EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL OF ESWATINI
Junior Certificate Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **120/01**

Paper 1 (Closed Books) **October/November 2025**

2 hours 15 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 t**hree** 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.

This document consists of **12** printed pages.

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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.

Higgins: [*Thundering at her*] Sit down.
Mrs. Pearce: [*Severely*] Sit down, girl. Do as you're told. [*She places the stray chair near the hearthrug between* HIGGINS *and* PICKERING*, and stands behind it, waiting for the girl to sit down.*]
The Flower Girl: Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo! [*She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered*]
Pickering: *[Very courteous*] Won't you sit down?
The Flower Girl: [*Coyly*] Don't mind if I do. [*She sits down, Pickering returns to the hearthrug.*]
Higgins: What's your name?
The Flower Girl: Liza Doolittle.
Higgins: [*Declaiming gravely*] Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess, They went to the woods to get a birds nes':
Pickering: They found a nest with four eggs in it:
Higgins: They took one apiece, and left three in it. [*They laugh heartily at their own wit.*]
Liza: Oh, don't be silly.
Mrs. Pearce: You mustn't speak to the gentlemen like that.
Liza: Well, why won't he speak sensible to me?
Higgins: Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?
Liza: Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteen-pence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I won't give you more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.
Higgins: [*Walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets*] You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy guineas from a millionaire.
Pickering: How so?
Higgins: Figure it out. A millionaire has about £150 a day. She earns about half-a-crown.
Liza: [*Haughtily*] Who told you I only –
Higgins: [*Continuing*] She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. Two-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about £60. It's handsome. By George, its enormous! It's the biggest offer I ever had.
Liza: [*Rising, terrified*] £60! What are you talking about? I never offered you £60. Where would I get –
Higgins: Hold your tongue.
Liza: [*Weeping*] But I ain't got £60. Oh –
Mrs. Pearce: Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.
Higgins: Somebody's going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you don't stop sniveling. Sit down.
Liza: [*Obeying slowly*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-oo-o! One would think you was my father.
Higgins: If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here! [*He offers her his silk handkerchief.*]
Liza: What's this for?
Higgins: To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

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

(b) For what reasons would you admire Liza as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

2 How far would you consider Mr. Doolittle as self-centered in the story? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

3 You are Mrs. Higgins, after your son has told you about the girl he is determined to turn into a lady. Write your thoughts. [20]

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[Turn over

OLA ROTIMI: *The Gods Are Not To Blame*

Either

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

[ODEWALE *appears at the top of the steps. All the men prostrate themselves with the greeting Kabiyesi.* ALAKA *remains standing, entranced, grinning broadly at* ODEWALE.]

Alaka: Scorpion! My child, Scorpion!

Odewale: [*Recognizing him.*]. A- ah! Alaka, son of Odediran!

Alaka: Scorpion! One that must not be vexed. Smooth on the surface like a woman's jewel; poison at the tail. It is you I greet, [Prostrating himself.] son of my master, the hunter who squats playfully to kill a lion.

[ODEWALE *hurries down, arms outspread. They embrace.*]

Odewale: My master! Alaka, son of Odediran, son of Ijekun- Yemoja.

Alaka: This is me!

[*They embrace again*]

Odewale: [*Nostalgically sings a 'home song' while* ALAKA *dances*]

Ekun ku o
Mbo mbo
M'ele wa ya
Mbo mbo
M'ele wa ya
Mbo mbo
Ekun ku o
Mbo mbo
M'ele wa ya
Mbo mbo
Ere we tinkpojiba
Kpowahan kporokan
Niloro ajanuwa
Kpobere kako
Hmm…hmm…hmm...
Alaka, son of Odediran! Come enter my house.
Enter… my house is your house.

[*They enter,* OJUOLA *leading.*]

Alaka: I have searched for you for many months. But that is no matter. Now I have found you, my heart is light.

Odewale: Alaka, son of Ijekun Yemoja, you have come well to my house. Wife, this is my riend of all friends, my brother…no, my master. He taught me everything in my father's house in Ijekun.

Alaka: I did not teach you hot temper though!

