

KAMONYI DISTRICT

HOLYSAYS WORK

CLASS: S6

(100MARKS)

SUBJECT: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

COMBINATIONS:

- HISTORY-GEOGRAPHY-LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **(HGL)**

INSTRUCTIONS:

- This paper consists of **THREE** Sections: **A,B&C.**

Section A: prose& Poetry (35 marks)

Section B: Plays (35 marks)

Section C: Novels (30 marks)

- Answer as instructed.

SECTION A: PROSE & POETRY (35 marks)

- 1) **Attempt the following questions on key terms related to prose. (5 marks)**
 - a) Give the characteristic of Enlightenment literature
(1 mark)
 - b) Give any two categories of prose. **(1 mark)**
 - c) What is the differentiate traditional from modern prose?
(1 mark)
 - d) Give any two plot devices. **(1 mark)**
 - e) List any two stages of writing process. **(1 mark)**
- 2) **Attempt the following questions on key terms related to poetry. (5 marks)**
 - a) Name any two features of an elegy poem **(1 mark)**
 - b) What do you understand by the term *Free verse*? **(1 mark)**
 - c) Differentiate a haiku with Tanka in terms of structure.
(1 mark)
 - d) What is *eulogy* **(1 mark)**
 - e) Define the term *anadiplosis* **(1 mark)**
- 3) **Read the following passage and answer to the questions that follow. (15 marks)**

“That dog will kill me, kill me one day!” Mrs Das moaned, her hand passed to her large, soft, deep bosom when Diamond leapt at the shop she had cooked and set on the table for Mr Das; or when Diamond dashed past her, bumping against her knees and making her collapse against the door when she was going to receive a parcel from the postman who stood there, shaking, as he fended off the black lightning hurled at him. “Diamond! Why did you call him Diamond? He is Satan, a shaitan, a devil. Call him Devil instead,” Mrs Das cried as she washed and bandaged the ankle of a grandchild who had only run after a ball and had that shaitan snap his teeth over his small foot.

But to Mr Das he was Diamond, and had been Diamond ever since he had bought him, as a puppy of an indecipherable breed, blunt-faced, with his wet nose gleaming and paws flailing for action.

Mr Das could not explain how he had come upon that name. Feebly, he would laugh when questioned by friends he met in the park at five O’clock in the morning when he took Diamond for a walk before leaving for the office, and say, “ Yes, yes, black Diamond, you see, black Diamond.” C.P.Biswas, baring his terribly stained yellow teeth in an unpleasant laugh, said, “ Ah, coal- then call him that, my dear fellow, coal, koyla- and we would all understand.”

Never. Never would Mr Das do such a thing to this Diamond. If his family and friends only knew what names he thought up for the puppy, for the dog, in secret, in private- he did not exactly blush but he did laugh to himself, a little sheepishly. And yet his eyes shone when he saw how Diamond’s coat gleamed as he streaked across the park after a chipmunk, or when he greeted the dog on his return from work before greeting Mrs Das, his grandchildren, or anyone at all, with the joyful cry, “Diamond, my friend!”

Mrs Das had had a premonition- had she not known Mr Das since she had been a fourteen- year –old bride, he a nineteen- year – old bridegroom? – when she saw him bring that puppy home, cuddling it in his old brown jumper, lowering his voice to a whisper and his step to a tiptoe, as if afraid of alarming the sleeping creature. “Get some warm milk- don’t heat it too much - just warm it a little – and get some cotton wool.” She had stared at him. “Not even about our own children – not even your first born son – or your

grandchildren, have you made so much of as of that dog," she had told him then. she repeated it, not once, or twice, or thrice, but at regular intervals throughout that shining stretch of Mr. Das' life when Diamond evolved from a round, glossy cocoon into a trembling, faltering fat puppy that bent its weak legs and left puddles all over Mr. Das' clean, fresh floors, and then into an awkwardly – lumbering young dog that Mr. Das led around on a leash across the dusty maidan of Bharti Nagar, delighting in the children who came up to admire the creature but politely fearful of those who begged " Uncle, let me hold him! Let me take him for a walk, Uncle!" Only in the Lodi Gardens did he dare slip Diamond off his leash for the joy of seeing him race across that lawn after chipmunks that scurried up into the trees, furiously chattering and whisking their tails in indignation while Diamond sat at the foot of the tree, whining, his eyes lustrous with desire. "Diamond, Diamond," Mr. Das would call, and lumbering up to him, would fondle his head, his ears and murmur words of love to entice him away from the scolding creatures in the leaves.

