

P310/3
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
Paper 3
August, 2019
3 HOURS



UNNASE MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(NOVELS)

Paper 3

3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

*This paper consists of four sections **A**, **B**, **C** and **D**.*

*Candidates **MUST** attempt **THREE** questions in all choosing only **ONE** question from any of the four sections.*

*Section **B** is compulsory.*

No more than one question can be chosen from the same section.

Begin each question on a fresh page and number your answers well.

SECTION A

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

1. Of what literary significance is the difference between the character of Elizabeth and Mary Eliot in the novel '*Persuasion*'?
2. What lessons do you learn from the novel '*Persuasion*'?

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

3. Discuss the effectiveness of Dickens' use of use of setting in the novel '*Oliver Twist*'.
4. With illustrations show the role played by Mr. Bumble in the novel '*Oliver Twist*'.

THOMAS HARDY: *Under the Greenwood Tree*

5. Discuss the character of Reuben Dewey as portrayed in '*Under the Greenwood Tree*', clearly pointing out whether he appeals to you or not.
6. Discuss the role Fancy Day plays as portrayed in '*Under the Greenwood Tree*'.

SECTION B GRAHAM

GREENE: *The Heart of the Matter*.

7. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.

"I am sorry," Scobie said. He put out his hand and covered hers: the knuckles lay under his palm like a backbone that had been broken. He went slowly and cautiously on, choosing his words carefully, as though he were pursuing a path through an evacuated country sown by booby-traps: every step he took he expected an explosion. "I'd do anything - almost anything - to make you happy. I'd stop coming here. I'd go right away - retire...."

"You'd be glad to get rid of me," she said.

"It would be like the end of life."

"Go away if you want to"

“I don’t want to go. I want to do what you want”

“You can go if you want to – or you can stay” she said with contempt. “I can’t move can I?”

“If you want it, I’ll get you on the next boat somehow.”

“Oh, how pleased you’d be if this were over,” she said and began to weep. When he put out a hand to touch her she screamed at him, “Go to hell. Go to hell. Clear out.”

“I’ll go,” he said.

“Yes, go and don’t come back”

Outside the door, with the rain cooling his face, running down his hands, it occurred to him how much easier life might be if he took her at her word. He would go into his house and close the door and be alone again; he would write a letter to Louise without a sense of deceit and sleep as he hadn’t slept for weeks, dreamlessly. Next day the office, the quiet going home, the evening meal, the locked door.....But down the hill, past the transport park, where the lorries crouched under the dripping tarpaulins, the rain fell like tears. He thought of her alone on the hut, wondering whether the irrevocable words had been spoken, if all the tomorrows would consist of Mrs. Carter and Bagster until the boat came, and she went home with nothing to remember but misery. Inexorably another’s point of view rose on the path like a murdered innocent.

As he opened his door a rat that had been nosing at the food-safe retreated without haste upstairs. This was what Louise had hated and feared; he had at least made her happy, and now ponderously, with planned and careful recklessness, he set about trying to make things right for Helen. He sat down at his table and taking a sheet of typewriting paper – official paper stamped with the Government watermark – he began to compose a letter.

He wrote: *My darling* –he wanted to put himself entirely in her hands, but to leave her anonymous. He looked at his watch and added in the right-hand corner, as though he were making a police report, *12.35 a.m. Burnside. September 5. He went carefully on, I love you more than myself, more than my wife, more than God I think. I am trying very hard to tell the truth. I want more than anything in the world to make you happy....* The banality of the phrases saddened him; they seemed to have no truth personal to herself: they had been used too often. If I were young, he thought, I would be able to find better words, the new words, but all this happened to me before. He wrote again, *I love you, forgive me*, signed and folded the paper.

He put on his mackintosh and went out again in the rain. Wounds festered in the damp, they never healed. Scratch your finger and in a few hours there would be a little coating of green skin. He carried a sense of corruption up the hill. A soldier shouted something in his sleep in the transport park – a single word like hieroglyphic on a wall which Scobie could not interpret – the men were Nigerians. The rain hammered on the Nissen roofs, and he thought, why did I write that? Why did I write “More than God?” she would have been satisfied with “More than Louise.” Even if it is true, why did I write it? The sky wept endlessly around him; he had the sense of wounds that never healed. He whispered, “O God, I have deserted you. Do not desert me.” When he came to her door, he thrust the letter under it; he heard the rustle of the paper on the cement floor but nothing else.

Questions.

