

**SECONDARY SCHOOLS
ADVANCED LEVEL
SENIOR SIX**

EXAM: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH / 100 marks

- Instructions:**
1. Write your names correctly on the answer sheet.
 2. Do not start without the supervisor's permission.
 3. **This exam will last 3 hours.**
 4. This paper consists of **Three** Sections: **A, B** and **C**.
 - Section A:** Prose and Poetry **(35 marks)**
 - Section B:** Plays **(15 marks)**
 - Section C:** Novels **(50 marks)**
 5. **Answer all questions, except to the last question (V) where you will choose one from two questions.**
-

SECTION A: PROSE AND POETRY (35 marks)

I. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow. (15 marks)

I stand here ironing

I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron.

“I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about you daughter. I ‘m sure you can help me understand her. She’s a younger who needs help and who I’ m deeply interested in helping

“Who needs help...?” even if I come, what good would it do? You think because I am her mother I have a key, or that in some way you could use me as a key? She has lived for nineteen years. There is all that life that has happened outside of me, beyond me.

And when is there time to remember, to sift, to weight, to estimate, to total? I will start and there will be an interruption and I will have together again. Or I will become engulfed with all I did or did not do, with what should have been and what cannot be helped.

She was a beautiful baby. The first and only one of our five that was beautiful birth. You did not know how all those years she was thought homely, or see her poring over her baby pictures, making me tell her over and over how beautiful she had been-and would be, I would tell her- and was now to the Seeing Eye. But the seeing eyes were few or nonexistent. Including mine.

I nursed her. They feel that it is important nowadays. I nursed all the children, but with her, with all the fierce rigidity of first motherhood, I did like the books then said. Though her cries battered me to trembling, I waited until the clock decreed.

Why do I put that first? I do not even know if it matters at all, or if it explains anything.

She was beautiful baby. She blew shining bubbles of sound. She loved motion, loved light, loved color and music and textures. She would lie on floor in her blue overalls patting the surface so hard in ecstasy her hands and feet would blur.

She was a miracle to me, but when she was eight months old I had to leave her daytimes with the woman downstairs, to whom she was no miracle at all, for I worked or looked for a work and for Emily's father, who "could no longer endure" (he wrote in his goodbye note)" sharing want with us"

I was nineteen. It was the pre-relief, pre-WPA world of the depression. I would start running as soon as I got off the streetcar, running up the stairs, the place smelling sour, and awake or asleep, when she saw me she would break into a clogged weeping that could not be comforted, a weeping I can hear yet.

After a while, I found a job hashing at night so I could be with her during the day, and it was better. But it came to where I had to bring her to his family and leave her.

It took a long time to raise the money for her fare back. Then she got chicken pox and I had to wait longer. When she finally came, I hardly knew her, walking quick and nervous like her father, looking like her father, thin, and dressed in a shoddy red that yellowed her skin and glared at the pockmarks. All the baby loveliness gone.

She was two. Old enough for nursery school they said, and I did not know then what I know now- the fatigue of the long day, and the lacerations of group life in the kinds of nurseries that are only parking places for children.

Except that it would have made no difference if I had known, it was the only place there was. It was the only way we could be together; the only way I could hold a job.

And even without knowing, I knew. I knew the teacher that was evil because all this year it has curdled into my memory, the little boy hunched in the Conner, her rasp," why aren't you outside, because Alvin hits you? That's no reason, goes out, and scared." I knew Emily hated it even if she did not clutch and implore" don't go mommy" likes the other children...

By Tillie Olsen

Questions

- 1) Discuss the challenges Emily faces as a child. (4 marks)
- 2) How does Emily's mother describe her? (4 marks)
- 3) After reading the extract above, analyze the writer's motif in this passage (2 marks)
- 4) Describe the challenges of single parenthood in Rwanda. (5 marks)

II. Read the poem below and provide answers to the given questions (20 marks)

The graceful giraffe cannot become a monkey

My husband tells me
I have no ideas
Of modern beauty.

