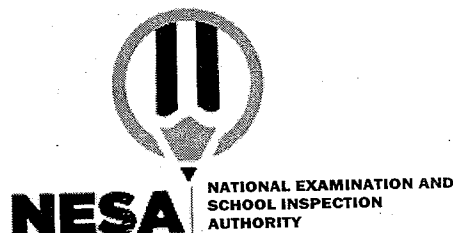


LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

019

29/07/2022 8:30 AM -11:30 AM



ADVANCED LEVEL NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS, 2021-2022

SUBJECT: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

COMBINATIONS:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| - HISTORY-ECONOMICS-LITERATURE | (HEL) |
| - LITERATURE-ECONOMICS-GEOGRAPHY | (LEG) |
| - HISTORY-GEOGRAPHY-LITERATURE | (HGL) |
| - LITERATURE -FRENCH-KINYARWANDA | (LKF) |
| - LITERATURE -KISWAHILI-KINYARWANDA | (LKK) |
| - LITERATURE -KISWAHILI- FRENCH | (LKF) |

DURATION: 3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1) Do not open this paper until you are told to do so.
- 2) Write your names and index number on your answer booklet as they appear on your registration form and **DO NOT** write your names and index number on additional answer sheets if provided.
- 3) This paper consists of **THREE** Sections: **A, B** and **C**.
Section A: Prose and Poetry (40 marks)
Section B: Plays (30 marks)
Section C: Novels (30 marks)
- 4) Use only a **blue** or **black** pen.

SECTION A: Prose and Poetry. (40 marks)

1) Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow. (25 marks)

"You have achieved what you wanted," the email began, just like that, with neither the introduction of the author nor of the issue, I have been fired. "Thy will be done." I stopped reading for a minute or two, staring hard at the name of the sender, which only read as Tatha. Whether Tatha was the first name or the surname I had no idea. I quickly thought it was one of those unsolicited emails that flood your mailbox every day, ranging from Viagra adverts to lotteries that tell you have won a million dollars- a bolt out of the blue. I was about to delete it when the eye darted to one sentence after the other; and then the eye's attention was firmly captured, and the whole body responded by having the arms folded to support the jaws.

"I remembered you pretty well," the mail confirmed. "You sat on seat number 12D on a flight to Johannesburg on the tenth of November. You kept asking me for beer even when your glass was still full. Little did I know that when I advised you I would bring you some more beer after the glass had been emptied of its content, you would take offence. The next thing, you wrote your angry comments to the airlines, that I was rude to you throughout the flight. Malawi Air management takes such comments very seriously, as the airline is trying to operate at world- class level. So they have fired me as a warning to the rest.

Tatha now I remembered. I remembered the tall, beautiful girl, very beautiful actually with a bewitching smile that no man would ignore. Her eyes were big and lovely, and her legs belonged to a super model. I even remembered asking her what Tatha meant, and I think for two nights she said it meant "we have perished."

I was on the flight to Johannesburg, my very first time to fly, and, I must add, the only one to this day. I got the opportunity courtesy of an air ticket I won at a raffle draw organized by the Lundazi District Council. Now I have even forgotten what the proceeds of the draw were going to be used for. But what I shall never forget is that the first prize was a new brand-new Toyota twin cab and the second was a flight to the glamour to Johannesburg for two nights at the Parktonian All- suite Hotel in Dekorte Street, Parktown, complete with a one-thousand-dollar shopping voucher at the Westgate Shopping Mall.

I was very excited, no doubt. This was history in the making. I was going to be the first person from my village called Butolo in Chief Zumwanda's area in Lundazi District of Zambia to fly to Johannesburg-or to fly at all. In fact, when news spread that I had won an air ticket, the whole village gathered to see me arrive from town. All of a sudden, everyone wanted to talk to me. Even those that never talked to me wanted to behave like they were my closest friends. By the time I left for Johannesburg, which was a week after winning the ticket, one vimbuza dancer in the village had composed a song about my flight!

I travelled by road to Lusaka, a city I was seeing for the first time too. I had heard so much about Lusaka, about the Cairo Road and the Arcade Shopping Mall. When I checked in at the Hotel Intercontinental, it was all like a dream. The people from my village who had visited Lusaka before talked about the Hotel Intercontinental, with such high praise that one would think it was the eighth wonder of the world. They had not slept in the hotel themselves, but now here I was, looking at the beautiful fountain next to the main entrance as I walked to my room!

The following day I took a Malawi Air flight from Lusaka to Lilongwe, where I connected to Johannesburg. It was on the Lilongwe-Johannesburg flight I saw this girl called Tatha.

"What you must know is that you have succeeded in destroying a vision," the email continued. "Since I was young, I always wanted to work for Malawi Air. I dedicated all the twenty-three years of my life in pursuit of this vision.