But there were times when Mr. Das went beyond that, time that his friends and colleagues whom he met daily on their morning walks, were astounded, if not scandalized, to witness, so much so that they could hardly speak of it to each other. Mr. Das had so clearly taken leave of his senses, and it made them worry: how could a reputable government servant, a colleague, fall so low? They had caught him, as portly and stiff as any of them, romping ridiculously in a rose garden enclosed by crumbling, half- ruined walls that he had imagined hid him from view, chasing or letting himself be chased around the rose beds by a wild- with- excitement dog whose barks rent the peace of the morning park. They hardly knew how to tell him he was making a fool of himself. Instead, settling down on a bench in the shade of a neem tree and with a view of the Lodi tombs, watching parrots emerge from the alcoves and shoot up into the brilliant summer air, they discussed it between themselves gravely, and with distaste, as became their age and station- the decent elderly, civil servants with a life of service and sobriety behind them.

"There was that time Raman Kutty's grandchild was visiting him from Madras, and he would bring her to the park. He would even push the pram, like an ayah. During that visit, he couldn't speak of anything, or say anything but "Look he has a new tooth," or "see her sucking her toe, so sweet. And that child, with its crossed eyes-"

" Tch, tch," another reproved him for his ill-mannered outburst.

But the outburst was really occasioned by Mr.Das, and the sight they had all had of him kicking up his heels like a frolicking goat in the rose garden, oblivious of the gardeners who sat on their haunches in the shade, smoking and keeping a vigilant eye on their rose beds.

"Look, here he comes with that wretched beast," C.P Biswas cried out. He was never in very good humor in the mornings; they all knew it had to do with his digestive system and its discomforts: they had often come upon him seated in the waiting room of the homeopath's clinic which was open to the marketplace and in full view of those who shopped there for their eggs and vegetables. "I think he should be told. What do you say, should we tell him?"

"Tell him what, C.P?" asked the mild- manned A.P. Bose. Biswas.

"That such behavior is not at all becoming!" exclaimed C.P. Biswas. "After all, a civil servant- serving in the Department of Mines and Minerals- what will people say?"

"Who?"

“Who?” Look. There is the Under- Secretary walking over there with his wife. What if he sees” or the retired Joint Secretary who is doing his yoga exercises over there by the tank. You think they don’t know him? He was to be told- we are here to remind him.”

Unfortunately, Mr. Das chose not to join them that morning. He walked smartly past them, hanging onto Diamond’s leash and allowing Diamond to drag him forward at a pace more suited to a youth of twenty, and an athletic one at that. He merely waved at his friends, seeing them arranged in a row on the bench, and clearly not intending to join their sedate company, disappeared behind a magnificent grove of bamboos, that twittered madly with mynah birds.

C.P. Biswas was beginning to rumble and threaten to explode but A.P. Bose drew out the morning newspaper from his pocket, unclasped the pen from his pocket, and tactfully asked for help in completing the day’s crossword puzzle.

Questions

- a) What is the title of this story? **(2 mark)**
- b) Describe the setting of the story **(2 marks)**
- c) What are conflicts arising from Diamonds’ actions? **(3 marks)**
- d) Explain the theme of obsession through two areas. **(4 marks)**
- e) What is the aim of the author? **(4 marks)**

4) Poetry **(10 marks)**

Read the poem below and answer to the questions that follow. (10 marks)

The graceful giraffe cannot become a monkey

My husband tells me

I have no ideas

Of modern beauty.

He says

I have stuck

To old-fashioned hair styles.

He says

I am stupid and very backward,

That my hair style

Makes him sick

Because I am dirty.

It is true

I cannot do my hair

As white women do.

Listen,

My father comes from Payira,

My mother is a woman of Koc!

