ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCII

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE 4005/2

PAPER 2
INSERT

NOVEMBER 2019 SESSION 2 hours

Additional materials:
No additional materials

The insert **should not be posted** to ZIMSEC with the answer booklet.

Allow candidates 5 minutes to count pages before the examination.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Check if the insert has all the pages and ask the invigilator for a replacement if there are duplicate or missing pages.

Read the following passage very carefully before you attempt any questions..

Answer **all** questions in the spaces provided in the question and answer booklet using **black** or **blue** pens.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

You are advised to spend 1 hour 30 minutes on Section A and 30 minutes on Section B.

Mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar may be penalised in any part of the paper.

Copyright: Zimbabwe School Examinations Council, N2019.

©ZIMSEC N2019

SECTION A (40 MARKS)

Read the following passage very carefully before you attempt any questions.

Answer **all** questions in the spaces provided on the question paper.

Mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar may be penalised in any part of the paper.

The Death of Assassin

(A jaguar is a large carnivorous member of the cat family, similar to a leopard.)

1 José Ramos was an outpost rider for a big cattle ranch in the Matto Grosso jungle of Brazil. He lived with his wife on a small ranch sixteen kilometres up the river from my camp. José looked after the herds of the big ranch and also ran his own small herd. One day, he appeared at my camp in a very distressed state. "You must come with your dogs! Assassin has begun raiding again and has killed twelve of my cattle!"

2 The name, Assassin, was well known in the region. Several years before, this enormous jaguar had been wounded by a hunter who had shot too hastily while the jaguar was in a tree. The infuriated animal had bounded down and the hunter had fled, leaving his dogs to the mercy of the large jaguar, which destroyed them.

3 Thereafter, apparently through some jungle cunning, the jaguar understood that a hunter with a rifle could not kill him in the tall thick grass. He was never again seen in a tree, but would **rove** through the marsh grass, killing cattle **wantonly**. His experience had left him with a deadly hatred of dogs. He learned to draw them in pursuit of him through the grass, then circle and crouch beside his own trail, springing at them as they ran by. One sweep of his razor claws would destroy a dog, and then the jaguar would lope on, repeating the manoeuvre on each dog that followed. It was this trick of ambushing pursuers that gave Assassin his name.

4 José had no trained dogs capable of tracking Assassin and bringing him to bay. Unfortunately, I had recently lost my lead dog.

5 "I am sorry, José," I said. "I can't risk the dogs I have left against that devil. He will kill them as fast as I send them after him".

6 "In that case", he said quietly, "I shall go after Assassin myself – without dogs. I must kill the devil or he will ruin me." He rode off towards his ranch.

7 A few days later, I saw vultures circling in the still hot air west of the river. I leashed Raivoso, Pedro and Vinte, three of my best dogs, and started across the marshes. Within a short time, the dogs found the kill, a small marsh deer. The dogs went and I followed. Soon, we found a second kill, and then two more. Suddenly, I heard Raivoso's deep bay, and knew from the sound that he was on Assassin's track. I collared the other dogs, and this probably saved them from destruction. It was useless to follow Raivoso through the marsh grass. A staccato of sharp yaps ending on a shrill, screaming note told the story: he had caught up with the jaguar and had been killed in ambush. I knew I must hunt this killer.

8 Back in my camp that night, I thought out a plan. I would use the dogs to pick up the trail and bring me within a reasonable distance of the jaguar. Then, I would leave the dogs on leash and follow the spoor alone, hoping that I would find Assassin in an open area where I could kill him with a shot or an arrow. To do this, I needed someone to watch the dogs. I decided to ride to José's ranch the next day.

9 The following morning, little Tupi, still a puppy, started yapping and, as I looked down the river trail, I saw Maria, José's wife, riding towards my camp at a gallop. As she **pulled up** the horse, I saw that the animals flank had two gashes which had bled freely, and there was blood on the wooden saddle.

10 Maria's eyes were wide open with terror. "Mr Siemel, José went after Assassin – and only the horse came back!"

11 I saddled my horse and coupled Pedro, Vinte and Leao, my best remaining dogs, to the leash. As I started away, my puppy, Tupi, set up a great yapping, and I tied him to a post near the hut. Then Maria and I rode off to pick up her husband's track into the jungle.

