEVEL 8167/2

PAPER 2 Literature

2 hours

Marks 50

2022

Additional Materials: Answer Book

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.
- Write in dark blue or black pen.
- Do not use correction fluid.

- Answer **two** questions, each from **a different section**.
- Set texts are **not** allowed in the examination room.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.
- Pay attention to spelling, punctuation and sentence structure.
- 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

SECTION A: POETRY

Question 1

Choose **one** of the following.

EITHER

- A** Select **two** poets from your list of set texts. Discuss the ways in which these poets present the theme of prejudice. [25]

OR

- B** Comment closely on the ways in which the poet expresses a sense of comfort in *Prayer*. [25]

Prayer

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer
utters itself. So, a woman will lift
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth
enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade 1 piano scales
console the lodger looking out across
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer -
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.

(Carol Ann Duffy)

SECTION B: PROSE

Question 2: Short stories

Choose **one** of the following.

EITHER

- A** Discuss the ways in which the **two** writers of *The Taste of Watermelon by Borden Deal and Secrets* by Bernard MacLaverty present the theme of guilt. [25]

OR

- B** Comment closely on the following extract from *The Moving Finger* by Edith Wharton. Discuss how Wharton presents the narrator's attitude towards Grancy and his two wives in the following extract. [25]

She sat up. It was her mother. She heard her sigh, a muffled sound, a body twisted against the matted floor. Her mother was not well. She did not understand why because she could not remember a time when this had happened. Now she was uncertain what to do.

'Aiyaaa,' her mother groaned softly. 'Aiyaaa.' The sounds of pain bewildered her. They stretched out for long minutes, hovered in the dark room, only to begin again. She heard her mother getting up slowly, the mat rustling under her feet, footsteps stumbling across the room into the kitchen. Frightened, she got to her feet and followed. The bathroom door stood open, her mother huddled on the floor, a dark shape moaning deeply to itself.

She called out, whispered, uncertain whether she should put the lights on and unwilling to share the pain which light would reveal. Her mother only groaned very softly, yet with such distance and intensity that its disguise in the dark frightened her beyond reluctance and she immediately switched on the lights. Dark messes were splattered on the floor, her mother's clothes were blood-red with a flow from some secret wound, while the woman herself squatted, eyes contracted, body rigid and contorted. She was frightened by what she saw. The blood seemed to gush from some fatal injury to the woman's flesh, this woman now unrecognisable as her mother, who groaned and clutched her side, writhing.

She was repulsed by the pain and blood. They lay beyond her experience, yet some instinctive sympathy, a habit of sex, made her arms and legs move. Hot water from the baby's flask, warmed towel, hot thick sweet milk given to that body as it contracted and shuddered and held itself rigid as if to will the cessation of that hidden mysterious gush.

When finally the woman lay asleep, covered with two blankets, asleep in the exhausted peace of past pain and suffering, she still moved about the little kitchen, sluicing the blackened floor, scrubbing the clothes while they stained the icy water with the dark dye. As she squatted in the bathroom, pouring the black water away, scrubbing the cloth furiously, she felt the unexpected inversion. Her mother, that strong protective woman who had hugged her whenever she woke up from a nightmare. Tonight she was gone. She could not comfort her in this frightening thing she was doing, washing away the blackened blood in the black night. She had told her. What did it matter what she had told her? The dragon, the man's eyes, the dark road, what was it that had frightened her last night and all those other nights?"

Question 3 Novel: Life & Times of Michael K - J.M. Coetzee

Choose **one** of the following.

EITHER

A Discuss the ways in which Coetzee explores the theme of freedom in the novel. **[25]**

OR

B Comment closely on the following extract, considering the ways in which it presents the fate of the oppressed in the novel. **[25]**

K felt the attention of the group drift away from him to the music. "There is no Welfare in Cape Town either," he said. "The Welfare stopped." The tent next door glowed, lit from within by a candle; figures moved in silhouette against the walls larger than life. He reclined and stared up at the stars.

