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**UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND**  
**FACULTY OF HUMANITIES**  
**DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN LANGUAGES**  
**AND LITERATURE**  
**FINAL EXAMINATION PAPER, MAY 2008**

- TITLE OF PAPER :** INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF TRADITIONAL /ORAL LITERATURE AND MODERN LITERATURE IN SISWATI
- CODE OF PAPER :** AL102/IDE-AL102 (M)
- TIME ALLOWED :** TWO (2) HOURS
- INSTRUCTIONS :**
1. ANSWER THREE (3) QUESTIONS IN ALL, AT LEAST ONE (1) FROM EACH SECTION.
  2. EACH QUESTION SHOULD BE COMMENCED ON A SEPARATE PAGE.
  3. IN THE ASSESSMENT OF THIS PAPER, THE QUALITY OF EXPRESSION AND THE PRESENTATION OF THE ANSWER WILL BE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT.

**THIS PAPER IS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL PERMISSION HAS BEEN GRANTED BY THE INVIGILATOR.**

**SECTION A**

**TRADITIONAL/ORAL LITERATURE (AN INTRODUCTION)**

**QUESTION 1**

Ngiva cim'! cim'! emnyango  
Ngits' indvodza yam' iyefika  
Kants' ngucham' uyatelula

I hear thump! thump at the door  
And think here my husband arriving  
Yet only an iguana stretching itself.

Give a critical appreciation of the above piece, paying particular attention to the diction and the cultural values that define it as a "lament".

[25 marks]

**QUESTION 2**

An authentic siSwati riddle is given below showing a structure that is of great literary value. Also given is the recent type of riddle commonly found in Swazi infant schools today.

Explain where the "literary" element lies in the "authentic" riddle, and also show how/where the recent riddle fails to meet the literary standards.

Authentic SiSwati Riddle: I riddle you with my women who are wearing long white dresses and black (sometimes red) head scarves. **ANSWER:** Fire matches. Recent Ridde: I riddle you with my ten birds up a tree. I shoot one dead. How many birds remain up the tree?

**ANSWER:** None.

[25 marks]

**QUESTION 3**

Choose four (4) of the following siSwati idiomatic expressions and discuss the high level of poetic skill demonstrated in each expression.

- i. Kungenwa liphela endlebeni
- ii. Mina hhuhhu, mina phela
- iii. Liphela lisemasini

- iv. Lidloti lingene enguleni.
- v. Kugolela timphungane emlonyeni
- vi. Kati ulala etiko
- vii. Kuluma umuntfu indlebe
- viii. Kudzabuka indlebe (as in the statement "Live seladzabuka indlebe)

[25 marks]

**QUESTION 4**

The well known siSwati version of the "**Cinderella**" folktale titled **LALUKHWEKHWANA - SKIN - DISEASE GIRL**," and the American - Indian version titled "**ROUGH-FACE GIRL**" are given below. Give a discussion, commenting on how the concept of "cultural milieu" is creatively used in the composition of the American-Indian version.

**THE ROUGH-FACE GIRL**

Once, long ago, there was a village by the shores of Lake Ontario. Off from the other wigwams of this village stood one great huge wigwam. Painted on its sides were pictures of the sun, moon, stars, plants, trees, and animals. And inside this wigwam there was said to live a very great, rich, powerful, and supposedly handsome Invisible Being. However, no one could see him, except his sister, who lived there too. Many women wanted to marry this Invisible Being, but his sister said, "Only the one who can see him can marry him."

Now, in this village there lived a poor man who had three daughters. The two older daughters were cruel and hard-hearted, and they made their youngest sister sit by the fire and feed the flames. When the burning branches popped, the sparks fell on her. In time, her hands became burnt and scarred. Her arms too became rough and scarred. Even her face was marked by the fire, and her beautiful long black hair hung ragged and charred. And those two older sisters laughed at her saying, "Ha! You're ugly, you Rough-Face Girl!" And they made her life very lonely and miserable, indeed. One day these two older sisters went to their father and said, "Father, give us some necklaces. Give us some new buckskin dresses. Give us some pretty beaded moccasins. We're going to marry the Invisible Being." So dressed in their finest, the two girls marched through the village. All the people pointed and stared. "Look at those beautiful girls," they said. "Surely they shall marry the Invisible Being". At last they came to the wigwam of the Invisible Being. And there was his sister, waiting. "Why have you come?" she asked. "We want to marry the Invisible Being," they answered. "That's why we are here".

