ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE 1122/2

PAPER 2 INSERT

NOVEMBER 2016 SESSION

2 hours

Comprehension passage insert
The insert **should not** be posted to ZIMSEC with the answer booklet.
Allow candidates 5 minutes to count pages before the examination.

TIME 2 hours

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 using **black** or **blue** pens.

Shape all your letters very clearly.

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.

This insert consists of 4 printed pages.

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SECTION A (40 MARKS)

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

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

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

Man-Eater

1 Stalking a leopard or a tiger on its kill is one of the most intriguing forms of sport I know, but it can only be indulged in with any hope of success when the conditions are favourable. The conditions were not favourable for the bush was too dense to permit a noiseless approach. Returning to the village, I had breakfast and then called the villagers together, as I wanted to consult them about the surrounding country. It was necessary to visit the kill to see if the leopard had left something for me to sit over, and while doing so I would not be able to avoid disturbing the leopard. What I wanted to learn was whether there was any other heavy cover within a reasonable distance to which the leopard could retire on being disturbed. I was told that there was no such cover nearer than two kilometres and that, to get to it, the leopard would have to cross a wide stretch of cultivated land.

2 At midday, I returned to the patch of the bush and, a hundred metres from where the leopard had killed the goat, I found all that the leopard had left of the goat – its hooves and horns. As there was no fear of the leopard leaving the cover at that time of day for the jungle two kilometres away, I tried for several hours to stalk it, helped by various birds – bulbuls, drongos, thrushes and babblers – which give warning signals to the jungle folk upon seeing a member of the cat family. They kept me informed of the leopard's every movement. I did not collect men from the village to drive the leopard out onto the open ground because that could not have been attempted without grave danger to the beaters. As soon as he found he was being driven towards the open, the leopard would have broken back and attacked anyone in his way.

3 On my return to the village after my unsuccessful attempt to get a shot at the leopard, I went down with a bad attack of malaria and for the next twenty-four hours I lay in a stupor. By evening of the following day, the fever had left me and I was able to continue the hunt. On their own initiative, the previous night, the men had tied out the second goat where the first had been killed but the leopard had not touched it. That was all to the good, for the leopard would now be hungry, and I set out on that third evening full of hope.

4 On the near side of the patch of the thicket, there was an old oak tree. That tree was growing out of a two-metre bank between two terraced fields and was leaning away from the hill at an angle that made it possible for me to walk up the trunk in my rubber-soled shoes. On the underside of the trunk and about five metres from the ground, there was a branch jutting out over the lower field. That branch, which was about half a metre thick, was hollow and rotten. However, as it was the only

branch on the tree, and as there were no other trees within a radius of several hundred metres, I decided to risk sitting on it.

5 As I had every reason to believe that the leopard I was dealing with was the Panar man-eater, I made the men cut a number of long black thorn shoots. After I had taken my seat with my back to the tree and my legs stretched out along the branch, I made the men tie the shoots into bundles, lay them on the trunk of the tree and lash them to it securely with a rope. To the efficient execution of those small details, I am convinced I owe my life.

6 Several of the black-thorn shoots, which were from ten to twenty metres long, projected on either side of the tree. As I had nothing to hold onto to maintain my balance, I gathered the shoots on either side of me and held them firmly between my arms and my body. By five o'clock, my preparations were complete and I was firmly seated on the branch. The goat was tied to a stake in the field, thirty metres in front of me, and the men were sitting out in the field smoking and talking loudly.

7 Up to that point, all had been quiet in the patch of brush. Then, a babbler gave its piercing alarm call, followed a minute or two later by the chattering of several white-throated laughing thrushes. Those two species of birds are the most reliable informants in the hills, and on hearing them I signalled to the men to return to the village. That they appeared to be very glad to do, and as they walked away, still talking loudly, the goat started bleating. Nothing happened for the next half hour and then, as the sun was fading off the hill, above the village, two drongos that had been sitting on the tree above me flew and started to bait some animal on the open ground between me and the thicket. The goat, while calling, had been facing in the direction of the village, and it now turned round, facing me and stopped calling. By watching the goat, I could follow the movements of the animal that he was interested in and that animal could only be the leopard.

8 Again, nothing happened for many minutes and then I felt a gentle pull on the black-thorn shoots I was holding onto and blessed my forethought in having had the shoots tied to the leaning tree for I could not turn round to defend myself. There was no question then that I was dealing with a man-eater and a very determined man-eater at that. Finding that he could not climb over the thorns, the leopard, after his initial pull, had then got the butt ends of the shoots between his teeth and was jerking them violently pulling me hard against the trunk of the tree. I remained calm and expectant.

9 The last of the daylight had faded out of the sky and the leopard who did all his human killing in the dark, was in his element and I was out of mine. In the dark, a human being is the most helpless of all animals – and speaking for myself – his courage is at its lowest ebb. Having killed four human beings at night in the

past, the leopard was quite unafraid of me. That was evident from the fact that while tugging at the shoots, he was growling loud enough to be heard by the men anxiously listening in the village. While that growling terrified the men, as they later told me, it had the opposite effect on me, for it let me know where the leopard was and what he was doing. It was when he was silent that I was most terrified, for I did not know what his next move would be. Several times, he had nearly unseated me by pulling on the shoots vigorously and then suddenly letting them go, and I felt sure that if he sprang up he would need only to touch me to send me crashing to the ground.

10 After one of those nerve-wracking periods of silence, the leopard jumped down off the high bank and dashed towards the goat. In the hope that the man-eater would come while there was still sufficient light to shoot by, I had tied the goat thirty metres from the tree to give me time to kill the leopard before it got to the goat. However, since it was now dark, I could not save the goat which, despite being white, I could only just see as an indistinct blur. I therefore waited until it had stopped struggling and then aimed where I thought the leopard would be and pressed the trigger. My shot was greeted with an angry grunt, and I saw a flash of white as the leopard went over backwards and disappeared down another high bank into the field beyond.

11 For ten or fifteen minutes, I listened anxiously for further sounds from the leopard and then the men called out and asked if they could come to me. It was quite safe for them to do so, provided they kept to the high ground. I therefore told them to light pine torches and come.

12 After a lot of shouting and running about, some twenty men, each carrying a torch, left the village. Following my instruction, they circled round above the terraced fields and approached my tree from behind. The knots in the ropes securing the black-thorn shoots to the tree had been pulled so tightly by the leopard that they had to be cut. After the thorns had been removed, the men climbed up the tree and helped me down.

Adapted From: 'Men Eater' by Jim Corbet (1947) in The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag, Oxford University Press, London