

P310/3
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PAPER 3
JULY/AUGUST 2019
3HRS

INTERNAL MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE

PAPER 3

3HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- Attempt three questions in all taking one from section A and two others from the remaining sections. Not more than one question may be chosen from any one section.

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SECTION A

Charles Dickens : *Oliver Twist*

'Take care of him, officer', said the old gentleman, raising his hands instinctively; 'he will fall down'.

'Stand away, officer', cried Fang; 'let him, if he likes'.

Oliver availed himself of the kind permission, and fell to the floor in a fainting fit. The men in the office looked at each other, but no one dared to stir.

'I knew he was shamming', said Fang, as if this were incontestable proof of the fact. 'Let him lie there; He will soon be tired of that.'

'How do you propose to deal with the case, sir? Inquired the clerk in a low voice.

'Summarily,' replied Mr. Fang. 'He stands committed for three months-hard labour of course. Clear the office.'

The door was opened for this purpose, and a couple of men were preparing to carry the insensible boy to his cell; when an elderly man of decent but poor appearance, clad in an old suit of black, rushed hastily into the office, and advanced towards the bench.

'Stop, stop! Don't take him away! For Heaven's sake stop amoment! Cried the new-comer, breathless with haste.

Although the presiding Genii in such an office as this, exercise a summary and arbitrary power over the liberties, the good name, the character, almost the lives, of her Majesty's subjects of the poorer class; and although, with in such walls, enough fantastic tricks are daily played to make the angels blind with weeping; they are closed to the public, save through the medium of the daily press. Mr. Fang was consequently not a little indignant to see an unbidden guest enter in such irreverent disorder.

'What is this? Who is this? Turn this man out. Clear the office!' cried Mr. Fang.

I will speak,' cried the man; 'I will not be turned out. I saw it all. I keep the book-stall. I demanded to be sworn. I will not be put down. Mr. Fang, you must hear me. You must not refuse, sir.'

The man was right. His manner was determined; and the matter was growing rather too serious to be hushed up.

'Swear the man,' growled Mr. Fang, with a very ill grace. 'Now, man, what have you got to say?'

'This,' said the man: I 'saw three boys: two others and the prisoner here: loitering on the oppositeside of the way, when this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw it done; and I saw that this boy was perfectly amazed and stupefied by it' Having by this time recovered a little breath, the worthy book-stall keeper proceeded to relate, in a more coherent manner, the exact circumstances of the robbery. 'Why didn't you come here before?' said Fang, after a pause.

'I hadn't a soul to mind the shop,' replied the man. 'Everybody who could have helped me, had joined in the pursuit I could get no body till five minutes ago; and I have run here all the way.'

'The prosecutor was reading, was he? Inquired Fang, after another pause

'Yes,' replied the man. 'The very book he has in his hand.'

'Oh, that book, eh?' said Fang. 'Is it paid for?' 'No, it is not,' replied the man, with a smile.

'Dear me, I forgot all about it!' exclaimed the absent old gentleman, innocently.

'A nice person to prefer a charge against a poor boy!' said Fang, with a comical effort to look humane. 'I consider, sir, that you have obtained possession of that book, under very suspicious and disreputable circumstances; and you may think yourself very fortunate that the owner of the property declines to prosecute

Questions:

1. (a) Place the extract in the context of the novel
- (b) Discuss the themes developed in this extract?
- (c) Characterize Fang basing on this passage and show the feelings he arouses in you.
- (d) Of what significance is this passage to what happens in the rest of the novel.

Persuasion by Jane Austin

'If I thought it would not tempt her go out in sharp winds, and grow coarse, I would send her a new hat and pelisse.'

Anne was considering whether she should venture to suggest that a gown, or a cap would not be liable to any such misuse, when a knock at the door suspended everything. A 'Knock at the door! And so late! It was ten o'clock. Could it be Mr. Elliot? They knew he was to dine in Lansdown Crescent. It was possible that he might stop in his way home, to ask them how they did. They could think of no one else. Mrs. Clay decidedly thought it Mr. Elliot's knock.' Mrs.

Clay was right. With all the state which butler and foot-boy could give, Mr. Elliot was ushered into the room.

