

**Literature in English**

**SENIOR 5 END OF YEAR EXAMINATIONS, 2019**

**SUBJECT: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**COMBINATIONS: HISTORY-ECONOMICS-LITERATURE (HEL)**

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

**LITERATURE-ECONOMICS-GEOGRAPPHY (LEG)**

**LITERATURE-FRENCH–KINYARWANDA (LFK)**

**ENGLISH-KISWAHILI-KINYARWANDA (LKK)**

**DURATION:3 HOURS**

**INSTRUCTIONS**

1. Do not open this paper until you are told to do so.
2. This paper consists of **THREE** Sections: **A, B** and **C**

**Section A**: Prose and Poetry **(40 marks)**

**Section B:** Plays **(30 marks)**

**Section C:** Novels  **(30 marks)**

1. Use only a **blue** or **black** pen.

**SECTION A: Prose and Poetry.**

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

**(25 marks)**

“You too? Suffering from AIDS?” Kanja breathed the one question he had been afraid to ask. He sounded perplexed. Steve smiled vaguely. But before he could speak, Maureer weight in. The story, he seemed to suggest, was hers to tell. “I remember I had gone for a routine prenatal check when the doctor broke the news. When I was diagnosed with AIDS, I had only one prayers. In that moment, when the sun seemed to set on my life, I prayed that my unborn child be free of the virus. I prayed that somehow Steve would be free of the virus too. Oh, how intently I prayed. When my son was born and he turned out negative,my night suddenly went ablaze with a thousand stars. But there was one problem. Steve would not take the test when he finally acquiesced, He was positive I was devastated”.

Steve knew the signs all too well, the clouds were gathering and soon there would be storm, a deluge, he knew. He did not like the way she spoke. Her earnestness sounded almost unnatural. And why must she try to sanitize him?

“I have forbidden you to blame yourself for anything!” Steve growled.

“Oh, you don’t know how it feels seeing you suffer and knowing that I brought this pestilence on you but I swear I have been a faithful woman…..I was faithful to my husband. I was faithful to you, Steve….” Her voice broke and she burst into tears.

“Listen Maureen,” Steve spoke with a tenderness that surprised Kanja. A strange light played in his eyes. “Never cry when the sun goes down for if you do, the tears will not let you see the stars,” She heaved and gasped painfully, trying to get hold of her emotions. Finally, she wiped her tears and looked at her son, playing innocently on his father’s lap. She had two daughters fromher first marriage but this boy, the fruit of the only true love she had ever known in her thirty and five years under the sun, was the crown of her life.

**Questions:**

1. “I have forbidden you to blame yourself for anything!” Steve growled.**(4marks)**
2. Analyze the character of the baby boy, throughout the extract.**(2marks)**
3. Explain the mood in this excerpt.**(2marks)**
4. “Never cry when the sun goes down for if you do, the tears will not let you see the stars,” What did he want to mean? **(4marks)**
5. With reasonable ideas, agree or disagree with the statement in question four. **(8marks)**

NB: the student explains his/her ideas and gives examples illustrating what he/she says.

1. **Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow**
2. **A poem to A Rainy Day(15marks)**

Pitter patter- what’s the matter?

Can’t go out and play?

Pitter patter – get your madder –

Hate this rainy day;

Thunder, lightning – it’s so frightening!

Let’s go run and hide,

Find a place that’s warm and cozy –

Leave the storm outsider;

Splish splash – lightning flash!

Between the drops of rain,

Tumbling like a waterfall

Down the window pane;

Something sort of comforting

Listening to the rain-

Pitter patter, skitter skatter­-

Like my thoughts today-

Washing out the cobwebs

Is refreshing- let’s go play

***-By Linda Ori.***

**Questions**

1. Describe the mood/atmosphere in the poem.**(1mark)**
2. With examples, analyze any four poetic devices in this poem and the effect they create.**(9marks)**
3. Describe the rhythm in the first three lines.(**5marks)**

**SECTION B: PLAYS (30 marks)**

1. **a) Choose ONE of the two passages below, read it carefully and then answer the questions that follow as concisely as possible.**

**Either:** **a) HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People***

*(DR. STOCKMANN'S study. Bookcases and cabinets containing specimens, line the walls. At the back is a door leading to the hall; in the foreground on the left, a door to the sitting-room. In the right-hand wall are two windows, of which all the panes are broken. The DOCTOR'S desk, littered with books and papers, stands in the middle. The room is in disorder. It is morning. DR. STOCKMANN in dressing-gown, slippers and a smoking-cap, is bending down and raking with an umbrella under one of the cabinets. After a little while he manages to rake out a stone.)*