"If you want to marry my brother," she replied, "you have to have seen him. Tell me, have you seen the Invisible Being?" "Of course we've seen him," they insisted. "Can't you see how pretty we are? Can't you see the beautiful clothes we wear? Oh yes, anyone can tell that we've truly seen the Invisible Being." "All right," she said quietly, "if you think you've seen him, then tell me, **WHAT'S HIS BOW MADE OF?** And suddenly her voice was swift as lightning and strong as thunder!

:H-his b-b-bow?" they stammered in surprise. "His, uh bow? We know! We know!" But turning desperately to one another, they whispered, "What shall we say? Let's say it's the oak tree." So they said, "It's the great oak tree." "No!" said the sister of the Invisible Being. "NO!" Oh, she saw at once how they lied. "Tell me," she continued, "if you think you've seen my brother the Invisible Being, then WHAT'S THE RUNNER OF HIS SLED MADE OF?" "Uh, we know, we know!" cried those two sisters. But whispering feverishly again they wondered, "What shall we say? What shall we say? Let's say it's the green willow branch." "NO!" said the sister when she heard. "NO you have not seen my brother. Now go home." "Just test us fairly!" they exclaimed. "We've seen him. Just don't ask us all these silly questions!" "All right," said the sister of the Invisible Being, "come with me." And she took them back to the great wigwam and sat them in the seats furthest from the entrance, the guests' seats. Soon they heard footsteps coming along the path. Then something stepped inside. Though they heard breathing, the two sisters still couldn't see a thing. Suddenly a great bow and a beaded bag of arrows appeared in the air and were set down. But though those two girls sat there, their eyes wide, all through that night they never saw a thing more. And in the morning they had to go home, ashamed.

The next day the Rough-Face Girl went to her father and said, "Father, may I please have some beads? May I please have a new buckskin dress and some pretty moccasins? I am going to marry the Invisible Being, for, wherever I look, I see his face". "Daughter," he said, "I'm sorry I have no beads left for you, only some little broken shells. I have no buckskin dress, and as for moccasins, all I have left are my own old, worn, cracked, and stretched-out pair from last year. And they're much too big." But she said, "Whatever you can spare, I can use." So he gave her these things. Then she found dried reeds and, taking the little broken shells, she strung a necklace. She stripped birch bark from the dead trees and made a cap, a dress, and leggings. Then, with a sharp piece of bone, she carved in the bark pictures of the sun, moon, stars, plants, trees, and animals. She went down to the lakeshore and soaked the moccasins in the water until they grew soft. Then she molded them to her feet. But they were still too big and they flap, flap, flapped like ducks' feet as she walked. Then all of the people came out of their wigwams. They pointed and stared. "Look at that ugly girl!" they laughed. "Look at her strange clothes! Hey! Hey! Hey! Go home you ugly girl! You'll never marry the Invisible Being!" But the Rough-Face girl had faith in herself and she had courage. She didn't turn back. She just kept walking right through the village. As she walked on she saw the great beauty of the earth and skies spreading before her. And truly she alone, of all in that village, saw in these things the sweet yet awesome face of the Invisible Being.

At last she came to the lakeshore just as the sun was sinking behind the hills and the many stars came out like a fiery veil in the darkening sky overhead. Now, the sister of the Invisible Being was a wise woman. When she looked at you she didn't see just your face or your hair or clothes. No. When she looked at you she would look you right in the eyes and she could see all the way down to your heart. And she could tell if you had a good, kind heart or a cold, hard, and cruel one. And when she looked at the Rough-Face Girl she saw at once that, though her skin was scarred, her hair burnt, her clothes strange, she had a beautiful, kind heart. And so she welcomed her dearly saying, "Ah, my

sister, why have you come?" And the Rough-Face Girl replied, "I have come to marry the Invisible Being." "Ah! if you want to marry him, you have to have seen him. Tell me, have you seen my brother the Invisible Being?" And the Rough-Face Girl said, "yes". "All right, then," said the sister, "if you have seen him, tell me WHAT'S HIS BOW MADE OF?" And the Rough-Face Girl said, "His bow? Why, it is the great curve of the Rainbow."