Odewale: No, no, Sango, the thunder lion, taught me that one! [*All laugh.*]

Ojuola: I shall go and get warm water ready for his bath. [*Exit.*]

Alaka: Now, tell me where you have been all these years. You deceived me, my brother, and I am angry.

Odewale: Deceived you?

Alaka: Did you or did you not tell me that you were going to face the struggle of life alone, in Ede?

Odewale: I left Ede after… it is a grave story, my brother.

Alaka: What happened?

Odewale: You will be the first person I have ever told it to, Alaka, son of Odediran. Can I still trust you?

Alaka: Has time made my brother doubtful of me?

Odewale: Swear [*hands him matchet.* ALAKA *bites it.*] I had a farm, a big farm, at the place where three footpaths meet. *50*

Alaka: At the place where the three footpaths meet.

Odewale: Yes, near Ede. A big yam farm. A farmer they called Kakalu, son of Atiki, who lived in Ede sold it to me for five bags of cowries.

Alaka: Is it still there?

Odewale: I ran away from it just as the yam harvest was coming. *55*

Alaka: Ran away from it! That does not make sense, my brother.

Odewale: I…I… a man died there. In my hands.

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

(b) For what reasons would you admire Alaka as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the text. [10]

Or

5 How far would you consider Odewale a good leader in the story? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

6 You are Queen Ojuola, just after discovering that Odewale is actually your first-born son. Write your thoughts. [20]

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SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

LUCY DLAMINI AND NONHLANHLA VILAKATI (ed.): *When Fishes Flew and other Poems*

Either

*** 7** How does the poet portray the speaker's frustration and helplessness in the following poem? [20]

Last Lesson of the Afternoon **D.H. Lawrence**

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart,
My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt,
I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt
Of the books that lie out on the desk; a full threescore
Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl
Of slovenly work that they have offered me.
I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
What good to them or me, I cannot see!

So, shall I take
My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
Their dross of indifference; and take the toll
Of their insults in punishment? – I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
What do I care for all they do amiss!
What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this
Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write
A description of a dog, or if they can't?
What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.
I do not and will not; they won't and they don't; and that's all!
I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
Why should we beat our heads against the wall
Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

Or

8 With close reference to *The Morning Sun is Shining* by Olive Schreiner, explore the speaker's attitude towards nature. [20]

Or

9 Choose one of the following poems and discuss the challenges human beings sometimes go through as shown in the poems.

An Abandoned Bundle: Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali
The Grass Will Grow: Jonathan Kariara [20]

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.

I knew the story of my parents' meeting. We all did. It was her luck, so Mother told us, to be assigned to the male surgical ward that month of her practicals, for it was whilst there that Father, then a bus conductor, was brought in a critical condition. He had fallen from a bus while trying toclimb it staff; that is, letting the bus start moving before giving it a swift chase and hopping on – to the huge admiration of on-lookers, not excluding that of young nubile girls.

My mother's tenderness towards her patients had won the hearts of many who had passed through her hands. She was their sunshine, so they told her. She had treated Father like the rest, trying to alleviate his pain by her caring attitude.

When after a week no one had been to visit him, she was concerned. When he could talk, she asked him if his relatives knew he was in hospital, and she saw his eyes brim with tears. Father, whose mother had died soon after his birth, had been brought up by his father's most senior wife, a cruel, mean, spiteful woman who never really did any bringing up; all she did was allow an older child, a co-wife, or neighbor who happened to notice the starving thing, to push into its mouth whatever could pass for food. From the moment Father could crawl, he slept wherever sleep found him in any one of the numerous huts or enclosures of the other wives of his father.

Father had left home when a fellow heardboy suggested they should run away to find paid employment at one of the white-owned farms. For a while he had survived on casual or seasonal employment, cotton picking, weeding, or maize harvesting, until he landed the easier (and to him and his peers, then, more exciting) job of bus conductor.

He had been at it for four years when he sustained the injuries which brought him to the male surgical ward of R.F.M hospital. His dream had been to one day own his own bus; this he also confided to Mother. He would drive it himself and find someone he trusted to collect the fares, for he had been appalled at the extent of thieving going on in the bus business.

