

UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND
FACULTY OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF CURRICULUM AND TEACHING
FINAL EXAMINATION : MAY, 2005

TITLE OF PAPER : CURRICULUM STUDIES IN ENGLISH
COURSE CODE : EDC 374
STUDENTS : B.ED YEAR THREE; PGCE
TIME : THREE (3) HOURS
INSTRUCTIONS :
INDICATED

- 1. ANSWER QUESTION ONE (1) AND ANY THREE OTHER QUESTIONS.**
- 2. QUESTIONS CARRY MARKS AS**
- 3. ALL ANSWERS MUST BE WRITTEN IN CONTINUOUS ESSAY FORM.**

QUESTION 1 (compulsory)

Read the following story and answer the questions below:

The Voter

Chinua Achebe

Rufus Okeke, or Roof for short, was a very popular man in his village. Although the villagers did not explain it in so many words, Roof's popularity arose because, unlike many of his comrades, he had not abandoned the village to seek work in the towns. And Roof was not a village lout either. Everyone knew he had spent two years as a bicycle repairer's apprentice in Port Harcourt, and had given up, of his own free will, a bright future to return to his people and guide them in these difficult times. Not that Umuofia needed a lot of guidance. The village already belonged *en masse* to the People's Alliance Party, and its most illustrious son, Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe, was Minister of Culture in the outgoing government (which was pretty certain to be the incoming one as well). Nobody doubted that the Honourable Minister would be elected in his constituency. Opposition to him was like the proverbial fly trying to move a dunghill. Opposition would have been ridiculous enough coming, as it did now, from a complete nonentity.

As was to have been expected, Roof was in the service of the Honourable Minister for the coming elections. He had become a real expert in election campaigning at all levels — village, local government or national. He could tell the mood and temper of the electorate at any given time. For instance, he had warned the Minister some months ago about the radical changes that had come into the thinking of Umuofia since the last national election. For example, the villagers had had five years in which to see how quickly and plentifully politics had brought to the Minister wealth, chieftaincy titles, Doctor's degrees and other honours, some of which, like the last, had still to be explained satisfactorily to them; for in their simple minds they still expected a doctor to be able to heal the sick. Anyhow, these honours and benefits had come so readily to the man to whom they had given their votes free of charge five years ago that they were now ready to try it a different way.

Their point was that only the other day Marcus Ibe was a not too successful mission school teacher. Then politics had come to their village and he had wisely joined up. Today he was 'Chief the Honourable'; he had two long cars and had just built himself the biggest house anyone had ever seen in these parts.

But let it be said that none of these successes had gone to Marcus's head as well they might. He remained devoted to his people. Whenever he could he left the good things of the capital and returned to his village, which had neither running water nor electricity, although he had installed a private plant to supply these facilities to his new house. He knew the source of his good fortune, unlike the bird which ate and drank and went out to challenge his personal spirit. Marcus had christened his new house 'Umuofia Mansions' in honour of his village, and he had slaughtered five bulls and countless goats to entertain the people on the day it was opened by the Archbishop.

But when the feasting was over, the villagers told themselves that they had underestimated the power of the ballot paper before and should not do so again. Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe was not unprepared. He had drawn five months' salary in advance, changed a few hundred pounds into shining shillings and armed his campaign boys with eloquent jute bags. In the day he made his speeches; at night his followers conducted their whispering campaign. Roof was the most trusted of these campaigners.

'We have a Minister from our village, one of our own sons,' he said to a group of elders in the house of Ogbucfi Ezenwa, a man of high traditional title. 'What greater honour can a village have? Do you ever stop to ask yourself why we should be singled out for this honour? I will tell you. It is because we are favoured by the leaders of PAP. Whether or not we cast our paper for Marcus, PAP will continue to rule. Think of the pipe-borne water they have promised us ...'

Besides Roof and his assistant, there were five elders in the room. An old hurricane lamp with a cracked, sooty glass chimney gave out a yellowish light in their midst. The elders sat on very low stools. On the floor directly in front of them, lay two shilling-pieces. Outside beyond the fastened door, the moon kept a straight face.

'We believe every word you say to be true,' said Ezenwa. 'We shall, every one of us, drop our paper for Marcus. Tell Marcus he has our papers, and our wives' papers too. But what we do

say is that two shillings is shameful.' He brought the lamp closer and tilted it towards the money before him to make sure he had not mistaken its value.

'Yes, two shillings is shameful. If Marcus were a poor man, which our ancestors forbid, I should be the first to give him my paper free, as I did before. But today Marcus is a great man and does things like a great man. We did not ask him for money yesterday; we shall not ask him tomorrow. But today is our day; we have climbed the iroko tree today and we would be foolish not to take down all the firewood we need.'

