

RESOURCE PAPER TERM II 2019

S.6 LITERATURE EXAMINATION

PAPER P310/1

DURATION : 3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS

- *All the sections are to be attempted*
- *Candidates are advised to spend 70 minutes (1 hour 10 minutes) on section I and 55 minutes on each of sections II & III.*
- *Read section I twice and then answer the questions.*
- *There is no need to read the whole paper first*
- *Do the same for section II and section III*

SECTION I

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

I left my public school in 1910, an intelligent young barbarian. I had an extensive knowledge of Latin and Greek verses, had 'done' mathematics as far as conic sections and the differential calculus, and knew a certain amount of Greek and Roman history and French grammar. On the strength of my knowledge of Latin and Greek I gained a scholarship to Balliol. I went there a good classic but a complete ignoramus. Looking back I am astonished at the nature and extent of my ignorance. I was, I must presume, one of the most successful products of our public-school system of education, for a year and a half I had been the head boy in the classical sixth. Whatever they had to teach me I had assimilated. Admittedly I had learned nothing for myself; but then I had never been encouraged to think that learning for oneself was either possible or desirable. As a result I went up to Oxford ignorant of the major events that have determined the history of the Western world and made our civilization what it is. My acquaintance with the physical science was confined to their smells. I had never been in a laboratory; I did not know what an element was or a compound. Of biology I was no less ignorant. I knew vaguely the first chapter of Genesis was not quite true, but I did not know why.

Evolution was only a name to me and I had never heard of Darwin. Of botany, geology and astronomy I knew absolutely nothing; I had never heard of psychology and the existence of the so-called social sciences was unknown to me. Among great men I knew a little of Plato and Socrates, in so far as they were figures in Greek history; but beyond the information derived from the Apology that Socrates had been put to death for not believing in the country's gods and corrupting its youth, I did not know what their teaching was or why it was important, Aristotle was just a name, and of the great philosophers Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant,

Hegel and Goethe I had not heard at all. Of the discoverers and inventors whose original insight has changed the face of human life I knew nothing, I had never heard of Copernicus or Galileo or Harvey or Lister or Faraday or Pasteur. Newton was, however, known to me through the incident of the apple.

History was an abyss of darkness in which there glowed three little points of intense light; Greece from 500 to 380 B.C. Rome from about 200 B.C. to 100 A.D. and the period of English history from the Norman conquest to the end of the middle ages.

Why I had knowledge of this last I cannot say; it must have been just chance that set us studying it in the sixth during my two years of membership. In the circle of recurring periods this obscure tract of English history had come round again about the time when I entered the sixth. But at no time did the cycle go beyond the battle of Waterloo. Had I stayed in the sixth until Doomsday, I should never have learned anything about the nineteenth century. Of the existence of pre-history I did not know.

My conception of the industrial Revolution was limited to stories about James Watt, George Stephenson, Arkwright and spinning Jennies, which I had inherited from my preparatory school of history of the last fifty years, of my own times and those movements themselves I knew nothing.

As to economics I was not aware that such a branch of study existed. But I had a cursory acquaintance with the protection-free Trade controversy, and had astonished and alarmed the school by becoming a liberal on my own initiative and introducing that class-conscious, revolutionary paper the Daily News into the school library, where it fermented dangerously, an irritant leaven in the otherwise untroubled dough of school Toryism. Besides myself there were only two liberals in the school, and, consciously forlorn, I had written as the lone supporter of an unpopular cause to Mr. Lloyd George for material for a school Debating society speech in defence of the famous 1909 Budget. It came abundantly accompanied by a courteous note from L.G. himself, and on the strength of it I made a successful speech against overwhelming odds, converting two boys in the process.

My knowledge of literature was confined to as acquaintance with some of the reasons which have led people erroneously to suppose that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, our headteacher being a Baconian enthusiast, who was unable to disc ourselves on any literary subject for five minutes without making off in the direction of the loved controversy from which he never returned. I had also some knowledge of Sheridan's. The Rivals and The school for scandal, through having acted the parts of Bob Acres and Charles surface in school plays. But outside the literature of Greece & Rome, my reading was to all intents and purposes non-existent, I had never read for pleasure a single book worth reading. Of the writers of my own times I knew nothing, and, when I went up to Oxford in the autumn of 1910, I had not so much as heard the names of Hardy or Bernard Shaw.

Looking back upon my education I am not only astonished at its irrelevance but indignant at its inadequacy.

(Varieties of English by H.L. Moody)

Questions;

1. Suggest a suitable title for the passage. (02marks)
2. What Irony is there in the writer's being 'one of the most successful products' of the public school? (02marks)
3. According to the passage, explain the weaknesses of the education received in the public school. (08marks)
4. How, according to the passage, did the writer eventually acquire learning from the Oxford institution? (04marks)
5. According to the passage, which areas of learning was the author ignorant about when he left the public school? (08marks)
6. What do the following words and expressions mean as used in the passage?
 - (a) Ignoramus
 - (b) abyss of darkness
 - (c) glowed
 - (d) obscure tract
 - (e) doomsday
 - (f) cursory acquaintance.....
 - (g) fermented dangerously
 - (h) instant leaven
 - (i) erroneously
 - (j) indignant

SECTION II

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow on it

You don't have to win a beauty pageant in order to dream about saving the world. Youth and innocence usually bring on a need to contribute to world peace, even if that translates into throwing a coin into the beggar's gnarled hand or rescuing a moth from a spider's web.