Mother had been particularly kind to him after learning his plight, bringing him a penny-worth of treats she bought at the hospital gate – a *vetkoek*, roasted or boiled peanuts, fruit. All the same, she had been surprised when he came to see her after his discharge from the hospital. He had called, he said, to bid her farewell because he was leaving for the gold mines across the border, to *Nyonyane* as South Africa was known then. He reminded her of his wish to one day own his own bus business. He would save every penny until he had enough money to put a deposit on a good second-hand bus to operate, hopefully, as an 'up and down' between Manzini and Matsapha.

Rather shyly, he had also hinted that if he stayed long enough at the mines, he might buy enough cattle to pay *lobola* for a wife. And of course Mother had been all encouragement, though far from suspecting that she was then part of his humble and illiterate young man's dream.

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

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

Or

11 For what reasons would you consider Tana a good role model to her younger siblings? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

12 You are Zakhe's Father, on the way to Botswana to bring her back to Swaziland. Write your thoughts. [20]

KAGISO MOLOPE: *The Mending Season*

Either

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

The aunts sat chatting and laughing in the kitchen. Mmamane Mmabatho was relaying stories about people from her work at the grocery store two streets away. I could hear Mammane Malebone's giggle and Mammane Mmabatho's loud laugh – I imagined her throwing her head back and tears streaming down her cheeks, because she always had tears when she laughed that much. I could also see, in my mind's eye, Mmamane Malesedi grinning, letting out quiet laughter while her shoulders shook up and down.

"Come and eat something," Mmamane Mmabatho called out to me. I was not even dressed yet. Eating was the last thing I wanted to do. I looked at the clothes again: tight blue stonewashed jeans and a simple white chiffon blouse on my bed, and on the other bed a black dress that was tight around the chest and loose around the waist. The shoes would be the same either way: a pair of relatively new black sandals – the only part of the outfit I was confident about.

"I'm not hungry!" I said, biting my lip and unable to decide. Mammane Malebone appeared in the doorway, startling me.

"Definitely the dress," she said, "You look nice in it."

I was not convinced, "Maybe I shouldn't go," I suggested, only half-seriously. She looked at the outfit intently without responding and left the room. I took my towel off finally and put on the dress and then the shoes. Infront of the mirror, I brushed my hair. No style seemed right. I brushed out the curls and made it flat, making a parting in the middle.

"I give up," I said to the girl in the mirror.

"You can't leave without eating!" Mmamane Mabatho said from the kitchen.

"There will be a lot of food," I told her.

"Still you don't want to look like you haven't eaten in years. Come here. There's bread and peanut butter and jam – "

"No!" I yelled out in English, frustrated.

I expected the three of them to come running into the room, telling me how rude I had been and that I had to apologise. I waited with my teeth pressing on my lips, fighting back tears. But only my mother appeared in the doorway holding a box in her hands.

"*Tsea*," she said, and handed it to me. Inside were a few of her rings, a collection she treasured,that I was not allowed to touch.

"Take that one," she said as I picked up a silver band. "Wear it on your thumb, it's the best way." I put it on the left thumb and looked away from her.

She left the room and came back with a piece of toast with butter and jam on it and gave me half.

"Just eat this, to hold your stomach." I ate it reluctantly, while she ate the other half.

When I was about to leave, the aunts all stood up and put on shoes, wrapped their hair in doeks and followed me out of the house.

"Where are you going?" I said with a sinking feeling.

"Walking you," Mmamane Malesedi said."You are going to catch a taxi, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I can go alone. I know how to catch a taxi."

"Fine. No one said you couldn't catch a taxi," Mammane Mabatho said.

"I don't need anyone to come with me," I insisted.

"Tshidiso, we're coming." Mmamane Malesedi had the final say.

They walked me to the taxi, all the way talking about neighbours, the street and their jobs. I wanted them to turn around and go away. I was nervous enough without worrying about when they would start giving me instructions on how to behave. People looked up and some children pointed as always. I walked hastily ahead of them.

