

**P310/3**  
**LITERATURE IN**  
**ENGLISH**  
**(Novels)**

Paper 3

Jul/Aug 2019

3 Hours



**MUKONO EXAMINATION COUNCIL**  
**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(Novels)**

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- ✓ *This paper consists of **four** sections; **A, B, C, and D***
- ✓ *Answer **three** questions in all.*
- ✓ *One question must be chosen from section **D***
- ✓ *Then choose two other questions*
- ✓ *Each from a different section.*
- ✓ *Any additional question(s) attempted will **not** be marked.*

## SECTION A

### Jane Austen: *Persuasion*

*Either*

1. Discuss the significance of Anne Elliot to development of themes in the novel. **Persuasion.**  
(33 marks)

*Or*

2. How effectively does Jane Austen use narrative devices in **Persuasion**? (33 marks)

### Thomas Hardy: *Under the Greenwood Tree*

*Either*

3. How effectively has the writer used setting in the novel, **Under the Greenwood Tree**?  
(33 marks)

*Or*

4. What lessons do we learn from the novel, **Under the Greenwood Tree**? (33 marks)

### Charles Dickens: *Oliver Twist*

*Either*

5. How relevant is the title *Oliver Twist* to what happens in the novel, **Oliver Twist**?  
(33 marks)

*Or*

6. Discuss the character of Nancy and her contribution to the development of the novel, **Oliver Twist**?  
(33 marks)

## SECTION B

### Graham Greene: *The Heart of the Matter*

7. Read the extract below and answer question that follow;

It was nearly one in the morning before he returned: the light was out in the kitchen quarters and Ali was dozing on the step of the house until the head-lamps woke him, passing across his sleeping face. He jumped up and lit the way from the garage with his torch.

"All right, Ali. Go to bed."

He let himself into the empty house he had forgotten the deep tones of silence. Many a time he had come in late, after Louise was asleep, but there had never then been quite this quality of

security and impregnability in the silence: his ears had listened for, even though they could not catch, the faint rustle of another person's breath, the tiny movement. Now there was nothing to listen for. He went upstairs and looked into the bedroom. Everything had been tidied away: there was no sign of Louise's departure or presence: Ali had even removed the photograph and put it in a drawer. He was indeed alone. In the bathroom a rat moved, and once the iron roof crumpled as a late vulture settled for the night. Scobie sat down in the living-room and put his feet up on another chair. He felt unwilling yet to go to bed, but he was sleepy: it had been a long day. Now that he was alone, he could indulge in the most irrational act: sleep in a chair instead of a bed. The sadness was peeling off his mind, leaving contentment. He had done his duty: Louise was happy. He closed his eyes.

The sound of a car driving in off the road, head-lamps moving across the window, woke him. He imagined it was a police car that night he was the responsible officer and he thought that some urgent and probably unnecessary telegram had come in. He opened the door and found Yusef on the step.

"Forgive me, Major Scobie, I saw your light as I was passing and I thought . . ." "Come in," he said, "I have whisky, or would you prefer a little beer . . ." Yusef said with surprise, "This is very hospitable of you, Major Scobie." "If I know a man well enough to borrow money from him, surely I ought to be hospitable." "A little beer then, Major Scobie." "The Prophet doesn't forbid it?"

"The Prophet had no experience of bottled beer or whisky, Major Scobie. We have to interpret his words in a modern light." He watched Scobie take the bottles from the ice chest. "Have you no refrigerator, Major Scobie?" "No. Mine's waiting for a spare part it will go on waiting till the end of the war, I imagine." "I must not allow that. I have several spare refrigerators. Let me send one up to you." "Oh, I can manage all right, Yusef. I've managed for two years. So, you were just passing by." "Well, not exactly, Major Scobie. That was a way of speaking. As a matter of fact, I waited until I knew your boys were asleep, and I borrowed a car from a garage. My own car is so well-known. And I did not bring a chauffeur. I didn't want to embarrass you, Major Scobie." "I repeat, Yusef, that I shall never deny knowing a man from whom I have borrowed money." "You do keep harping on that so, Major Scobie. That was just a business transaction. Four per cent is a fair interest. I ask for more only when I have doubt of the security. I wish you would let me send you a refrigerator." "What did you want to see me about?" "First, Major Scobie, I wanted to ask after Mrs. Scobie. Has she got a comfortable cabin? Is there anything she re-quires? The ship calls at Lagos, and I could have anything she needs sent on board there. I would telegraph to my agent."

