

**P310/1
LITERATURE
IN
ENGLISH
(Prose and Poetry)
PAPER 1
July/August 2011
3 hours**



WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- Attempt all questions.
- All answers should be written in the answer booklet each beginning on a fresh page.
- You are advised to spend 70 minutes on section I and 55 minutes on each of the Sections II and III.

SECTION I

Question I

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chambers as from his society. I am not solitary while I read write. Though nobody is with me. But if is a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in heavenly bodies, the **perpetual presence of the sublime**. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty and **light the universe with their admonishing smile**.

The stars awaken a certain reverence because though always present, they are inaccessible; but a **natural objects make a kindred impression**. When the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection, **Nature can become a toy to a wise spirit**. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. Mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick timber of the wood cutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field. Lock that. And manning the wood-land beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eyes can integrate all the parts that's the poet. This is the best of the men's farms, yet to this their warranty deeds give no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun, at least they have a very **superficial seeing**. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward sense are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of adulthood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of all his **impertinent griefs**, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone. But every hour and season yields its tribute of delight for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest mid night. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or mounting piece. In good health-mounting the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common place in snow puddles, at the light, under a clouded sky without having in my thought any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the blink of tear. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough and at what period so ever of life is always a child. In the woods **perpetual fire decorum** and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years.

In the wood, we return to reason and faith. There is a feel that nothing can befall me in life.-no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground. -my head bathed by the blithe air and uplifted nothing; I see all; the currents of the universal being circulated through me; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the universal being circulated through me: I am part of parcel of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: To be brothers, to be acquaintances, masters or servants, is then a trifle and a distance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds some-what beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and the woods minister is the suggestion of an **occult relation between man and the vegetable**. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise and yet it is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me. When I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain the power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, in a harmony of both, it is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is over spread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire has sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death or dear friends. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population

(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

Questions

- a. What is the passage about? (11 marks)
- b. According to the writer, how is the lover of nature different from other people (6 marks)
- c. Explain the meaning of the following expressions as used in the passage
 - i) ___ the perpetual presence of the sublime.
 - ii) ___ and light the universe with their admonishing smile
 - iii) ___ natural objects make a kindred impression.
 - iv) - Nature can become a toy to a wise spirit.
 - v) ___ Superficial seeing
 - vi) ___ Impertinent sense
 - vii) ___ Perpetual fire decorum....."
 - viii) ___ occult relationship between man and the vegetable. (16 marks)

Turn Over

2.

MY FINANCIAL CAREER

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me. The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand; but when my salary was raised fifty dollars a month, I felt that the bank was the only place for it. So I shambled in and looked timidly around at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account needed to consult the manager. I went up to a wicket marked 'Accountant.' The accountant was a tall, cool devil the very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral. "May I see the manager" I said, and added solemnly, "Alone" I don't know why I said "alone"

"Certainly," said the accountant and fetched him. The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty six- dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. Heaven knows I didn't doubt it,

"Yes," he said.

"May I see you?" I asked, "Alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without my question seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had a terrible secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, leading the way to a private room and turning the key

"We are safe from interruption here," he said. "Sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are a Pinkerton detective, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective.

I knew what he was thinking and felt all the worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency." To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about the matter, "I am not a detective at all I have come to open an account. I intended to keep all my money in this bank"

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A very large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered, "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning"

I rose, A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, showing me the other way.

I went up to the account's wicket and poked the bell of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposited it." The tone of the words seemed to mean,

"Let us do this painful business while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hallow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant

"Then I want to draw a check"

My idea was to draw out six dollars for present use, someone gave me a cheque book through a wicket, and someone else began telling me how to write the cheque. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! Are you drawing it all out again?" He asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that I could not explain my act. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plung

"Yes the whole thing"

"You withdraw your money from the bank"

"Every cent of it"

"Are you not going to deposit any more" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never!"

An idiot hope struck me that he might think someone had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money;

How will you have it," he said

"Oh," I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think, "In fifties,"

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave me the money, and I rushed out. As the big doors swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

(Stephen Leacock).

Questions

- | | |
|---|------------|
| a) Describe the general feeling of the client while in the bank | (06 marks) |
| b) Comment on the diction employed by the writer. | (09 marks) |
| c) Analyze the bank manager's attitude towards the clients. | (06 marks) |
| d) How has the author put his message across? | (12 marks) |

SECTION III POETRY

Read the poem below and answer the questions following.

WHEN THIS CARNIVAL FINALLY CLOSES.

When this frothful carnival finally closes, brother,
When your drumming veins dry, these very officers
A will burn the scripts of the praises we sang to you
And shatter the calabashes you drank from. Your
Charms, these drums, and the effigies, blazing will
Become the accomplices to your lie-achieved world!
Your bamboo hut on the beach, they 'll make a bonfire
Under the cover of giving their hero a true traditional
Burial, though in truth to rid themselves of another
Deadly spirit that might otherwise have haunted them.
And at the wake new mask dances will quickly leap
Into the arena dancing to Lighter skins, boasting
Other clans of calabashes as the undertakes jest:
What did he think he would become, a God? The devil!

By Jack Mapanje.

Questions

- a. What is the subject of the poem? (8 marks)
- b. Comment on the following;
 - i) The tone of the speaker. (6 marks)
 - ii) The attitude towards the "brother". (4 marks)
- c. Critically appreciate the devices employed by the poet to bringing out his intended message. (12marks)
- d. How relevant is the message in the poem to the contemporary society? (4 marks)

END

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SECTION I

SELF-RELIANCE

[Ralph Waldo Emerson]

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears the admonition in such line, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they **instil** is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men that is genius. Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the **in most becomes the out most**, - and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgment.

Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at no books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch **that gleam of light which flashes a cross his mind from within**, more than the luster of the firmament of poets and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is him. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our **spontaneous impression** with good humoured inflexibility than most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side.

Else, tomorrow a stranger will say with mastery good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrived at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that limitation is suitable; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, **no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil** bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without pre-established harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faith fully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to

exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done other-wise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver.

In the attempt, his genius deserts him; no inspiration befriend; no invention, no hope.

Trust yourself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the **divine** providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the eternal, working through their hands, predominating in all their beings. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same **transendent destiny**: and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to the noble clay plastic under almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark...

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of everyone of its members. Society is a joint-stock company in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread, to each share- holder, to surrender the liberty and creators, but names and customs.

Whoever would be a man must be a **non- conformist**. He who would gather immortal palms, must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.....

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think. The rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

QUESTIONS:

1. a) Suggest a suitable title for the passage above. (3marks)
- b) What is the writers' argument in the passage? (8marks)
- c) According to the writer, how does the a great man differ from other men? (8marks)
- d) Explain the meaning of the following expressions used in the passage; (2marks each)
 - i) "..... the in most becomes the outmost....."
 - ii) "..... that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within....."
 - iii) "..... spontaneous impression....."
 - iv) no kernel of nourishing corn can came to him but through his toil.
 - v) "..... Transcendent destiny....."
 - vi) "..... non comformist....."
 - vii) "..... Nothing is at last in sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

SECTION II

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:

Mr. Granger studied Uncle Hammer. Uncle Hammer wore, as he had every day since he had arrived, sharply creased pants, a vest over a snow-white shirt, and shoes that shone like midnight. "You right citified, ain't you? *Course* you always did think you was too good to work in the fields like other folks."

"Naw, that ain't it," said Uncle Hammer, "I just ain't never figured fifty cents a day was worth a child's time, let alone a man's wages." Uncle Hammer said nothing else; he didn't need to. Every one knew that fifty cents was the top price paid to any day labourer, man, woman or child, hired to work in the Granger fields.

Mr. Granger ran his tongue around his teeth, making his lips protrude in odd half circles, then he turned from Uncle Hammer to Papa. "Some folks tell me y'all running a regular traveling store up here. Hear tell a fellow can get just 'bout anything he wants from up at Tate's in Vicksburg if he just lets y'all know."

Papa met Mr. Granger's eyes, but did not speak.

Mr. Granger shook his head. "Seems to me you folks are just stirring up something, Y'all got roots in this community. Even got yourselves that loan Paul Edward made from the First National Bank up in Strawberry for that eastern two hundred acres. *Course* now with times like thev are, that mortgage could come due anytime... and if it comes due and y'all ain't got the money to pay it, y'all could lose this, place.

Ain't gonna lose it" said Uncle Hammer flatly.

Mr. Granger glanced up-at Uncle Hammer, then back to Papa. He took a cigar from his pocket, then a knife to cut off the tip. After he had thrown the tip into the fire, he settled back in his chair and lit the cigar while Papa, Mama, Uncle Hammer and Big Ma waited for him to get on. Then he said: "This is a fine community. Got fine folks in it - both white and colored. Whatever's bothering you people, y'all just tell me. We'll get it straightened out without all this big to-do.

Uncle hammer laughed outright. Mr. Granger looked up sharply, but Uncle Hammer eyed him insolently, a smile still on his lips, Mr. Granger, watching

him, cautioned sternly, "I don't like trouble here This is a quiet and peaceful place.....! aim to see it says that way." Turning back to Papa, he continued. "Whatever problems we have, we can work them out. I ain't gonna hide that I think y'all making a big mistake, both for the community and for yourself going all the way down to Vicksburg to do shopping. That don't seem very neighbourly....."

"Neither does burning," said Uncle Hammer.

Mr. Granger puffed deeply on his cigar and did not look at Uncle Hammer. When he spoke again it was to Big Ma. His voice was harsh, but he made no comment on what Uncle Hammer had said. "I don't think your Paul Edward would've condoned something like this and risked losing this place. How came you let your boys go do it?"

Big Ma smoothed the lap of her dress with her hands. "They grown and it's they land. I got no more say in it,"

Mr. Granger's eyes showed no surprise, but he pursed his lips again and ran his tongue around his teeth. "The price of cotton's mighty low, y'all know that," he said finally. "Could be that I'll have to charge my people more of their crops next summer just to make ends meet., ...I'd hate to do it/ cause if, did my people wouldn't hardly have enough to buy winter stores, let alone be able to pay their debts....."

There was tense, waiting silence before his glance slid to Papa again.

"Mr. Joe Higgins up at First National told me that he couldn't hardly honor a loan to folks who go around stirring up a lot of bad feelings in the community."

"And especially stirring the colored folks out of their place," interjected Uncle Hammer calmly,

Mr. Granger paled, but did not turn to Uncle Hammer. "Money's too scarce," he continued as if he has not heard, "and folks like that are a poor risk. You ready to lose our land, David because of this thing?"

Papa was lighting his pipe. did not look up until the flame had caught in the tobacco and held there. Then he turned to Mr. Ganger. "Two hundred acres of this place been Logan land for almost fifty years now, the other two hundred for

fifteen. We've been through bad times and good times but we ain't never lost none of it. Ain't gonna start now."

Mr. Granger said quietly, "It was Granger land before it was Logan."

"Slave land." said Papa.