(a) What does the passage reveal about Tshidiso's relationship with her aunts? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

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

Or

14 For what reasons would you believe that the black girls were treated unfairly at Ascension Convent School? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

15 You are Mrs. Allison just after hearing about the netball court incident between Veronica and Elizabeth. Write your thoughts. [20]

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VELAPHI MAMBA (ed.): *Africa Kills Her Sun and other short stories*

Either

***16** Read the following passage from the story *The Sisters* by Pauline Smith and then answer the questions that follow.

The next day I went alone across the river to old Jan Redlinghuis' farm. No one knew that I went, or what it was in my heart to do. When I came to the house Jan Redlinghuis was out on the stoep smoking his pipe.

I said to him: 'Jan Redlinghuis, I have come to offer myself.'

Jan Redlinghuis took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me. I said again: 'I have cometo ask you to marry me instead of my sister Marta.'

Old Jan Redlinghuis said this to me: 'And why have you come to do this thing, Sukey de Jager?'

I told him: 'Because it is said that you are a sinful man, Jan Redlinghuis, going at times a little mad in your head, and my sister Marta is too good for you.'

For a little while old Jan Redlinghuis looked at me, sitting there with his pipe in his hand, thinking the Lord knows what. And presently he said:

'All the same, Sukey de Jager, it is your sister Marta that I will marry and no one else. If not, I will take the lands of Zeekeogatt as it my right, and I will make your father bankrupt. Do now as you like about it.'

And he put his pipe in his mouth and not another word would he say.

I went back to my father's house with my heart heavy like lead. And all that night I cried to God: 'Do now what you will with me but save our Marta.' Yes, I tried to make a bargain with the Lord so that Marta might be saved. And I said also: 'If He does not save our Marta, I will know that there is no God.'

In three weeks Marta married old Jan Redlinghuis and went to live with him across the river. On Marta's wedding-day I put my father's Bible before him and said:

'Pa, pray if you like, but I shall not pray with you. There is no God or surely He would have saved our Marta. But if there is a God as surely, will He burn our souls in Hell for selling Marta to old Jan Redlinghuis.'

From that time I could do what I would with my father, and my heart was bitter to all the world but my sister Marta. When my father said to me: 'Is it not wonderful, Sukey, what we have done with the water that old Jan Redlinghuis lets pass to my farrow?'

I answered him: 'What is now wonderful? It is blood that we lead on our lands to water them. Did not my mother die for it? And was it not for this that we sold my sister Marta to old Jan Redlinghuis?'

Yes, I said that. It was as if my heart must break to see my father water his lands while old Jan Redlinghuis held my sister Marta up to shame before all Platkops.

I went across the river to my sister Marta as often as I could, but not once after he married her did old Jan Redlinghuis let Marta come back to my father's house. 'Look now, Sukey de Jager,' he would say to me, 'your father has sold me his daughter for his lands. Let him now look to his lands and leave me his daughter.' And that was all he would say about it.

Marta had said that old Jan Redlinghuis was not always mad, but from the day that he married her, his madness was to cry to all the world to look at the wife that Burget de Jager had sold to him.

'Look,' he would say, 'how she sits in her new tent-cart – the wife that Burgert de Jager sold to me.' And he would point to the Zeekeogatt lands and say: 'See now, how green they are, the lands that Burgert de Jager sold me his daughter to save.'

Yes, even before strangers would he say these things, stopping his cart in the road to say to them, with Marta sitting by his side.

My father said to me: 'Is it not wonderful, Sukey, to see how Marta rides through the country inher new tent-cart?'

I said to him: 'What is now wonderful? It is to her grave that she rides in the new tent-cart, and presently you will see it.' *50*

And I said to him also: 'It took you many years to kill my mother, but believe me it will not take as many months for old Jan Redlinghuis to kill my sister Marta.'

(a) What does the passage reveal about Sukey de Jager and her relationship with her family? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

(b) What feelings do you have towards Jan Redlinghuis as you read the passage? Support your answer with details from the passage. [10]

Or

17 For what reasons would you consider the narrator in the story *Me and the Fish God* to be unlucky? Support your answer with details from the text. [20]

Or

18 You are Thandile, just after being beaten by your stepmother in the story *The First Christmas Without My Mother* by Lucy Dlamini. Write your thoughts. [20]

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