For Performance Measurement

ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL

General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH 6039/2

PAPER 2 ZIMBABWEAN LITERATURE

NOVEMBER 2023 SESSION 3 hours

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 **three** questions on **three** texts.

The **three** questions must be from Sections **A**, **B** and **C** (Poetry, Drama and Prose).

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.

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

This question paper consists of 14 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

BVUMA S. THOMAS: *EVERY STONE THAT TURNS*

1 **Either (a)** To what extent do you agree with the view that, the Independence period is plagued by betrayal and frustration?

Or (b) Analyse the poem, **'How Can I Weep,'** commenting on the persona's thoughts and feelings.

How can I weep
at your death
I the boy you
roughed to make tough

I want to ride your motor-cycle
the mark of your toughness and status
rev and smoke it
tear around the anthill
ride over your grave
round the anthill
jump over your tomb
until drained I drop over your remains

Then
maybe
I will cry

You made me a star at seven
Every village knew me as
I rode a man's bike, cycling at the side
like a crazed crab
buying and carrying food for pigs

Through valleys and villages I rode
around mountains and across plains
through graveyards and anthills
flashing with ghosts and fireflies
my tiny body clinging to the bicycle
my wirery hair scared straight behind me

How can I the tough boy
weep at news of your death
You made me work for my life
feeding the pigs in the morning
weeding fields or harvesting crops
after school

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On Sunday after church
I could not play with other children
I had to cut grass in the wild
for pigs to sleep in comfort

At seven years
I had to cook for myself
wash and iron my khaki uniform
at ten I castrated baby pigs with a razor

I always sighed with relief whenever
you sent me to fetch a stick to beat me
for when you were really mad and angry
you pounded me with fist and foot

How can I weep
at news of your death

I did all the weeping when I was a boy
crying became my relief and comfort
my tear springs dried up long ago

I never forget Simba, the little puppy
I nurtured into a giant dog
my only friend and companion
at my side always in fields or on bike
his warm tongue caressing and licking
away my tears
You sold Simba miles away but he came back
and you sold my friend away again

How can I weep
at the news of your death

MHASVI ROLAND: *THE FLOWERS OF YESTERDAY*

2 **Either (a)** 'Mhasvi bemoans the moral decadence associated with modernity'. Comment on the truthfulness of the above statement using any **two** poems from the collection.

Or (b) Critically analyse the poem, '**The Flowers of Yesterday**,' demonstrating how Mhasvi successfully uses tone and style to explore the major issues.

The Flowers of Yesterday

Move over, Green Man, the war-made Heroes
Are returned from the shrapnel-chastened bush
Where children were planted in bomb-churned earth-
Ploughed down in mass graves of furrowed acres,
Where crosses matted the black earth like straws.
Watered in the blood spills of the bush war,
Children sprouted through the battle-worn soils,
And everywhere clamoured in flaming shoots.

When the children were war-forged into men,
Flowering upon the rocky outcrops
Of the war-torn lands, they crept down the hills,
Besieged the valley in blistering red
Blotting with blood the homely greens and browns
That basked in the yellow calm of the sun!
They flamed through the cold nights of their waking,
And shook the sleeping world to smoking dawns.

As the world woke up to the red war-men
Whose bullet voices cracked above the land,
And rang the changes of the new Order,
The Old World of high mountains and low vales,
Of old plains that nestled towns and cities,
Rolled away and was dissolved into Myth,
And uncovered levelled lands that stretched far
To the deadly Flats of re-built Futures.

Forged in the foreign climes of wrong ideals,
Little green man cringed in the darkest nooks
Of the new Garden, like a thing forbid.
The Flowers of Yesterday had become
The Weeds of Tomorrow, and the war-men
Lingered in the fields, whetting their blood shot
To blast in the burst of a new assault,
The star-born weeds that palled night-found fields.

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You Flowers of Yesterday bloomed faintly
In the dead-level glare of the West sun:
On shrinking hills you shrivelled in silence,
Whilst all round you the plains seethed and howled,
Warring 'gainst your hills in the spreading gloom.
As the plains darkened into the Future,
The Old Sun kissed your sinking hills farewell,
And, soon, you were but twinkles in the gloom.

SECTION B: DRAMA

Answer **one** question from this section.

