# ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL

**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH 6039/1

PAPER 1 COMMENT AND APPRECIATION (UNSEEN PASSAGES)

**NOVEMBER 2022 SESSION** 3 hours (including 30 minutes reading time)

Additional materials:
Answer paper

**TIME:** 3 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer any **two** questions.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry 25 marks each.

The total of 3 hours include 30 minutes for you to study the questions before you begin your answers. You may make notes or begin writing your answers during this time if you wish.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

**This question paper consists of 8 printed pages.**

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1 Critically analyse the following excerpt from **The Glass Menagerie** by Tennessee Williams, paying particular attention to the dramatic presentation of tension.

TOM. (*Sitting up slowly in day-bed.*) I'll rise - but I won't shine. (*The light increases.*)

AMANDA. (*Offstage.*) Laura, tell your brother his coffee is ready. (*Laura, fully dressed, a cape over her shoulders, slips into living-room. Tom is still in bed, covered with blanket, having taken off only shoes and coat.*)

LAURA. Tom! – It's nearly seven. Don't make Mother nervous. (*He stares at her stupidly. Beseechingly.*) Tom, speak to Mother this morning. Make up with her, apologize, speak to her!

TOM. (*Putting on shoes.*) She won't listen to me. It's her that started not speaking.

LAURA. If you just say you're sorry she'll start speaking.

TOM. Her not speaking – is that such a tragedy?

LAURA. Please – please!

AMANDA. (*Calling offstage from kitchen.*) Laura, are you going to do what I asked you to do, or do I have to get dressed and go out myself?

LAURA. Going, going – soon as I get on my coat! (*She rises and crosses to door*) Butter and what else? (*To Amanda.*)

AMANDA. (*Offstage.*) Just butter. Tell them to charge it.

LAURA. Mother, they make such faces when I do that.

AMANDA. (*Offstage.*) Sticks and stones can break our bones, but the expression on Mr. Garfinkel's face won't harm us! Tell your brother his coffee is getting cold.

LAURA. (*At door*) Do what I asked you, will you, will you, Tom? (*He looks sullenly away.*)

AMANDA. Laura, go now or just don't go at all!

LAURA. (*Rushing out*) Going – going! (*A second later she cries out. Falls on fire-escape landing. Tom springs up and crosses to the door R. Amanda rushes anxiously in from dining-room, puts dishes on dining-room table. Tom opens the door*)

TOM. Laura?

LAURA. I'm all right. I slipped, but I'm all



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right. (*Goes up alley, out of sight.*)

AMANDA. (*On fire-escape.*) I tell you if anybody falls down and breaks a leg on those fire-escape steps, the landlord ought to be sued for every cent he – (*Sees Tom.*) Who are you? (*Leaves fire-escape landing, crosses to dining room and returns with bowls, coffee cup, cream, etc. Puts them on small table of day-bed, crosses to armchair, sits. Counts 3.* MUSIC CUE #9. *As Tom reenters, listlessly for his coffee, she turns her back to him, as she sits in armchair. The light on her face with its aged but childish features is cruelly sharp, satirical as a Daumier print. Tom glances sheepishly but sullenly at her averted figure and sits on day-bed next to the food. The coffee is scalding hot, he sips it and gasps and spits it back in the cup. At his gasp, Amanda catches her breath and half turns. Then catches herself and turns away. Tom blows on his coffee, glancing sidewise at his mother. She clears her throat. Tom clears his. He starts to rise. Sinks back down again, scratches his head, clears his throat again. Amanda coughs. Tom raises his cup in both hands to blow on it, his eyes staring over the rim of it at his mother for several moments. Then he slowly sets the cup down and awkwardly and hesitantly rises from day-bed.*)



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2 Appreciate the following passage from **Looking for a Rain God and Other Stories** by Ian Gordon, paying attention to the presentation of justice.

A woman one day went out to look for her goats that had wandered away from the herd. She walked back and forth over the fields for a long time without finding them. She came at last to a place by the side of the road where a deaf man sat before a fire brewing himself a cup of coffee. Not realising he was deaf, the woman asked:

'Have you seen my herd of goats come this way?'

The deaf man thought she was asking for the water-hole, so he pointed vaguely towards the river.

The woman thanked him and went to the river. And there, by coincidence, she found the goats. But a young kid had fallen among the rocks and broken its foot.

She picked it up to carry it home. As she passed the place where the deaf man sat drinking his coffee, she stopped to thank him for his help. And in gratitude she offered him the kid.

But the deaf man didn't understand a word she was saying. When she held the kid toward him he thought she was accusing him of the animal's misfortune, and he became very angry.

'I had nothing to do with it!' he shouted.

'But you pointed the way,' the woman said.

'It happens all the time with goats! The man shouted.

'I found them right where you said they would be,' the woman replied.