Mr. Granger nodded, "wouldn't have lost this section if it hadn't been stolen by your Yankee carperbaggers after the war. But y'all keep on playing Santa Claus and I'm gonna get it back - real easy. I want you to know that I plan to do whatever I need to, to keep peace down in here"

Papa took the pipe from his mouth and stared into the fire. When he faced Mr. Granger again his voice was very quiet, very distinct, very sure. "You being white, you can just'bout plan on getting this land, you 're planning on the wrong thing."

QUESTIONS.

2. a) What is taking place in the passage? (8marks)
- b) Explain the relationship between Mr. Granger and the Logan family. (8marks)
- c) Comment on the general mood in the passage (8marks)
- d) Comment on the stylistic devices you find remarkable in this passage. (12marks)

SECTION III: The call of river Nun.

I hear your call!
I hear it far away;
I hear it break the circle
of these crouching hills.
I want to view your face
Again and feel your brim
To set myself and
Inhale your breath; or
Like the trees, to watch
My mirrored self unfold
And span my days with
Song from the lips of dawn.

I hear your lapping call!
I hear it coming through.
Invoking the ghost of a child
Listening, where river birds hail.
Your silver- surface flow.

My river's calling too
Its ceaseless flow impels
My foundering camoe down
It's inevitable course.
And each dying year
Brings near the sea- bird call
The final call that
Stills the crested waves
And breaks in two the curtain
Of silence of my upturned canoe

Oh incomprehensible God!
Shall my pilot be
My inborn stars to that
Final call to three
Or my river's complex course?

Gabril Okara

QUESTIONS.

3. a) What is the subject matter of the poem? (8marks)
- b) i) Describe the attitude of the speaker towards his river (6marks)
- ii) How would you best describe the persona's state of mind in the poem? (6marks)
- c) How has the poet been able to bring out his intended message? (10marks)
- d) Discuss the relevance of the poem to your society. (4marks)

END

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- *All sections are to be attempted.*
- *Candidates are advised to spend 70minutes (1hour and 10minutes) on section I and 55 minutes on each of the section II and 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 then section III.*

SECTION I

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:

... Oppressed people deal with their oppression in three characteristic ways- One way is acquiescence:¹ the oppressed resign themselves to their doom. They tacitly² adjust themselves to oppression, and thereby become conditioned to it. In every movement toward freedom, some of the oppressed prefer to remain oppressed- Almost 2,800 years ago Moses set out to lead the children of Israel from the slavery of Egypt³ to the freedom of the promised land⁴ He soon discovered that slaves do not always welcome their deliverers. They become accustomed to being slaves. They would rather bear those ills they have, as Shakespeare pointed out, than flee to others that they know not of.⁵ They prefer the "flesh-pots of Egypt" to the ordeals of emancipation.

There is such a thing as the freedom of exhaustion. Some people are so worn down by the yoke of oppression that they give up. A few years ago in the slum areas of Atlanta, a Negro guitarist used to sing almost daily: "Ben down so long that down don't bother me." This is the type of negative freedom and resignation that often engulfs the life of the oppressed.

But this is not the way out. To accept passively an unjust system is to cooperate with that system; thereby the oppressed become as evil as the oppressor. Noncooperation with evil is as much a moral obligation as is cooperation with good. The oppressed *must* never allow the conscience of the oppressor to slumber. Religion reminds *every* man that he is his brother's keeper. To accept injustice or segregation passively is to say to the oppressor that his actions are morally right. It is a way of allowing his conscience to fall asleep. At this moment the oppressed fails to be his brother's keeper. So acquiescence- while often the easier way- is not the moral way. It is the way of the coward. The Negro cannot win the respect of his oppressor by acquiescing; he merely increases the oppressor's arrogance and contempt. Acquiescence is interpreted as proof of the Negro's inferiority. The Negro cannot win the respect of the white people of the south or the people of the world if he is willing to sell the future of his children for his personal and immediate comfort and safety.

A second way that oppressed people sometimes deal with oppression is to resort to physical violence and corroding hatred. Violence often brings about momentary results. Nations have frequently won their independence in battle. But in spite of temporary victories, violence never brings permanent peace. It solves no social problem; it merely creates new and more complicated ones.

Violence as a way of achieving racial justice is both impractical and immoral. It is impractical because it is a descending spiral ending in destruction for all.

The old law of an eye for an eye leaves everybody blind. It is immoral because it seeks to humiliate the opponent rather than win his understanding; it seeks to annihilate rather than to convert. Violence is immoral because it thrives on hatred rather than love. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It leaves society in monologue rather than dialogue. Violence ends by defeating itself. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers. A voice echoes through time saying to every potential Peter, "Put up your sword."⁶ History is cluttered with the wreckage of nations that failed to follow this command.

If the American Negro and other victims of oppression succumb to the temptation of using violence in the struggle for freedom, future generations will be the recipients of a desolate night of bitterness, and our chief legacy to them will be an endless reign of meaningless chaos. Violence is not the way.

The third way open to oppressed people in their quest for freedom is the way of nonviolent resistance. Like the synthesis in Hegelian philosophy, the principle of non violent resistance seeks to reconcile the truths of two opposites—acquiescence and violence—while avoiding the extremes and immoralities of both. The non violent resistor agrees with the person who acquiesces that one should not be physically aggressive toward his opponent; but he balances the equation by agreeing with the person of violence that evil must be resisted. He avoids the nonresistance of the former and the violent resistance of the latter. With nonviolent resistance, no individual or group need submit to any wrong, nor need anyone resort to violence in order to right a wrong.

It seems to me that this is the method that must guide the actions of the Negro in the present crisis in race relations. Through nonviolent resistance the Negro will be able to rise to the noble height of opposing the unjust system while loving the perpetrators of the system.