**DR.STOCKMANN***(calling through the open door into the sitting-room)*: Katherine, I have found another one.

**MRS. STOCKMANN**(*from the sitting-room*): Oh, you will find a lot more yet, I expect.

**DR.STOCKMANN** (*adding the stone to a heap of others on the table*): I shall treasure these stones as relics. Ejlif and Morten shall look at them every day, and when they are grown up they shall inherit them. (*Rakes about under a bookcase.*) Hasn't—what the devil is her name? —the girl, you know—hasn't she been to fetch the glazier yet?

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**(*coming in*): Yes, but he said he didn't know if he would be able to come today.

**DR. STOCKMANN:**You will see he won't dare to come.

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**Well, that is just what Randina thought—that he didn't dare to, on account of the neighbours. (*Calls into the sitting-room*.)

What is it you want, Randina? Give it to me. (*Goes in, and comes out again directly*.) Here is a letter for you, Thomas.

**DR.STOCKMANN:**Let me see it. (*Opens and reads it*.) Ah! —of course.

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**Who is it from?

**DR.STOCKMANN:**From the landlord. Notice to quit.

**MRS. STOCKMANN:** Is it possible? He has been such a nice man…

**DR.STOCKMANN**(*looking at the letter*): He daren’t do otherwise, he says. Doesn't like doing it, but dare not do otherwise—on account of his fellow-citizens—out of regard for public opinion. Is in a dependent position—dares not offend certain influential men.

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**There, you see, Thomas!

**DR.STOCKMANN:**Yes, yes, I see all right; the whole lot of them in the town are cowards; no one among them dares do anything for fear of the others. (*Throws the letter on to the table.*) But it doesn't make any difference to us, Katherine. We are going to sail away to the New World, and…

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**But, Thomas, are you sure we should take this step, this business about leaving…?

**DR.STOCKMANN:**Are you suggesting that I should stay here, where they have pilloried me as an enemy of the people—branded me—broken my windows! And just look here, Katherine—they have torn my black trousers too!

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**Oh, dear! —and they are the best pair you have got!

**DR.STOCKMANN:**You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth. It is not that I care so much about the trousers, you know; you can always sew them up again for me. But that the common herd should dare to make this attack on me, as if they were my equals—that is what I cannot, for the life of me, stomach!

**MRS. STOCKMANN:** There is no doubt they have behaved very badly toward you, Thomas; but is that sufficient reason for us to leave our native country for good?

**DR. STOCKMANN:**If we went to another town, do you suppose we should not find the common people just as insolent as they are here? Of course there is much to choose between them. Oh, well, let the mongrels yap-that is the worst part of it. The worst is that, from one end of this country to the other, every man is the slave of his party. Although, as far as that goes, I dare say it is not much better in the free West either; the compact majority, and liberal public opinion, and all that infernal old bag of tricks are probably rampant there too. But there things are done on a larger scale, you see. They may kill you, but they won't subject you to slow torture. They don't squeeze a free man's soul in a vice, as they do here. And, if need be, one can get away from it all. (*Walks up and down*.) If only I knew where there was a virgin forest or a small South Sea island for sale, cheap…

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**But think of the boys, Thomas!

**DR. STOCKMANN:**(*standing still*): What a funny woman you are, Katherine! Would you prefer to have the boys grow up in a society like this? You saw for yourself last night that half the population are insane; and if the other half have not lost their senses, it is because they are mere thickheads, with no wits to lose.

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**But, Thomas dear, the things you said had something to do with it, you know.

**DR.STOCKMANN:**Well, isn't what I said perfectly true? Don't they turn every idea on its head? Don't they make a hotchpotch of right and wrong? Don't they say that the things I know are true, are lies? The craziest part of it all is the fact of these "liberals," men of full age, going about in crowds imagining that they are independent-minded! Did you ever hear anything like it, Katherine!

**MRS. STOCKMANN:**Yes, yes, it's stupid enough of them, certainly; but—(*PETRA comes in from the silting-room*). Back from school already? **Questions**

1. When and where does this scene take place? **(3marks)**
2. Describe the mood at Dr.Stockman’s compound.**(5 marks)**
3. Explain the meaning of “*You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth.”***(4marks)**
4. What kind of freedom or truth Dr. Stokman is fighting for? Did he continue to fight for it or he gave up?**(6marks)**
5. Identify three dramatic techniques used in this extract?**(6marks)**
6. Who is referred to as “Enemy of the People?” Justify your answer.