- a. Briefly describe the events that precede the extract. (8 marks)
- b. What do you find absurd in the extract? (6 marks)
- c. Describe Scobie’s character as presented in the extract. How has it been developed? (10 marks)
- d. Discuss the significance of the extract to the development of the plot of the novel. (10 marks)

NICOS KAZANTZAKIS: *Zorba the Greek*

8. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.

We sat down by the sea. Zorba put the cage between his knees and remained silent for a time. A disturbing constellation appeared in the sky from behind the mountain, a monster with countless eyes and a spiral tail. From time to time a star detached itself and fell away.

Zorba looked at the sky with open mouth in a sort of ecstasy, as though he were seeing it for the first time.

“What can be happening up there?” he murmured. A moment later he decided to speak.

“Can you tell me, boss,” he said, and his voice sounded deep and earnest in the warm night,

“what all these things mean? Who made them all? And why? And above all’ – here Zorba’s voice trembled with anger and fear- “why do people die?”

“I don’t know, Zorba,” I replied, ashamed, as if I had been asked the simplest thing, the most essential thing, and was unable to explain it.

“You don’t know!” said Zorba in round- eyed astonishment, just like his expression the night I had confessed I could not dance.

He was silent a moment and then suddenly broke out.

“Well, all those damned books you read- what good are they? Why do you read them? If they don’t tell you that, what *do* they tell you?”

“They tell me about the perplexity of mankind, who can give no answer to the question you’ve just put me, Zorba.”

“Oh, damn their perplexity!” he cried, tapping his foot on the ground in the exasperation. The parrot started up at this noise.

“Canavaro! Canavaro!” he called, as if for help.

“Shut up! You, too!” shouted Zorba, banging on the cage with his fist. He turned back to me.

“I want you to tell me where we come from and where we are going to. During all those years you’ve been burning yourself up consuming their black books of magic, you must have chewed over about fifty tons of paper! What did you get out of them?”

There was no much anguish in his voice that my heart was wrung with distress. Ah! How I would have liked to be able to answer him!

I felt deep within me that the highest point a man can attain is not Knowledge or Virtue, or Goodness, or Victory, but something even greater, more heroic and more despairing: Sacred Awe!

“Can’t you answer?” asked Zorba anxiously.

I tried to make my companion understand what I meant by Sacred Awe.

“We are little grubs, Zorba, minute grubs on the small leaf of a tremendous tree. This small leaf is the earth. The other leaves are the stars that you see moving at night. We make our way on this little leaf examining it anxiously and carefully. We smell it; it smells good or bad to us. We taste it and find it eatable. We beat on it and it cries out like a living thing.”

“Some men-the more intrepid ones-reach the edge of the leaf. From there we stretch out, gazing into chaos. We tremble. We guess what a frightening abyss lies beneath us. In the distance we can hear the noise of the other leaves of the tremendous tree, we feel the sap rising from the roots to our leaf and our hearts swell. Bent thus over the awe-inspiring abyss, with all our bodies and all our souls, we tremble with terror. From that moment begins....”

I stopped. I wanted to say “from that moment begins poetry” but Zorba would not have understood. I stopped.

“What begins?” asked Zorba’s anxious voice. “why did you stop?”

“.....begins the great danger, Zorba. Some grow dizzy and delirious, others are afraid; they try to find an answer to strengthen their hearts, and they say:

“God!” Others again, from the edge of the leaf, look over the precipice calmly

and bravely and say: 'I like it.' Zorba reflected for a long time. He was straining to understand.

"You know," he said at last, "I think of death every second. I look at it and I'm not frightened.

But never, never, do I say I like it. No, I don't like it at all! I don't agree! He was silent, but soon broke out again

Questions

- a) Briefly describe the events that precede the extract. (8 marks)
- b) Discuss the absurdity of the life as presented in the extract. (12 marks)
- c) What does the writer mean by the Phrase "Sacred Awe?"... (2 marks)
- d) Discuss the significance of the extract to the development of the novel. (12 marks)

E.M. FORSTER: *A Room with a View*

9. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.

Would she tell an actual lie when it came to the point?

'I suppose that Mr. Vyse is going with you. I hope – it isn't because George spoke that you are both going?

'No.'

'I hope that you will enjoy Greece with Mr. Vyse.'

"thank you."

At that moment Mr. Beebe came back from church. His cassock was covered with rain. 'That's all right,' he said kindly. 'I counted on you two keeping each other company. It's pouring again. The entire congregation, which consists of your cousin, your mother and my mother, stands waiting in the church till the carriage fetches it. Did Powell go round?' 'I think so; i'll see.'