It was the same, the very same man, with no difference but of dress, Anne drew a little back, while the others received his compliments, and her sister his apologies for calling at so unusual an hour, but he could not be so near without wishing to know that neither she nor her friend had taken cold the day before &c. &c. 'which was all as politely done, and as politely taken as possible, but her part must follow then. Sir Walter talked of his youngest daughter, 'Mr. Elliot must give him leave to present him to his youngest daughter'-(There was no occasion for remembering (Mary) and Anne, smiling and blushing, very becomingly shewed to Mr. Elliot the pretty features which he had by no means forgotten, and instantly saw, with amusement at his little start of surprise, that he had not been at all aware of who she was. He looked completely astonished, but not more astonished than pleased; his eyes brightened, and with the most perfect alacrity he welcomed the relationship, alluded to the past, and entreated to be received as an acquaintance already. He was quite as good – looking as he had appeared at Lyme, his countenance improved by speaking, and his manners were so exactly what they ought to be, so polished, so easy, so easy particularly agreeable, that she could compare them in excellence to only one person's manners. They were not the same, but they were, perhaps equally good.

He sat down with them, and improved their conversation very much. There could be no doubt of his being a sensible man. Ten minutes were enough to certify that.

His tone, his expressions, his choice of subject, his knowing where to stop,-it was all the operation of a sensible, discerning mind. As soon as he could, he began to talk to her of Lyme, wanting to compare opinions respecting the place, but especially wanting to speak of the circumstance of their happening to be guests in the same inn at the same time, to give his own route, understand something of hers, and regret that he should have lost such an opportunity of paying his respects to her. She gave him a short account of her party, and business at Lyme.

His regret increased as he listened. He had spent his whole solitary evening in the room adjoining theirs; had heard voices- mirth continually; thought they must be a most delightful set of people –longed to be with them; but certainly without the smallest suspicion of his possessing the shadow of a right to introduce himself. If he had but asked who the party were! The name of Musgrove would have told him enough. 'Well, it would serve to cure him of an absurd practice of never asking a question at an inn, which he had adopted, when quite a young man, on the principle of its being very ungentle to be curious.

'The notions of a young man of one or two and twenty,' said he, 'as to what is necessary in manners to make him quite the thing, are more absurd, I believe, than those of any other set of beings in the world. The folly of the means they often employ is only to be equalled by folly of what they have in view.'

But he must not be addressing his reflection to Anne alone; He knew it; he was soon diffused again among the others, and it was only at intervals that he could return to lyme.

His enquiries, however, produced at length an account of the scene she had engaged in there, soon after his leaving the place. Having alluded to 'an accident,' he must hear the whole. When he questioned, Sir Walter and Elizabeth began to question also; but the difference in their manner of doing it could not be unfelt. She could only compare Mr. Elliot to Lady Russell, in the wish of really comprehending what had passed, and in the degree of concern for what she must have suffered in witnessing it.

He staid an hour with them. The elegant little clock on the mantle-piece had struck' eleven with its silver sound',* and the watchman was beginning to be heard at a distance telling the same tale, before Mr. Eliot or any of them seemed to feel that he had been there long. Anne could not have supposed it possible that her first evening in canden- place could have passed so well!

2. (a) Place the extract in the context of the novel.

(b) How are the themes raised in this passage?

(c) Characterize Miss Eliot and show the feelings she arouses in you

(d) Of what significance is this passage to what happens in the rest of the novel?

Thomas Hardy: *Under the Green wood tree*

"Let' do it- I mean get engaged -" said Dick "Now Fancy, will you be my wife?"

"Do you know Dick it was rather unkind of you to say what you did coming along the road." She remarked as if she had not heard the latter part of his speech; though an acute observer might have noticed about her breast as the word "wife" fell from Dick's lips a soft silent escape of breaths, with very short rest between each.

"What did I say?"

"About my trying to look attractive to those men in the gig."

"You couldn't help looking so, whether you tried or no. And Fancy, you do care for me?"

"yes"

"Very much"

"yes"

"And you'll be my own wife?"

Her heart quickened- adding to and withdrawing from her cheek varying tones of red to match each varying thought. Dick looked expectantly at the ripe tint of her delicate mouth, waiting for what was coming forth.