**(6marks)**

**OR:** **b) CHINUA ACHEBE: *A Man of the People***

That afternoon he was due to address the staff and students of Anata Grammar school where I was teaching at the time. But as usual at those highly political times the villagers moved in and virtually took over. The assembly hall must have carried well over thrice its capacity. Many villagers sat on the floor, right up to the foot of the dais. I took one look and decided it was just as well we had to stay outside-at least for the moment.

Five or six dancing groups were performing at different points in the compound. The popular ‘Ego Women’s Party’ wore a new uniform of expensive accra cloth. In spite of the din you could still hear as clear as a bird the high-powered voice of their soloist, whom they admiringly nicknamed grammar-phone”. Personally, I don’t care too much for our women’s dancing but you just had to listen whenever Grammar-phone sang. She was now praising Micah’s handsomeness, which she liked to the perfect, sculpted beauty of carved eagle, and his popularity which would be the envy of the proverbial traveler-to-distant-places who must not cultivate enmity on his route. Micah was of course Chief the honorable M.A. Nanga, M.P. The arrival of the members of the hunters’ guild in full regalia caused a great stir. Even Grammar-phone stopped- at least for a while. These people never came out except at the funeral of one of their number, or during some very special and outstanding event. I could not remember whenI last saw them. They wielded their loaded guns as though they were playthings. Now and again, two of them would meet in warriors’ salute and knock the barrel of their guns together from left to right and again from right to left. Mothers grabbed their children and hurriedly dragged them away. Occasionally a hunter would take aim at a distant palm branch and break its mid-rib. The crowd applauded. But there were very few such shots. Most of the hunters reserved their precious powder to greet the Minister’s arrival-the price of gunpowder like everything else having doubled again and again in the four years since this government took control.

As I stood in one corner of that vast tumult waiting for the arrival of the minister I felt intense bitterness welling up in my mouth. Here were silly, ignorant villagers dancing themselves lame and waiting to blow off their gunpowder in honor of one of those who had started the country off down the slopes of inflation. I wished for a miracle, for a voice of thunder, to hush this ridiculous festival and tell the poor contemptible people one or two truths. But of course, it would be quite useless. They were not only ignorant but cynical. Tell them that this man had used his position to enrich himself and they would ask you -as my father did-if you thought that a sensible man would spit out the juicy morsel that good fortune placed in his mouth.

**Questions:**

1. In not more than five lines, and in your own words, summarize this extract. **(5marks)**
2. Who do you think is the narrator? Why? (**4marks)**
3. Describe the setting in the extract. **(5marks)**
4. With evidence from the story, explain why the soloist is called Grammar-phone. **(2marks)**
5. “Tell them that this man had used his position to enrich himself …..” What does the sentence reveal about the character of the minister? Explain it deeply with the evidence from the story. **(6marks)**
6. Point out at least one literary device used in the extract? **(2marks)**
7. In which period of African literary tradition can you classify this novel? Why? **(6marks)**

**SECTION C: NOVELS (30 marks)**

**4. 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) JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl***

All manner of people grew interested in Kino - people with things to sell and people with favors to ask. Kino had found the Pearl of the World. The essence of pearl mixed with essence of men and a curious dark residue was precipitated. Every man suddenly became related to Kino's pearl, and Kino's pearl went into the dreams, the speculations, the schemes, the plans, the futures, the wishes, the needs, the lusts, the hungers, of everyone,

and only one person stood in the way and that was Kino, so that he became curiously every man's enemy. The news stirred up something infinitely black and evil in the town; the black distillate was like the scorpion, or like hunger in the smell of food, or like loneliness when love is withheld. The poison sacs of the town began to manufacture venom, and the town swelled and puffed with the pressure of it.

But Kino and Juana did not know these things. Because they were happy and excited they thought everyone shared their joy. Juan Tomás and Apolonia did, and they were the world too. In the afternoon, when the sun had gone over the mountains of the Peninsula to sink in the outward sea, Kino squatted in his house with Juana beside him. And the brush

house was crowded with neighbors. Kino held the great pearl in his hand, and it was warm and alive in his hand. And the music of the pearl had merged with the music of the family so that one beautified the other. The neighbors looked at the pearl in Kino's hand and they wondered how such luck could come to any man.