'No – of course, I'll see. How are the Miss Alans?'

'Very well, thank you.'

'Did you tell Mr. Emerson about Greece?'

'I – I did.'

'Don't you think it is very plucky of her, Mr. Emerson, to undertake the two Miss Alans? Now, Miss Honeychurch, go back – keep warm. I think there is such a courageous number to go travelling.' and he hurried off to the stables.

'He is not going,' she said hoarsely. 'I made a slip. Mr. Vyse does stop behind in England.'

Somehow it was impossible to cheat this old man. To George, to Cecil, she would have lied again; but he seemed so near the end of things, so

dignified in his approach to the gulf, of which he gave one count, and the books that surrounded him another, so mild to the rough paths that he had traversed, that the true chivalry – not the worn-out chivalry of sex, but the true chivalry that all the young may show to all the old – awoke in her, and at whatever risk, she told him that Cecil was not her companion to Greece. And she spoke so seriously that the risk became a certainty and he, lifting his eyes, said: ‘You are leaving him? You are leaving the man you love?’

‘I – I had to.’

‘Why, Miss Honey church, why?’

Terror came over her, and she lied again. She made the long, convincing speech that she had made to Mr. Beebe, and intended to make to the world when she announced that her engagement was no more. He heard her in silence, and then said: ‘My dear, I am worried about you. It seems to me’ – dreamily; she was not alarmed – ‘that you are in a muddle.’ She shook her head.

‘Take an old man’s word: there’s nothing worse than a muddle in all the world. It is easy to face Death and Fate, and the things that sound so dreadful. It is on my muddles that I look back with horror – on the things that I might have avoided. We can help one another but little. I used to think I could teach young people the whole of life, but I know better now, and all my teaching of George has come down to this: beware of muddle. Do you remember in that church, when you pretended to be annoyed with me and weren’t? Do you remember before, when you refused the room with the view? Those were muddles – little, but ominous – and I am fearing that you are in one now.’ She was silent. ‘Do trust me, Miss Honey church. Though life is very glorious, it is difficult.’ she was still silent. “Life,” wrote a friend of mine “is a public performance on the violin, in which you must learn the instrument as you go along.” I think he puts it well. Man has to pick up the use of his functions as he goes along – especially the function of love.’ Then he burst out excitedly: “that’s it; that’s what I mean. You love George!” And after his long preamble the three words burst against Lucy like waves from the open sea.

‘But you do,’ he went on, not waiting for contradiction. ‘You love the boy body and soul, plainly, directly, as he loves you, and no other word expresses it. You won’t marry the other man for his sake.’

‘How dare you!’ gasped Lucy, with the roaring of waters in her ears. ‘Oh, how like a man! – I mean, to suppose that a woman is always thinking about a man.’

Questions

- a) Briefly describe the events that precede the extract. (8 marks)
- b) Explain “the muddle” as presented in the extract. (8 marks)
- c) Describe the atmosphere in the extract and how it has been developed? (8marks)
- d) Discuss the significance of the extract to the development of the novel. (10 marks)

SECTION C

FERDINAND OYONO: *Houseboy*

- 10. “They are corpses. Do corpses feel shame?” What is meant through this statement in the novel ‘*Houseboy*’?
- 11. ‘Toundi is a victim of his own flaws’. Discuss.

ARTHUR KOESTLER: *Darkness at Noon*

- 12. Discuss the suitability of the title “Darkness at Noon” to the novel ‘*Darkness at Noon*’.
- 13. How effectively does Koestler use setting in ‘*Darkness at Noon*’?

TAYEB SALIH: *Season of Migration to the North*

- 14. Analyze the major conflicts in the novel ‘*Season Of Migration to the North*’.
- 15. What problems do women face in the society of ‘*Season of Migration to the North*’?

DECTION D GODFREY

KALIMUGOGO: *A Murky River*

- 16. Discuss Kalimugogo’s use of characterization in the novel ‘*A Murky River*’.
- 17. Show Boss helps you understand the major issues in the novel ‘*A Murky River*’?

OLE KULET: *Blossoms of the Savannah*

18. Discuss the theme of women emancipation in the novel '*Blossoms of the Savannah*'.
19. How appropriate is the ending of the novel '*Blossoms of the Savannah*'?

OSI OGBU: *The Moon also Sets*

20. "Goodness always triumphs over evil" Discuss this statement in relation to what happens in the novel '*The Moon also Sets*'.
21. Discuss the themes developed through the family of Mama Oby.

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