“Yes- if father will let me.”

Dick drew himself close to her, compressing his lips and pouting them out as if he were about to whistle the softest melody known

“O no!” said Fancy solemnly

The modest Dick drew back a little.

“Dick – Dick – kiss me and let go instantly! - here’s some body coming!” she whisperingly exclaimed.*

Half an hour afterwards Dick emerged from the inn, and Fancy’s lips had been real cherries probably Dick’s would have appeared deeply stained. The landlord was standing in the yard ‘Heu- heu!-hay- hay- Master Dewy! Ho-ho!” he laughed, letting the laugh slip out gently and by degrees that it might make little noise in its exit, and smiting Dick under the fifth rib at the same time

“This will never do, upon my life, Master Dewy! Calling for tay for a feymel passenger, and then going in and sitting down and having some too, and bidding such a fine long time!

“But surely you know?” said Dick, with great apparent surprise “Yes

– Yes. Ha- ha! Smiting the landlord under the ribs in return.

“Why – what – yes, yes: ha-ha!

“You know, of course!”

“Yes, of course! But – that is – I don’t?”

“Why about – between that young lady and me?” (Nodding to the window of the room that Fancy occupied)

“No – not I!” said the innkeeper, bringing his eyes into circles.

“And you don’t?”

“Not a word, I’ll take my oath!”

“But you laughed when I laughed.”

“Ay-that was my sympathy: so did you when I laughed!”

“Really, you don’t know? Goodness- not knowing that!”

“I’ll take my oath I don’t!

“O yes-“said Dick, with frigid rhetoric of pitying astonishment, were engaged to be married you see, and I naturally look after her.”

I didn’t “Of course, of course- I did not know that, and I hope ye’ll excuse any little freedom of mine, Mr Dewy. But it is a very odd thing- I was talking to your father very intimate about family matters only last Friday in the world, and who should come in but keeper Day, and we all then fell a- talking o’ family matters; but neither one o’ them said a mortal word about it: knowen me too so many years, and I at your father’s own wedding – isn’t what I should have expected from an old neighboring”

“Well, to say the truth, we hadn’t told father of the engagement at that time- in fact ‘t wasn’t settled.”

“Ah – the business was done Sunday: yes, yes, Sunday’s the courting day. Heu, Heu!

“No, it wasn’t done Sunday in particular.”

“After school - hours this week: well, a very good time- a very proper good time.

Questions

3. (a) Place the extract in the context of the novel (b)
How are themes raised in this extract?
(c) Characterize Dick and show the feelings he arouses in you.
(d) Of what significance is this passage to what happens in the rest of the novel.

SECTION B

G. Green: *The Heart of the Matter*

4. Referring to specific incidents in the story, discuss Scobie's exceptional qualities
5. How is mood created in this novel?

N. Kazantzaki: *Zorba the Greek*

6. What are Zorba's exceptional qualities as portrayed in the novel *Zorba the Greek*?
7. How does the writer show absurdity the novel *Zorba the Greek*?

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

8. What do you find remarkable about Lucy in this novel? 9.
Show the low moments of the characters in this novel

SECTION C

Ferdinand Oyono: *House Boy*

10. How is the theme of hypocrisy portrayed in this novel?
11. To what extent is Toundi a disappointment to himself and his community?

Arthur Koestler: *Darkness at Noon*

12. How is the theme of political repression portrayed in this novel?
13. To what extent has the revolution deviated from its ideals according to this novel?

Saleh : *The Season of Migration to the North*

14. How is the theme of conflict portrayed in this novel?
15. To what extent is this novel a pessimistic one?

SECTION D

Ole Kulet: *Blossoms of the Savannah*

16. How does the writer show that greed for wealth corrupts in the novel *Blossoms of the Savannah*?
17. Examine the writer's effective use of Irony in *Blossoms of the Savannah*?

M. Kalimugongo: *A Murkey River*

18. Show the impact of money on at least two characters in this novel.
19. Examine the writer's effective use of Irony in this novel.

Ogwedu: *The Moon also Sets*

20. Examine the challenges women face in their society in this novel.
21. How does the writer effectively use Irony in this novel?

END