

EXAMINATION NUMBER:.....

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**2023 MALAWI SCHOOL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION MOCK II
EXAMINATIONS**

ENGLISH

Thursday, 1st June

Subject Number M164/1

Time Allowed 2 hours

10:30 – 12:30 PM

**PAPER III
(70 MARKS)**

Instructions:

- 1. This paper contains 13 pages. Please check.**
- 2. Fill in your examination number at the top of each page.**
- 3. Answer all the four questions in the spaces provided.**
- 4. The maximum number of marks for each answer is indicated against each question.**
- 5. In the table provided on this page, tick against the question number you have answered.**
- 6. Hand in your paper to the invigilator when time is called to stop writing.**

Question Number	Tick if Answered	Do not write in these columns	
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
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7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			

SECTION A

POETRY

READ THE FOLLOWING POEM AND THEN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS THAT FOLLOW

1. LEADERS OF TOMORROW (edited by *R Chirambo, M. Iphani and Z Mbano*)

You leaders of tomorrow

On what corner stone

Are you going to build?

Running away from school

Where true leaders are baked

You hide in corners

Can one find happiness

In sex, drink and smoke

The very horns of death?

Questions

- a. Who is the persona in the poem?

(1 mark)

b. From what point of view is the poem recited?

(1 mark)

i. Justify your answer in (2)

(2 marks)

c. Who is/are the addressee (s) in the poem?

(1 mark)

d. What role is the persona playing in the poem?

(2 marks)

e. Describe the behaviour of the addressee.

(3 marks)

f. What figure of speech is portrayed by the line “Where true leaders are baked”?

(1 mark)

g. What **major** problem will the leaders of tomorrow face in according to the persona?

(2 marks)

h. Explain any one theme portrayed in the poem.

(2 marks)

SECTION B
SHORT STORY

READ THE FOLLOWING STORY AND ANSWER THE QUESTIONS THAT FOLLOW.

2. Looking for a Rain God (by Bessie Head)

It is lonely at the lands where people go to plough. These lands are vast clearings in the bush, and the wild bush is lonely too. Nearly all the lands are within walking distance of from the village. In some parts of the bush where the underground water is very near to the surface, people made little rest camps for themselves and dug shallow wells to quench their thirst while on their journey to their own lands. They experienced all kind of things once they left the village. They could rest at shallow watering places full lush, tangled trees with delicate pale-gold and purple wild flowers springing up soft green moss and the children could hunt around for wild figs and any berries that might be in season. But from 1958, a seven-year drought fell upon the land and even leaves of the trees curled up and withered, the moss became dry and hard and white, because there was no rain. People said rather humorously that if you tried to catch the rain in a cup, it could fill only a tea spoon. Towards the beginning of the seventh year of the drought, the summer had become an anguish to live through. The air was so dry and moisture-free that it burned the skin. No one knew what to do to escape the tragedy that was in the air. At the beginning of that summer, a number of men just went out of their homes and hang themselves to death from trees. The majority of the people had lived off crops, but for years they had all returned from the lands with only their rolled-up skin blankets and cooking utensils. Only the charlatans, incanters, and witch doctors made a pile of money during this time because people were always turning to them in desperation

for little talismans and herbs to rub on the plough for the crops to grow and the rain to fall.

The rains were late that year. They came in early November, with a promise of good rains. It was not the full, steady downpour of the years of good rain, but thin, scanty, misty rain. It softened the earth and a rich growth of green things sprang up everywhere for the animals to eat. People were called to the village kgotla to hear the proclamation of the beginning of the ploughing season; they stirred themselves and whole families began to move off to the lands to plough. The family of an old man, Mokgobja, was among those who left early for the lands. They had a donkey cart and piled everything onto it, Mokgobja, who was over seventy years; two little girls, Neo and Boseyong; their mother, Tiro and an unmarried sister, Neste, and father and supporter of the family, Ramadi, and the two women cleared the land of thorn-bush and then hedged their vast ploughing area with this same thorn-bush to protect the future crop from the goats they had brought along for milk. They cleared out and deepened the old well with its pool of muddy water and still in this light, misty rain, Ramadi inspanned two oxen and turned the earth over with a hand plough.

