***P310/3***

***LITERATURE IN ENGLISH***

***(NOVELS)***

***Paper 3***

***July 2018***

*3 Hours*

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(NOVELS)

**Paper 3**

**3 Hours**

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

1. *This paper consists of four Sections:* ***A****,* ***B****,* ***C*** *and* ***D****.*
2. *Attempt* ***three*** *questions in all.*
3. ***One*** *question must be chosen from Section* ***D****.*
4. *Then choose* ***two*** *other questions, each from a different Section.*

**SECTION A**

**JANE AUSTEN*:*** *Persuasion.*

1. Describe the social life of the royals as presented in *Persuasion*. (33 marks)
2. Examine the causes and effects of persuasion in the novel *Persuasion*. (33 marks)

**THOMAS HARDY**: *Under The Greenwood Tree.*

1. Discuss the role of Dick Dewey as presented in *Under* *The Greenwood Tree*. (33 marks)
2. What lessons do you learn from the relationship between Fancy Day and Dick Dewey in the novel *Under The Greenwood Tree?* (33 marks)

**CHARLES DICKENS**: *Oliver Twist.*

1. How is Nancy central to Oliver Twists’ life? Illustrate from *Oliver Twist*. (33 marks)
2. Given the events of *Oliver Twist*, should we conclude that MAN is Evil or Good? Illustrate from *Oliver Twist*. (33 marks)

**SECTION B**

**GRAHAM GREENE:** *The Heart Of The Matter.*

1. “What a mess I am. I carry suffering with me like a body smell.” Comment on Scobie’s evaluation of his life. (33 marks)
2. How is Louise’ come back a turning point in *The* *Heart Of The Matter*? Illustrate.

(33 marks)

**NICOS KAZANTZAKIS:** *Zorba The Greek.*

1. Zorba wills that after his death, the *Santuri* should be given to the Boss. Why is the *Santuri* so important? (33 marks)
2. The Boss’ last manuscript is written in memory of Zorba. What do you think is the content of this manuscript? Illustrate. (33 marks)

**E.M. FORSTER:** *A Room With A View.*

1. What lessons do we learn from *A Room With A View?* (33 marks)
2. Discuss the effectiveness of five major narrative techniques as employed in *A Room With A View.* (33 marks)

**SECTION C**

**TAYEB SALIH:** *Season Of Migration To The North.*

1. Analyze the major conflicts in the novel *Season Of Migration To The North*. (33 marks)
2. What problems do women face in the society of *Season Of Migration To The North*?

(33 marks)

**ARTHUR KOESTLER**: *Darkness At Noon.*

1. Examine the various ways in which the title “Darkness At Noon” brings out the darkness at MAN’s heart. (33 marks)
2. Discuss the various methods that the state uses to subdue a political opponent. Closely refer to *Darkness At Noon*. (33 marks)

**FERDINAND OYONO:** *Houseboy.*

1. Oyono’s satire is so hard hitting. In what ways does it hit the church and the hospital in *Houseboy*? (33 marks)
2. For what reasons would you sympathise with Toundi for his eventual death? Illustrate.

(33 marks)

**SECTION D**

**OSI OGBU:** *The Moon Also Sets.*

1. *Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow:*

“I know that you are here.”

“Well, eh?”

“Well, what? Am I supposed to jump because you are here?’

“Chief, I know that you sent for me because something serious has happened. What is it?” Pa Okolo asked, throwing caution to the wind.

“Pa Okolo, I will ignore the tone of these questions. I know that you have been under stress lately.”

“Stress-and a-half chief. And now I think that I am hallucinating from terrible, high- powered malaria. Can’t you see how I am sweating?

The only reason I am still alive today is that I know you are there for me- the wind beneath my wing.

“Pa Okolo, *aku akaligo oka*. There is not enough maize to chew with the available palm kernel. Okolo, we have run out of maize and there is no willing seller. No willing seller in spite of the price that I am offering.”

“*Chinekem ooh*. Chief, what are you saying?”

“Pa Okolo, you are not a baby. When the quantity of palm kernel is more than that of maize, the recipe is no good. The taste is awful. You know that, don’t you?”

“I know that, Chief. What are we faced with?”

“There you go again with your questions.”

“It is just that the suspense is killing me,” Pa Okolo said. He was looking like a trapped rat.

“Pa Okolo. I plan to ask your brother, Ben, to confess to burning down Mama Oby’s store.

Pa Okolo almost jumped in spite of his weak condition. “Mba! No. chief, you cannot be serious. Confess to what?”

“What do you mean, ’confess to what?’ I will see him tomorrow and I hope that he will not make life difficult for anyone else.”

“But chief, we promised to protect him.”

“No. You promised to protect him. Listen to me. I warned you that I don’t get involved in amateur acts. After playing high-powered poker games all over the world and having dined with all sorts of devils, you and your useless brother now want to expose my naked butt to the world. I can’t accept that. No I have rejected that. No. I have rejected the devil and his temptations.”