The Negro must work passionately and unrelentingly for full stature as a citizen, but he must not use inferior methods to gain it- He must never come to terms with falsehood, malice, hate, or destruction.

Nonviolent resistance makes it possible for the Negro to remain in the South and struggle for his rights- The Negro's problem will not be solved by running away. He cannot listen to the glib⁷ suggestion of those who would urge him to migrate en masse⁸ to other sections of the country. By grasping his great opportunity in the South he can make a lasting contribution to the moral strength of the nation and set a sublime example of courage for generations yet unborn.

By nonviolent resistance, the Negro can also enlist all men of good will in his struggle for equality. The problem is not a purely racial one with Negroes set against whites. In the end, it is- nor a struggle between people at all, but a tension between justice and injustice. Nonviolent resistance is not aimed against oppressors but against oppression. Under its banner consciences, not racial groups, are enlisted.

If the Negro is to achieve the goal of integration, he must organize himself into a militant and nonviolent mass movement. All three elements are indispensable. The movement for equality and justice can only be a success if it has both a mass and militant character; the barriers to be overcome require both. Nonviolence is an imperative in order to bring about ultimate community.

A mass movement of a militant quality that is not at the same time committed to nonviolence tends to generate conflict, which in turn breeds anarchy. The support of the participants and the sympathy of the uncommitted are both inhibited by the threat that bloodshed will engulf the community. This reaction in turn encourages the opposition to threaten and resort to force-When, however, the mass movement repudiates violence while moving resolutely towards its goal, its opponents are revealed as the instigators and practitioners of violence if it occurs.

Turn Over

3

Then public support is magnetically attracted to the advocates of nonviolence, while those who employ violence are literally disarmed by overwhelming sentiment against their stand.

Questions:

- a) State the argument of the writer in the passage.
- b) Do you agree with the writer's views? Give reasons.
- c) Suggest an appropriate title for this passage.
- d) Explain the meaning of the following expressions as used in the passage.
 - i) 'one way acquiescence'
 - ii) '.....the ordeals of emancipation'
 - iii) '.....corroding hatred'
 - iv) '.....a descending spiral.....'
 - v) '.....cluttered with the wreckage of nations'
 - vi) 'perpetrators of the system'
 - vii) '.....glib suggestion.....'
 - viii) 'a sublime example of courage'

SECTION II

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:

PRESIDENT: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights, and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining² as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony.

The question before the house is one of 'awful moment'³ to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts- Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past- And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify

those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss- Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array,⁵ if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motives for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has *none*. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty⁶ and humble supplication?⁷ What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on- We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated⁸ ourselves before the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond⁹ hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free - if we mean to preserve inviolate¹⁰ those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending-if we mean not basely" to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house." Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Speech to the Virginia convention (by Patrick Henry)

Questions

- What according to the speaker was done after their approach to the ministry and parliament?
- How effective is the use of language in the passage.
- Comment on the passage in terms of tone, mood and attitude.
- Discuss the overall intentions of the speaker in the passage.

SECTION III

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow it.

I HAVE SEEN THIS LAND

I've seen this land wail
when its lions roar
And tug at each other in excitement
The grass has suffered in this fray
Buffeted about in this play
Lost its colour and withered

I've seen this land turn frail
When its citizens banded like goods sail
To far away lands
And live like Israelites
In the days of Yore

I've seen the bird of this land, quail
Where the human voice used to sail,
Man's farm land left asunder
With only the wild beasts everywhere to wonder
His kind clustered in camp
like flies on a carcass in a swamp

I've seen the belly of this land swell
With bones of its young and old
left littered after the lion's feast
In the north, central and west
Where they've accused each other of greed
And being fore-most in destroying their own seed.

I've seen the grass of this land blossom
In areas where once it was destroyed
Watered by the tears of heaven
And pampered by the lions of this land,
The grass waiting for another seasons
Of the lion's battle with each other again.

(J. Semuwanga)

Questions

- Give an interpretation of the meaning of the poem
- How effective are the stylistic devices used in the poem?
- Discuss the form and structure of the poem
- What emotions does the poem evoke in you after reading it?

END

P310/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
(Prose and Poetry)
PAPER 1
July/August 2014
3 hours



WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- All sections are to be attempted.
- Candidates are advised to spend **70 minutes** (1 hour and 10 minutes) on section I and 55 minutes on each of the section II and 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 then section III.

SECTION I

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:

He returned to my written questions. "What in general is your conception of a good society?"

"A good society," he replied (after some hesitation) "Is one in which there are no conflicts of interest among men, in which men live according to their **obligations to each other.**"

I objected that I could not conceive of a society so long as men were men and not angels (and that I had doubts about angels). In any society, there would be conflicts about something, and I gave a few illustrations. He then qualified his answer and said that the absence of conflict was an ideal which could be progressively approached. One society would be better than another where there would be fewer conflicts. I raised the question whether social development depended upon conflicts of interest. And asked whether it would be fruitful to conceive of a good society in terms of procedures rather than goals, as a society in which all conflicts of interest are resolved by intelligent inquiry, the give- and - take of democratic process.

Vinoba did not reply to this directly. He answered that the important element in a good society was **the absence of any Coercion**, the use of non-violent methods. "The fundamental values of a good society are truth, compassion and love. Only by relying upon and following them, can we achieve either a good life or a good society in which violence has no place..." He went on in this vein and quoted in the Indian sacred book. The Sanskrit from the sutras to illustrate the **perennial wisdom** of the Indian tradition.