I am a true Acoli

I am not a half-caste

I am not a slave girl;

My father was not brought home

By the spear

My mother was not exchanged

For a basket of millet.

Ask me what beauty is

To the Acoli

And I will tell you;

I will show it to you

If you give me a chance!

You once saw me,
You saw my hair style
And you admired it,
And the boys solved it
At the arena
Boys surrounded me
And fought for me.

My mother taught me
Acoli hair fashions;
Which fits the kind
Of hair of the Acoli,
And the occasion.

Listen,
Ostrich chicken feathers,
A monkey's tail
Is different from that of a giraffe,
The crocodile's skin
Is not like the guinea fowl's'
And the hippo is naked', and hairless.

The hair of Acoli
Is different from that of the Arab;
The Indians' hair
Resembles the tail of the horse;
Is like the sisal strings
And needs to be cut

Okot p' Bitek

Source: *Growing up with poetry*

With scissors.

It is black,
And is different from that of a white woman.

A white woman's hair
Is soft like silk;
It is light
And brownish like
That of a brown monkey,
And is very different from mine.

A black woman's hair
Is thick and curly;
It is true
Ring- worm sometimes eat up
A little girl's hair
And this is terrible;

But when hot porridge
Is put on the head
And the dance is held
Under the sausage-fruit tree
And the youths have sung

You, Ring worm
Who is eating Duka's hair
Here is your porridge.

Then the girl's hair
Begins to grow again
And the girl is pleased.

Questions

- a) What does the title of the poem mean? **(1 mark)**
- b) Who is the speaker in the poem? How do you know? **(2 marks)**
- c) With suitable examples from the poem, show where the poet used of the following figures of speeches: **(1 mark each)**
 - i) Simile
 - ii) Symbolism
 - iii) Personification
 - iv) Anaphora
- d) How does Lowino see her identity. **(3 marks)**

SECTION B: PLAYS

(35 marks)

- 5) **Answer these questions on key terms related to drama.**
 - a) What is the unique feature of Commedia dell'arte **(1 mark)**
 - b) What was the purpose of mystery play? **(1marks)**
 - c) Define the term Tableau in drama **(1 marks)**
 - d) Differentiate dramatic irony with verbal irony. **(1mark)**
 - e) In Drama a playwright can refer to the Bible. How do you call this dramatic technique? **(1 mark)**
- 6) **Choose ONE of the two passages below, read it carefully and then answer the questions that follow as concisely as possible. (15 marks)**

Either: (A) Arthur Miller: *The Crucible*

Abigail: I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

Proctor: I may have looked up.

Abigail, (now softening): And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I know you. She is weeping. I cannot sleep for dream in; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you come in through some door. *She clutches him desperately.*

Proctor, gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly: Child-

Abigail, with a push of anger: how do you call me child!

Proctor: Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

Abigail: Aye, but we did.

Proctor: Aye, but we did not.

Abigail, with a bitter anger: Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be-

Proctor, angered- at himself well: You' speak nothin' of Elizabeth!

Abigail: She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling lies about me! She is a cold, sniveling woman, and you bend to her! Let her turn you like a-

Proctor, shaking her: Do you look for whippin'?

A psalm is heard being sung below.

Abigail, in tears: I look for John Proctor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretence Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor, and whatever sin it is, you love me yet! *He turns abruptly and Betty claps her ears suddenly and whines loudly.*

Questions

- Where and when does this scene take place? **(2 marks)**
- What is the extract about? **(2 marks)**
- Describe the used in the above extract. **(3 marks)**
- How does Proctor react towards Abigail in this scene? **(2 marks)**
- Discuss the fact that shows that Abigail still feels love for Proctor. **(2 marks)**
- Comment on the theme of revenge portrayed in the play.

(4 marks)

Or: (B) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar* (15 marks)

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

(Enter Brutus and Cassius, and crowd of Plebeians)

PLEBEIANS: We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS: Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

1st PLEBEIAN: I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd PLEBEIAN: I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons
When severally we hear them rendered.

Cassius off, with some of the Plebeians

Brutus goes into the pulpit

3rd PLEBEIAN *The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!*

BRUTUS: Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who is there is so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him I have offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL: None Brutus, none.