"We've been in for five months now," said a voice beside him. It was the man from the hut. His name was Robert. "My wife, my children, three girls and a boy, my sister and her children. I had work near Klaarstroom, on a farm. I'd been there a long time, twelve years. Then suddenly there was no wool market.

Then they started the quota system – only so much wool per farmer. Then they closed the one road to Oudtshoorn, then they closed the other one, then they opened them both, then they closed them for good. So one day he came to me, this farmer, and he said, "I've got to let you go. Too many mouths to feed, I can't afford it." "Where must I go?" I said: "You know there are no jobs." "Sorry," he said, "nothing personal, I just can't afford it anymore." So he let me go, me with a family, and he kept on a man who had been there only a short time, a young man, single. Just one mouth to feed – he could afford that. I said to him, "I've got no work now, what can I afford?" Anyway, we packed everything and left; and on the road, I'm not lying, on the road the police picked us up, he had phoned them, they picked us up and that same night we were here in Jakkalsdrif behind the wire. "No fixed abode." I said to them, "Last night I had a fixed abode, how do you know tonight I won't have a fixed abode?" They said, "Where would you rather sleep, out in the veld under a bush like an animal or in a camp with a proper bed and running water?" I said, "Do I get a choice?" They said, "You get a choice and you choose Jakkalsdrif. Because we are not going to have people wandering around being a nuisance." But I'll tell you the real reason, I'll tell you why they were so quick to pick us up. They want to stop people from disappearing into the mountains and then coming back one night to cut their fences and drive their stock away. Do you know how many men there are in this camp – young men?" He leaned towards K and dropped his voice. "Thirty. You are thirty-one. And how many women and children and old people? Look around, count for yourself. So I ask you, where are the men who aren't here with their families?" "I was in the mountains," said K. "I didn't see anyone." "But you ask any of these women where their menfolk are, they will say, "He has got a job, he sends me money every month," or, "He ran away, he left me." So who knows?"

There was a long silence. A tiny light flashed across the heavens. K pointed. "A shooting star," he said.

Question 4: Novel: All the Bright Places - Jennifer Niven**EITHER**

A Discuss the ways in which Niven presents attitudes to mental health in the novel. **[25]**

OR

B Using the extract below, comment closely on how and with what effects the writer presents Violet in the novel. **[25]**

I don't even listen as Mrs. Mahone goes over what she wants. Instead I pick at a thread on my skirt. I have a headache. Probably from the glasses. Eleanor's eyes were worse than mine. I take the glasses off and set them on the desk. They were stylish on her. They're ugly on me. Especially with the bangs. But maybe, if I wear the glasses long enough, I can be like her. I can see what she saw. I can be both of us at once so no one will have to miss her, most of all me.

The thing is, there are good days and bad days. I feel almost guilty saying they aren't all bad. Something catches me off guard—a TV show, a funny one-liner from my dad, a comment in class—and I laugh like nothing ever happened. I feel normal again, whatever that is. Some mornings I wake up and I sing while I'm getting ready. Or maybe I turn up the music and dance. On most days, I walk to school. Other days I take my bike, and every now and then my mind tricks me into thinking I'm just a regular girl out for a ride.

Emily Ward pokes me in the back and hands me a note. Because Mrs. Mahone collects our phones at the start of every class, it's the old-fashioned kind, written on notebook paper.

Is it true you saved Finch from killing himself? x Ryan. There is only one Ryan in this room—some would argue there's only one Ryan in the whole school, maybe even the world—and that's Ryan Cross.

I look up and catch his eye, two rows over. He is too good-looking. Broad shoulders, warm gold-brown hair, green eyes, and enough freckles to make him seem approachable. Until December, he was my boyfriend, but now we're taking a break.

I let the note sit on my desk for five minutes before answering it. Finally, I write: I just happened to be there. x V. Less than a minute later, it's passed back to me, but this time I don't open it. I think of how many girls would love to receive a note like this from Ryan Cross. The Violet Markey of last spring would have been one of them.