12 I spotted vultures circling ahead and when we broke through a patch of undergrowth into a burnt area where the grass was short, I saw a man lying on the ground. His body had been badly **mangled**. It was José. I heard a small cry behind me and turned to see Maria slipping from her horse. I ran over and caught her. She recovered quickly and, after a minute or two, agreed to ride back to her ranch.

13 Then I planned my campaign. Assassin had attacked a man on a horse once; he would do it again. I could not use a spear while in the saddle, so I tied my horse to a tree in a clearing. I took my spear, my bow and a couple of arrows. I had a pistol in my holster but no rifle, which would have been useless in the high grass. In any case, I would never count on a bullet to stop a charging jaguar.

14 My plan was to unleash the dogs and follow as fast as I could on foot. If I could stay close enough, I could force Assassin to attack me. With bow in one hand and spear in the other, I started after the dogs, running low in the grass. In perhaps ten minutes, I heard Pedro baying in the lead. Then, there was a **shrill** scream. When I reached the spot, Pedro was on the ground, his side ripped open. I did not stop, hoping to overtake the other dogs, but a second scream told me that the murderer had made another kill.

15 I had run perhaps a quarter of a kilometre since the first dog was killed when I found the last, Leao, lying near the edge of the clearing. I stood for a moment, sick with rage, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly, there was a yapping in the grass behind me and out bounded Tupi, barking joyously. He had chewed his tether and followed us.

16 At that moment, I heard a rustling in the heavy grass across the clearing. I had dropped my spear when I stepped forward to catch Tupi. Tupi barked and ran around in circles excitedly, totally ignorant of the danger confronting him. I dared not use my revolver, since Assassin was already gun-shy and the noise would probably frighten him into flight. I fitted an arrow silently onto my bow. There was no sound. Time stood still. All movement and sound ceased as if waiting for a conclusion to this event. Patience tested us. As soon as I saw movement, I let fly. The arrow apparently struck something, but how damaging the shot was I did not know. Tupi was still continuing his frenzied barking. I was relying on Tupi's barking to bring the beast in my direction. Now, there was commotion in the grass, and although it was so dense that I could not see two metres through it, I felt sure of my target. Silence. There was total silence. I took aim with the remaining arrow. Again, time stood still. I felt I could wait no longer. Fate would decide the outcome of this battle, an isolated skirmish in the jungle. I shot again.

17 Suddenly, a long, yellowish shape broke from the grass and **streaked** across the clearing. Assassin, in pain from an arrow through his shoulder, had **reverted** to instinct and was running for the refuge of a tree. He saw me as he neared the tree and swerved towards me. In one motion, I picked up my spear and was ready to lure the jaguar into a charge.

18 The open area in which Assassin and I faced each other was about thirty metres across. Assassin was weaving back and forth, every so often shaking his head and letting out a snarl. I edged towards him so that he would charge me. His eyes glared angrily. We must have been considering the same thing – when to make the vital move. As I moved closer, my ears caught the whirr of a vulture apparently alighting on a nearby tree. This diverted my attention and the wily Assassin chose that instant to charge.

19 I missed being killed by a single step. As the jaguar lunged, I managed to pivot and drive the spear at his neck. The spear did not pierce deeply, but the thrust was enough to throw him off balance. He was sideways to me now, his head turned, white teeth flashing, but he did not charge. I could not attack, since I would not have the strength to drive the spear home. Then, while I was desperately casting about for some way of provoking a charge, he gave a snarling roar and leaped straight at me.

20 I barely had time to lift the point of my spear and direct it. I could feel the hot breath against my face and arms as the spearhead drove into his throat high over the chest. With every ounce of strength I had, I rammed the blade in deeper. Any other jaguar I had fought would have had the life drained away by this combination of wounds, but Assassin clawed furiously, even after I had got a downward thrust on the spearhead and was literally driving the point into the ground. Then he went limp; his great, slashing claws stilled forever.

21 For a few minutes, I rested on my spear, too exhausted to draw it out of the bloody carcass. Tupi, who had retired to the edge of the clearing while the battle raged on, now came dancing madly about as if to claim the kill, an honour I was quite glad to **concede**.

22 Later, after I had taken the mangled remains of José to his home and arranged for the grief-stricken Maria and her child to be taken to the big ranch, I returned to the scene of the battle. I measured Assassin's carcass. He was almost four metres from nose to tip! I could only estimate his weight, but it must have been close to one-hundred and eighty kilogrammes.

Adapted from *The Bedside Book of Adventure The Death of Assassin*: Sash Siemel The Readers Digest Association