BRUTUS: Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death Is enrolled in the capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein He was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he Suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please My country to need my death.

Questions

- a) Where does this scene take place? **(2 marks)**
- b) What is the main conflict in the extract? **(2 marks)**
- c) Describe the circumstance leading to Caesar' death **(5 marks)**
- d) Why did Calpurnia ask Caesar not to go to the Senate meeting on the Ides of March. **(6 marks)**
- 7) **Choose ONE play and answer to the question on it. (15 marks)**

Either (A) Henrick Ibsen: *An Enemy of People*

In your opinion, discuss the role of the media in the play with relevant examples.

Or (B) Bertolt Brecht: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

With suitable examples from the play, comment on the challenges Grusha might have faced on her escape.

SECTION C: NOVELS (30 marks)

8) Choose ONE of the two passages below, read it carefully and then answer the questions that follow as concisely as possible. (15 marks)

Either: (A) Chinua Achebe: *A Man of the People*

'A mad man may sometimes speak a true word,' said my father, ' but, you watch him, he will soon add something to it that will tell you his mind is still spoilt. My son, you have again shown your true self. When you came home with a car I thought to myself: good, some sense is entering his belly at last... But I should have known. So you really want to fight (fight Chief Nanga! My son why don't you fall where your pieces could be gathered? If the money he was offering was too small why did you not say your name would not be Odili if you did that. No, you have to insult the man who came to you as a friend and – let me ask you something: Do you think he will return tomorrow to beg you again with two-fifty pounds? *No, no son. You have lost the sky and you have lost the ground...*'

'Why do you worry yourself and get lean over a loss that is mine and not yours at all? *You are in P.O.P. and I am in C.P.C...*'

'You have to listen to my irritating voice until the day comes when you stop answering Odili Samalu or else until you look for me and don't see me anymore.'

This soften me a lot. I am always sentimental when it comes to people not being seen when they are looked for. I said nothing immediately but when I did it was in more conciliatory tone.

'So your party gives ministers authority to take bribes, eh?' 'What?' he said, waking up. I hadn't been looking at him and so didn't notice when he had dropped off. 'Chief Nanga said that the ten per cent he receives on contracts is for your party. Is that true?'

'If Alligator comes out of the water one morning and tells you that crocodile is sick can you doubt his story?' 'I see.' This time I watched him drop off almost immediately and smiled in spite of myself.

The next day Max and our campaign team arrived from Bori. There were a dozen other people with him, only two of whom I knew already – Eunice his fiancée and the trade unionist, Joe. They had a car, a minibus and two brand-new Land-Rovers with loudspeakers fitted on the roof. Seeing them so confident and so well-equipped was for me the most morale-boosting event of the past so many weeks. I envied Max his beautiful, dedicated girl; some people are simply lucky. I wish I could bring Edna there to see them.

'You didn't tell me you were coming today,' I said to Max; 'not that it matters.'

'Didn't you get my telegram?' 'No.'

'I sent you a telegram on Monday.' Monday of the week? Oh well, today is only Thursday; it should get here on Saturday ...' 'D.V.,' said Max.

Everyone laughed as I led them to my father's outhouse. He had on seeing them quickly put on his browning singlet and was now shaking hands with everyone with as much enthusiasm as if he had been our patron. My young brothers and sisters were all over the place, some making faces at their image on shining car bodies. The cars must have been washed at ferry, I thought. It was typical of Max to want to come in clean and spotless. Two or three of my father's wives came to the door of the inner compound and called out greetings to the visitors. *Then Mama, the senior wife, came out hurriedly clutching a telegram.* 'It came this morning while you were out; I just remembered it,' she said to me. 'I told Edmund to remind me as soon as you returned, but the foolish boy...'

