

S.6 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH PAPER 1
(P310/1 – PROSE AND POETRY)
TIME: 3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Answer all questions from ALL Sections.
- Spend about 70 minutes on Section A and approximately 55 minutes on each of the Section B and C.
- It is not necessary to read the whole paper before you start.
- Neat work is necessary to achieve your goal.

SECTION A

1. Read the following passage and answer the questions which follow.

Florence Nightingale, an English nurse; was sent to Turkey to take care of British soldiers wounded during the Crimean war 1854 – 1856. Dr. Hall was the Principal Medical Officer of the Army. Her position was indeed, an official one, but it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then. At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her good will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded. With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible, over wrought, discouraged and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her.

She stood firm, she was a rock in the angry ocean; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope that dawned at Scutari. The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the court gallery in the Barracks Hospital where, day and night, the lady superintendent was at her task. Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months. The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and teeth – brushes. Dr. Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking with a growl, what a soldier wanted with a tooth – brush; but the good work went on.

Eventually the whole business of puvying the hospitals was in effect, carried out by Miss Nightngale. She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what she wanted; she alone could dispense her stores with readiness, above all she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influence of official etiquette.

This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion 27,000 shirts, sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official 'Purveyor' intervened: "he could not unpack them," he said, "without a Board," Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and the wounded lay half naked shivering for want of clothing; and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. A little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable 'purveyor' wringing his hands in departmental agony. Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. Other shiploads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balsclave, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and from three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss. Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government Store House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the mean time she had recognized the kitchens and the laundries in the hospital. The ill – cooked chunks of meat, vilely served at Irregular Intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men, were replaced by punctual meals, well – prepared and appetizing, while strengthening extra foods – soups and wines and jellies ("preposterous luxuries", snarled Dr. Hall) were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect, the separation of the bones from the meat was no part of the official cookery; the rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone – well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps, was not a very good one; but there it was. "It would require a new regulation of the service," she was revolutionized. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale's arrival the number of shirts the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found was 'washed' in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed, and employed soldiers' wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of the times; and hence forward, the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

(Lytton Streachery, *Eminent Victorians*)

Questions:

1. Explain the following phrases in their contexts:
 - (a) With all the gentleness of supreme strength; (02mks)
 - (b) Wringing his hands in departmental agony; (02mks)

- (c) The art of circumventing the pernicious influence of official etiquette. (02mks)
2. Explain these images:
- (a) She gained ground (03mks)
- (b) The reign of chaos and old night begun to dwindle. (03mks)
- (c) The bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. (03mks)
3. What is implied in the phrase official cookery? (02mks)
4. What is the author's attitude towards:
- (a) Dr. Hall (05mks)
- (b) Official etiquette. (05mks)
- (c) Miss Nightingale? (05mks)
- How does he demonstrate those attitudes mentioned above?
5. As concisely as possible, say what you think the greatest difficulty was that. Miss. Nightingale had to overcome in order to run her hospital efficiently. (02mks)

SECTION B

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

On Call

'It's a privilege to be a doctor.....' 'How lucky you are to be a doctor.....' It's a privilege to be a doctor, is it? Anyone who's a doctor is right out of luck, I thought. Anyone who's studying medicine should have his head examined.

You may think I want to change my job. Well, at the moment I do. As one of my friends says – even doctors have a few friends – it's all experience. Experience! I don't need such experience. I need a warm, comfortable, undisturbed all-my-own-bed. I need it badly. I need all telephones to be thrown down the nearest well, that's what I need.

All these thoughts fly round my head as I drive my Mini through the foggy streets of East London at 3:45 am on a December morning. I am a ministering angel in a Mini with a duffel coat and a bag of medicines. As I speed down Lea Bridge Road in the dark at this horrible morning hour, the swish of the mud against the windows, the heater first blowing hot then cold, my back aching

from the car – seat made for a misshapen camel, the fog swirling about the empty petrol – stations, I do not feel like a ministering angel. I wish I were in the Bahamas. Call me a bad doctor if you like. Call me what you will. But *don't* call me at half past three on a December morning for an ear – ache that you have had for two weeks.

Of course, we do have our moments. Occasionally people *are* ill, occasionally you *can* help, occasionally you get given a cup of tea and rock-hard cake at two o'clock in the morning – then you worry if you have done everything. Look, listen, feel, tap. Tablets, injection, phone, ambulance, away to the next.

And then there is always the cool, warm voice of the girl on the switchboard of the emergency bed service who will get your patient into hospital for you – the pleasant voice coming out at you from the cold, dark, smelly, dirty, moisture – miserable telephone – box somewhere between Limehouse and limbo. Oh, it has its moments, does this life.

M.H Nelson in the Bedside Guardian 14.

Questions

- (a) What were the things which made the narrator dissatisfied with his job at this particular time? (5mks)
- (b) What is the narrator's attitude towards his profession? (5mks)
- (c) The passage is written in a light – hearted, humorous manner, give those examples of the writer's sense of humour. (6mks)
- (d) The writer wants to show the readers that working as a doctor in the British Health Service is not pleasant. How does he achieve this? (10mks)
- (e) Comment on the punctuation used in the passage. How does it affect the message? (7mks)

SECTION C

The Guilt of Giving

(Laban Erapu)

You've seen that heap of rags

That pollutes the air conditioned
City Centre.
That louse that creeps about
In the clean core of sophistication;
You've seen him way lay his betters
And make them start...
Especially when they have no change.

You recall the day you came upon him
And were startled by his silent presence
Intruding into your preoccupation.
You hurled a coin
Which missed the mark
And rolled into the gutter
Where he groped for it
With a chilling grotesque gratitude
That followed you down the street.
You dived into the nearest shop
To escape the stare
Of the scandalized crowd
That found you guilty
Of recalling attention
To the impenetrable patience
They had learnt not to see.

Questions

1. Discuss the poem in terms of:
 - (a) Subject matter (12mks)
 - (b) Mood (3mks)
 - (c) Tone (3mks)
 - (d) Attitude (3mks)
2. Comment on the language used by the poet. (12mks)

WISH YOU LUCK