He says
I have stuck
To old-fashioned hair styles.

He says
I am stupid and very backward,
That my hair style
Makes him sick
Because I am dirty.

It is true
I cannot do my hair
As white women do.

Listen,
My father comes from Payira,
My mother is a woman of Koc!
I am a true Acoli
I am not a half-caste
I am not a slave girl;
My father was not brought home
By the spear
My mother was not exchanged
For a basket of millet.

Ask me what beauty is
To the Acoli
And I will tell you;
I will show it to you
If you give me a chance!

You once saw me,
You saw my hair style
And you admired it,
And the boys loved it
At the arena
Boys surrounded me
And fought for me.

My mother taught me
Acoli hair fashions;
Which fits the kind
Of hair of the Acoli,
And the occasion.

Listen,
Ostrich plumes differ
From chicken feathers,
A monkey's tail

Is different from that of a giraffe,
The crocodile's skin
Is not like the guinea fowl's,
And the hippo is naked, and hairless.

The hair of the Acoli
Is different from that of the Arabs;
The Indians' hair
Resembles the tail of a horse;
It is like sisal strings
And needs to be cut
With scissors.
It is black,
And is different from that of a white woman.

A white woman's hair
Is soft like silk;
It is light
And brownish like
That of a brown monkey,
And is very different from mine.
A black woman's hair
Is thick and curly;
It is true
Ring-worm sometimes eat up
A little girl's hair
And this is terrible;
But when hot porridge
Is put on the head
And the dance is held
Under the sausage-fruit tree
And the youths have sung

*You, Ring worm
Who is eating Duka's hair
Here is your porridge,*

Then the girl's hair
Begins to grow again
And the girl is pleased.

By Okot p' Bitek

Questions

- 1) What does the title of the poem “*The graceful giraffe cannot become a monkey*” mean? (2 marks)
- 2) Who is the persona in this poem? How do you know? (2 marks)
- 3) How does Lawino see her identity? (2 marks)
- 4) Who is surer of his/her identity? Lawino or her husband? Why do you think so? (2 marks)
- 5) How does Lawino react to the complaint of her husband? (2 marks)
- 6) Basing on subject matter, justify Lawino’s attitudes towards African identity. (2 marks)
- 7) Comment on 4 poetic devices used in the poem. (8 marks)

SECTION B: PLAYS (15 marks)

III. Read the extract below from Arthur Miller’s “*The Crucible*” and answer questions that follow. (15 marks)

DR. STOCKMANN: (snapping his fingers and getting up from the table): I have it! I have it, by Jove! You shall never set foot in the school again! The Boys. No more school!

MRS. STOCKMANN: But, Thomas-

DR. STOCKMANN: Never, I say. I will educate you myself; that is to say, you shan’t learn a blessed thing-

MORTEN: Hooray!

DR. STOCKMANN: --but I will make liberal-minded and high-minded men of you. You must must help me with that, Petra. Petra, Yes, father, you may be sure I will.

DR. STOCKMANN: And my school shall be in the room where they insulted me and called me An enemy of the people. But we are too few as we are; I must have at least twelve boys to begin with.

MRS. STOCKMANN: You will certainly never get them in this town.

DR. STOCKMANN: We shall. (To the boys.) Don’t you know any street urchins--regular ragamuffins--?

MORTEN: Yes, father, I know lots!

DR. STOCKMANN: That’s capital! Bring me some specimens of them. I am going to experiment with curs, just for once; there may be some exceptional heads among them.

MORTEN: And what are we going to do, when you have made liberal minded and high-minded men of us?

DR. STOCKMANN: Then you shall drive all the wolves out of the country, my boys!
(EJLIF looks rather doubtful about it; MORTEN jumps about crying “Hurrah!”)

MRS. STOCKMANN: Let us hope it won’t be the wolves that will drive you out of the country, Thomas.

DR. STOCKMANN: Are you out of your mind, Katherine? Drive me out! Now--when I am the strongest man in the town!

MRS. STOCKMANN: The strongest--now?