When I was younger, I observed the poor in Calcutta, and tearful prayers for the starving children in Somalis, I couldn't pass a beggar without fumbling for a coin, and one of my dearest ambitions was to run a soup kitchen.

The years went by and my soul hardened along with my bones. Soon I realized that world peace is a diplomatic myth, and slogans like 'milk for all year 2015' are just part of clever political schemes to keep us from assassinating the triumvirate.

And anyway why save the world?

You wouldn't know what to do with it afterwards.

Recently I was involved in a foolhardy scheme to 'do a bit' for the world.

My company was driving down one of Kampala's nicer roads, me complacent Passenger engaged in a vivacious conversation about something insignificant, when all of a sudden, we had to brake sharply and steer clear of a dog that had been hit by a motorist the poor beast was not dead but was sitting in the middle of the road, in a steady drizzle, visibly trembling in agony.

I thought, 'Ernest Hemmingway! Pain and death in the rain as everybody passes by steadfastly turning their eyes away in combined pity and disgust.

We stopped our car and approached the scene-two females, highly charged in the hormonal instinct to show mercy to the condemned (how Mother Theresa!).

Up close, the accident scene could have brought on an attack of severe nausea even in a bronze statue. The animal rested bravely on its haunches, no doubt frozen in the act of trying to crawl to safety. its eyes were glacial. Its muscles visibly spasminng underneath its mangy coat.

The poor dog looked like it wanted to say something; its' mouth open, with rivulets of blood and other bodily juices dripping out to join the rain on the wet road. There was dog dung and pee forming revolting flow patterns around it; this animal was dying- most of pray we don't without dignity.

We stood by 'the dog in agitated confusion. I was trying not to gag even as felt my gall bladder shift north into my throat when I realized we had to touch that animal at some point if it was to be moved to safety.

As it was we were already breaking several laws by prancing about in the middle a high way. Several cars had swept past already, the drivers throwing us overt looks of contempt. No doubt they were thinking. "Why waste time on a dying mongrel you know most Ugandan drivers wouldn't stop to spit on a dying unicorn anyway.

Incredibly just as we were getting ready to move the dog, a veterinary Doctor drove by stopped. Another woman-bless her heart-had seen the dog before us and called the vet to scene. Frankly, I was too beside myself with gratitude. I would have married him, right there in the rain with a dying dog as witness. Mr. Vet had come with a lethal injection to put the miserable beast.

down. But we fell on our knees and begged for a more lenient sentence-that he take the dog back to his clinic and breathe life back into it, for a fee of course. The good man did exactly that, and reported eventually that whatever was broken had been fixed.

And now for the shameful bit of the story. Neither of us wanted a dog. We had thought about saving its life, but we had not given any thought to what would happen to it afterwards. The vet had tried releasing it back into the neighbourhood from where it had been rescued, but like a good dog, it kept popping back to the clinic where it had found a warm bed and some food. Eventually the vet had to put it down. He said it was kinder that way.

Had w embarked on a misguided effort to save the world? We gave the Dog what we had but it was not enough. Is it like giving vaccination to poverty stricken who will in all likelihood die of malnutrition or malaria long before their fifth birthdays? Is it like giving blankets and seeds to refugees then watching them die of water borne diseases? Or taking children off the street but offering them nothing in terms of adult development, such that they and their children end up on the streets again?

I think I failed that dog. Promising it life was perhaps, worse than letting it die on the road that morning. But then, maybe dying quietly is better than a horrifying anguished death.

Guess I would have to ask the dog about that.

- (a) What is the narrator's intention in this story?
- (b) Show the effectiveness of style in bringing out his message.

- (c) How does the narrator relate the incident in this passage to our human conditions?
(d) Comment on the following in the passage
(i) Tone
(ii) Mood

SECTION III

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow

FIVE WAYS TO KILL A MAN

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man.
You can make him carry a plank of wood
to the top of a hill and nail him to it. To do this
properly you require a crowd of people
wearing sandals, a cock that crawls, a cloak
to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel
shaped and chiseled in a traditional way,
and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears,
but for this you need white horses,
English trees, men with bows and arrows
at least two flags, a prince, and a
castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind
allows, blow gas at him. But then you need
a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,
not to mention black boots, bomb craters,
more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs
and some round hats made of steel.

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly
miles above your victim and dispose of him by
pressing one small switch. All you then
require is an ocean to separate you, two
systems of government, a nation's scientists,
several factories, a psychopath and
land that no one needs for several years.

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways
to kill a man. Simpler, direct, and much more neat
is to see that he is living somewhere in the middle
of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

(Edwin Brook)

- (a) What is the subject matter of the poem? (08marks)
- (b) Comment on the appropriateness of the title. (04marks)
- (c) Show how sarcasm helps you in understanding the poem. (06marks)
 - (iii) What other devices are used in the poem and effective are they? (09marks)
- (d) What feelings does the poem arouse in you? (06marks)

END