Roof had to agree. He had lately been taking down a lot of firewood himself. Only yesterday he had asked Marcus for one of his many rich robes — and had got it. And then again, last Sunday Marcus's wife had objected as Roof pulled out his fifth bottle of beer from the refrigerator; she was roundly and publicly rebuked by her husband. To cap it all, Roof had won a land case recently because, among other things, he had been chauffeur-driven to the disputed site. So he understood all about the firewood.

'All right,' he said in English and then reverted to Ibo. 'Let us not quarrel about small things.' He stood up, adjusted his robes and plunged his hand once more into the bag. Then he bent down like a priest distributing the host and gave one shilling more to every man; only he did not put it into their palms but on the floor in front of them. The men, who had so far not wanted to touch the things, looked at the floor and shook their heads. Roof got up again and gave each man another shilling.

'I am through,' he said with a false but effective indifference. The elders too, knew how far to go without losing. So when Roof added: 'Go and cast your paper for the enemy if you like!' they quickly calmed him down with a suitable speech from each of them. By the time the last man had spoken it was possible, without great loss of dignity, to pick up the things from the floor.

The enemy Roof had referred to was the Progressive Organisation Party (POP), which had been formed by the tribes down the coast to save themselves (as they said) from 'total political, cultural, social and religious annihilation'. Although it was clear the party had no chance here, it had plunged, with typical foolishness, into a straight fight with PAP, providing cars and

loudspeakers to a few local rascals and thugs to go around and make a lot of noise.

No one knew for certain how much money POP had spent in Umuofia, but it was said to be considerable. Their local campaigners would end up very rich, no doubt.

Up to the last night, everything had been 'moving according to plan', as Roof put it. Then he received a strange visit from the leader of the POP campaign team. Although he and Roof were well known to each other, and might even be called friends, his visit was cold and businesslike. No words were wasted. He placed five pounds on the floor before Roof and said, 'We want your vote.'

Roof got up from his chair, went to the outside door, closed it very firmly and returned to his chair. The brief journey gave him enough time to consider the offer and as he spoke his eyes never left the red note on the floor.

'You know I work for Marcus,' he said weakly. 'It will be very bad ...'

'Marcus will not be there when you cast your vote. We have plenty of work to do tonight; are you taking this or not?'

'It will not be heard outside this room?' asked Roof.

'We are after votes, not gossip.'

'All right,' said Roof in English.

The man nudged his companion and he brought forward an object covered with a red cloth and began to remove the cover. It was a fearsome little object in a clay pot with feathers stuck into it.

'The *iyi* comes from Mbanta. You know what that means. Swear that you will vote for Maduka. If you fail to do so, this *iyi* take note.'

Roof's heart nearly flew out when he saw the *iyi*; indeed he knew the fame of Mbanta in these things. But he was a man of quick decision. What could a single vote given in secret for Maduka take away from Marcus's certain victory? Nothing.

'I will cast my vote for Maduka; if not, this *iyi* take note.'

'That's all,' said the man as he rose with his companion, who had covered up the object again and was taking it back to the car.

'You know he has no chance against Marcus,' said Roof at the door.

'It is enough that he gets a few votes now; next time he will get more. People will hear that he gives out pounds, not shillings, and they will listen.'



Election morning: that great day every five years when the people exercise power. Weather-beaten posters on the walls of houses, tree trunks and telegraph poles. The few that were still in one piece called out their message to those who could read. Vote for the People's Alliance Party! Vote for PAP! Vote for the Progressive Organisation Party! Vote for POP! The posters that were torn called out as much of the message as they could.

As usual, the Honourable Marcus Ibe was doing things in grand style. He had hired a band from Umuru and stationed it near the voting booths. Many villagers danced to the music, their ballot papers held aloft, before proceeding to the booths. Chief the Honourable Marcus Ibe sat in the 'owner's corner' of his enormous green car and smiled and nodded. One enlightened villager came up to the car, shook hands with the great man and said in advance, 'Congrats!' This immediately set the pattern. Hundreds of admirers shook Marcus's hand and said 'Corngrass!'

Roof and the other organisers were dancing up and down, giving last-minute advice to the voters and pouring with sweat.

'Don't forget,' he said again to a group of illiterate women who seemed ready to burst with enthusiasm and good humour, 'our sign is the motor car ...'

'Like the one Marcus is sitting in ...'