RAISEDON BAYA: *TOMORROW'S PEOPLE AND OTHER PLAYS*

3 **Either (a)** Comment on Baya's presentation of the character, The Super Patriot, in the play '**Super Patriots and Morons**.'

Or (b) Write a close analysis of the following passage, showing in what ways it aids to an understanding of the major issues in the play, **'The Moments.'**

A street corner. A mpostori woman in white appears. She moves about, looking strangely about before she takes out a ward of notes and starts counting them. She stops and calls.

WOMAN 2: *Siyantshintsha imali.* US dollars, Rands, Pulas at good rates. Better than the bank rate. *(Then she goes back to counting her money. Then stops again.) Amarands, amapula lama* USA at good rates. *Yebo bhudi, usiphatheleni?* Change that money today because tomorrow it will be useless.

She sees a cop coming and hides her money. She stands still, as if waiting for someone. The police officer appears, stops and looks about.

OFFICER: What are you standing here for?

WOMAN 2: Waiting for some relatives from the rural areas.

OFFICER: This is not a bus terminal. And I am not stupid. I know why you are here.

WOMAN 2: I haven't done anything illegal. I am waiting for my relatives.

OFFICER: Can I see what is in your bag.

The woman bolts and runs away. The officer watches her run away and then puts on a neon reflector and transforms himself into a traffic officer. He suddenly jumps into action. He stands erect in the middle of the road. He has a file on his one hand and is using the other to direct traffic. He waves a few cars through and directs a couple to pull over. He runs to the imaginary cars he has stopped and starts inspecting them. He runs to the front of the car and peeps through the window, and then runs back to confront the imaginary driver.

OFFICER: Where to, sir? Driver's licence? *(He gets them and inspects and returns it before returning it.) Car papers, please? (He gets them and inspects and returns them.)* Thank you drive safely.

He waves the car on and rushes to the next car. He does almost the same.

OFFICER: Number plate? O.K. Road tax? *(He runs to the driver.)* Licence and car papers, please. Thank you. *(He gets them and inspects and returns them.)* Thank you and safe journey.

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He waves the car on. Vicky appears.

VICKY: Excuse me officer.

OFFICER: Stay in your car. I will be with you in a moment.

VICKY: What's the problem?

OFFICER: There is no problem. Just stay in your car. Where is your car?

VICKY: The metallic Benz over there. I'm in a hurry, officer.

OFFICER: Everyone is in a hurry. Go back to your car and stay inside. Make sure everything is in order. Your licence, car papers, road tax and other things, all must be in order. If those are not in order then you'll be here for a longer time.

She takes a fat envelope from her handbag and hands it to the officer.

OFFICER: What's this?

VICKY: My car papers, drivers licence, everything. These are critical moments, officer just look inside.

The officer looks inside the envelope, looks at the woman and smiles.

OFFICER: I can see you are really in hurry, madam. Go back to your car and drive on.

VICKY: Thank you, officer. May the grace of God be on you.

The officer laughs, happy. Vicky exits. He pockets the envelope.

OFFICER: She is surely in a hurry.

He starts waving most of the cars on. He stops one car and runs off for the obvious routine. Exits.

MUJAJATI GEORGE: *THE RAIN OF MY BLOOD*

4 **Either (a)** Explore the dramatist's presentation of the theme of disillusionment in the play, **The Rain of My Blood**.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, focusing on the thoughts and feelings of the audience as the passage unfolds.

Soldier I: Woman, I am giving you a very good piece of advice. I have dealt with very educated politicians. Gonakudzingwa, Connemara, Hwa-Hwa (*pointing*) I have been there, and I have never been known to fail in my endeavours. I have cracked some of the toughest nationalists in my career. Where is your son hiding?

Munjai: (*Stony-faced*) Today you must kill me!

Soldier I: (*angrily*) Bring the bucket of water.

(*Munjai is viciously grabbed by the neck. Her head is forcibly shoved into the bucket of water a number of times. During the process Soldier I shouts angrily, repeatedly*)

Where is your son? Tell me!

(*On being released Munjai gasps for breath, wipes off the water from her face and says*):

I will tell you nothing.

Soldier I: (*Commanding*)

Bring the pliers. (*grabs Munjai's hand and pinches one of the fingers with the pliers, he pulls the pliers forward*).

