

**P310/3**  
**LITERATURE IN**  
**ENGLISH**  
Paper 3  
3 hrs

## **STANDARD HIGH SCHOOL ZZANA**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

**Literature in English**

**(Novels and Short Stories)**

Paper 3

3 hours

### **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 **A** and **two** others from sections **B, C and D**.*

***Not** more than **one** question may be chosen from **one** section.*

*Any additional question (s) attempted will **not** be marked.*

**Turn Over**

## SECTION A

Choose **one** of the following passages, **1 – 3**, study it carefully and answer the questions that follow it.

### 1. JANE AUSTEN: *PERSUASION*.

It was a very fine November day, and the Miss Musgroves came through the little grounds, and stopped for no other purpose than to say that they were going to take a long walk, and, therefore, concluded Mary could not like to go with them; and when Mary immediately replied, with some jealousy, at not being supposed a good walker, ‘Oh, yes, I should like to join you very much, I am very fond of a long walk,’ Anne felt persuaded, by the looks of the two girls, that it was precisely what they did not wish, and admired again the sort of necessity which the family habits seemed to produce, of everything being to be communicated, and everything being to be done together, however undesired and inconvenient. She tried to dissuade Mary from going, but in vain; and that being the case, thought it best to accept the Miss Musgroves’ much more cordial invitation to herself to go likewise, as she might be useful in turning back with her sister, and lessening the interference in any plan of their own.

‘I cannot imagine why they should suppose I should not like a long walk!’ said Mary, as she went upstairs. ‘Everybody is always supposing that I am not a good walker! And yet they would not have been pleased, if we had refused to join them. When people come in this manner on purpose to ask us, how can one say no?’

Just as they were setting off, the gentlemen returned. They had taken out a young dog, who had spoilt their sport, and sent them back early. Their time and strength, and spirits, were, therefore, exactly ready for this walk, and they entered into it with pleasure. Could Anne have foreseen such a junction, she would have stayed at home; but, from some feelings of interest and curiosity, she fancied now that it was too late to retract, and the whole six set forward together in the direction chosen by Miss Musgroves, who evidently considered the walk as under their guidance.

Anne’s object was not to be in the way of anybody and where the narrow paths cross the fields made many separations necessary, to keep with her brother and sister. Her pleasure in the walk must arise from the exercise of the day, from the view of the last smiles of the year upon the tawny leaves and withered hedges, and from repeating to herself some few of the thousand poetical descriptions extant of the autumn, that season of peculiar and inexhaustible influence on the mind of taste and tenderness, that season which has drawn from every poet, worthy of being read, some attempt at description, or some lines of feeling. She occupied her mind as much as possible in such like musings and quotations; but it was not possible that when within reach of Captain Wentworth’s conversation

with either of the Miss Musgroves, she should not try to hear it; yet she caught little very remarkable. It was mere lively chat – such as any young persons, on an intimate footing, might fall into. He was more engaged with Louisa than with Henrietta. Louisa certainly put more forward for his notice than her sister. This distinction appeared to increase, and there was one speech of Louisa's which struck her. After one of the many praises of the day, which were continually bursting forth, Captain Wentworth added, "What glorious weather for the Admiral and my sister! They meant to take a long drive this morning; perhaps we may hail them for some of these hills. They talked of coming into this side of the country. I wonder whereabouts they will upset to-day. Oh! It does happen very often, I assure you – but my sister makes nothing of it – she would as lieve be tossed out as not.'

**Questions:**

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (10 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of the following as portrayed in the passage:
  - (i) Louisa
  - (ii) Anne (08 marks)
- (c) Explain the themes depicted in this passage. (08 marks)
- (d) What is the significance of this extract to what happens later in the novel? (08 marks)

**2. THOMAS HARDY: *UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE***

I'm afraid Dick's a lost man," said the tranter.

"What?—no!" said Mail, implying by his manner that it was a far commoner thing for his ears to report what was not said than that his judgment should be at fault.

"Ay," said the tranter, still gazing at Dick's unconscious advance. "I don't at all like what I see! There's too many o' them looks out of the winder without noticing anything; too much shining of boots; too much peeping round corners; too much looking at the clock; telling about clever things she did till you be sick of it; and then upon a hint to that effect a horrible silence about her. I've walked the path once in my life and know the country, neighbours; and Dick's a lost man!" The tranter turned a quarter round and smiled a smile of miserable satire at the setting new moon, which happened to catch his eye.

