



ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PAPER 1 COMMENT AND APPRECIATION (Unseen Passages)

6039/1

JUNE 2020 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 includes 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 10 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

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Answer any **two** questions.

Write a critical commentary on the following poem, "*Holy Thursday*," by William Blake.

Holy Thursday

Is this a holy thing to see
In rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

4

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

8

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns:
It is eternal winter there.

12

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

16

- 2 Write a critical analysis of the following excerpt from **Anowa** by Ama Ata Aidoo, showing how effectively the playwright presents conflict.

[ANOWA is seen

dressed in a two-piece cloth. She darts in and out of upper right, with very quick movements. She is packing her belongings into a little basket. Every now and then, she pauses, looks at her mother and sucks her teeth. BADUA complains as before, but this time tearfully. OSAM is lying in his chair smoking.]

5

BADUA: I am in disgrace so suck your teeth at me. [Silence]
Other women certainly have happier tales to tell about motherhood. [Silence] I think I am just an unlucky woman.

10

ANOWA: Mother, I do not know what is wrong with you.

BADUA: And how would you know what is wrong with me?

Look here Anowa, marriage is like a piece of cloth ...

ANOWA: I like mine and it is none of your business.

15

BADUA: And like cloth, its beauty passes with wear and tear.

ANOWA: I do not care, Mother. Have I not told you that this is to be my marriage and not yours?

BADUA: My marriage! Why should it be my daughter who would want to marry that good-for-nothing cassava-man?

20

ANOWA: He is mine and I like him.

BADUA: If you like him, do like him. The men of his house do not make good husbands; ask older women who are married to Nsona man.

OSAM: You know what you are saying is not true. Indeed from the beginning of time Nsona men have been known to make the best of husbands. [BADUA glares at him.]

25

ANOWA: That does not even worry me and it should not worry you, Mother.

BADUA: It's up to you, my mistress who knows everything. But remember, my lady – when I am too old to move, I shall still be sitting by these walls waiting for you to come back with your rags and nakedness.

30

ANOWA: You do not have to wait because we shall not be coming back here to Yebi. Not for a long long time, Mother, not for a long long time.

35

BADUA: Of course, if I were you I wouldn't want to come back with my shame either.

ANOWA: You will be surprised to know that I am going to help him do something with his life.

40

BADUA: A – a – h, I wish I could turn into a bird and come and stand on your roof-top watching you make something of that husband of yours. What was he able to make of the plantation of palm-trees his grandfather gave him? And the virgin land his uncles gave him, what did he do with that?

45

ANOWA: Please, Mother, remove your witch's mouth from our marriage.

[OSAM jumps up and from now on hovers between the two, trying to make peace.] 50

OSAM: *Hei* Anowa, what is wrong with you? Are you mad? How can you speak like that to your mother?

ANOWA: But Father, Mother does not treat me like her daughter. 55

BADUA: And so you call me a witch? The thing is, I wish I were a witch so that I could protect you from your folly.

ANOWA: I do not need your protection, Mother.

OSAM: The spirits of my fathers! Anowa, what daughter talks like this to her mother?

ANOWA: But Father, what mother talks to her daughter the way Mother talks to me? And now, Mother, I am going, so take your witchery to eat in the sea. 60

OSAM: *Ei* Anowa?

BADUA: Thank you my daughter. [BADUA and ANOWA try to jump on each other. BADUA attempts to hit ANOWA but OSAM quickly intervenes.] 65

OSAM: What has come over this household? Tell me what has come over this household? And you too Badua. What has come over you?

BADUA: You leave me alone, Osam. Why don't you speak to Anowa? She is your daughter, I am not. 70

OSAM: Well, she is not mature.

BADUA: That one makes me laugh. Who is not mature? Has she not been mature enough to divine me out and discover I am a witch? Did she not choose her husband single-handed? And isn't she leaving home to make a better success of her marriage? 75

OSAM: Anowa, have you made up your mind to leave?

ANOWA: But Father, Mother is driving me away.

BADUA: Who is driving you away? 80

ANOWA: You! Who does not know here in Yebi that from the day I came to tell you that Kofi and I were getting married you have been drumming into my ears about what a disgrace this marriage is going to be for you? Didn't you say that your friends were laughing at you? And they were saying that very soon I shall be sharing your clothes because my husband will never buy me any? Father, I am leaving this place. 85

[She picks up her basket, puts it on her head and moves down towards lower left.] 90

BADUA: Yes, go.

