

**Part one - Comprehension**

**Read the passage on the following page and answer the questions below:**

1. Where is this passage set? Give as much information as you can. (3)
2. What does the narrator think about the name given to her new town? (2)
3. Read the second paragraph again and comment on the image of 'pandemonium' presented of Guguletu. Give precise examples of how the author provokes a reaction in the reader. (3)
4. Look at the description of the houses in the fourth paragraph. Comment on the author's choice of images to create effect. (3)
5. Comment on the contrast between the narrator's claim that 'this is their only school, their playground' in line 30 and the description which precedes it. (2)
6. Reading between the lines in the last paragraph, how did the government present the 'Slum Clearance' project and the new town to the people who had to move there? (2)

**Part two – Expression**

1. What is the worst place you have ever visited? Explain why. (4)
2. If you could bring three objects to a desert island with you, what would you bring and why? (6)
3. Choose one of the following quotations and say whether you agree or disagree with them and why:
  - 'The pen is mightier than the sword'
  - 'A leopard cannot change its spots' (5)

No big smiling sign welcomes the stranger to Guguletu. I guess even accomplished liars do have some limits. This place is like a tin of sardines but the people who built it for us called it Guguletu, Our Pride. The people who live in 'Our Pride' call it Gugulabo - Their Pride. Who would have any *gugu* about a place like this?

It was early morning when my family got here, early in 1968. How my eyes were assaulted by the pandemonium. People choking the morning streets. People everywhere you looked. Stray dogs. Peddlers. Children roaming the streets aimlessly even in that early hour. And then the forest of houses. A grey, unending mass of squatting structures. Ugly. Impersonal. Cold to the eye. Most with their doors closed. Afraid.

Guguletu is both big and small. The place sprawls as far as eye can see. It is vast. That jumps right at you when you see Guguletu for the first time. All that space. But even as you look you suddenly realize that it will be hard for you to find any place where you can put your foot down. Congested.

As far as eye can see. Hundreds and hundreds of houses. Rows and rows, ceaselessly breathing on each other. Tiny houses huddles close together. Leaning against each other, pushing at each other. Sad small houses crowned with gray and flat unsmiling roofs. Low as though never trained to dream high dreams. Oppressed by all that surrounds them ... by all that is stuffed into them ... by the very manner of their conception. And, in turn, pressing down hard on those whom, shameless pretence stated, they were to protect and shelter.

The streets are narrow, debris-filled, full of gullies alive with flies, mosquitoes, and sundry vermin thriving in the pools of stagnant water that are about the only thing that never dries up and never vanishes in Guguletu. From morning till night, ragged-clothed children wade these pools, playing in them, muddying each other, dredging them for precious treasure, the toys of the children of the streets: bottles, cans, the pits and peels of fruit and vegetable, scraps of food and anything else they can lay their hands on. For most, this is their only school, their playground. [...]

Thus did my family, alongside thousands of families from Blouvei as well as other parts of Cape Town, find its lot far from improved in the wake of the government's 'Slum Clearance' project. Were we not still living in shacks? Moreover, where before we had been members of solid, well-knit communities, now we were amongst strangers, people we did not know from a bar of soap.

Sindiwe Magona, *Mother to Mother*, 1998