When the bell rings, I hang back. Ryan lingers for a minute, waiting to see what I do, but when I just sit there, he collects his phone and goes on.

Mrs. Mahone says, "Yes, Violet?"

Ten pages used to be no big deal. A teacher would ask for ten and I would write twenty.

I'd give them thirty. Writing was what I did best, better than being a daughter or girlfriend or sister.

Writing was me. But now writing is one of the things I can't do.

I barely have to say anything, not even "I'm not ready." It's in the unwritten rulebook of life, under How To React When a Student Loses a Loved One and Is, Nine Months Later, Still Having a Very Hard Time.

SECTION C: DRAMA

Question 5: *As You Like It* – William Shakespeare

Choose **one** of the following.

EITHER

- A** Discuss the significance of the use of contrasts in the play, showing how these contribute to the dramatic effects of the play as a whole. [25]

OR

- B** Discuss the significance of the extract below and its dramatic effects on the play as a whole. [25]

(Act II, Scene vii)

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

- DUKE SENIOR: Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, 5
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 "This is no flattery. These are counsellors 10
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 15
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
- AMIENS: I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20
- DUKE SENIOR: Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forkèd heads
 Have their round haunches gored. 25

Question 6: Woza Albert! - Percy Mtwa, Mbongeni Ngema and Barney Simon

Choose **one** of the following:

A Comment closely on the writers' use of different languages and how it contributes to the dramatic effects of the play. [25]

OR

B Discuss the significance of the extract below and its effects on the audience. [25]

Percy So you know that you must always carry a pass.

Mbongeni Yes, my boss.

Percy Okay, now what happens if you don't have your pass?

Mbongeni I go to jail, my boss.

Percy And what happens if your pass is not in order?

Mbongeni (*nearly offstage*) I go to jail, my boss.

Percy (*wheels on Mbongeni*) H-E-E-E- Y! Your pass!!!

Mbongeni (*effusively*) OOOOhhh, my pass, my constable! (*Moves to Percy holding out his pass*) Here's my pass my lieutenant.

Percy Okay, now let's have a look. (*Examines the pass*) Where do you work?

Mbongeni I work here my Captain.

Percy You work here? If you worked here your passbook would be written 'Market Theatre, Johannesburg'. But look, it is written 'Kentucky Southern Fried'. Is this Kentucky Southern Fried? And look at the date. It tells me you haven't worked in four years. This is vagrancy, you're unemployed. (*To audience.*) Ja, this is what I call 'loafer-skap!

Mbongeni No, my Colonel, I am a guitarist; I've been playing music for five years, my boss.

Percy Hey, you lie, you fuckin' entertainer!

Mbongeni It's true, it's true, my boss.

Percy Can you show me where it is written 'musician'? Hey? Where's a guitar? Where's a guitar! Where's a guitar?

Mbongeni Ag, nee – my Brigadier, I'm self-employed!

Percy Self-employed? (*Chuckling collusively to audience.*) Hell, but these kaffirs can lie, hey?

Mbongeni Maar, dis die waarheid, but it is true – my General!

Percy You know where you should be?

Mbongeni No, my boss.

Percy You should be in prison!

Mbongeni No, my boss.

Percy And when you come out of prison, do you know where you should go?

Mbongeni No, my boss.

Percy Back to the bush with baboons. That's where you belong! Kom hierso! Section 29. (*To audience, pleasantly.*) Do you know about Section 29? That's a nice little law specially made for loafers like him. And I've got a nice little place waiting for him in Modder-B Prison. Kom jong! (*Pulls Mbongeni by his track-suit.*)

Mbongeni (*aside*) Shit!

Percy (*threatening*) What did you say? Wat het jy gesê?

Mbongeni Nothing, my President!

The policeman (**Percy**) chases the musician (**Mbongeni**) behind the clothes-rail.

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