The land was ready and ploughed, waiting for the crops. At night, the earth was alive with insects singing and rustling about in search of food. But suddenly, by mid-November, the rain fled away; the rain-clouds fled away and left the sky bare. The sun danced dizzily in the sky, with a strange cruelty. Each day the land was covered in a haze of mist as the sun sucked up the last drop of moisture out of the earth. The family sat down in despair, waiting and waiting. Their hopes had run so high; the goats had started producing milk, which they eagerly poured on their porridge, now they ate plain porridge with no milk. It was impossible to plant the corn, maize, pumpkin and water melon seed on dry earth. They sat the whole in the shadow of

the huts and even stopped thinking, for the rain had fled away. Only the children, Neo and Boseyong, were happy in their girl world. They carried on with their game of making like their mother chattered to each other light, soft tones. They made children from sticks around which they tied rags, and scolded them severely like in an exact imitation of their mother. Their voices could be heard scolding the whole day long: “You stupid thing, when I send you to draw water, why do you spill part of it out of the bucket! Can’t you mind the porridge-pot without letting the porridge burn!” And then they would beat the rag-dolls on their bottoms with severe expressions.

Adults paid no attention to this; they did not even hear the funny chatter; they sat waiting for rain; their nerves were stretched to breaking-point, willing the to fall out of the sky. Nothing was important, beyond that. All their animals had been sold during the bad years to purchase food, and all of their herd except only two goats were left. It was the women of the family who finally broke down under the strain of waiting for rain. Each night, they started a weird, high-pitched wailing that began on a low, mournful note and whipped up to a frenzy. Then they would stamp their feet and shout as though they had lost their heads. The men sat quite self-controlled; it was important for men to maintain their self-control at all times but their nerve was breaking too. They the women were haunted by the of the starvation coming year.

Finally, an ancient memory stirred in the old man, Mokgobja. When he was very young and the customs of the ancestors still ruled the land, he had been witness to a rain-making ceremony. And he came alive a little, struggling to recall the details which had been buried by years and years of prayer in a Christian Church. As soon as the mist cleared a little, he began consulting in whispers with his youngest son, Ramadi. There was, he said, a certain rain god who accepted only the sacrifices of

the bodies of children, then rain would fall and crops would grow, he said. He explained the ritual and as he talked, his memory became a conviction and he began to talk with unshakable authority. Ramadi's nerves were smashed by nightly wailing of the women and soon the two men began whispering with the women. The two children still continued with their game; "You stupid thing! How could have lost the money on the way to the shop! You must have been playing again!"

After it was all over and the bodies of the of the two little girls had been spread across the land, the rain did not fall. Instead, there was a deathly silence at night and the devouring of the heat of the sun by day, a terror, extreme and deep, overwhelmed the whole family. They packed, rolling their skin blankets and pots and fled back to the village.

People in the village noted the absence of the two little girls. They had died at the lands and were buried there, the family said. But people noted that their ashen, terror-stricken faces and a murmur arose. What had killed the children, they wanted to know. And the family replied that they had just died. And people said amongst themselves that it was strange that the two deaths had occurred at the same time. Soon, the police came around. The family told them the same story death and burial at the lands. They did not know what the children had died of. So, the police asked to see the graves. At this, the mother of the children broke down and told everything.

Throughout that terrible summer, the story of the children hung like a dark cloud of sorrow over the village the sorrow was not assuaged when the old man and Ramadi to death for ritual murder. All they had on the statute books was that tribal murder was against the law and must be stamped out the death penalty. The subtle story of strain and starvation and breakdown was inaddimissible evidence in court; but all the people who lived off crop knew in their hearts, that only a hair's breadth had

saved from sharing a fate similar to that of the Mokgobja family. They could have killed something to make the rain fall.

Questions

- a. From what of view is the story told?

(1 mark)

- b. How is the theme of desperation portrayed in the story?

(2 marks)

- c. In what way did Tiro and Nesta cause the death of the two children?

(2 marks)

- d. What figure of speech is portrayed in the expression: “The sun danced dizzily in the sky, with a strange cruelty”?

(2 marks)

- e. Describe the character of the following:

- i. Mokgobja

- ii. Tiro and Nesta

(2 marks)

f. In what point of view is the story told?

(2 marks)

g. What reason did Mokgobja and Ramadi give as a defence for their brutal sacrifice of the two two girls?

(2 marks)

Section C (40 marks)

The pearl by John Steinbeck

Answer two questions, one from question 3 and one from question 4 in an essay form.

3. (a) From the novel “The Pearl” discuss how the theme of solidarity has been portrayed.

(20 marks)

OR

(b) Discuss how each of the following characters have been influential in the novel “The Pearl”

- i. The pearl buyers
- ii. The French Doctor

(02 marks)

Macbeth by William Shakespeare

EXAMINATION NUMBER:.....

4. (a) Conflict is one of the themes in the play “Macbeth”. Show how has this theme been portrayed in the play.

(20 marks)

OR

- (b) Describe each of the following characters as portrayed in the play “Macbeth”

- (a) Lady Macbeth

- (b) King Edward

(20 marks)

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END OF QUESTION PAPER