I had two difficulties with this, and we had a warm and friendly exchange which lasted for almost half an hour until it was time for Vinoba to speak to the assembled crowds.

First, I asked him why he assumed that "truth, compassion and love" were compatible. The facts of moral experience showed that sometimes they were in conflict with each other. To which he replied that the value of truth was primary. But sometimes, I persisted out of compassion we do not tell the truth or the whole truth in our personal relations to others. Sometimes the truth is a weapon in the hands of the cruel. It was not enough to establish a scheme of values, for each situation seemed to have its own unique good which required that we choose between or (mediate between) values deemed absolute. In otherwards I did not see how any value could be regarded as absolute - except possibly **intelligence which in contradistinction to all other values is a judge of his own limitations.**

Vinoba seemed puzzled by all this, but nonetheless persisted in his view that one could not ground the necessity of non - violence in human affairs unless one accepted the **trinity of truth, compassion and love**. If they were not absolute values then non - violence was not an absolute value. I asked whether he recognized any distinction between the scope and validity of the values of "Truth, compassion and love". And it's **corollary, non - violence**, in personal relations and social life. He replied in the negative. He implied that to recognize any distinction would be to introduce an element of insincerity into our moral experience; it was this **divorce between personal and social morality** which seemed to him at the roots of many social evils.

I agreed, but said that I was afraid of all absolutes and thought that in the field of personal morality his trinity of values must sometimes be breached. We cannot always be kind when we are truthful and truthful when we are compassionate. On the other hand, in the field of

social morality we cannot always be non – violent because of our love and compassion for others. He objected to this as one of the oldest **illusions in human relations** and as the source of the ever recurrent cycle of combating evil with evil means.

I asked him whether out of compassion for certain victims of a determined and wicked aggressor, I was ever justified in using violence to restrain the aggressor and, if necessary to save the lives of the innocent victims, to kill him. He answered firmly in the negative. I tried the graphic illustration of Hitler and then of a pyromaniac (someone with a morbid desire to set fire to things) all of whom are about to destroy hundreds and cited cases nearer at home. Each time he replied that one must be prepared to lay down his life to save the lives of others, but not to take life. I pressed and pointed out that this assumed we could save the lives of others by sacrificing our own. But the conditions of the problems I put before him – and they were not artificial problems, but arose again and again in the struggle for freedom and human dignity – assumed that the only way we could stop the slaughter of innocents was by using violence against those who were about to employ it. “To stand by,” I said at one point, “and watch the slaughter of those for whom we have the love and compassion you enjoin on us, when by our actions we could save them, is to share the responsibility for the evil done them. One must be more than human or less than human to live by the creed of non – violence in such a situation”.

red I shall never forget the answer with which he brought the discussion of this issue to a close. He said; “in such cases, if used violence, I could find it in my heart to forgive you”.

(Extracted from a reported discussion between Sidney Hook an American professor of philosophy and the Indian Mystic and thinker, Vinoba Bhare.)

QUESTIONS:

1. a) Provide a suitable title to the passage. (03marks)
- b) (i) Compare the arguments of the two speakers. (06marks)
(ii) Whom do you support (in 1) above? (05marks)
- c) How appropriate is the passage to your society? (04marks)
- d) Explain the meaning of the following expressions used in the passage.
 - i.obligation to each other..... (2marks)
 - ii.absence of coercion..... (2marks)
 - iii.perennial wisdom..... (2marks)
 - iv.intelligence, which in contradistinction to all other values is a judge of its own limitation. (2marks)
 - v.the trinity of truth, compassion and love. (2marks)
 - vi.it's corollary, non – violence..... (2marks)
 - vii.Divorce between personal and social morality. (2marks)
 - viii.illusions in human relations..... (2marks)

SECTION II

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

§ SALVATION.

I was saved from sin when I was going on thirteen. But not really saved. It happened like this; there was a big revival at my Auntie Reed's church. Every, night for weeks there had been much preaching, singing, praying, and shouting, and some very hardened sinners had been brought to Christ and the membership of the church had grown by leaps and bounds. Then just before the revival ended, they held a special meeting for children, "to bring the younger lambs to the fold".

My Auntie spoke of it for days ahead. That night I was escorted to the front row and placed on the mourners' bench with all the other young sinners who had not yet been brought to Jesus. My Auntie told me that when you were saved you saw a light, and something happened to you inside! And God was with you from then on! She said you could see and hear and feel Jesus in your soul. I believed her. I had heard a great many old people say the same thing and it seemed to me they ought to know. So I sat there calmly in the hot crowded church, waiting for Jesus to come to me.

The preacher preached a wonderful, rhythmical sermon, all moans and shouts and lonely cries and dire pictures of hell, and then he sang a song about the ninety and nine safe in the fold, but one little lamb was let out in the cold. Then he said: "Won't you come? Won't you come to Jesus? Young lambs, won't you come?" And he held out his hands to all of us young sinners there on the mourners' bench. And the little girls cried. And some of them jumped up and went to Jesus right away. But most of us just sat there.

A great many old people came and knelt around us and prayed, old women jet – black faces and braided hair, old men with work – gnarled hands. And the church sang a song about the lower lights are burned, some peer sinners to be saved. And the whole building rocked with prayer and song.

Still; I kept waiting to see Jesus.

Finally all the young people had gone to the altar and were saved, but one boy and me. He was a rounder's son named Westley. Westley and I were surrounded by sisters and deacons praying. It was very hot in the church and getting late now. Finally Westley said to me in a whisper; "Good damn! Am tired of sitting here. Let's get up and be saved". So he got up and was saved.