DR. STOCKMANN: Yes, and I will go so far as to say that now I am the strongest man in the whole world.

MORTEN: I say!

DR. STOCKMANN: (lowering his voice). Hush! You mustn't say anything about it yet; but I have made a great discovery.

MRS. STOCKMANN: Another one?

DR. STOCKMANN: Yes. (Gathers them round him, and says confidentially:) It is this, let me tell you--that the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.

MRS. STOCKMANN: (smiling and shaking her head). Oh, Thomas, Thomas!

PETRA: (encouragingly, as she grasps her father's hands). Father!

From "An Enemy of the People" by Henrik Ibsen, Act 5

Questions

- 1) What does Dr. Stockmann plan to do in the above excerpt? (2 marks)
- 2) Why has he qualified himself as a strong man? (4 marks)
- 3) In this excerpt Dr. Stockmann says that he was insulted and called "An enemy of the people". a) Why? b) Is he an enemy of the people? Discuss your answer. (5 marks)
- 4) Discuss at least 2 main themes in the above excerpt. (4 marks)

SECTION B: NOVELS (50 marks)

IV. Read the following extracts carefully and then answer ALL the questions that are set on them. (35 marks)

1. ANIMAL FARM by George Orwell (20 marks)

In January there came bitterly hard weather. The earth was like iron, and nothing could be done in the fields. Many meetings were held in the big barn, and the pigs occupied themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible.

If one of them suggested sowing a bigger acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots. Each had his own following, and there were some violent debates. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late the sheep had taken to bleating –Four legs good, two legs bad- both in and out of season, and they

often interrupted the Meeting with this. It was noticed that they were especially liable to break into –Four legs good, two legs bad - at crucial moments in Snowball’s speeches. Snowball had made a close study of some back numbers of the Farmer and Stockbreeder which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains, silage, and basic slag, and had worked out a complicated scheme for all the animals to drop their dung directly in the fields, at a different spot every day, to save the labour of cartage. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball would come to nothing, and seemed to be biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

In the long pasture, not far from the farm buildings, there was a small knoll which was the highest point on the farm. After surveying the ground, Snowball declared that this was just the place for a windmill, which could be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power. This would light the stalls and warm them in winter, and would also run a circular saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an electric milking machine. The animals had never heard of anything of this kind before (for the farm was an old-fashioned one and had only the most primitive machinery), and they listened in astonishment while Snowball conjured up pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved their minds with reading and conversation.

Within a few weeks Snowball’s plans for the windmill were fully worked out. The mechanical details came mostly from three books which had belonged to Mr. Jones- “One Thousand Useful Things to Do About the House”, “Every Man His Own Bricklayer”, and “Electricity for Beginners”.

From “Animal Farm” by George Orwell

Questions

- a) Discuss the main reasons that caused the disagreements between Napoleon and Snowball in above extract. **(2 marks)**
- b) According to Snowball, what would a windmill serve in the farm? **(4 marks)**
- c) Differentiate The Battle of the Cowshed from The Battle of the Windmill. **(4 marks)**
- d) State 3 commandments that were revised by the pigs, how they were revised and why they were revised. **(7 marks)**
- e) After overthrowing Mr Jones from the leadership of the farm, the animals led themselves. Did they get what they were fighting for? Support your answer. **(3 marks)**

2. MINE BOY by Peter Abrahams (15 marks)

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 was 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.

From "Mine Boy" by Peter Abrahams

Questions

- a) What happens to the main character? **(2 marks)**
- b) How relevant is the title of the book? **(3 marks)**
- c) What does the story tell you about people, values and society? **(6 marks)**
- d) Discuss 2 main themes from the novel. **(4 marks)**

V. Choose ONE novel and then answer the question set on it. (15 marks)

EITHER: THE PEARL by John Steinbeck

Explain why and how the pearl as an incredible gift to Kino and Juana, is considered as good and evil.

OR: A MAN OF THE PEOPLE by Chinua Achebe

With relevant examples, discuss how girls and women were portrayed throughout the novel.