And Juan Tomás, who squatted on Kino's right hand because he was his brother, asked, "What will you do now that you have become a rich man?"

Kino looked into his pearl, and Juana cast her eyelashes down and arranged her shawl to cover her face so that her excitement could not be seen. And in the incandescence of the pearl the pictures formed of the things Kino's mind had considered in the past and had given up as impossible. In the pearl he saw Juana and Coyotito and himself standing and kneeling at the high altar, and they were being married now that they could pay. He spoke

softly: "We will be married - in the church."

In the pearl he saw how they were dressed - Juana in a shawl stiff with newness and a new skirt, and from under the long skirt Kino could see that she wore shoes. It was in the pearl - the picture glowing there. He himself was dressed in new white clothes, and he carried a new hat - not of straw but of fine black felt - and he too wore shoes - not sandals but shoes that laced. But Coyotito - he was the one - he wore a blue sailor suit from the

United States and a little yachting cap such as Kino had seen once when a pleasure boat put into the estuary. All of these things Kino saw in the lucent pearl and he said: "We will

have new clothes."

**Questions:**

(a) Describe the mood in this extract? **(3marks)**

(b) Explain how Kino was finally disappointed by what he called the fortune?

**(5marks)**

(c) Why did Kino decide to go down the sea and bring a pearl? **(5marks)**

(d) Which theme is described in this extract? **(2marks)**

**Or: b) PETER ABRAHAMS: *Mine Boy***

He carried on up the street and turned down Eloff Street. This was the heart of the city and the crowd was thick. It was difficult to move among all these white people; one had to keep on stepping aside, and to watch out for the motorcars that shot past.

Xuma smiled bitterly. The only place where he was completely free, was underground in the mines. There, he was a master and knew his way. There, he did not even fear his white man, for this white man depended on him. He was the boss boy. He gave the orders to the mine boys. They would do for him what they would not do for this white man or any other white man. He knew that, he had found it out. And underground, his white man respected him and asked him for his opinion before they did anything. It way so and he was at home and ease underground.

His white man had even tried to make friends with him because the other mine boys respected him so much. But a white man and a black man cannot be friends. They work together. That’s all. He smiled. He did not want the things of the white man. He did not want to be friends with white man. Work for him, yes, but that’s all. And didn’t the others respect him more than they respected Johannes. It was because he did not say baas to the white man but knew how to deal with him……………………………

Now you, Xuma, what are you going to do?

“I came for work. There is no work where I come from. And here, they say, there is much work.”

“Where will you work?”

“In the mines. It is a man’s work.”

Leah shook her head and poured herself a drink.

“The mines are no good, Xuma, later on you cough and then you spit blood and you become weak and died. I have seen it many times. Today you are young and you are strong, and tomorrow you are thin and ready to die.”

“All work is like that.”

“No… Listen Xuma, I like you, I can make you powerful. I am powerful here. If you become my head-man you will be powerful too. When you came and found me outside, I was watching for the police. These others were burying beer in the ground. There is much money in it. Maybe you can work for me, eh?”

“No…Well, you are a man with the dumbness of a man…

Come, I will show you where you can sleep.?

“I have no money,” Xuma said.

“No. But you are strong and you will work and Pay me later, heh?”

“Yes”

“And maybe I will need a strong man sometimes and you will help.”

“Maybe.”

“Here,” Leah said, going into a little room. “This is where the teacher lives but she will not come till the today after tomorrow so you can sleep here. When she comes we will think of something else.” She struck a match and lit the candle. She went to the door. “And listen to the me Xuma from the north, don’t think because I do this I am soft or easy and you can cheat me, because if you do, I will cut you up so that your own mother will not want you…”

Xuma laughed. “You are a strange woman. I don’t understand you. The only thing I can understand is your kindness.”

“You’re all right,” she said softly. “But the city is a strange place. Good night.”

She went out and shut the door.

Slowly, Xuma undressed. He felt better now that he had eaten, but he was very tired. Yet he found it hard to sleep when he got into bed.

**Questions:**

1. What happens to the main character? **(2 marks)**
2. What does the story tell you about people, values and society?**(5marks)**
3. What is the main theme in the extract above? Give evidences illustrating your answer. **(5marks)**
4. Describe the character of Leah, as reflected in this extract**. (3marks)**

**5) Attempt the question below on Chinua Achebe’s novel:*A Man of the People*(15 marks)**

**CHINUA ACHEBE: *A Man of the People***

Discuss the theme of “Money and Corruption” depicted in the

novel “*A man of the people*”