"But now all that has been broken into pieces. The disciplinary committee gave me a photocopy of the comments you made. I hang it on the walls of my room at home in Blantyre. This is where I got your email address, the only contact detail you put on passengers' comments slip. You have killed my dream. You have taken away from me what I loved most."

Suddenly I felt deeply touched. Without knowing it, a tear had formed in my eyes. I only realized I was tearing up when the tear rolled onto my cheek and dropped

onto the pink shirt I was wearing. Using the back of my right hand, I wiped the tears and sat staring at the computer for a long, long time, looking at nothing.

"It's time to close, sir," the café's receptionist said, standing over me with a note in her hand. "That is the bill, sir." I sat up straight as if a needle had just pricked me in my back. The bill read fifty thousand kwacha, something around thirteen American dollars!

This wiped out a big chunk of the money I had for the remainder of the month, and there were twenty days to go! I should not have come to the café in the first place. It was a luxury I could have done without.

Yet the issue of Tatha resurfaced in my mind, and my heart once again accompanied the young lady wherever she was in her suffering. Why did I make any comment at all? A string of questions followed in my mind, but no answers were forthcoming. "I said what name I should put on the receipt, Sir?" the girl asked, a trace of irritation or sarcasm or both creeping in her voice. Apparently, I did not show that I had heard the question the first time she asked it. "Zgambo," I said. Francis Chumachamara Zgambo Z-G-A-M-B-O." She had already filled the whole space where the name needed to be with Zgambo in block letters in the least admirable handwriting. In fact, even before I finished spelling out my surname, she had already torn out the receipt, her hand stretched out for me to receive it. She could not wait to close.

The Retraction by Stanley Onjezani Kenani (Malawi)

Questions

- a) Identify the character traits of Tatha according to this text. **(2 marks)**
- b) Describe the tone of the email message. **(3 marks)**
- c) Identify any literary devices used to portray the message in the passage. **(2 marks)**
- d) What made the narrator excited in this text? **(3 marks)**
- e) Why did the narrator write to Malawi Air? Was his action justified? **(2 marks)**
- f) Why was the narrator confused about the sender's email? **(2 marks)**
- g) What does the narrator's behaviour on reading the email reveal about him? **(2 marks)**

- h) Do you think the airline was fair to fire Tatha? Justify your answer. (3 marks)
- i) Explain how the narrator found life in Johannesburg. (2 marks)
- j) What lesson do you learn from Tatha? (4 marks)
- 2) Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow. (15 marks)

I met a thief

On the beach, on the coast,
Under the idle, whispering coconut towers,
Before the growling, forming waves,
I met a thief, who guessed I had
An innocent heart for her to steal.

She took my hand and led me under
The intimate cashew boughs which shaded
The downy grass and peeping weeds.
She jumped and plucked the nuts for me to suck;
She sang and laughed and pressed close.

I gazed: her hair was like the wool of mountain sheep
Her eyes, a pair of brown-black beans floating in milk
Juicy and round as plantain shoots
Her legs, arms and neck;
And like wine-gourds her pillowy breasts;
Her throat uttered fresh banana juice:
Matching her face-smooth and banana- ripe.

I touched- but long before I even tasted,
My heart had flowed from me into her breast;
And then she went- High and South-
And left my carcass roasting in the fire she'd lit.

By Austin S. Bukenya

Source: Poems from East Africa, selected by David Cook and David Rubadiri

Questions

- a) Who is the persona / speaker in the poem? (1 mark)
- b) How appropriate is the title of the poem? (2 marks)
- c) Explain the use of imagery in the poem. (6 marks)
- d) Comment on the setting of the poem. (2 marks)
- e) In your own words, explain what this poem is talking about. (4 marks)

SECTION B: PLAYS (30 marks)

- 3) Choose ONE of the two passages below, read it carefully and then answer the questions that follow as concisely as possible. (15 marks)

Either: a) HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

MRS. STOCKMANN: You see, if you come an hour late, Mr. Billing, you have to put up with cold meat.

BILLING (*as he eats*): It is uncommonly good, thank you- remarkably good.

MRS. STOCKMANN: My husband makes such a point of having his meals punctually, you know.

BILLING: That doesn't affect me a bit. Indeed, I almost think I enjoy a meal all the better when I can sit down and eat all by myself, and undisturbed.

MRS. STOCKMANN: Oh well, as long as you are enjoying it... (*Turns to the hall door, listening.*) I expect that is Mr. Hovstad coming too.

BILLING: Very likely.

(*PETER STOCKMANN, the Mayor, comes in. He is in an overcoat and his official hat, and is carrying a stick.*)

PETER STOCKMANN: Good evening, Katherine.

MRS. STOCKMANN: (*coming forward into the sitting-room*). Ah, good evening-is it you? How good of you to come up and see us!

