**P310/1**

**LITERATURE**

**IN ENGLISH**

**(Prose & Poetry)**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose & Poetry)

**Paper 1**

3 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

* ***All*** *sections are compulsory.*
* *Candidates are advised to spend* ***one*** *hour on each section and not more.*
* *There is no need to read the whole paper first.*
* ***All*** *sections carry equal marks.*

**Turn Over**

**SECTION I**

1. **Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow it.**

In one of his famous lectures, Chinua Achebe, recently deceased, castigated African intellectual who are overly concerned with **“status and stomach,”** for which they sell their souls and their people’s patrimony.

He may have been a little harsh, but he may be excused especially in his **new found state of grace**, for so JM Keynes once said, “words ought to be a little wild as they are the assault of thought upon thinking.”

And indeed, African intellectuals have failed people and betrayed their mission. A creature of western imperial thought, imprisoned in a mental straight jacket of his enslavement, the African intellectual has remained in a permanent state of infancy, suckling on condescending breast whose milk leaves a strange after – taste he cannot quite place, though he will still grab for it tomorrow.

Our scholarship has failed to serve its **appendage status** with Empire, and our universities rarely evolve their projects of investigation, most often relying on the largesse a big western foundations, trusts and stiftungen whose agenda may be **at variance** with ours, where we have any, that is.

This is meant spoon – feeding even our ablest researchers, since they cannot stand on their own and observe **African universes** through African prisms with a view to fashioning a zeitgeist that is truly African.

Thus our campuses are full of venerated PHDs in history without historians that is to say, researchers who have generated knowledge that can be considered as a qualitative addition to the sum of African knowledge in the area of our history.

This has meant that we have continued to be defined by foreigners, who have labeled us as they have wished; and sometimes those self – same labels, we have adopted to define ourselves and each other.

Our academics and other intellectuals are not wholly to blame for this sad state of affairs which is in part caused by the inability – or willingness of our states to invest in research and support knowledge creation programmes.

Worse, **meager salaries** and perks have driven out our dons to roam town offices for “consultancies” which has hurt our universities by eating into lecture schedules.

Our lecturers have long been involved in moon – lighting such as when a lecturer runs a piggery; not for guinea pigs but as a business. The independent intellectual is a rare bird in Africa, being seen as independent thinking is not in high demand, even those who are employed to be advisors and are supposed to think a little soon morph into praise singers and spin doctors who repeat the panglosian mantra all the time: All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

So, may be what chinua meant to say was that the political classes in our countries have rendered Africa intellectuals innocuous, incapable of thinking independently because such an activity does not enhance ones career while sycophancy sure does.

And those who elect to follow in the footsteps of the likes of chinua, by writing, soon discover that you do not have to be a hopeless writer to apply for the dole. By refusing to read as a habitual activity, our people have condemned the writer to a life of poverty and despair that only the stoic can survive.

So may be chinua is a tad harsh, and may be our African intellectual can be cut a little slack, for he did not entirely bring onto himself ; he has been done in by a heartless system out of which he can hardly wriggle, all he does.

At the very least, this state of affairs calls for some reflection, and I have a hunch uncle chinua, as he looks down upon us, would concur. For, the African intellectual, far from castigation, needs our sympathy.

**Questions:**

(a) Suggest a suitable title for this passage. (02 marks)

(b) What is the writer’s opinion of the African intellectual class expressed in the passage? (06 marks)

(c) According to the passage, what are the challenges faced by university lecturers in African countries? (10 marks)

(d) Do you agree with the views expressed by the writer? Give reasons to support your answer. (06 marks)

(e) What is the meaning of the following words used in the passage? (10 marks)

(i) status and stomach

(ii) new found state of grace

(iii) appendage status

(iv) at variance

(v) African universes

(vi) meager salaries

(vii) a rare bird

(viii) morph

(ix) elect

(x) apply for the dole

**SECTION II**

2. **Read the following passage carefully and answer the questions that follow.**

I was awakened by the loud nose in the next bedroom. Oh my God, it was them again. Papa and Mama fighting. I hastily dressed in my pyjamas; for I usually slept naked. I rushed to their bedroom, tried the door. It was locked.