Then I was left all alone on the mourner's bench, my Auntie came and knelt at my knees and cried, while prayers and song swirled all around me in the little church, the whole congregation prayed for me alone, in a mightily wail of moans and voices. And I

kept waiting serenely for Jesus, waiting, waiting but he did not come. I wanted to see him but nothing happened to me.

I heard the songs of the minister saying: "Why don't you come? My dear child, why don't you come to Jesus? Jesus is waiting for you. He wants you. Why don't you come? Sister Reed, what is this child's name?"

"Langston," my Auntie sobbed.

"Langston why don't you come?"

Why don't you come to be saved? Oh lamb of God! Why don't you come?"

Now it was really getting late, I begun to be ashamed of myself, holding everything up so long. I begun to wonder what God thought about Westley, who certainly hadn't seen Jesus either, but who was now sitting proudly on the platform, swinging his knicker bickered legs and grinning down at me, surrounded by deacons and old women on their knees praying. God had not struck Westley dead for taking his name in vain or for lying in the temple. So I decided that may be to save further trouble, I better lie, too, and say that Jesus had come and get up and be saved. So I got up.

Suddenly the whole room broke into a sea of shouting, as they saw me rise. Waves of rejoicing swept the place. Women leapt in the air. My Auntie threw her hands around me. The minister took me by the hand and took me to the platform.

When things quietened down, in a hush silence, punctuated by ecstatic "Amen's," all the new young lambs were blessed in the name of God. Then joyous singing filled the room.

That night for the last time in my life but one – for I was a big boy twelve years old – I cried, I cried in bed alone and couldn't stop. I buried my head under the quilts, but my Aunt heard me. She woke up and told my Uncle that I was crying because the Holy Ghost had come into my life, and because I had seen Jesus. But I was really crying because I could not bear to tell her that I had lied, that I had deceived everybody in the church, but I hadn't seen Jesus, and now I didn't believe there was a Jesus anymore because he didn't come to help me.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

QUESTIONS.

2. a) Describe the narrator's experience in the passage. (6marks)
- b) Comment on the stylistic devices you find remarkable in the passage. (12marks)
- c) Discuss the passage in terms of:
 - (i) Tone (5marks)
 - (ii) Writer's attitude (5marks)
 - (iii) Intention (5marks)

Turn Over
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SECTION III

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow;

THE LOCUSTS

The hot hammatan breeze blows busily by,
The swallows in the sky.
In all directions fly.
The denizens of the village wonder why.
The two swarms of locusts the table do not try.
Like rain on iron sheets the bullets intensify.
The abandoned baby by looks about and cry
The helmeted men see her and their appetite runs high.
They battle each other to open her thighs.
And when the commander's appetite is quenched dry;
His juniors to her open thighs hurriedly fly.
And as they retreat or advance,
Village huts they sweep dry;
Leaving smoke from the grass-thatched huts curling high
The denizens later return and in desperation sigh!

QUESTIONS

3. a) What is the poem about? (04marks)
- b) How has the poet been able to put across his message? (15marks)
- c) Discuss the tone and mood of the poem. (08marks)
- d) How relevant is the poem to your society? (06marks)

END

P310/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
(Prose and Poetry)
PAPER 1
July/August 2015
3 hours



WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- All sections are to be attempted.
- Candidates are advised to spend **70 minutes** (1 hour and 10 minutes) on section **I** and **55 minutes** on each of the section **II** and **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 then section **III**.

SECTION I

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

It was a time of great and exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bands playing, the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and spluttering; on every hand and far down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide avenue gay and fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion as they swung by; nightly the packed mass meetings listened, panting, to patriot oratory which stirred the deepest depths of their hearts and which they interrupted at briefest intervals with **cyclones, of applause** the tears running down their cheeks the while, the churches the pastors preached devotion to flag and country and invoked the God of Battles, beseeching His aid in our good cause in outpouring of **fervid eloquence** which moved every listener. It was indeed a glad and gracious time, and the half-dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war and cast a doubt upon its righteousness straightway got such a stern and angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight and offended no more in that way.

Sunday morning came-next day the battalions would leave for the front; the church was filled; the volunteers were there, **their young faces alight with martial dreams** - visions of the stern advance, the gathering momentum, the rushing charge, the flashing sabers, the flight of the foe, the tumult, the enveloping smoke, the fierce pursuit, the surrender! - then home from the war, bronzed heroes, welcomed, adored, submerged in golden seas of glory! With the volunteers sat their dear ones, proud, happy, and envied by the neighbors and friends who had no sons and brothers to send forth to the field of honor, there to win for the flag or, failing, die the noblest of noble deaths. The service proceeded; a war chapter from the Old Testament was read; the first prayer was said; it was followed by an organ burst that shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes and beating hearts, and poured out that **tremendous invocation**.

God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest,

Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!

Then came the "long" prayer; None -could remember the like of it for passionate pleading and moving and beautiful language. The burden of its supplication was that an ever-merciful and benignant Father of us all would watch over our noble young soldiers and aid, comfort, and encourage them in their patriotic work; bless them, shield them in the day of battle and the hour of peril, bear them in His mighty hand, make them strong and confident, invincible in the bloody onset; help them to crush the-foe, grant to them and to their flag and country imperishable honor and glory.

An aged stranger entered and moved with slow and noiseless step up the main aisle, his eyes fixed upon the minister, his long body clothed in a robe that reached to his feet, his head bare, his white hair descending in a frothy cataract to his shoulders, his seamy face unnaturally pale, pale even to ghastliness. With all eyes following him and wondering, he made his silent way; without pausing, he ascended to the preacher's side and stood there, waiting. With shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued his moving prayer, and at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, "Bless our arms, grant us the victory, O Lord our

God, Father and Protector of our land and flag!"