'Go away and leave me alone, I never saw him before in my life!' the man shouted.

People who came along the road stopped to hear the argument.

The woman explained to them:

"I was looking for the goats and he pointed towards the river. Now I wish to give him this kid.'

'Do not insult me in this way!' the man shouted loudly. 'I am not a leg-breaker!' And in his anger he struck the woman with his hand.

'Ah, did you see? He struck me with his hand!' the woman said to the people. 'I will take him before the judge!'

So the woman with the kid in her arms, the deaf man and the spectators went to the house of the judge. The judge came out before his house to listen to their complaint. First, the woman talked, then the man talked, then people in the crowd talked. The judge sat nodding his head. But that meant very little, for the judge, like the man before him, was very deaf. Moreover, he was also very near-sighted.

At last, he put up his hand and the talking stopped. He gave them his judgement.

'Such family rows are a disgrace to the Emperor and an affront to the Church,' he said solemnly. He turned to the man.

'From this time forward, stop mistreating your wife,' he said.

He turned to the woman with the young goat in her arms.

'As for you, do not be lazy. Hereafter do not be late with your husband's meals.'

He looked at the baby goat tenderly.

'And as for the beautiful infant, may she have a long life and grow to be a joy to you both!'

The crowd broke up and the people went their various ways.

Aha! How good it is, they said to each other, "how did we ever get along before justice was given to us."



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3 Compare and contrast the poem, **"The Weaver Bird"** by Kofi Awoonor and the dramatic extract from **The Tribe of the Graves** by Basil Diki, paying attention to the use of symbolism.

**Poem**

The weaver bird built in our house
And laid its eggs on our only tree.
We did not want to send it away.
We watched the building of the nest
And supervised the egg-laying.
And the weaver returned in the guise of the owner.
Preaching salvation to us that owned the house.
They say it came from the west
Where the storms at sea had felled the gulls
And the fishers dries their nets by lantern light.
Its sermon is the divination of ourselves
And our new horizon limits at its nest.
But we cannot join the prayers and answers of the communicant.
We look for new homes every day,
For new altars we strive to rebuild
The old shrines defiled by the weaver's excrement.

**Passage**

VAHOSI: (*Somewhat disappointed*) You should have. It is my duty to attend to you at all times. You astonish me.

MBANO: I didn't give it much thought, besides you always take long to go back to sleep.

VAHOSI: (*Impatiently but with concern*) What kind of a dream is it that makes the king of the great Rozvi people wail like a baby? (*She takes a small container of snuff and gives him*).

MBANO: *(He sits up, puts some snuff in the palm of his left hand and sniffs for a moment gazing at the roof. He then explains)* My late father and his father were building a hut of poles and grass at night. The moon was up, offering them enough light. A handful of termites suddenly appeared and began eating the hut from the ground. My father was the first to notice them. He then told my grandfather who laughed and refused to apply ash to the structure arguing that the poles were too fresh to be destroyed by termites. They climbed the edges and started putting grass from the apex downwards. Neither of them



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realised that the termites had multiplied
and were undermining the entire hut.
Without warning the hut crumbled trapping
both tribesmen its debris. By then
the burrowers were as many as the sand
grains of the Runde river. The horror that
followed was inconceivable. One by one
they gradually tore away flesh from my
fallen bearers' eyes. These carnivorous
termites, as if they had opened doors, trickled
into the heads of the men through the
now hollow sockets until there wasn't any
outside. All along I had been watching the
tragic scene from a distance, reduced by
fear to an observer. I came running after
jerking myself from fear and realised that
my bearers had disentangled themselves
from the rubble and were now eating the
poles of the hut. They had become the
termites! At that moment I heard a noise
from behind me. I turned and saw that
the entire tribe had come to rally behind
me in fighting the menace. A warrior
handed me a spear and in the frenzy that
followed kith and kin urged me to kill the
termites. They shouted with one voice:
"Nyamuzihwa – great lion of the Rozvi and
the tribes beyond, symbol of bravery and
slayer of cowardice – honour your people
by killing the termites" I raised the spear
to strike (*He reaches for his spear and
raises it in demonstration whilst seated*).



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4 Closely analyse the poem, **"Enslaved"** by Claude Mckay, paying attention to form and tone.

**Enslaved**

Oh when I think of my long-suffering race,
For weary centuries despised, oppressed,
Enslaved and lynched, denied a human place
In the great life line of the Christian West;
And in the Black Land disinherited,
Robbed in the ancient country of its birth,
My heart grows sick with hate, becomes as lead,
For this my race that has no home on earth.
Then from the dark depths of my soul. I cry
To the avenging angel to consume
The white man's world of wonders utterly:
Let it be swallowed up in the earth's vast womb,
Or upward roll as sacrificial smoke
To liberate my people from its yoke!

**Claude McKay**



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