"AHHH! Exclaimed the sister in excitement "tell me, if you have seen my brother the Invisible Being - WHAT'S THE RUNNER OF HIS SLED MADE OF?" And the Rough-Face Girl, looking up into the night sky, said, "The runner of his sled? Why, it is the Spirit Road, the Milky Way of stars that spreads across the sky!"

"AHHHHHH!" cried the sister in wonder and delight. "You have seen him! Come with me!" And taking the Rough-Face Girl by the hand, she led her to the great wigwam and sat her in the seat next to the entrance, the wife's seat. Then they heard footsteps coming along the path, closer and closer. The entrance flap of the wigwam lifted up, and in stepped the Invisible Being. And when he saw her sitting there he said, "At last we have been found out." Then, smiling kindly, he added, "And oh my sister, but she is beautiful." And his sister said, "Yes". The sister of the Invisible Being then gave the Rough-Face Girl the finest of buckskin robes and a necklace of perfect shells. "Now bathe in the lake," she said, "and dress in these." So the Rough-Face Girl bathed in the waters of the lake. Suddenly all the scars vanished from her body. Her skin grew smooth again and her beautiful black hair grew in long and glossy as a raven's wing. Now anyone could see that she was, indeed, beautiful. But the Invisible Being and his sister had seen that from the start. Then at last the Rough-Face Girl and the Invisible Being were married. They lived together in great gladness and were never parted.

[25 marks]

## SECTION B

### INTRODUCTION TO MODERN LITERATURE IN SISWATI

#### QUESTION 5: THE NOVEL

Salayedvwa Modison Magagula; Bungani Bebangani

Discuss the characterisation of Thuli in relation to the themes of "HIV/AIDS" and "Education".

[25 marks]

#### QUESTION 6: THE SHORT STORY

S.Z. Simelane (ed.), Emagama Ekutjelwa

Discuss the ways in which the proverbial expression contained in the title of the story "Singumnyani BoGamedze" represents a resolute determination to defy the odds of "humble beginnings" and become a "real man" on the part of Mhlupheki who is the main character of this story.

[25 marks]

**QUESTION 7:      DRAMA**

Salayedvwa Modison Magagula, **Lilungelo Lakhe**

Comment on the author's message in his sympathetic portrayal of Mbhamali the staunch traditionalist, yet certain aspects of Swazi culture are severely criticised in this play.

[25 marks]

**QUESTION 8:      POETRY**

N.D. Ntiwane, G.N. Mamba, P.N. Dlamini, **Takitsi**

Make a critical appreciation of the poem below, paying particular attention to the elements that make its theme develop skillfully.

Watikhipha umfana,  
Watikhipha kuseluvivi,  
Titawutfola bulel'ematolo  
Tibubutse ngelulwimi, bubutsile  
Liyotsi liphuma lilanga, emaphango agcwele  
Lapho tinsengwakati setibubula nemtsamo,  
Tikhumbule ematfole ekhaya.  
Tipholo setitjekele emaceleni lubisi.

Emuva ekhaya ayakhala emankhonyane,  
Akhumbule bonina.  
Liyakhuphuka lilanga.  
Kukhala tilo ematfoleni.  
Bafana balungisa tintsambo nemicenge,  
Bavalela emaguca, funa kwephuke lucwephe.

Tayibuya imphunga.  
Embili tidvonswa tigcala netinsengwakati,  
Atikavali emlonyeni,  
Tiyamemeta, timemeta bantfwabato.  
Ticondza esangweni,  
Tikhandza tingula nemicenge kuklelile,  
Kukhamisele lubisi.

Wesuka umsebenti!  
Uvani umfana amemeta,  
“Nikela!”  
Chamu litfole!  
Umcenge tiwushaya etulu tinsengwakati.  
Tigcala butjapitjapi, awugcwali.  
Umfana utiphindza umphehle.

Ucedza kusenga ugcwalisa tingula.  
Nango agalela emakwili aya enkhundleni;  
Uyabuya utokudla emasi lavutjiwe.  
Udla nje akavali emlonyeni;  
Yelobhalaza!  
Wentelani!  
Kubamnanzi!  
Kants’ umhlophe!  
Mphimbo baleka nakufik’ulobhalaza!

P.N. Dlamini  
From “Tiphuma Imphunga”.  
[25 marks]