He collected the flowing end of his wrapper and wiped his face, a sign of the seriousness of the matter.

“But chief, don’t you see the danger this places us in?”

Pa Okolo was now sweating profusely. There was no way of guessing how Uncle Ben would react to being asked to confess. There was no way he, Pa Okolo, would accept public ridicule and go to jail. That would be playing too much into the hands of his enemies.

It was a terrible situation to be in. it was like aiming for sky and suddenly discovering that the take- off point on earth was no longer there. That was the situation facing Pa Okolo.

Said the chief, ”I am not in any danger. I am only sorry for you, Okolo. I did everything possible to get that good-for-nothing brother of yours out of detention for your sake. Quite frankly, I think that a few years in jail would teach him a few useful lessons.”

“But how can Igwe, a whole Agaba Idu **I**, give up over such small matter? Is there anyone that is some body in the army or police force that you have not socialized with?” Pa Okolo switched to flattery to soften the chief.

“Leave those things alone. This case is small but knotty. I felt like I was hitting my head against a wall. I don’t want to believe that Mama Oby has anything to do with it. You know that when you underestimate the significance of a small boiling pot of water, it will put out a huge fire. That’s the nature of this case”

“Nothing., Just pray that your brother agrees to confess and does not implicate you in this”.

“Pray?” Pa Okolo said. ”In this prayer, I will need your assistance, chief. Are you going to lead the way?”

“As you know,” the chief continued,” this is an *alu* and the gods will not spare any of you. I will try to protect you from the society but that will be all.”

The chief wanted to emphasize that Pa Okolo was the lone criminal here. In any event, all he did was to provide advice to a friend who needed some. The chief would not accept any responsibility. Yet, he would have been quick to boast of his wisdom if his advice had not backfired. As it were, the wind was blowing and exposing the butt of the fowl.

**Questions**

1. Place the extract in context. (10 marks)
2. Describe the atmosphere in the extract. (08marks)
3. Give the effectiveness of the narrative techniques used in the extract. (08 marks)
4. Discuss the significance of the extract in developing the character traits of Pa Okolo and the chief elsewhere in the novel. (08 marks)

**OLE KULET:** *Blossoms Of The Savannah.*

1. *Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow:*

He stood at the doorway grinning down at her sourly. She had not seen him since that night when he tried to rape her. He had put on some weight and his thumb was still bandaged. He took a step towards the bed and Resian quickly lifted herself and slid out of bed sitting up on its edge; her eyes wide open with terror. He moved closer and sat on the edge of the bed beside her. Resian silently moved away from him and sat erect and motionless. How the man stunk! She thought as she wrinkled her nose slightly. He smelled strongly of sweat, sheep and sour breath.

He threw a furtive glance at Resian, grunted and sighed. Then he heaved a gusty sigh and cleared his throat as if preparing to say something. Resian steeled herself to keep from trembling and she forced herself to breath with a slow steady rhythm. He cleared his throat again, licked his lips and swallowed saliva noisily. The seconds dragged by, each one an eternity long and Resian could hear rats racing from one end of the room to the other. He turned towards her and placed his heavy hand on her knee. She fidgeted and her face twisted with anguish while her lips opened in a silent wail of helplessness and desperation.

“I don’t mean any harm,” he said quietly as he looked about him sheepishly. “I’ll not repeat what I tried to do last time and I regret having been forced to hit you.”

Resian stared at him blearily.

“I don’t blame you for having bitten off my thumb,” he continued his monologue. “I know I was the cause of that for which I have been rebuked severely.”

Resian said nothing.

“My mother tells me you are back on your feet and that you are now able to move around in the homestead,” he said eyeing her stealthily. “She has arranged with the *enkamuratani* who will come the day after tomorrow so that we can clear the pending job and move on.”

Resian began to tremble but stoically held on.

“This is just a small matter that would be over within minutes,” he said nonchalantly. “There is nothing to be afraid of.”

He released her knee and stood up. Without another word, he was gone. Resian’s only hope was that Nabaru, the *enkabaani* would have found a solution to her problem before the *enkamuratani* came.

As soon as Olarinkoi left, Resian leapt from the edge of the bed where she was seated and dashed to the door, quickly bolting it from the inside. She, however, knew that door was not sufficient protection against any intrusion. Nonetheless, it reduced the element of surprise and afforded her some sort of preparedness in case she was confronted by those who were planning evil against her.

She knew her preparedness was of little use to her though, for chance of escaping the *enkamuratani’s olmurunya* were becoming slimmer by the hour. The option of running away from that desolate homestead was out of question for it was in the middle of expansive lands that extended to the horizon in all directions, and were teeming with such dangerous animals as lions, hyenas, snakes and wild dogs called *isuyan*. Chances of outwitting the old mono eyed witch and her evil-minded son, Olarinkoi, could not be given thought, for the two were determined to have her circumcised and no persuasion of any kind was likely to make them change their minds. Even running to the nearby homesteads was of no use, she concluded, for they all supported girl circumcision and she would appear to be ridiculously stupid to want to run away from what other girls were proud to have undergone. She was ensnared. Her only chance of escape lay on one human being; Nabaru the *enkabaani*, and God!