PETER STOCKMANN: I happened to be passing, and so- (*looks into the dining-room*). But you have company with you, I see.

MRS. STOCKMANN (*a little embarrassed*): Oh, no-it was quite by chance he came in. (*Hurriedly.*) Won't you come in and have something, too?

PETER STOCKMANN: Who, me? No, thank you. Good gracious-roast beef at night!
Not with my digestion!

MRS. STOCKMANN: Oh, but just once in a way...

PETER STOCKMANN: No, no, my dear; I stick to my tea and bread and butter. It
is much more wholesome in the long run- and a little more
economical, too.

MRS. STOCKMANN (*smiling*): Now you mustn't think that Thomas and I are
extravagant just because...

PETER STOCKMANN: Not you, my dear; I would never think that of you. (*Gestures
towards study.*) Is he not at home?

MRS. STOCKMANN: No, he took the boys out for a little turn after supper.

PETER STOCKMANN: I doubt if that is a wise thing to do on a full stomach.
(*Listens.*) Ah! I fancy I hear him coming now.

MRS. STOCKMANN: No, I don't think it is him. (*There is a knock at the door.*) Come
in! (*HOVSTAD comes in from the hall.*)

HOVSTAD: Yes, I am sorry for being so late. I was delayed at the printers. Good
evening, Mr. Mayor.

PETER STOCKMANN (*bowing rather stiffly*): Good evening. You are here on
business, no doubt.

HOVSTAD: Yes, partly. It's about an article for the paper.

PETER STOCKMANN: So I thought. I hear my brother is now a prolific contributor
to the *People's Messenger*.

HOVSTAD: Yes, he is good enough to write in the *People's Messenger* when he has
something he feels he should get off his chest.

MRS STOCKMANN (*to HOVSTAD*): But won't you...? (*Points to the dining-room.*)

PETER STOCKMANN: Indeed and why not. I don't blame him in the least, as a
writer, for addressing himself to the quarters where he will
find the readiest sympathy. And, besides, I personally have
nothing against your paper, Mr. Hovstad.

HOVSTAD: I agree with you.

PETER STOCKMANN: Taking one thing with another, there is an excellent spirit
of tolerance, mutual understanding and fairmindedness in
the town- an admirable municipal spirit. And it all springs
from the fact of our having a great common interest to unite

us- an interest that is in an equally high degree the concern of every right-minded citizen

HOVSTAD: The Baths, you mean.

PETER STOCKMANN: Exactly...our fine, new, handsome Baths. Mark my words, Mr. Hovstad- the Baths will become the focus of our municipal life! Not a doubt of it!

MRS. STOCKMANN: Yes, that is just what Thomas says.

PETER STOCKMANN: Just look at how extraordinarily the place has developed within the last year or two! Money has been flowing in. There is some life and some business doing in the town. The value of houses and landed property are rising every day.

Questions

- a) Where and when does this scene take place? (2 marks)
- b) Describe the character traits of Peter Stockmann. (2 marks)
- c) What is the purpose of Peter Stockmann's visit to Dr Stockmann's home? (2 marks)
- d) What factors that led Dr Stockmann into problems? (5 marks)
- e) Discuss any four themes portrayed in this play. (4 marks)

Or: b) BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

THE PEASANT WOMAN (looking out of the window and suddenly starting with fear): Gracious! Ironshirts!

GRUSHA: They're after the baby.

PEASANT WOMAN: Suppose they come in!

GRUSHA: You mustn't give him to them. Say he's yours.

PEASANT WOMAN: Yes.

GRUSHA: They'll run him through if you hand him over.

PEASANT WOMAN: But suppose they ask for it? The silver for the harvest is in the house.

GRUSHA: If you let them have him, they will run him through, right here in this room! You've got to say he's yours!

PEASANT WOMAN: Yes. But what if they don't believe me?

GRUSHA: You must be firm.

PEASANT WOMAN: They'll burn the roof over our heads.

GRUSHA: That's why you must say he's yours. His name's Michael.
But I shouldn't have told you (*The PEASANT WOMAN nods.*)
Don't nod like that. And don't tremble-they'll notice.

PEASANT WOMAN: Yes.

GRUSHA: And stop saying yes, I can't stand it. (*She shakes the WOMAN*) Don't you have any children?

PEASANT WOMAN: (*muttering*): He's in the war.

GRUSHA. Then maybe *he's* an Ironshirt? Do you want *him* to run children through with a lance? You'd bawl him out. 'No fooling with lances in my house!' you'd shout, 'is that what I've reared you for? Wash your neck before you talk to your mother!'

PEASANT WOMAN: That's true, he couldn't get away with anything around here!

GRUSHA: So you'll say he's yours?

PEASANT WOMAN: Yes.

GRUSHA: Look! They're coming!