Mama was sobbing, “kill me……. Kill me. Today you have to kill me …….. and end my suffering.” My heart started pounding fast. Never before had I heard Mama utter those words when they quarreled and fought.

“Mama what is wrong?” I shouted. “Open the door,” I pleaded. “Go and sleep you bastard!” Papa shouted instead.

“No Papa, stop beating Mama.”

“I will come for you after I finish with her,” Papa threatened. Then I heard him whipping her. “Lash! Lash! Lash!” I couldn’t bear it any longer. I banged the door harder.

“Open the door” they ignored me. All this time the whipping was going on. I had a terrible fear that papa was indeed going to kill mama. By this time my two siblings had woken up. They were standing in a corridor, crying helplessly. This made me mad and I banged even harder.

Then the door opened. It was mama. She was almost naked. She was only wearing a half – slip. Blood was oozing from her nose. I was in the door way. She pushed me and rushed to the kitchen. I trotted behind her.

She picked up the sharp knife from the sink. Her eyes were blood shot. Bruises clearly marked on her naked body. And I saw the killing instinct of an animal in her eyes. The madness.

“Mama, what do you want to do?” I pleaded with tears in my eyes. As I was pleading with Mama, Papa came into the kitchen with a leather belt in his hand.

“Papa, please leave Mama alone.’

“Go and sleep before I kill you!”

I was standing between them. Then, unexpectedly Papa pushed me towards Mama. She ducked and I fell on the floor. The next thing I saw papa leap in the air and hit mama a karate- style kick on the head. She hit the floor with a sickening thud and the knife fell away.

“Papa, you’ve killed mama!” I shouted and began to cry. Mama seemed lifeless on the floor.

“I’ve taught you a lesson,” Papa was saying.

Then he began dragging her towards their bedroom. My siblings and I cried uncontrollably. Then papa looked closely at mama. He seemed unsure of himself. I saw mama breathing faintly, then papa began applying first aid on her.

“Stop crying,” he ordered. She will be alright.” He cleaned her thoroughly. After a few minutes we saw her coming to life. We watched in silence. Papa’s face was exhibiting pity.

I was taken aback. Just a few minutes ago his face was twisted in anger and hate. And now he was soft and sober as a priest showing care. I was baffled.

**Questions**

(a) What is the major theme being depicted in the passage? Support your answer with evidence. (04 marks)

(b) Explain what the passage reveals about the relationship between the narrator’s parents. (03 marks)

(c) Describe the mood prevailing in the passage. (04 marks)

(d) How effectively has the writer used punctuation and sentences in the passage?

(08 marks)

(e) Comment on the effectiveness of the writer’s style. (08 marks)

**SECTION III**

3. **Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow it.**

**STILL I RISE**

You may write me down in history

With your bitter twisted lies,

You may trod me in the very dirt.

But still, like dust, I’ll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?

‘Cause I walk like I’ve got oil wells

Pumping in my living room.’

Just like moons and like suns,

With the certainty of tides,

Just like hopes springing high,

Still I’ll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?

Bowed head and lowered eyes?

Shoulders falling like tear drops,

Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?

Don’t you take it awful hard

‘cause I laugh like I’ve got gold mines

Diggin in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I’ll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise?

That I dance like I’ve got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history’s shame

I rise

Up from a past that’s rooted in pain

I rise

I’m a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that’s wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave

I am the dream and the hope of the slave

I rise

I rise

I rise

***Maya Angelou***

**Questions:**

(a) Describe the character of the speaker in the poem. (06 marks)

(b) What is the poet’s attitude towards her oppressors? (04 marks)

(c) Comment on the speaker’s

(i) tone and

(ii) mood (08 marks)

(d) Comment on the effectiveness of any five figures of speech used by the poet.

(10 marks)

(e) What feelings has the poem evoked in you? (05 marks)

***END***