She sat impatiently waiting for Nabaru to return so that she could tell her of the new development. Then she would plead with her, beg her, beseech her, implore her and supplicate for her help to free her out of that hell in whichever way she could. She could now understand how anguished Jesus was that night at the Garden of Gethsemane when He prayed that the cup of agony be taken away from Him. She found herself praying animatedly that the looming excruciating pain be taken away from her.

**Questions**

1. Place the extract in context. (10 marks)
2. Describe the atmosphere in the extract (08 marks)
3. Give the effectiveness of the narrative techniques used in the extract. (08 marks)
4. Discuss the significance of the extract in developing the character traits of Nabaru and Resian elsewhere in the novel. (08 marks)

**GODFREY MWENE KALIMUGOGO:** *A Murky River.*

1. *Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow:*

“And if I pray correctly, but get no good results, what then?” he asked. God’s will was something that really troubled and confused him.

“*Ask, and it shall be given you…*.”

It wasn’t as free as it sounded. There was a big catch, the unbending will of God:

*“Thy will be done on earth, as*

*it is in heaven.”*

Still, the catch or not, he decided that he would have a go at the Lord’s Prayer. His knees were beginning to feel extremely hard pressed upon the holy ground.

‘Our father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is

in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors…’

He paused. Something fishy in this prayer, he felt. There was, so far, no condemnation, or even the mere mention, of the Chief thief.

“I have no debts!” he fumed. “It’s the Chief thief who has my one billion, and I want it back! I am not going to forgive him, you hear?”

So far, the part of the prayer he had recited wasn’t very encouraging. The only silver lining was that bit about our daily bread. He agreed with it entirely. Otherwise, he felt he was wasting time.

“I will not go on,” he decided, opening his eyes. It had been ten minutes since kneeling down, and he was now feeling tired, with a lot of pain in the knees. Moreover, his skepticism in the power of prayer had mutated into outright rejection, and he was feeling angry and betrayed. He had found nothing encouraging in the Lord’s Prayer. It had been his intention not only to ask and be given, but also to invoke the Lord’s anger to come down heavily upon this man at the A.S.U headquarters and teach him to stop detaching billions of shillings from hardworking businessmen such as himself, instead of which the prayer talked of forgiving debtors…

“I am not going to forgive that Chief thief, I am not!” he swore. Up on his feet now, he felt disgusted with himself for the quarter of an hour wasted in an utterly futile effort to recover his money. He felt keen self-disgust for having had doubt in his own religion of believing in *Doing* things, rather than asking to be given. In this state of mind, he confused fact and fiction.

How could the Lord’s Prayer - or any prayer at all – have let him down, when he had not prayed at all? In fact, the only thing the fifteen minutes had achieved was to arouse in him intense hatred for the Chief thief, and an unanswered request for this man to be placed in the path of a thunderbolt.

Still, it wasn’t a total, absolute loss. As he sat in the executive chair and reflected upon the events of the past fifteen minutes, he understood, as he had never done before, the futility of man’s puny will, compared with the greater, cosmic will. Then he wondered: where was justice to be found, justice for man? He wanted to believe that justice existed in a fixed essence which did not inevitably tally with man’s interpretation or perception of it. Revenge, according to what some sage had said, was a form of justice. So, too was, probably, conquest by use of superior force, right? All right, who could accuse the mighty lion of injustice for mangling to pieces the innocent sheep? No one. If the sheep could not be accused of injustice for devouring grass, neither could the lion be accused of injustice for devouring the sheep…. All justice, laid out in a balanced manner.

But having worked out this equation of justice, he was unable to relate it to the efforts he wanted to make to recover his one billion shillings. This lion and sheep and grass thing wasn’t taking him very far. What was required, and required urgently, was to find a way of recovering his one billion in cash or make up for the loss – somehow, but certainly. He was a man who knew the feel and the smell and the flavor of mammon. Born in a humble home, he had worked ruthlessly and unscrupulously to become the present parvenu that he was, and in the course of it all, his mammon instincts and urges had systematically destroyed in him that sense of morality which in normal circumstances, would have restrained him from wreaking havoc on the poor. Now he had no feelings for the poor, and he was prepared to make them even poorer, to milk them dry in order to refill his own pocket.

**Questions**

1. Place the extract in context. (10 marks)
2. Describe the atmosphere in the extract. (08 marks)
3. Give the effectiveness of the narrative techniques used in the extract. (08 marks)
4. Discuss the significance of the extract in developing the character traits of the Boss elsewhere in the novel. (08 marks)

***End***