



# LIRA TOWN COLLEGE

S.5 END OF TERM II EXAMS. 2010

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

P. 310 / 1 PROSE AND POETRY

**TIME: 3 HOURS**

In this paper, answer all the questions from all the three sections.

## **SECTION: 1**

*Read the passage below carefully and answer all the questions that come after it.*

No rain had fallen for months and the sun was scorching hot when Okeke left the care one afternoon for the hunting. He crossed the winding stream, now reduced to a mere trickle, which flowed in front of the care, and headed towards the massive forest. He climbed a long hill, following the trail of a small herd of boar that was making for the river.

The drought had dried up their favourite mud wallows and water-holes, and only the river could they find sufficient water in which to lie submerged with only their heads above the surface. The ground was iron-hard and the tracks would have been invisible to most people. But Okeke had no difficulty in following the herd. To his keen hunting eyes the trail was as plain as if it had been sign-posted all the way.

On the crest of the hill stood a tree which bore the big mark of another clan cut deep in to its bark, showing that it was the boundary of their division of the forest.

It was a strict law among the Umuagus that the marks were to be reflected at all times, and that no-one must trespass on the territory of another clan. Today Okeke broke this law for the first time in his life. He crossed the invisible boundary line and went down the hill after the herd of boar of great size. Could he, at last, be on the trail of his enemy? At the foot of the hill a narrow glade ran through the forest down to the river.

Though he knew he was trespassing, Okeke walked boldly down the centre of the glade, following the boar spoor. A sudden movement among the trees on the fringe of the glade caught his eye and he turned his head. A youth, wearing a bow, came out from behind an ebony tree right in Okeke's path. The youth notched an arrow to his bow, drew the string back to his ear, and aimed the arrow at Okeke's chest. Okeke halted. The youth was smaller than Okeke, but though smaller he was a year or so older and his eyes were hard and fierce, like those of the snake eagle.

"Who are you?" the youth asked, "You are not of my clan. What are you doing on our land? Did you not see the mark on the tree at the top of the hill? Move a step further and my arrow will dig your heart"

**Questions:**

1. What was the name of Okeke's enemy? What kind of creature is it?
2. Why couldn't he expect to find what he hunted near the stream?
3. "His eyes were hard and fierce like those of the snake eagle". How can a man's eyes be said to be "hard"? Name the figure of speech and explain it.

**SECTION: II**

*Read the passage below and answer the questions after it as precisely as you can.*

**The Beauty Industry**

What are the practical results of the modern cult of beauty? The exercises and the message, the health motors and the skin foods-to what have they led? Are women more beautiful than they were? Do they get something for the enormous expenditure of energy, time and money demanded of them by the beauty-cult? These are questions which it is difficult to answer. For the facts seem to contradict themselves. The campaign for more physical beauty seems to be both a tremendous success and a lamentable failure. It depends how you look at the results.

It is success in so far as more women retain their youthful appearance to a greater age than in the past. Old ladies' are already becoming rare. In a few years, we may well believe, they will be extinct. White hair and wrinkles, a bent back and hollow cheeks will come to be regarded as mediævally old-fashioned. The crone of the future will be golden, curly and cherry-lipped, neat-ankled and slender. The portrait of the Artist's Mother will come to be almost indistinguishable, at future picture shows, from the point of the Artist's daughter. This desirable consummation will be due in part to skin foods and injections of paraffin-wax, facial surgery, mud baths, and paint, in part to improve health, due in its turn to a more rational mode of life. Ugliness is one of the symptoms of disease, beauty of health. In so far as the campaign for more health, it is admirable and, and up to a point, genuinely successful. Beauty that is merely the artificial shadow of these symptoms of health is intrinsically of poorer quality than the genuine article. Still, it is sufficiently good imitation to be sometimes mistakable for the real thing. The apparatus for mimicking the symptoms of health is now within the reach of every moderately prosperous person; the knowledge of the way in which real health can be achieved is growing, and will in time, no doubt, be universally acted upon. When that happy moment comes, will every woman be beautiful-as beautiful, at any rate, as the natural shape of her features, with or without surgical and chemical aid, permits?

The answer is emphatically: No For real beauty is as much an affair of the inner as of the outer self. The beauty of a porcelain jar is a matter of shape, of colour, of surface texture. The jar may be empty or tenanted by spiders, full of honey or sinking slime – it makes no difference to its beauty or ugliness. But a woman is alive, and her beauty is therefore not skin deep. The surface of the human vessel is affected by the nature of its spiritual contents. I have seen a woman who, by the standard of a connoisseur of porcelain, were ravishingly lovely. Their shape, their colour, their surface texture were perfect. And yet they were not beautiful. For the lovely vase was either empty or filled with some corruption. Spiritual emptiness or ugliness shows through. And

conversely, there is an interior light that can transfigure forms that the pure aesthete would regard as imperfect or downright ugly.

**Questions:**

1. What does the passage say about beauty?
2. Pick and comment on any aspect of irony in the passage.
3. “The answer is emphatically: No” What is the opening sentence in this paragraph attempting / seeming to answer?

**SECTION III**

Read the poem below very carefully and answer the questions asked below it.

Near Martinpuisch that night of hell  
Two men were struck by the same shell,  
Together tumbling in one heap.  
Senseless and limp like slaughtered sheep.

One was a pale eighteen- year-old,  
Blue-eyed and thin and not too bold,  
Pressed for the war ten years too soon,  
The shame and pity of this platoon.

The other came from far-off lands  
With bristling chin and whiskered hands,  
He had known death and hell before  
In Mexico and Ecuador.

Yet in his death this cut-throat wild  
Groaned “Mother!” like a child,  
While that poor innocent in man’s clothes  
Died cursing God with brutal oaths.

Old sergeant Smith, kindest of men,  
Wrote out two copies here and then  
Of his accustomed funeral speech  
To cheer the womenfolk of each:-

“He died a hero’s death: and we  
His comrades of “A” Company  
Deeply regret his death; we shall  
All deeply miss so true a pal”.

Robert Graves The Leveller

**Questions:**

1. What is the poem above talking about?
2. What does the poet mean by "... that night of hell" in stanza one?
3. What differences exist between the two victims as revealed in the poem?
4. Give your own comment on old Sergeant Smith's speech.