ANOWA: I am on my way, Mother.

OSAM: And where is your husband?

ANOWA: I am going to look for him.

OSAM: Anowa, stop! [*But ANOWA behaves as if she has not heard him.*] Anowa, you must not leave in this manner. 95

BADUA: Let her go. And may she walk well.

ANOWA: Mother, I shall walk so well that I will not find my feet back here again.

[*She exits lower left. OSAM spits with disdain, then stares at BADUA for a long time. She slowly bows her head in the folds of her cloth and begins to weep quietly as the lights die on them.*] 100

- 3 Critically analyse the story, **Heat and Dust** by Ruth Praver Jhabvala, focusing on the author's presentation of character.

Olivia, the young wife of Douglas, a British official, is still new to India. She finds Anglo-India stifling and has become friendly with the Nawab an Indian prince, and his retinue. Concerned about the health of Harry, an English friend of the Nawab, she wants to ask the British Dr Saunders to visit the palace.

The Nawab laughed at the idea of bringing in Dr Saunders. He said, if a European doctor was needed, he would of course send for the best specialist – if necessary, all the way to Germany or England. However, to humour Olivia and Harry, he consented to send a car for Dr Saunders. 5

Dr Saunders, pleased and flattered to be called in by royalty, laid his finger-tips together and used many technical terms. He puffed while he spoke and with each word blew out the hairs of his moustache so that they fluttered around his mouth as if stirred by a breeze. The Nawab treated him with that exaggerated courtesy that Olivia had learned to recognise as his way of expressing contempt: but it made Dr Saunders, who took it at face value, expand even further inside his tight shantung suit. The sight of the two of them seated opposite each other – the Nawab leaning forward deferentially while the doctor expounded and expanded – gave Harry the giggles and, seeing him, Olivia too could not stop. Dr Saunders did not notice but the Nawab did and, glad to provide such good entertainment for his friends, he insisted that the doctor stay for luncheon. 10 15

Dr Saunders reached new heights at the dining table. Flushed with enjoyment of his host's food and drink, he allowed himself to be prompted into expressing his considered opinion of India and Indians. He had many anecdotes to relate in illustration of his theme, mainly drawn from his hospital experience. Although Olivia had heard most of them before, she shared Harry's amusement at the Nawab's way of eliciting them. 20

'Then, Nawab Sahib, I had the fellow called to my office and, no further argument, smartly boxed his ears for him, one – two.' 25

'You did quite right, Doctor. Quite right. You set a good example.'

'It's the only way to deal with them, Nawab Sahib. It's no use arguing with them, they're not amenable to reason. They haven't got it here, you see, up here, the way we have.' 30

'Exactly, Doctor. You have hit the – what is it, Harry?'

'Nail on the head.'

'Quite right. The nail on the head.' The Nawab nodded gravely.

After a while Olivia ceased to be amused. Dr Saunders was too blatantly stupid, the joke had gone on too long. Harry also became weary of it. With his usual sensitivity, the Nawab at once became aware of the change in atmosphere. He threw down his napkin and said 'Come, Olivia and Harry.' Leaving the doctor unceremoniously behind, he led the other two upstairs to Harry's suite. There he threw himself into a chair and, laying back his head, gave way to loud laughter. He was quite hurt when the other two did not join in: 'I have worked so hard and done so much only to amuse you two,' he complained. 35 40

'It's cruelty to animals.'

'But he calls us animals,' the Nawab pointed out.

- 4 Write a comparative critical appreciation of the two prose passages below.

Passage A

A Spanish Testament

For the first time I heard the sound of a cell door being slammed from outside.