'Thank you, mother,' said Roof. 'It is the same car. The box with the car shown on its body is the box for you. Don't look at the other with the man's head: that is for those whose heads are not correct.' This was greeted with loud laughter. Roof cast a quick and busy-like glance towards the Minister and received a smile of appreciation.

'Vote for the car,' he shouted, and all the veins in his neck stood out. 'Vote for the car and you will ride in it!'

'Or if we don't, our children will,' said the same sharp old girl.

The band struck up a new number: 'Why walk when you can ride ...'

In spite of his apparent calm and confidence, Chief the Honourable Marcus was a relentless stickler for detail. He knew he would win what the newspapers called a landslide victory but he did not wish, even so, to throw away a single vote. So, as soon as the first rush of voters was over, he promptly asked his campaign boys to go, one at a time, and put in their ballot papers.

'Roof, you had better go first,' he said.

Roof's spirits fell, but he let no one see it. All morning he had covered up his deep worry with an excitement which was unusual even for him. Now he dashed off towards the booths. A policeman at the entrance searched him for illegal ballot papers and allowed him in. Then the electoral officer explained to him about the two boxes. He entered the booth and was confronted by the car and the head. He brought out his ballot paper from his pocket and looked at it. How could he betray Marcus even in secret? He resolved to go back to the other man and return his five pounds ... Five pounds! He knew at once that it was impossible. He had sworn on that *iji*. The red note held him in its spell.

At this point he heard the muffled voice of the policeman asking the electoral officer what the man was doing inside: 'He's been a long time in there,' he said in Ibo.

Quick as lightning a thought leapt into Roof's mind. He folded the paper, tore it in two along the crease and put one half in each box. He took the precaution of putting the first half into Maduka's box and confirming the action verbally: 'I vote for Maduka.'

They marked his thumb with indelible purple ink to prevent his return, and he went out of the booth smiling at the people and satisfied that honour had been maintained.

- (i) Mention any five learning activities which you would design for pupils in Form Two to appreciate the character of Rufus Okeke as portrayed in the story. Give one main reason for the choice of each activity. {15 marks}
- (ii) Explain how you would use guided analysis to teach the theme(s) in the story. (10 marks)

QUESTION 2

Your school's "O" level results have just been published. They show that your school performed badly in Literature in English. In a staff meeting a strong suggestion that the option of **Literature in English** be stopped with immediate effect in order to decrease the high failure rate and restore the image of the school.

As Head of the Department of English, state your reasons for not stopping the option, **Literature in English**, and state how you will help improve performance in the subject.

[25 marks]

QUESTION 3

Brumfit (1980) and Ellis and Tomlinson (1994) presented a number of reasons for the **teaching of Literature in English at secondary school level**.

Discuss these reasons showing how they compliment each other. [25 marks]

QUESTION 4

Explain how extensive and intensive reading could be integrated to promote literacy and **oracy skills when teaching Literature in English at secondary school level**.

[25 marks]

QUESTION 5

"Shakespearean drama is archaic and has no relevance for an African child at secondary school level"

As a teacher of **Literature in English** write a position paper in defence of the teaching of Shakespearean drama at secondary school level in Swaziland.

[25 marks]

QUESTION 6

Read the following poem and answer the questions below.

African School-girls' Song

Acquah Lalueh

Beat, beat, beat, dears, beat the golden grain,
For food builds up the sinews and stimulates the brain,
Just as you beat rice, dears, with your pestle in your hand,
You'll beat distrust and bloodshed, out of Africa our land.

Clean, clean, clean, dears, clean the silver fish,
Drop its shimmering, shining scales, then lay it on the dish;
'Tis destined in the future, Young Africans, that you
Shall clean away the scales that hide true Africa from view.

Burn, burn, burn, dears, burn the sweet palm oil,
And every mother's son, dears, will thank you for your toil,
For in the years to come, dears, while other nations shout,
You'll burn the heart of Africa, till all its dross burns out.

Grind, grind, grind, dears, pepper ripe and red,
For there're many hungry, eager, strong, black lads, who
must be fed.
Your dear black hands that guide the stone, will remain
faithful still,
To guide and comfort Africa, when passing through life's
mill.

- (i) Mention the main messages in the theme of the **African School-girls' song**. (8 marks)
- (ii) In **one paragraph** explain why this song is relevant in developing African countries. (5 marks)
- (iii) State at least three lesson objectives that would enable Form Two pupils to understand the theme(s) in the song. (3 marks)
- (iv) In addition to the **Introductory**, describe at **least three** teaching and learning activities which could be used to enable the pupils to appreciate the theme(s) of the poem. (9 marks)