(*Munjai screams in agony*)

Soldier I: Where is your son hiding?

(*Munjai does not answer*)

(*Soldier I releases the pliers and shouts*)

Bring the electric equipment.

(*The terminal of an electric cord is tied onto Munjai's toe*)

Soldier I: Switch on the current!

(*Munjai screams*)

Switch off the current.

(*to Munjai*)

Where is your son?

Munjai: I will tell you nothing!

(*Then soldier I shouts*): Switch on the current. (*This is repeated a number of times*).

(*A song off the stage*).

Song: *Ruzhinji rweAfrica*

(*The song dies down, electric cord is removed from her toe*).

Munjai: Enjoy yourself while you can! You shameless cowards. My screams and anguish shall fatten your depraved souls! But today I have decided. I shall suffer no more. Today you must kill me!

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Soldier 1: *(smiling)*. This is only the beginning, we shall repeat the whole process over and over again until you tell us where your murderous son is hiding, and what more, you shall also tell us everything that he has told you.

Munjai: You shall find him in my underpants! (*pointing*) search for him in my womb if you suspect that, that is where I keep him. If you are real men, why don't you go out there to look for him.

Soldier 1: Very soon you shall be begging for mercy. You shall tell us all you know about your son's murderous activities.

Munjai : Never, I will tell you nothing. (*pause*) You must kill me.

Soldier 1: We are not murderous like your son.

Munjai: Then if you do not kill me, I shall take that gun you are holding and I will shot you. It's either you kill me or I shall kill you instead.*(moving forward)*

Soldier 1: *(confused)* ... No... all we want is that you ... (*Munjai jumps, grabs the gun from Soldier 1, Soldier II who is standing by immediately shoots at Munjai. She falls dead. Panic-stricken, soldiers run onto the stage, their guns pointed ready to shoot. One of the soldiers asks.*) What is happening here? What was that shot for?

Soldier 1: She wanted to shoot me. Were it not for the quick response from Corporal Chitanda here; she would have killed me. *(pause)* Take her away! (*Munjai's body is carried off the stage*).

SECTION C: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHIDAVAENZI P. KUNDENI: *THE TIES THAT BIND*

5 **Either (a)** Discuss the validity of the quotation, 'The setting sun is after all not so bad for it is not the end,' in light of what happens in the novel.

Or (b) Using the following passage as a starting point, write an analysis of it, showing the significance of the family unit in the novel, **The Ties that Bind**.

"This is my cousin, Vimbiso," Jackie introduced her. "We call her Mother Theresa around here."

"Sisi Jacqueline!" Vimbiso protested with laughter before Jackie introduced Chiedza.

The six children, aged between 6 and 12, helped carry the groceries into the house from the boot of Jackie's car. "You see all these children? We don't know their fathers. I had to use my connections at the Registrar General's Office to sidestep all the bureaucracy and get them birth certificates," Jackie said. "I had no choice too but to make them use the surname Masosa for the sake of legitimacy."

Chiedza slowly shook her head. Jackie closed the car boot. A middle-aged man in greasy blue overalls that had seen better days hurried along the street from Gazaland Shopping Centre with a carton of 2-kilogramme packs of brown sugar lovingly thrown over his shoulder like a hard-won trophy.

They went with Shelter in her room, which was perfectly clean, with plenty of fresh air and light filtering in. Chiedza almost gasped, but held herself still. This was not what she had expected. From what Jackie had told her about growing up with Shelter and others, the small, bony woman with wasps of wavy hair peeping out of her headscarf, could not have been the sister whose childhood escapades Jackie had often told her about.

"*Muri kunzwa sei, sisi*?" Jackie asked, holding Shelter's skeletal hand.

"*Zviri nani nhasi*," she responded in a faint whisper. There were dark rings around her sunken, colourless eyes.

Chiedza felt ill-at-ease in Shelter's presence. She was only able to relax after they had left the room to tour the house, looking at the rooms and cottage in which some of Jackie's nieces slept. Afterwards, they sat and talked in the dining room. Vimbiso served them tea with scones. Everyone loved her rich, milky tea.

Vimbiso went to feed Shelter some porridge. "She's an angel," Chiedza remarked thoughtfully. "The way she looks after Shelter and the children is so touching. I think God chooses his angels very carefully."

