



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF HUMAN SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH HONOURS	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 08BHEN	LEVEL: 8
COURSE CODE: AOL811S	COURSE NAME: AFRICAN ORAL LITERATURE
SESSION: JULY 2019	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 75

SECOND OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER	Dr J.S. Pasi
MODERATOR	Dr N. Mlambo

INSTRUCTIONS
<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Answer THREE questions ONLY.2. Write clearly and neatly.3. Number the answers clearly.4. Do not repeat information or texts.

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF 4 PAGES (Including this front page)

Answer Three questions only

QUESTION 1

(25 marks)

To what extent are women empowered or marginalised in African oral narratives? Justify your answer by referring closely to **two** oral narratives studied in this course. Give a paragraph long summary of each story first. Your answer should not exceed **three** pages.

QUESTION 2

(25 marks)

The following extract from one of the many praises of the famous Zulu King, Shaka, illustrates the use of allusion, metaphor, and praise names which are combined with some narrative to convey the bravery and fearsomeness of the King as he defeated his enemy Zwide.

Discuss the validity of this statement with reference to the poem below. Illustrate with examples from the poem to support your ideas.

Shaka!

His spear is terrible.

The Ever-ready-to-meet-any-challenge!

The first-born sons of their mothers who were called for many years!

He is like the cluster of stones of Nkandhla,

5. Which sheltered the elephants when it had rained.

The hawk which I saw sweeping down from Mangcengeza;

When he came to Pungashe he disappeared.

He invades, the forests echo, saying, in echoing,

He paid a fine of the duiker and the doe.

10. He is seen by the hunters who trap the flying ants;

He was hindered by a cock in front,

By the people of Ntombazi and Langa [mother and father of Zwide!

He devoured Nomahlanjana son of Zwide;

He devoured Mdandalazi son of Gaqa of the amaPela;

15. He was lop-eared.

He devoured Mdandalazi son of Gaqa of the amaPela;

He was lop-eared.

The Driver-away of the old man born of Langa's daughter!

The Ever-ready-to-meet-any-challenge!

20. Shaka!

The first-born sons of their mothers who were called for many years!

He is like the cluster of stones of Nkandhla,

Which sheltered elephants when it had rained ...

The Eagle-which-beats-its-wings-where-herds-graze!

25. He drove away Zwide son of Langa,

Until he caused him to disappear in the Ubani;

Until he crossed above Johannesburg and disappeared;

He crossed the Limpopo where it was rocky;

Even though he left Pretoria with tears.

30. He killed the snake, he did not kill it in summer,

He killed it when the winter had come. (Grant 1927: 211–3)

QUESTION 3

(25 marks)

Proverbs relate to people's understanding of the world and help create that understanding through the people's ability to assess the environment they live in.

Assess the validity of this statement using the examples of proverbs listed below.

- i. Words are like bullets; if they escape you can't catch them again.
- ii. It takes a whole village to raise a child
- iii. The lizard that jumped from the high iroko tree to the ground said he would praise himself if no one else did.
- iv. A woman is a flower in a garden; her husband is the fence around it.
- v. The elder woman is a vegetable cake; old woman is the bean soup.
- vi. A cow trampling about, does not step on her calf.
- vii. A large eye does not mean keen vision.
- viii. If you run after two hares you will catch neither.

Question 4

(25 marks)

Read the story below and critically evaluate it to show how it illustrates Greimas's model of folktales OR Labov's narrative structure.

Daughter and Stepdaughter

A widowed peasant with a daughter married a widow who also had a daughter: so they each had a stepchild. The stepmother was a wicked woman and constantly nagged the old man, "Take your daughter off to the forest, to a hut. She'll spin more yam there." What could he do? He did as the woman said, carted his daughter off to the forest hut and gave her steel, flint and tinder, and a bag of millet, saying, "Here is fire; keep the fire burning and the porridge boiling, sit and spin, and let no one in."

Night fell. The maid heated the stove, cooked the porridge, and suddenly heard a little mouse say, "Maid, Maid, give me a spoonful of porridge." "Oh, little mouse," she cried, "stay and talk to me: I'll give you more than a spoonful of porridge, I'll feed you to your heart's content." So the mouse ate his fill and left. In the night a bear broke in, calling, "Come on, girl, put out the light and let's play blindman's buff."

The mouse came scampering up to the maid's shoulder and whispered in her ear, "Don't be afraid. Say yes, then put out the light and crawl under the stove, and I'll run about ringing a little bell." And the game began. The bear started to chase the mouse, but could not catch him; he soon began to holler and hurl logs at him; he hurled one after the other, but kept missing, and he grew tired. "You are good at playing blindman's buff, little girl," he said. "I will send you a drove of horses and a cartload of good things in the morning."

Next morning the old man's wife said, "Go and see how much yam the girl has spun since yesterday, old man." So off he set, while his wife sat waiting for him to bring back his daughter's bones! By and by the dog began to bark. "Bow-wow-wow! The old man is coming with his daughter driving a drove of horses and bringing a cartload of good things." "You're lying, fleabag!" shouted the step-mother. "Those are her bones rattling and clanking in the cart." The gate creaked, the horses raced into the yard, and there were the old man and his daughter sitting in the cart. With a cartload of good things! The woman's eyes gleamed with greed. "That's a pittance!" she cried. "Take my daughter to the forest for the night: she'll come home driving two droves of horses with two cartloads of good things."

The peasant drove his wife's daughter Natasha to the hut and provided her with food and fire. At nightfall she cooked porridge for herself. Out came the little mouse asking for a spoonful of porridge. But Natasha cried. "Be off. You pest!" And she threw the spoon at him. The mouse ran away. Natasha gobbled up the porridge all by herself, put out the light and lay down in a corner.

At midnight the bear broke in crying. "Hey! Where are you, girl? Let's have a game of blindman's buff." The maid was silent, only her teeth chattering from fear. "Ah! There you are," cried the bear. "Here, take this little bell and run. I'll try to catch you." Her hand trembling, she took the little bell and could not stop it ringing. Out of the darkness came the mouse's voice. "The wicked girl will soon be dead!"

Next morning the woman sent her husband to the forest, saying, "Go and help my daughter drive back two droves of horses with two cartloads of good things." The peasant went off, leaving his wife waiting at the gate. The dog began to bark. "Bow-wow-wow! The mistress's girl is coming: her bones are rattling in the bag, the old man's sitting on the nag!" "You're lying, fleabag," cried the dame. "My daughter's driving droves and bringing loads." But when she looked up, there was the old man at the gate, handing her a bundle. When she opened it and saw the bones, she began to rant and rage so much she died next day from grief and fury. The old man lived out his life in peace with his daughter; and with a wealthy son-in-law, too.

End of Question Paper