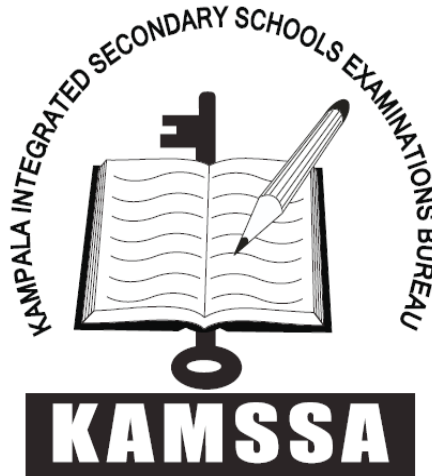


P310/3
LITERATURE IN
ENGLISH
(NOVELS)
Paper 3
July/August 2022
3 Hours



KAMSSA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES)

Paper 3

3 Hours

INSTRUCTIONS:

- 1. This paper consists of four Sections: A, B, C and D.*
- 2. Attempt **three** questions in all.*
- 3. **One** question must be chosen from Section A.*
- 4. Then choose **two** other questions, each from a different Section.*

SECTION A

1. CHARLES DICKEN: *Great Expectations*.

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoilt child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. I don't know why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer; but it is indisputable that while you cannot possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day."

"Yet a gentleman may not keep a public-house; may he?" said I.

"Not on any account," returned Herbert; "but a public-house may keep a gentleman. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter."

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

"Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother. Her father privately married again—his cook, I rather think."

"I thought he was proud," said I.

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time she died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man, he turned out riotous, extravagant, undutiful,—altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham.—Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass, as to turn it bottom upwards with the rim on one's nose."

I had been doing this, in an excess of attention to his recital. I thanked him, and apologized. He said, "Not at all," and resumed.

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means again, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her as having influenced the father's anger. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story,—merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler."

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler, I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I found myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I thanked him and apologized, and again he said in the cheer fullest manner, "Not at all, I am sure!" and resumed.

"There appeared upon the scene—say at the races, or the public balls, or anywhere else you like—a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him (for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel), but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy man, and the kind of man for the purpose. But that he was not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle of his that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says, no varnish can hide

the grain of the wood; and that the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all the susceptibility she possessed certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when

he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's counsels, and she was too haughty and too much in love to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father; he was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since."

I thought of her having said, "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;" and I asked Herbert whether his father was so inveterate against her?

Questions:

- (a) Place the extract in context. (10 Marks)
- (b) Describe the character of Miss. Havisham as portrayed in the passage. (08 Marks)
- (c) Comment on the themes in the passage. (10 Marks)
- (d) What is the significance of this passage to the context of the story? (05 Marks)

2. THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the d'urbevilles*.

"I am not worthy of you—no, I am not!" she burst out, jumping up from her low stool as though appalled at his homage, and the fulness of her own joy thereat.

Clare, deeming the whole basis of her excitement to be that which was only the smaller part of it, said—

"I won't have you speak like it, dear Tess! **Distinction does not consist in the facile use of a contemptible set of conventions, but in being numbered among those who are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—as you are, my Tess.**"

She struggled with the sob in her throat. How often had that string of excellences made her young heart ache in church of late years, and how strange that he should have cited them now.

"Why didn't you stay and love me when I—was sixteen; living with my little sisters and brothers, and you danced on the green? O, why didn't you, why didn't you!" she said, impetuously clasping her hands.

Angel began to comfort and reassure her, thinking to himself, truly enough, what a creature of moods she was, and how careful he would have to be of her when she depended for her happiness entirely on him.

"Ah—why didn't I stay!" he said. "That is just what I feel. If I had only known! But you must not be so bitter in your regret—why should you be?"

With the woman's instinct to hide she diverged hastily—

“I should have had four years more of your heart than I can ever have now. Then I should not have wasted my time as I have done—I should have had so much longer happiness!”

It was no mature woman with a long dark vista of intrigue behind her who was tormented thus, but a girl of simple life, not yet one-and twenty, who had been caught during her days of immaturity like a bird in a springe. To calm herself the more completely, she rose from her little stool and left the room, overturning the stool with her skirts as she went.

He sat on by the cheerful firelight thrown from a bundle of green ash-sticks laid across the dogs; the sticks snapped pleasantly, and hissed out bubbles of sap from their ends. When she came back she was herself again.

“Do you not think you are just a wee bit capricious, fitful, Tess?” he said, good-humouredly, as he spread a cushion for her on the stool, and seated himself in the settle beside her. “I wanted to ask you something, and just then you ran away.”

“Yes, perhaps I am capricious,” she murmured. She suddenly approached him, and put a hand upon each of his arms. “No, Angel, I am not really so—by nature, I mean!” The more particularly to assure him that she was not, she placed herself close to him in the settle, and allowed her head to find a resting-place against Clare’s shoulder. “What did you want to ask me—I am sure I will answer it,” she continued humbly.

“Well, you love me, and have agreed to marry me, and hence there follows a thirdly, ‘When shall the day be?’”

“I like living like this.”

“But I must think of starting in business on my own hook with the new year, or a little later. And before I get involved in the multifarious details of my new position, I should like to have secured my partner.”

“But,” she timidly answered, “to talk quite practically, wouldn’t it be best not to marry till after all that?—Though I can’t bear the thought o’ your going away and leaving me here!”

“Of course you cannot—and it is not best in this case. I want you to help me in many ways in making my start. When shall it be? Why not a fortnight from now?”

“No,” she said, becoming grave: “I have so many things to think of first.”