**Question;**

- (a) What events lead to this passage (08 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of Scobie as portrayed in the passage. (08 marks)
- (c) Discuss the effectiveness of the techniques used in the extract. (08 marks)
- (d) What is the significance of the extract to plot development? (10 marks)

**Nikos Kazantzakis: *Zorba The Greek***

8. Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow;

"And what's going to become of me without your company, boss?"

"Don't fret, Zorba, we shall meet again, and, who knows, man's strength is tremendous! One day we'll put our great plan into effect: we'll build a monastery of our own, without a god, without a devil, but with free men; and you shall be the gatekeeper, Zorba, and hold the great keys to open and close the gate--like Saint Peter..."

Zorba, seated on the ground with his back against the side of the hut, continually filled and refilled his glass, drinking and saying nothing.

Night had fallen, we had finished our meal. We were sipping wine and having our last talk. Early the following morning we were to separate.

"Yes, yes..." said Zorba, pulling at his moustache and taking a drink. "Yes, yes..."

Above us, the night was starlit; within us, our hearts longed for relief but still held back.

Say goodbye to him forever, I thought to myself. Take a good look at him; never, never again will you set eyes on Zorba! I could have thrown myself upon his old bosom and wept, but I was ashamed. I tried to laugh to hide my emotion, but I could not.

I had a lump in my throat.

I looked at Zorba as he craned his neck like a bird of prey and drank in silence. I watched him and I reflected what a truly baffling mystery is this life of ours. Men meet and drift apart again like leaves blown by the wind; your eyes try in vain to preserve an image of the face, body or gestures of the person you have loved; in a few years you do not even remember whether his eyes were blue or black.

The human soul should be made of brass; it should be made of steel! I cried within me. Not just of air!

Zorba was drinking, holding his big head erect, motionless. He seemed to be listening to steps approaching in the night or retreating into the innermost depths of his being.

"What are you thinking about, Zorba?"

"What am I thinking about, boss? Nothing. Nothing, I tell you!

I wasn't thinking of anything."

After a moment or two, filling up his glass again, he said:

"Good health, boss!"

We clinked glasses. We both knew that so bitter a feeling of sadness could not last much longer.

We would have to burst into tears or get drunk, or begin to dance like lunatics.

"Play, Zorba!" I suggested.

"Haven't I already told you, boss? The santuri needs a happy heart. I'll play in a month's, perhaps two months' time--how can I tell? Then I'll sing about how two people separate forever."

"Forever!" I cried terrified. I had been saying that irremediable word to myself, but had not expected to hear it said out loud. I was frightened.

"Forever!" Zorba repeated, swallowing his saliva with some difficulty. "That's it--forever. What you've just said about meeting again, and building our monastery, all that is what you tell a sick man to put him on his feet. I don't accept it. I don't want it. Are we weak like women to need cheering up like that? Of course, we aren't. Yet, it's forever!"

"Perhaps I'll stay here with you..." I said, appalled by Zorba's desperate affection for me. "Perhaps I shall come away with you.

I'm free."

Zorba shook his head.

"No, you're not free," he said. "The string you're tied to is perhaps no longer than other people's. That's all. You're on a long piece of string, boss; you come and go, and think you're free, but you never cut the string in two. And when people don't cut that ..."

"I'll cut it someday!" I said defiantly, because Zorba's words had touched an open wound in me and hurt.

### **Questions;**

- (a) What events precede this passage? **(08 marks)**
- (b) Comment on the relationship between Zorba and Boss portrayed in this passage. **(08 marks)**
- (c) Describe the mood and atmosphere as depicted in the passage. **(08 marks)**
- (d) What is the importance of this passage to the rest of the novel? **(10 marks)**

## **EM Forster: *A Room with a View***

9. Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow;

They began to sort their clothes for packing, for there was no time to lose, if they were to catch the train to Rome. Lucy, when admonished, began to move to and fro between the rooms, more conscious of the discomforts of packing by candlelight than of a subtler ill. Charlotte, who was practical without ability, knelt by the side of an empty trunk, vainly endeavouring to pave it with books of varying thickness and size. She gave two or three sighs, for the stooping posture hurt her back, and, for all her diplomacy, she felt that she was growing old. The girl heard her as she entered the room, and was seized with one of those emotional impulses to which she could never attribute a cause. She only felt that the candle would burn better, the packing go easier, the world be happier, if she could give and receive some human love. The impulse had come before to-day, but never so strongly. She knelt down by her cousin's side and took her in her arms.