The others became far too serious at this announcement to allow them to speak; and they still regarded Dick in the distance.

"'Twas his mother's fault," the tranter continued, "in asking the young woman to our party last Christmas. When I eyed the blue frock and light heels o' the maid, I had my thoughts directly. 'God bless thee, Dicky my sonny,' I said to myself; 'there's a delusion for thee!'"

**Turn Over**

"They seemed to be rather distant in manner last Sunday, I thought?" Mail tentatively observed, as became one who was not a member of the family. "Ay, that's a part of the zickness. Distance belongs to it, slyness belongs to it, queerest things on earth belongs to it! There, 't may as well come early as late s' far as I know. The sooner begun, the sooner over; for come it will."

"The question I ask is," said Mr. Spinks, connecting into one thread the two subjects of discourse, as became a man learned in rhetoric, and beating with his hand in a way which signified that the manner rather than the matter of his speech was to be observed, "how did Mr. Maybold know she could play the organ? You know we had it from her own lips, as far as lips go, that she has never, first or last, breathed such a thing to him; much less that she ever would play."

In the midst of this puzzle Dick joined the party, and the news which had caused such a convulsion among the ancient musicians was unfolded to him. "Well," he said, blushing at the allusion to Miss Day, "I know by some words of hers that she has a particular wish not to play, because she is a friend of ours; and how the alteration comes, I don't know."

"Now, this is my plan," said the tranter, reviving the spirit of the discussion by the infusion of new ideas, as was his custom—"this is my plan; if you don't like it, no harm's done. We all know one another very well, don't we, neighbours?"

That they knew one another very well was received as a statement which, though familiar, should not be omitted in introductory speeches.

"Then I say this"—and the tranter in his emphasis slapped down his hand on Mr. Spinks's shoulder with a momentum of several pounds, upon which Mr. Spinks tried to look not in the least startled—"I say that we all move down—along straight as a line to Pa'son Mayble's when the clock has gone six to-morrow night. There we one and all stand in the passage, then one or two of us go in and spak to en, man and man; and say, 'Pa'son Mayble, every tradesman d'like to have his own way in his workshop, and Mellstock Church is yours. Instead of turning us out neck and crop, let us stay on till Christmas, and we'll gie way to the young woman, Mr. Mayble, and make no more ado about it. And we shall always be quite willing to touch our hats when we meet ye, Mr. Mayble, just as before.' That sounds very well? Hey?"

"Proper well, in faith, Reuben Dewy."

"And we won't sit down in his house; 'twould be looking too familiar when only just reconciled?"

"No need at all to sit down. Just do our duty man and man, turn round, and march out—he'll think all the more of us for it."

"I hardly think Leaf had better go wi' us?" said Michael, turning to Leaf and taking his measure from top to bottom by the eye. "He's so terrible silly that he might ruin the concern."

"He don't want to go much; do ye, Thomas Leaf?" said William.

"Hee-hee! no; I don't want to. Only a teeny bit!"

"I be mortal afeard, Leaf, that you'll never be able to tell how many cuts d'take to sharpen a spar," said Mail.

"I never had no head, never! that's how it happened to happen, hee-hee!"

**Questions:**

- (a) What relevant scenes come before and after this scene? (10 marks)
- (b) Of what significance is the use of dialogue in this scene? (08 marks)
- (c) Briefly explain the mood of the scene. (08 marks)
- (d) How relevant is this scene here and elsewhere in the novel? (08 marks)

**3. CHARLES DICKENS: *OLIVER TWIST*.**

'I sold myself,' said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of relection, 'for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot; with a small quantity of second-hand furniture, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable. Cheap, dirt cheap!'

'Cheap!' cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble's ear: 'you would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that!'

Mr. Bumble turned, and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

'Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!' said Mr. Bumble, with a sentimental sternness.

'Well!' cried the lady.

'Have the goodness to look at me,' said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her. (If she stands such a eye as that,' said Mr. Bumble to himself, 'she can stand anything. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers. If it fails with her, my power is gone.')

Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye be sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition; or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances; are matters of opinion. The matter of fact, is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh threreat, which sounded as though it were genuine.