“But—”

Questions:

- (a) What is the context of the extract? (10marks)
- (b) Examine the character of Tess in this episode and show the feelings she arouses in you. (6 marks)
- (c) What does Tess mean when she says; “I have so many things to think of first.”? (3 marks)
- (d) Do you justify Tess’s quest for the delay of their marriage as seen in her slow response and acceptance in the passage? Support your answer with reference to the passage? (4marks)
- (e) Examine the significance of this extract to the rest of the story. (10marks)

3. JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*.

‘Well, my dear,’ said Mr. Bennet, when Elizabeth had read the note aloud, ‘if your daughter should have a dangerous fit of illness—if she should die, it would be a comfort to know that it was all in pursuit of Mr. Bingley, and under your orders.’

‘Oh! I am not afraid of her dying. People do not die of little trifling colds. She will be taken good care of. As long as she stays there, it is all very well. I would go and see her if I could have the carriage.’

Elizabeth, feeling really anxious, was determined to go to her, though the carriage was not to be had; and as she was no horsewoman, walking was her only alternative. She declared her resolution.

‘How can you be so silly,’ cried her mother, ‘as to think of such a thing, in all this dirt! You will not be fit to be seen when you get there.’

‘I shall be very fit to see Jane—which is all I want.’

‘Is this a hint to me, Lizzy,’ said her father, ‘to send for the horses?’

‘No, indeed, I do not wish to avoid the walk. The distance is nothing when one has a motive; only three miles. I shall be back by dinner.’

‘I admire the activity of your benevolence,’ observed Mary, ‘but every impulse of feeling should be guided by reason; and, in my opinion, exertion should always be in proportion to what is required.’

‘We will go as far as Meryton with you,’ said Catherine and Lydia. Elizabeth accepted their company, and the three young ladies set off together.

‘If we make haste,’ said Lydia, as they walked along, ‘perhaps we may see something of Captain Carter before he goes.’

In Meryton they parted; the two youngest repaired to the lodgings of one of the officers’ wives, and Elizabeth continued her walk alone, crossing field after field at a quick pace, jumping over stiles and springing over puddles with impatient activity, and finding herself at last within view of the house, with weary ankles, dirty stockings, and a face glowing with the warmth of exercise.

She was shown into the breakfast-parlour, where all but Jane were assembled, and where her appearance created a great deal of surprise. That she should have walked three miles so early in the day, in such dirty weather, and by herself, was almost incredible to Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley; and Elizabeth was convinced that they held her in contempt for it. She was received, however, very politely by them; and in their brother’s manners there was something better than politeness; there was good humour and kindness. Mr. Darcy said very little, and Mr. Hurst nothing at all. The former was divided between admiration of the brilliancy which

exercise had given to her complexion, and doubt as to the occasion’s justifying her coming so far alone. The latter was thinking only of his breakfast.

Her inquiries after her sister were not very favourably answered. Miss Bennet had slept ill, and though up, was very feverish, and not well enough to leave her room. Elizabeth was glad to be taken to her immediately; and Jane, who had only been withheld by the fear of giving alarm or inconvenience from expressing in her note how much she longed for such a visit, was delighted at her entrance. She was not equal, however, to much conversation, and when Miss Bingley left them together, could attempt little besides expressions of gratitude for the extraordinary kindness she was treated with. Elizabeth silently attended her.

Questions:

- (a) State the context of the excerpt. (10 Marks)
- (b) Describe the characters of Elizabeth Bennet and Mrs Bennet as portrayed in the extract. (05 Marks)
- (c) Comment on the major themes in the extract. (08 Marks)
- (d) Relate the passage to the rest of the story. (10 Marks)

SECTION B

MONGO BETTI: *The Poor Christ of Bomba.*

- 4. Examine the writer's use of setting in the novel, *The Poor Christ of Bomba*. (33 marks)
- 5. How is Christianity a tool for colonialism in the novel, *The Poor Christ of Bomba*? (33 marks)

NGUGI WA THIONGO: *Devil on the Cross.*

- 6. How does Ngugi use the devil's feast to propel the plot of the novel, *Devil on the Cross*? (33 Marks)
- 7. Examine the role played by women characters in the novel, *Devil on the Cross*. (33 marks)

IVAN TURGENEV: *Fathers and Sons.*

- 8. Discuss any three major thematic concerns in the novel, *Fathers and Sons*.
- 9. What lessons does the reader draw from *Fathers and Sons*?

SECTION C

ALEX LA GUMA: *A Walk in the Night.*

- 10. To what extent is *A Walk in the Night* about transfer of aggression?
- 11. Examine the different conflicts presented in the novel, *A Walk in the Night*.

EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE: *In Corner B.*

- 12. Examine the major concerns highlighted in the short story, *In Corner B*. (33 marks)
- 13. How relevant is the short story *In Corner B* to the contemporary world? (33 marks)

CHINUA ACHEBE: *The Voter.*

- 14. Examine the evils Achebe satirizes in the short story, *The Voter*. (33 marks)
- 15. Justify the view that the short story, *The Voter* is a replica of the African political system. (33 marks)

SECTION D

JULIUS OCWINYO: *Footprints of the Outsider.*

- 16. "Political turmoil and moral decay dominate the plot of the novel, *Footprints of the outsider*"
- 17. How does the arrival of the Indians in Teboke, act as a turning point for

HENRY OLE KULET: *Vanishing Herds*

- 18. How justifiable is the title *Vanishing herds* to the novel, *Vanishing herds*?
- 19. Discuss environmental degradation and its consequences in the novel, *Vanishing herds*.

OSI OGBU: *The Moon Also Sets.*

- 20. How does Oby's life at University reflect both resistance and maturity in her as a character, in the novel, *The Moon Also Sets*?
- 21. How justifiable is the ending of the novel, *The Moon Also Sets*?

End