Questions

1. What caused this event? **(2marks)**
2. *"No, no son. You have lost the sky and you have lost the ground..."*
 - a) Who said this? **(1marks)**
 - b) What does this statement want to mean? **(2marks)**
3. *"You are in P.O.P. and I am in C.P.C..."*
 - a) Who is in P.O.P and C.P.C according to the excerpt? **(2marks)**
 - b) Describe these characters referring to the whole book. **(2marks)**
4. Describe Max according to this excerpt and his role in the whole book. **(2marks)**
5. Then Mama, the senior wife, came out hurriedly clutching a telegram.
 - i) Is she the real mother of the narrator? Why do you think so? **(2marks)**
 - ii) Why is called Mama according to the whole book? **(2marks)**

Or: (B) Peter Abrahams: *Mine Boy*.

A man near Xuma coughed. A trickle of red spittle flew out of his mouth and fell at Xuma's feet. Xuma stared at it. He had heard about the sickness of the lungs and how it ate a man's body away, but he had never seen a man who had it. He looked at the man. The man's eyes shone brightly and his nostrils quivered. He was an old man.

'Come here,' Xuma said.

The man stepped forward. All the others waited and there was fear in their eyes. Xuma felt fear shooting through his body. The man in front of him was still a man. But the signs were there already. He was bony. He was a man who had been big and muscular once and this showed in his boniness.

'You can go,' Xuma said to the others.

They went slowly, reluctantly. When they had gone Xuma spoke to the man:

'How long have you had this?'

'Two months now,' the man said.

'Did you see the doctor?'

'No,' the man said and hung his head.

'Why not?'

The man looked at the ground and fidgeted with his hands.

'Listen, Xuma, I have a wife and two children and I have worked it all out. We have a small farm and I owe a white man eight pounds. If I do not give it back to him he will take the farm. And if he takes it, where will my wife and children go? I have worked it all out, Xuma, really I have. For four months I have been saving and if I save for another three months I will have the eight pounds and there will be a home for my wife and children. Please let me stay. Don't tell the white people. The others will not. They know. I know I am going to die, but if there is a home for my wife and children I will be happy.'

'And that is why you did not tell of your sickness?'

'That is why.' Xuma felt the fear hammering at his heart.

'What is it, Zuma?'

It was Paddy. He stood a few yards away. Xuma remained silent so Paddy came closer. Paddy looked at the man closely. There was blood at the side of the man's mouth. The man began to cough painfully. Paddy nodded.

'You must see the doctor.'

'No!' the man said.

'Tell him, Xuma said to the man.

The man told Paddy about his wife and two children and about the eight pounds. When he had finished Paddy turned away and walked to where they had been working. After a little while he came back.

Did not the man who hired you tell you that if you got the sickness of the chest money would be paid to you?'

'No.

'Well, it is so,' Paddy said.

The man looked at Xuma. His eagerness was painful.

'Is that so, Xuma?'

Xuma did not know. He looked at Paddy. He hesitated, then nodded.

'Yes, it is so.'

'That is good,' the man said, 'now they will have a home. That is good.

'Go to the doctor,' Paddy said. 'We will come and everything will be all right.

The man went. Xuma looked at Paddy.

'Is it true that he will get money?' There was doubt in Xuma's voice.

Questions

- a) What caused this event? **(2marks)**
 - b) Referring to this excerpt and other event in the whole book, explain the kindheartedness highlighted in the book. **(2 marks)**
 - c) Why did the man ask Xuma never to tell his illness to the white man? **(2 marks)**
 - d) “There was a doubt in Xuma’s voice” What does the narrator want to mean? **(2 marks)**
 - e) What happened to the sick man after Paddy’s decision of taking him to the doctor? **(2 marks)**
 - f) Give a vivid comparison between Xuma and Paddy. **(5 marks)**
- 9) **Choose ONE novel and answer to the question on it. (15 marks)**

Either (A) John Steinbeck: *The Pearl*

- 1. Discuss the role and importance of Coyotito in *The Pearl*. **(6 marks)**
- 2. Desire without limits can destroy us and our family members. Using examples from the book, write an essay in support of this statement. **(9marks)**

Or (B) George Orwell: *Animal Farm*

- 1. Explain the circumstances that led to the animals’ rebellion on manor farm in the *Animal farm*. **(10 marks)**
- 2. Was the animals’ dream achieved as they had wished? Why do you think so? **(5mark)**

END!!!!!!!