On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked, first incredulous, and afterwards amazed. He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

'Are you going to sit snoring there, all day?' inquired Mrs. Bumble.

'I am going to sit here, as long as I think proper, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble; 'and although I was NOT snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me; such being my prerogative.'

'Your PREROGATIVE!' sneered Mrs. Bumble, with ineffable contempt.

**Turn Over**

‘I said the word, ma’am,’ said Mr. Bumble. ‘The prerogative of a man is to command.’

‘And what’s the prerogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?’ cried the relict of Mr. Corney deceased.

‘To obey, ma’am,’ thundered Mr. Bumble. ‘Your late unfortunate husband should have taught it you; and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!’

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance, that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other, must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a paroxysm of tears.

But, tears were not the things to find their way to Mr. Bumble’s soul; his heart was waterproof. Like washable beaver hats that improve with rain, his nerves were rendered stouter and more vigorous, by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness, and so far tacit admissions of his own power, please and exalted him. He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged, in an encouraging manner, that she should cry her hardest: the exercise being looked upon, by the faculty, as strongly conducive to health.

‘It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper,’ said Mr. Bumble. ‘So cry away.’

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on, rather rakishly, on one side, as a man might, who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door, with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

Now, Mrs. Corney that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but, she was quite prepared to make trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

The first proof he experienced of the fact, was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tightly round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face, and tearing his hair; and, having, by this time, inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose: and defied him to talk about his prerogative again, if he dared.

‘Get up!’ said Mrs. Bumble, in a voice of command. ‘And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate.’

**Questions:**

- (a) Briefly describe the context of this scene. (08 marks)
- (b) What noticeable changes are seen in Mr. Bumble? What feelings does this evoke in you as a reader? (08 marks)
- (c) Briefly describe the mood of the scene. (08 marks)
- (d) How relevant is this scene here and elsewhere in the novel? (10 marks)

**SECTION B**

**GRAHAM GREENE: *THE HEART OF THE MATTER***

- 4. With ample illustrations, give the conflicts in the novel *The Heart of the Matter*. (33 marks)
- 5. Account for Scobie's tragic end in the novel *The Heart of the Matter*. (33 marks)

**NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: *ZORBA THE GREEK***

- 6. Show the extent to which *Zorba the Greek* is a pessimistic novel. (33 marks)
- 7. Examine the use of the narrator technique in the novel *Zorba the Greek*. (33 marks)

**E.M FORSTER: *A ROOM WITH A VIEW***

- 8. Discuss the major concerns that E.M Forster presents in the novel *A Room with a View*. (33 marks)
- 9. Evaluate the role of Mr. Emerson in the novel *A Room with a View*. (33 marks)

**SECTION C**

**TAYEB SALIH: *SEASON OF MIGRATION TO THE NORTH***

- 10. How does Tayeb Salih use setting in the novel, *Season of Migration to the North*? (33 marks)
- 11. Examine the issue of migration and its effect on the characters in the novel *Season of Migration to the North*. (33 marks)

**ARTHUR KOESTLER: *DARKNESS AT NOON*.**

12. “You reap what you sow.” To what extent does this statement suit Rubashov? (33 marks)
13. How appropriate is the title to the novel *Darkness at Noon*? (33 marks)

**FERDINAND OYONO: *HOUSE BOY***

14. What role does Toundi play in the development of the plot of the novel *House Boy*? (33 marks)
15. Of what significance is the novel *House Boy* to your society? (33 marks)

**SECTION D**

**OSI OGBU: *THE MOON ALSO SETS***

16. Discuss the injustices against women that Osi Ogbu presents in the novel *The Moon Also Sets*. (33 marks)
17. How does the moon set in the novel *The Moon Also Sets*? (33 marks)

**H.R. OLE KULET: *BLOSSOMS OF THE SAVANNAH***

18. How does Ole Kulet sustain the reader’s interest in the novel *Blossoms of the Savannah*? (33 marks)
19. Why should a Ugandan student study *Blossoms of the Savannah*? (33 marks)

**GODFREY MWENE KALIMUGOGO: *A MURKEY RIVER***

20. How is the theme of social class stratification developed in the novel *A Murky River*? (33 marks)
21. Account for the degeneration of Mutana. How does it affect you as a reader? (33 marks)

**END**