Questions

- a) Place the context of this scene. (2 marks)
- b) How is tension created in the scene? (3 marks)
- c) How is Grusha portrayed in this scene? (4 marks)
- d) What important idea is highlighted in this act? Mention two separate occasions when the same idea is further developed. (6 marks)

4) Choose ONE play and answer the question on it. (15 marks)

Either: (A) Arthur Miller: The Crucible

"I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor" How does this statement help us to understand the character of Proctor?

Or: (B) William Shakespeare: Julius Caesar

Which character, Brutus or Caesar, is the play's tragic hero, and why?

SECTION C: NOVELS (30 marks)

5) Choose ONE of the two passages below; read it carefully and then answer the questions that follow as concisely as possible. (15 marks)

Either: (A) JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*

The dark was almost in, and Juana's fire threw shadows on the brush walls when the whisper came in, passed from mouth to mouth. "The father is coming-the priest is coming." The men uncovered their heads and stepped back from the door, and the women gathered their shawls about their faces and cast down their eyes. Kino and Juan Tomas, his brother, stood up. The priest came in-a graying, aging man with an old skin and a young sharp eye. Children, he considered these people, and he treated them like children.

"Kino", He said softly, "thou art named after a great man-and a great Father of the church." He made it sound like a benediction. "Thy namesake tamed the desert and sweetened the minds of thy people, didst thou know that? It is in the books"

Kino looked quickly down at Coyotito's head, where he hung on Juana's hip. Some day, his mind said, that boy would know what things were in the books and what things were not. The music had gone out of Kino's head, but now, thinly, slowly, the melody of the morning, the music of evil, of the enemy sounded, but it was faint and weak. And Kino looked at his neighbours to see who might have brought this song in.

But the priest was speaking again. "It has come to me that thou hast found a great fortune, a great pearl."

Kino opened his hand and held it out, and the priest grasped a little at the size and beauty of the pearl. And then he said: "I hope thou wilt remember to give thanks, my son, to Him who has given thee this treasure, and to pray for guidance in the future."

Kino nodded dumbly, and it was Juana who spoke softly. "We will, Father. And we will be married now. Kino has said so." She looked at the neighbours for confirmation, and they nodded their heads solemnly.

The priest said, "It is pleasant to see that your first thoughts are good thoughts. God bless you, my children." He turned and left quickly, and the people let him through.

But Kino's hand had closed tightly on the pearl again, and he was glancing about suspiciously, for the evil song was in his ears, shrilling against the music of the pearl.

Questions

- a) What happens just before this passage? (2 marks)
- b) Give five human weaknesses that the author shows in the passage? (5 marks)
- c) What shows that the priest is interested in Kino's pearl? (5 marks)
- d) What happens after this passage? (3 marks)

Or: (B) PETER ABRAHAMS: *Mine Boy*

"She said she tried but it was no good, Xuma. And she cried a great deal, son, for she loves you truly...It is hard to explain, Xuma, for the things that are in the mind of another person are always hard to understand. But I know Eliza is a good girl and she loves only you. She has the same sickness that Daddy had, Xuma, and I loved Daddy, so I know ..."

"Be quiet," Xuma said softly and sat staring in front of him without seeing anything.

The room was suddenly quiet and strange. The world was so too, an empty and strange place.

Ma Plank kept looking at him. There was no anger in his eyes. There was nothing in them and they kept looking at one place without seeing that place. She did not know what she had expected him to do, but she knew she had not expected him to sit there quietly, staring at one place without seeing it.

"I am sorry," she said softly.

Xuma did not hear her. She got up and dished him a plate of food.

"She asked me to cook for you," Ma Plank said, but Xuma did not hear her.

She gave him the food. He ate, mechanically, without knowing or caring. Ma Plank had expected him to ask her more questions but there he was, eating and staring and seeing nothing and tasting nothing. People did not behave like that. When they were hurt, they did things. They cried or they shouted or they did not eat or they drank or they were angry or their bodies were stiff. They were not just ordinary, as always.

Xuma became aware of the food and put it aside.

"You have not finished," Ma Plank said.

"Please go," Xuma said.

Ma Plank was on the verge of protesting, but she looked at him and changed her mind. Slowly she gathered up her shawl and went out.

Questions

- a) What happens just before this passage? (2 marks)
- b) What is the character of Ma Plank as shown in the passage? (4 marks)
- c) Which signs of Eliza's love for Xuma are revealed in the passage? (4 marks)
- d) What happens after this passage? (5 marks)

6) Choose ONE novel and answer the question on it. (15 marks)

Either: (A) CHINUA ACHEBE: *A Man of the People*

What series of events that lead to Odili's disillusionment with the People's Organisation Party (POP)?

Or: (B) GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

Explain the circumstances that led to the animals' rebellion on manor farm in the *Animal Farm*.

- END -