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"Yes. I chip in here and there, but Mother Theresa is responsible for the day-to-day affairs here," Jackie said. "When you see this kind of thing, the first impulse is to run, to shut it out by keeping away from this place like some of our sisters have done. But no, blood is blood. She's wasting away, yes, frightening perhaps. But she's still human. She's still our sister. She deserves to be treated kindly, with respect and dignity."

Vimbiso came into the room and joined in their conversation. She had a buoyant good humour and optimism that Chiedza found infectious. In so many ways, she was just like Jackie: the way she spoke, her gait and other subtle mannerisms. Chiedza was moved by the camaraderie so obvious between the two cousins. It was a wonderful breezy affair, full of warmth and good nature, plenty of laughter, jokes and township gossip despite the dark cloud hanging ominously over the house because of Shelter's deteriorating condition.

NDHLALA GEOFFREY: *JIKINYA*

6 **Either (a)** Discuss the role and significance of the character, Jikinya, in the novel **Jikinya**.

Or (b) Critically analyse the following passage, commenting on the character, Chedu, here and elsewhere in the novel.

He raised his spear from the ground, but it hung in mid-air.
His ears craned to catch the sound.
His heart increased its beat.
Veins swelled his neck.
His muscles stood out rigid and tense all over his body and creases furrowed his forehead as he narrowed his eyes to scan the surroundings. For a moment, which was as long as oblivion, he stood still. Then again – the sound. A faint cough that seemed to come from everywhere all at once, ethereal in the silence.
The man stood where he was, rooted to the ground and praying to his god to save him, for he was sure that the hand which had caused the ruins he had seen had returned to deal the same punishment to whoever was present. Time passed and the man still stood still, waiting for the hand to strike, for he was sure he would never run far enough. Then a faint wail sounded, stopped, began again and stopped again.
The man was undecided whether to run or not for he could not tell whether the sound was human. However, the pity in his soul decided for him. He advanced cautiously towards where the sound seemed to come from, around the ruins of the house. As he crept forward, the sound began again. He bent down on his knees as he approached the corner of the house and peered round.
What he saw puzzled him immensely. He could tell that the sound resembled that of a baby crying, but he was not sure what the white thing which was thrusting its limbs was. Moreover, the thing was floating in the wind when a gust arose, and he had never seen anything like it before. The baby's cry was too much for him. He could not go until he was certain that the thing did not cover a child.
Warily, he went towards the thing that was dazzling white in the sun. As he approached it, the baby stopped crying and his face beamed with delight and relief on seeing it. Its head protruded from the white shawl and little streams of water raced down its cheeks, coursed round its ears and wetted the ground below. Little silky hairs shone in the sunlight and vacant blue eyes gazed into the hazy blue sky. Its little knuckles twitched underneath the shawl and the little plump feet kicked vigorously.

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A light wind began to blow and the little hairs and the edges of the shawl waved slightly in the wind. Little harmless specks of dust were lifted and whirled around, settling on the child's head and shawl. The little orchard trees and the gum trees edging the forest waved lightly in the wind. Fluffy white clouds shut out the fierceness of the sun and embraced the earth in a mellow glow.

The man stood his spear in the ground and picked up the baby. His head cocked to one side, he looked at the child with a mixture of joy and sorrow. His heart warmed toward the child. The child fixed its eyes on the man's face and seemed to search and implore it for pity. The man saw the eyes which boldly looked up at him and seemed to unfold all their trust to him. The baby smiled. Bare little gums were exposed to the sunshine and rejoiced in the eyes of the man. The man smiled back and caressed its little head. Tenderly, quietly, he began to talk to it.

'How are you, little one? Are you alright, little one? Don't cry any more, little one. Don't cry. You are safe now, little one, safe. Ti-ti-ti-ti! Huh! Ti-ti-ti-ti…!

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Question 1(b)	Bvuma S. Thomas:	*Every Stone That Turns*
Question 2(b)	Mhasvi Roland E.:	*The Flowers of Yesterday*
Question 3(b)	Raisedon Baya:	*Tomorrow's People And Other Plays*
Question 4(b)	Mujajati George:	*The Rain of My Blood*
Question 5(b)	Chidavaenzi P.Kundeni:	*The Ties That Bind*
Question 6(b)	Ndhlala Geoffrey:	*Jikinya*

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