It is a unique sound. A cell door has no latch, either outside or inside; it cannot be shut, except by being slammed to. It is made of massive steel and concrete, about four inches thick, and every time it falls to, there is a resounding crash just as though a shot had been fired. But this report dies away without an echo. Prison sounds are echoless and bleak. 5

When the door has been slammed behind him for the first time, the prisoner stands in the middle of the cell and looks round. I fancy that everyone must behave in more or less the same way. 10

First of all he gives a fleeting look round the walls and takes a mental inventory of all the objects in what is now to be his domain:

the iron bedstead,
the wash-basin,
the W.C.,
the barred window. 15

His next action is invariably to try to pull himself up by the iron bars of the window and look out. He fails, and his suit is covered with white from the plaster on the wall against which he has pressed himself. He desists, but decides to practise and master the art of pulling himself up by his hands. Indeed, he makes all sorts of good resolutions; he will do exercises every morning, and learn a foreign language, and he simply won't let his spirits be broken. He dusts his suit and continues his voyage of exploration round his puny realm – five paces long by four paces broad. He tries the iron bedstead. The springs are broken, the wire mattress sags and cuts into the flesh; it's like lying in a hammock made of steel wire. He sits up. He pulls a face, being absolutely determined to prove that he is full of courage and confidence. Then his gaze rests on the cell door, and he sees that an eye is glued to the spy-hole and is watching him. 20 25 30

The eye goggles at him glassily, its pupil unbelievably big; it is an eye without a man attached to it, and for a few moments the prisoner's heart stops beating.

The eye disappears and the prisoner takes a deep breath and presses his hand against the left side of his chest. 35

'Well,' he says to himself encouragingly, 'how silly to go and get so frightened. You must get used to that; after all, the official's only doing his duty by peeping in; that's part of being in prison. But they won't get me down, they'll never get me down; I'll stuff paper in the spy-hole at night ...' 40

As a matter of fact there's no reason why he shouldn't do so straight away. The idea fills him with genuine enthusiasm. For the first time he experiences that almost maniac desire for activity that from now on

will alternate continually – up and down in a never-ending zig-zag with melancholia and depression.

Then he realises that he has no paper on him, and his next impulse is – according to his social status – either to ring or to run over to the stationer's at the corner. This impulse lasts only the fraction of a second; the next moment he becomes conscious for the first time of the true significance of his situation. For the first time he grasps the full reality of being behind a door which is locked from outside, grasps it in all its searing, devastating poignancy.

Passage B

Darkness At Noon

The cell door slammed behind Rubashov.

He remained leaning against the door a few seconds, and lit a cigarette. On the bed to his right lay two fairly clean blankets, and the straw mattress looked newly filled. The wash-basin to his left had no plug, but the tap functioned. The can next to it had been freshly disinfected, it did not smell. The walls on both sides were of solid brick, which would stifle the sound of tapping, but where the heating and drain pipe penetrated it, it had been plastered and resounded quite well; besides, the heating pipe itself seemed to be noise conducting. The window started at eye-level; one could see down into the courtyard without having to pull oneself up by the bars. So far everything was in order.

He yawned, took his coat off, rolled it up and put it on the mattress as a pillow. He looked out into the yard. The snow shimmered yellow in the double light of the moon and the electric lanterns. All round the yard, along the walls, a narrow track had been cleared for the daily exercise. Dawn had not yet appeared; the stars still shone clear and frostily, in spite of the lanterns. On the rampart of the outside wall, which lay opposite Rubashov's cell, a soldier with slanted rifle was marching the hundred steps up and down; he stamped at every step as if on parade. From time to time the yellow light of the lanterns flashed on his bayonet.

Rubashov took his shoes off, still standing at the window. He put out his cigarette, laid the stump on the floor at the end of his bedstead, and remained sitting on the mattress for a few minutes. He went back to the window once more. The courtyard was still; the sentry was just turning; above the machine-gun tower he saw a streak of the Milky Way.

Rubashov stretched himself on the bunk and wrapped himself in the top blanket. It was five o'clock and it was unlikely that one had to get up here before seven in winter. He was very sleepy and, thinking it over, decided that he would hardly be brought up for examination for another three or four days. He took his pince-nez off, laid it on the stone-paved floor next the cigarette stump, smiled and shut his eyes. He was warmly wrapped up in the blanket, and felt protected; for the first time in months he was not afraid of his dreams.

When a few minutes later the warder turned the light off from outside, and looked through the spy-hole into his cell, Rubashov, ex-Commissar of the People, slept, his back turned to the wall, with his head on his outstretched left arm, which stuck stiffly out of the bed; only the hand on the end of it hung loosely and twitched in his sleep.