The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside - which the startled minister did - and took his place. During some moments he surveyed the **spellbound audience** with solemn eyes in which burned an uncanny light; then in a deep voice he said:

"I come from the Throne - bearing a message from Almighty God!" The words smote the house with a shock; if the stranger perceived it he gave no attention. "He has heard the prayer of His servant your shepherd and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, shall have explained to you its import - that is to say, its full import. For it is like unto many of the prayers of men, in that it asks for more than he who utters it is aware of - except he pause and think.

"God's servant and yours has prayed his prayer. Has he paused and taken thought? Is it one prayer? No, it is two - one uttered, the other not. Both have reached the ear of Him who heareth all supplications, the spoken and the unspoken. Ponder this - keep it in mind. If you would beseech a blessing upon yourself, beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbor at the same time. If you pray for the blessing of rain upon your crop which needs it, by that act you are possibly praying for a curse upon some neighbor's crop which may not need rain and can be injured by it.

"You have heard your servant's prayer—the uttered part of it. I am commissioned of God to put into words the other part of it— that part which the pastor, and also you in your hearts, fervently prayed silently. And ignorantly and unthinkingly? God grant that it was so! You heard these words:

'Grant us the victory, O Lord our God!' That is sufficient. The whole of the uttered prayer is compact into those pregnant words. Elaborations were not necessary. When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory— must follow it, cannot help but follow it. Upon the listening spirit of God the Father fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, **idols of our hearts**, go forth to battle-be Thou near them! With them, in spirit, we also go forth from cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a **hurricane of fire**; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief: help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, **protract their bitter pilgrimage**, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the source of Love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sane beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.

(After a pause) "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits."

It was believed after-ward that the man was a lunatic, because there was no sense in what he said.

By Mark Twain

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Turn Over

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Questions.

1. (a) Provide a suitable title to passage. (2 marks)
- (b) (i) Compare the arguments of the two speakers in the passage. (8 marks)
- (ii) Who of the speakers in b(i) is more compelling to you? Why? (7 marks)
- (c) Explain the meaning of the following expressions as used in the passage.
 - (i)cyclones of applause..... (2 marks)
 - (ii)fervid eloquence..... (2 marks)
 - (iii)their young faces alight with martial dreams..... (2 marks)
 - (iv)tremendous invocation..... (2 marks)
 - (v)spell bound audience..... (2 marks)
 - (vi)idols of our hearts..... (2 marks)
 - (vii)hurricane of fire..... (2 marks)
 - (viii).....protract their bitter pilgrimage..... (2 marks)

SECTION II

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

MOONLIGHT

His warlike name-well suited the Abbé Marignan. He was a tall thin priest, full of zeal, his soul always exalted but just. All his beliefs were fixed; they never wavered. He sincerely believed that he understood his God, entered into His plans, His wishes. His intentions.

As he strode down the aisle of his little country church, sometimes a question would take shape in his mind: "Now why has God done that?" He would seek the answer stubbornly, putting himself in God's place, and he nearly always found it. He was not one of those who murmur with an air of pious humility, "O Lord, your designs are impenetrable!" He would say to himself: "I am the servant of God, I should know His purposes, and if I don't know them I should divine them".

He had often felt the yearning affection of women, and, even though he knew himself invulnerable, he was exasperated by this need to love which always trembled in them.

God, in his opinion, had made woman only to tempt man and test him. Thus man should approach her with great care, over fearful of traps. She was, in fact, even shaped like a trap, with her arms extended and her lips parted for a man.

He was indulgent only of nuns, made inoffensive by their vows; and he treated even them severely, because he felt stirring in the depths of their fettered hearts-those hearts so humbled-that eternal yearning which still this wicked yearning-even in their docility, in the sweetness of their voices in talking to him,, in, their lowered eyes, and in their submissive tears when he rebuffed them rudely.

And he shook out his soutane on leaving the gates of a convent and strode quickly away as though fleeing from danger.

He had a niece who lived with her mother in a little house nearby. He was determined to make her a Sister of Charity.

She was pretty, light-headed, and impish. When the Abbe preached, she laughed; and when he got angry at her she kissed him eagerly, clasping him to her heart while he tried instinctively to escape this embrace which nevertheless gave him a taste of sweet happiness, waking deep within him, those paternal impulses which slumber in every man.

Often he spoke to her of God-of his God-while walking beside her along country lanes. She scarcely listened but looked at the sky, the grass, the flowers, with a lively joy which showed in her eyes. Sometimes she leaped to catch some flying thing and brought it back to him, crying: "Look, uncle, how pretty it is. I want to pet it." And this impulse to "pet bugs" or nuzzle lilac blossoms disturbed, annoyed, sickened the priest, who discerned in it that ineradicable yearning which always springs up in the female heart.

Then, it happened that one day the sacristan's wife, who kept house for the Abbé Marignan, cautiously told him that his niece had a lover. The news shocked him terribly and he stopped, choking, with his face full of soap, for he was busy shaving.

When he recovered so that he could think and speak, he shouted: "It is not true, you are lying, Mélanie!"

But the good woman put her hand on her heart: "May the Good Lord strike me dead if I'm lying, M. le Curé. She goes out there every night, I tell you, as soon as your sister's in bed. They meet down by the river. You've only to go and watch there between ten and midnight."

He stopped scraping his chin and started walking up and down violently, as he always did in his hours of solemn meditation. When he tried to finish shaving he cut himself three times between the nose and the ear.