Miss Bartlett returned the embrace with tenderness and warmth. But she was not a stupid woman, and she knew perfectly well that Lucy did not love her, but needed her to love. For it was in ominous tones that she said, after a long pause:

"Dearest Lucy, how will you ever forgive me?"

Lucy was on her guard at once, knowing by bitter experience what forgiving Miss Bartlett meant. Her emotion relaxed, she modified her embrace a little, and she said:

"Charlotte dear, what do you mean? As if I have anything to forgive!"

"You have a great deal, and I have a very great deal to forgive myself, too. I know well how much I vex you at every turn." "But no--"

Miss Bartlett assumed her favourite role, that of the prematurely aged martyr.

"Ah, but yes! I feel that our tour together is hardly the success I had hoped. I might have known it would not do. You want someone younger and stronger and more in sympathy with you. I am too uninteresting and old-fashioned--only fit to pack and unpack your things."

"Please--" "My only consolation was that you found people more to your taste, and were often able to leave me at home. I had my own poor ideas of what a lady ought to do, but I hope I did not inflict them on you more than was necessary. You had your own way about these rooms, at all events."

"You mustn't say these things," said Lucy softly.

She still clung to the hope that she and Charlotte loved each other, heart and soul. They continued to pack in silence.

"I have been a failure," said Miss Bartlett, as she struggled with the straps of Lucy's trunk instead of strapping her own. "Failed to make you happy; failed in my duty to your mother. She has been so generous to me; I shall never face her again after this disaster."

"But mother will understand. It is not your fault, this trouble, and it isn't a disaster either."

"It is my fault, it is a disaster. She will never forgive me, and rightly. For instance, what right had I to make friends with Miss Lavish?"

"Every right."

"When I was here for your sake? If I have vexed you it is equally true that I have neglected you. Your mother will see this as clearly as I do, when you tell her."

Lucy, from a cowardly wish to improve the situation, said:

"Why need mother hear of it?"

"But you tell her everything?"

"I suppose I do generally."

"I dare not break your confidence. There is something sacred in it. Unless you feel that it is a thing you could not tell her."

The girl would not be degraded to this.

**Question:**

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| (a) What events lead to the extract?                                    | (08 marks) |
| (b) Describe the character of Miss Bartlett as depicted in the extract. | (08 marks) |
| (c) Comment on the techniques used to arouse feelings in this extract.  | (08 marks) |
| (d) What is the significance of the passage to the rest of the novel?   | (10 marks) |

**SECTION C**

**TayebSali: *Season of Migration to the North***

*Either*

10. How effectively has the writer used narrative devices in **Season of Migration to the North**.

*Or*

11. Comment on Mustafa's relationship with English Women characters in **Season of Migration to the North**.

**Arthur Koestler: *Darkness at Noon***

*Either*

12. Do you find the novel **Darkness at Noon** relevant? Give reasons why. (33 marks)

Or

13. Discuss the contribution of Rubashov to our understanding of the novel, **Darkness at Noon** dark?

**Ferdinand Oyono: *Houseboy***

*Either*

14. How effectively has Oyono used setting in the novel, **Houseboy**? (33 marks)

Or

15. Discuss the role of Fr Gilbert to the development of the novel, **Houseboy**? (33 marks)

## SECTION D

**Godfrey M Kalimugogo: *A Murky River***

*Either*

16. How important is the death of Boss' mother to our understanding of the novel, **A Murky River**? (33 marks)

Or

17. How has the writer used techniques in the portrayal of themes in the novel, **A Murky River**? (33 marks)

**OsiOgbu: *The Moon also Sets*.**

*Either*

18. Discuss the theme of suffering in the novel, **The Moon also Sets**. (33 marks)

Or

19. Describe the relationship Oby has with Chike and Chris in *The Moon also Sets*. What lessons do you learn from this relationship? (33 marks)

**H.R Ole Kulet: *Blossoms of the Savannah*.**

*Either*

20. Discuss the contribution of female characters to the development of themes in the novel **Blossoms of the Savannah**. (33 marks)

Or

21. Discuss the use of setting in the novel, **Blossoms of the Savannah**. (33 marks)

END

ROW IN THE BOAT OF REASON