

P310/1
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
(PROSE & POETRY)
Paper 1
July/August, 2019
3hours



WESTERN JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate Of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTION TO CANDIDATES:

Attempt all questions.

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

Sir- Corruption is one of the rampant evils facing Uganda today. This is manifested in various forms, including abuse of office, fraud and embezzlement, falsification of documents, nepotism, over-invoicing, tax evasion, gross misappropriation of public funds and false budgeting.

Due to the devastating effects of corruption, people are denied social services. Although there are laws and institutions to fight corruption, the laws are marred by poor enforcement and the institutions suffer vast constraints, including lack of adequate and skilled human resources, poor remuneration of staff, lack of incentives and lack of logistical support. While it is true that corruption is a worldwide phenomenon, it is worrying the dimension it is taking in Uganda. It is not only institutionalized today, but also threatens to tear the whole economy apart. At the time of the founding of the NRM revolution, many ambitious people and others who were convinced that the government of the day (Milton Obote's) was persecuting them, found sanctuary in the NRM ranks. Many of these people hoped to gain materially after the fall of Kampala. So the war actually corrupted them! After the fall of Kampala, it is on record that the scramble for positions and assets started. With the conviction that these people "had fought", greed and use of positions for personal gain flourished. Not only did many of these "cadres" mismanage public enterprises, some looted them thoroughly that by the time of privatization, public resources had been looted by individual managers, who were paying themselves for having 'liberated' the country to the extent that upon sale of the public assets, some enterprises had bigger liabilities than their net worth! This cancer has reached the extent those political connections are the one who take most of the advertised jobs. The trick at times is that those who are better qualified for the job are not shortlisted or one 'fails' the interview even before attending it!

The story goes further.

The individual merit in elections has made it. It has become near to impossible to contest successfully in elections without "logistics". What is surprising is the way public money is openly dishonoured out without conscience to 'facilitate' supporters! It is now normal to promise political supporters jobs without bothering to think of where the money to pay them will come from! These people are free to feast on this 'manna' by virtue of their positions. However, the worst corruption is related to procurement military uniforms and the invisible valley dams. Procurement typically accounts for the largest share of public expenditure at all levels of government. The temptations are enormous and, in too many cases, the risks of punishment are relatively small. The growing use of external consultants is another new opportunity for corruption. President Yoweri Museveni has quite a job at hand!

QUESTIONS;

- (a) Suggest a suitable title for the passage
- (b) What is the passage about
- (c) Show the effects of corruption as portrayed in the passage
- (d) In your own opinion, how can corruption be reduced in our country?
- (e) Comment on the writer's tone in this passage
- (f) What do the following words/phrases mean according to the passage?
 - (i) Misappropriation of public funds
 - (ii) Sanctuary
 - (iii) Political connections
 - (iv) Logistics
 - (v) Enormous

SECTION B

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away. It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward, what I then saw confounded and mazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly descended. I now observed, with what horror it is needless to say, that its neither extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the razor; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massive and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognisance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents- the pit, whose horrors had been destined for so hold a recusant as myself the pit, typical of hell and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss, and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots sit to tell long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch- line by line -with a descent only appreciable at interval that seemed ages - down and still down it came! Day passed - it might have been that many days passed - ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself in to my nostrils. I prayed - I wearied Heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically made, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearfull scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for upon lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long- for I know there were demons who look note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very inexpressibly - sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far my bonds permitted and took possession of the left arm as far as my bonds permitted and took possession of the small remnant which has been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half - formed thought of joy - of hope, yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half - formed thought - map has many such, which are never completed.

I felt that it was of joy - of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect I to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my powers of mind. I was an imbecile - an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles of my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe - it would return and repeat its operations - again - and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused, I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention - as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest here the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment - upon he peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on he nerves. I pondered over all this friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered over all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down- steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right - to the left - far and wide- with the shriek of a damned spirit! To

my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down – certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently – furiously – to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no further. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to rest an avalanche!

Down – still unceasingly – still inevitably down! I gaped and struggled at each vibration. I shrank convulsively at its every seep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh how unspeakable!

1. (a)(i) Suggest an appropriate title for this passage (3mks)
- (ii) What does the speaker describe in this passage (8mks)
- (b) How is the message in this passage brought out (8mks)
- (c) Explain the speaker's feeling in this passage (8mks)
- (d) Comment on tone (6mks)

SECTION C

2. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

Old Granny

Old little freezing spider
Legs and arms gathered in her chest
Rocking with flu
I saw old granny
At Harare market
It was past nine of the night
When I saw the dusty crumpled spider,
A tom little blanket
Was her web

Questions

- (a) Give the poem's subject matter. (9mks)
- (b) Identify the themes in the poem. (8mks)
- (c) What feelings does the poem arouse in you? (8mks)
- (d) Comment on the symbols in the poem and their effectiveness. (8mks)

END