All day he was silenced, swollen with indignation and rage. To his fury as a priest, confronted by love, the invincible, was added the exasperation in of a strict father, of a guardian, of a confessor fooled, cheated, tricked by a child. He shared that self-centered feeling of suffocation experienced parents whose daughter tells them she has-without them-chosen a husband.

After dinner he tried to read a bit, but he could not get into it. He got more and more exasperated. When ten o'clock struck he took down his walking stick.

He opened the door to go out, but stopped on the sill, surprised by a splendor of moonlight such as he had rarely seen.

And, endowed as he was with an exalted spirit-such as those poetical dreamers the Fathers of the Church might have had-he was immediately distracted, moved by the glorious and serene beauty of the pale night.

In his little garden, all batted in soft light, the ordered ranks of his fruit trees traced on the path the shadows of their slender limbs lightly veiled with foliage, while the giant honeysuckle, clinging to the wall of the house, exhaled a delicious, sugary breath that floated through the calm clear air like a ghostly perfume.

He began to breathe deeply, drinking the air as a drunkard drinks wine, and he took a few slow, dreaming, wondering steps, almost forgetting his niece.

When he reached the open country, he stopped to contemplate the fields all flooded with tender light, bathed in the delicate and languid charm that calm nights have. Incessantly the frogs gave out their short metallic note, and distant nightingales, inspiring dream not thought, blended their unstrung tune-a rapid throbbing music made for kisses-with the enchantment of the moonlight.

The Abbé pressed on, losing heart, though he could not tell why. He felt feeble, suddenly drained; he wanted to sit down, to stay there, to contemplate, to admire God in His handiwork.

Below, following the undulations of the little river, a tall line of poplars wound like a snake. A fine mist, a white vapor which the moonbeams pierced and turned to glowing silver, hung around and above the banks wrapping the whole tortuous watercourse in a sort of delicate and transparent gauze.

The priest halted again, struck to the depths of his soul by an irresistible wave of yearning.

And a doubt, a vague disturbance, came over him. He sensed within himself another of those questions he sometimes posed.

Why had God done this? Since the night is intended for sleep, for unconsciousness, for repose, for oblivion, why make it more charming than the day, sweeter than dawn or evening? And why this slow and seductive moon, which is more poetic than the sun and seems intended by its very delicacy to illumine things too fragile and mysterious for daylight, why should it come to make the shadows so transparent?

Why should the loveliest of songbirds not go to sleep with the others but linger on to sing in the disturbing shade?

Why this half-veil thrown over the world? Why this thrill in the heart, this stirring of the soul, this languor of the flesh?

Why this display of delights that men never see, since they are deep in their beds? For whom was it intended this sublime Spectacle, this flood of.

But then, down below, on the edge of the fields, under the vault of trees drenched with glowing mist, two shadows appeared, walking side by side.

The man was taller and held the neck of his lover and sometimes kissed her forehead. Their sudden appearance brought the still countryside to life, and it enfolded the young lovers like a setting divinely made for them. They seemed, the pair, a single being, the being for whom this calm and silent night was intended, and they moved toward the priest like a living the answer, the answer to his question, flung back by his Master.

He stood still, his heart pounding in confusion, and he felt as if he were looking at a biblical scene, like the love of Ruth and Boaz, like the accomplishment of the will of God as

presented in one of the great scenes of Holy Scripture. In his head echoed verses of the Song of Songs: the passionate cries, the calls of the flesh, all the ardent poetry of this poem that seethes with passionate yearning.

And he said to himself: "Perhaps God has made such nights to veil the loves of men with ideal beauty."

He recoiled before the couple who kept walking arm in arm. It -was certainly his niece. But he asked himself now if he was not on the verge of disobeying God, Must not God permit love since He lavished upon it such visible splendor?

And he fled, distraught, almost ashamed, as if he had entered a temple where he had no right to be.

By Guy Demaupassant

Questions:

2. (a) Discuss the appropriateness of the title to the message in the passage. (5 marks)
- (b) Comment on the effectiveness of the writer's style throughout the passage. (15 marks)
- (c) Discuss the tone and attitude of the narrator in the passage. (8 marks)
- (d) Explain the writer's intention in the passage. (6 marks)

SECTION III

Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

NO COFFIN, NO GRAVE

He was buried without a coffin
without a grave
the scavengers performed the post – mortem
in the open mortuary
without sterilized knives
Infront of the night club.

Stuttering riffles put up
the gun salute of the day
that was a state burial anyway
the car knelt
the red plate wept, wrapped itself in blood of it's master.

The dairy revealed to the sea
the rain anchored there at last
isn't our flag red, black and white?
so he wrapped himself well.

who could signal yellow
when we had to leave politics to the experts
and brood on books
brood on hunger
and school girls
gramble under the black pot,

Sleep under torn mosquito nets
and let lice lick our intestines.
the Lord of the bar, money speaks madam
woman magnet, money speaks madam
we only cover the stinking darkness
of the care of our mouths
and ask our father who is in hell to judge him
the quick and the good.

Well, his dairy, submarine of the Third world War
showed he wished.
to be buried in a gold – laden coffin
like a VIP
under the jacaranda tree beside his palace
a shelter for his grave
and much deer for the funeral party.

Anyway one noisy pupil suggested we bring
tractors and plough the land.

By Jarred Angira.

Questions:

3. (a) What is the poem about? (4 marks)
(b) How has the poet put across his message. (12 marks)
(c) Discuss the poem in terms of;
(i) Tone (5 marks)
(ii) Attitude (5 marks)
(d) What lessons do you learn from the poem? (7 marks)

END