

**UNIVERSITY OF FORT HARE
EAST LONDON CAMPUS**

ECL 110E

**FIRST SEMESTER MAIN EXAMINATION
JUNE 2023**

Time: 3 HOURS

Marks: 100

ENGLISH ONE

There are five pages including the cover page.

INTERNAL EXAMINERS:

**Dr. Raphael Nhongo
Dr. Teneille Kirton-Els**

Instructions:

Section A and B should be answered

SECTION A: LITERATURE

Answer ONE question from this section:

QUESTION ONE:

**Provide a critical analysis of “City Johannesburg” by Mongane Wally Serote.
(50 Marks)**

This way I salute you:
My hand pulses to my back trousers pocket
Or into my inner jacket pocket
For my pass, my life,
Jo'burg City.
My hand like a starved snake rears my pockets
For my thin, ever lean wallet,
While my stomach growls a friendly smile to hunger,
Jo'burg City.
My stomach also devours coppers and papers
Don't you know?
Jo'burg City, I salute you;
When I run out, or roar in a bus to you,
I leave behind me, my love,
My comic houses and people, my dongas and my ever whirling dust,
My death
That's so related to me as a wink to the eye.
Jo'burg City
I travel on your black and white and roboted roads
Through your thick iron breath that you inhale
At six in the morning and exhale from five noon.
Jo'burg City
That is the time when I come to you,
When your neon flowers flaunt from your electrical wind,
That is the time when I leave you,
When your neon flowers flaunt their way through the falling darkness
On your cement trees.
And as I go back, to my love,
My dongas, my dust, my people, my death,
Where death lurks in the dark like a blade in the flesh,
I can feel your roots, anchoring your might, my feebleness
In my flesh, in my mind, in my blood,
And everything about you says it,

That, that is all you need of me.
Jo'burg City, Johannesburg,
Listen when I tell you,
There is no fun, nothing, in it,
When you leave the women and men with such frozen expressions,
Expressions that have tears like furrows of soil erosion,
Jo'burg City, you are dry like death,
Jo'burg City, Johannesburg, Jo'burg City.

OR

QUESTION TWO:

**Critically discuss themes, characterisation, conflict and point of view in
“Thirst” by Kobus Moolman. (50 Marks)**

There once was a sour old misanthropist who lived with his silent wife in a small stone cottage on the edge of the desert. He was a sheep-farmer, and early every morning he would take his dogs and ride out into the waking veld to graze his flocks, further and further each year as the wells dried up and rains refused to come.

There was a low stone wall around the yard of their house and stones too on the roof to keep it down in the brutal winds that sometimes swept in suddenly from the desert. His wife baked bread and small cakes in an oven in the ground.

“Why don’t you give up?” the woman eventually asked one day. “Why don’t you give up here and we can move to the city?” But the old man was bitter and proud. He swore he would never be part of any crowd and, snatching his hat and rifle, stomped off into the sun.

The years passed slowly, and more and more sheep dropped to their knees in the dust and refused to get up. In his anger the man left their carcasses where they lay.

Then one day a stranger appeared on their doorstep. He was not of the same race as the man and his wife, and he wore only little clothing. In his strange crackling tongue he asked them for water, a request they understood from his drinking motions. But the man feared this stranger (who was really quite small) and he shook his head angrily. Again the stranger enacted his ritual, pouring the precious liquid slowly down his throat and closing his eyes in deep satisfaction. But the man only stamped his feet and swore at the small brown man on his doorstep. “Go away!” he shouted. “Go! The water I have is mine, and I’m not giving you any!” Reluctantly the stranger understood his rejection and, opening his hand that previously he had held cupped so carefully before him, let fall the silver water to the ground. Then he was gone.

Each day the sun seemed to grow larger and more fierce. The land cracked, and the little water that now remained dwindling at the house frightened even the man, and he did not know what to do. “I will find water,” he said eventually. “I will go and find us some water.” And not long thereafter,

in fact, he left. His wife did not stand outside to watch him ride off. She sat instead on the cold floor in their room holding her ankles.

After two days the man's horse collapsed in the sand. He shot it there and continued on foot. On his fourth day he came upon a snake turning to gold in the sun. "Where are you going?" the snake asked him. But the man could not hear it. He was very tired now and his body felt like stone. He did not even lift his head to look where he was walking, but trudged mesmerized, staring blindly at the sand under his feet.

On the sixth day a rabbit ran out from its hole in the ground and demanded to know where the man was going. The man groped clumsily for his gun but the rabbit was quick, and, kicking up sand in defiance, disappeared.

By the ninth day the man could no longer walk. Now he crawled, now he just left himself slide helplessly down the steep dunes. He believed that he had already entered the province of the dead, and he no longer cared. A flock of crows followed him, calling out his name repeatedly and laughing.

"Where are you going?" One of them asked.

"I am going to find water," the man replied in thought.

"Do you know where to look?" the bird asked, and his white frocked companions screeched in derision, clashing their fierce beaks together.

Into the sun the man fled. And it was so hot. He could not breathe. He felt as if his chest was about to burst. He flung off his jacket. Then his shirt. Soon he was white and naked, flat on the flat land. Dark wings covered his eyes. He was falling into the earth. Falling . . .

Now a large green creature appeared, rolling its bulbous eyes in his face. It looked like a stick, but bore a delicate head and six spindly legs, the front pair raised in blessing and prayer.

"So you want water? What is water? I will give you water. Open your mouth."

And the man drank deeply from the flashing river that the great creature's jaws released. He was floating now, borne on a magnificent wind. He heard clapping and the sound of voices. He opened his eyes to shadows and rock, the yellow blades of a fire and dancing figures, who did not now appear at all strange to him. The man opened his hands and breathed out completely.

His wife had waited. For nothing in particular. But there wasn't anything else to do. Just before she came to believe that she was dead the lightning came and flooded her. She remained alone on the farm and grew to talking to everything. Early each morning she would stride out into the desert to find grazing for the sheep. The wind and the sand were all around.

SECTION B: LINGUISTICS

- a) Answer both question 1 and 2. Each question carries a total of 50 marks.
- b) Question 1 should be answered in essay format and should not exceed 4 pages.
- c) Question 2 a) should be answered in essay format but should not exceed half of a page.
- d) For question 2 b), you are supposed to construct a tree diagram that is supported by relevant information for each sentence.
- e) Credit will be given to answers that are clear, concise and grammatically well-constructed.

- 1. Explain the difference between language and communication. [25 marks]
- 2. a) Define syntax. [5 marks]
- b) Construct tree diagrams from the following sentences:
 - I. The boy kicked the red ball. [4 marks]
 - II. The young boy ran in the house. [4 marks]
 - III. His mother beat him with a stick. [4 marks]
 - IV. The students put the assignments in the cabinet. [4 marks]
 - V. The hot sun melted the ice. [4 marks]

END OF EXAMINATION