**P310/3**

**LITERATURE IN**

**ENGLISH**

**(Novels)**

**Paper 3**

**Jul / Aug 2016**

**3 Hours**



**MUKONO EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(Novels)**

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**3 Hours**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

* *This paper consists of* ***four*** *sections;* ***A****,* ***B****,* ***C*** *and* ***D****.*
* *You are required to attempt* ***three*** *questions in all.*
* *Attempt* ***one*** *question from section* ***B*** *and only* ***two*** *from sections* ***A, B*** *and* ***D.***
* *Any extra question(s) shall* ***not*** *be assessed.*

**SECTION A**

**CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist***

1. What is the contribution of Rose Maylie and Nancy to the development of the novel

*Oliver Twist?* ***(33marks)***

2. Discuss the vices of the English society that Dickens satirizes in the novel, *Oliver Twist.*

***(33marks)***

**THOMAS HARDY: *Under the Greenwood tree***

3. Examine the theme of love in the novel, *Under the Greenwood tree.* ***(33marks)***

4. How has Thomas hardy used setting to portray the major themes in the novel, *Under the*

*Greenwood tree.?* ***(33marks)***

**JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion***

5. Discuss Jane Austen’s style in *Persuasion.* ***(33marks)***

6. Describe Louisa’s fall at the Cobb and examine its significance to the overall

development of the novel, *Persuasion?* ***(33marks)***

**SECTION B**

**GRAHAM GREENE : *Heart of the Matter***

7.

‘You should be glad to get rid of me.’ She said.

‘It would be like the end of life.’

‘Go away if you want to.’

*‘*I don’t want to go. I want to do what you want.’

‘You can go if you want to – or you can stay,’ she said with contempt. ‘I can’t move, can I?

‘If you want it, I’ll get you on the next boat somehow.’

‘O, how pleased you’d be if this were over,’ she said and began to weep.

When he put out a hand to touch her she screamed at him, ‘Go to hell! Clear out.’

‘I’ll go, he said.

‘Yes, go and don’t come back.’

On the door, with rain cooling his face, running down his hands it occurred to him how much easier life might be if he took her at her word. He would go into his house and close the door and be alone again: he would write a letter to Louise without a sense of deceit and sleep as he hadn’t sat for weeks dreamless. Next day, the office, the quiet going home, the evening meal, the locked door……

But down the hill, past the transport park, where lorries crouched under the dripping tarpaulin, the rain fell like tears. He thought of her alone in the heart wondering whether the irrevocable words had been spoken if all the tomorrows consist of Mrs. Carter and Bagster until the boat came, and she went home with nothing to remember but misery. Inexorably, another’s point of view rose on the path like a murdered innocent.

As he opened his door a rat that had been nosing at the food safe retreated without haste at the stairs. This was what Louise had hated and feared; he had at least made her happy, and now ponderously with planned careful recklessness, he set about trying to make things right for Helen. He sat down at his table and getting a sheet of typewriting paper – official paper stamped with the government watermark – he began to compose a letter.

He wrote: “*My darling” –* he wanted to put himself entirely in her hands, but to leave her anonymous. He looked at his watch and added in the right hand corner, as though he were making a police report, “12:35AM. Burnside, September 5.” He went carefully on, “I love you more than myself, more than my wife, more than God, I think.” I am trying very hard to tell the truth; I want more than anything in the world to make you happy….” The banality of the phrases saddened him; they seemed to have no truth personal to herself: they had been used too often. If I were young, he thought, I would be able to find the right words, the new words, but all this has happened to me before. He wrote again, “I love you. Forgive me,” signed and folded the paper.

He put on his mackintosh and went out again in the rain. Wounds festered in the damp, they never healed. Scratch your finger and in a few hours there would be a little coating of green skin. He carried a sense of corruption up the hill. A soldier shaded something in his sleep in the transport park – a single word like a hieroglyphic on the wall which Scobie would not interpret – the men were Nigerians. The rain hammered on the Nissen roofs, and he thought, ‘why did I write that?’ Why did I write, ‘more than God?’ She would have been satisfied with, ‘more than Louise.’ Even if it is true, why did I write it? The sky wept endlessly around him; he had the sense of wounds that never healed. He whispered, ‘O God I have deserted you. Do not you desert me?’

When he came to her door he thrust the letter under it. He had the rustle of the pepper on the cement floor but nothing else. Remembering the childish figure carried past him on the stretcher to think, he was saddened to think how much had happened, how uselessly, to make him now say to himself with resentment: she will never again be able to accuse me of caution.

**Questions**

a) Briefly describe the events that lead to the above extract. ***(08marks)***

b) Discuss the character of Scobie as expressed in the extract. ***(08marks)***

c) Discuss the narrative techniques used to portray the themes in the extract. ***(10marks)***

d) What is the importance of the passage in developing the plot of the novel? ***(08marks)***

**NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: *Zorba the Greek***

8.

“Get out!” Zorba shouted in a hoarse voice, “ Get out!”

We tore back toward the exit but we had not reached the first wooden frame when a second, louder cracking noise burst out over our heads. Zorba, meanwhile was lifting up a great tree truck to wedge it in as a buttress against the timbering which was giving way. If he managed it enough, it may hold up the roof to escape.

“Get out!” Zorba yelled again, but this time his voice was muffled, as if it were coming from the bowels of the earth.

With the cowardice which often comes over men in critical moments, we all rushed out, completely forgetting Zorba. After a few seconds I pulled myself together and ran back into the gallery.

“Zorba!” I shouted. “Zorba!”

At least, I realized afterwards that my cry had not left my throat. Fear had strangled my voice.

I was overcome with shame. I leapt towards him with arms outstretched. Zorba had just made from the grate and was running, slithering in the mire, towards the exit. Rushing headlong in the darkness, he ran into me and we accidentally fell into each other’s arms.

“We must get out!” he yelled. “Get out!”

We ran and reached the light. The terror – stricken workmen had gathered at the entrance and were peering inside.

We had a third and louder cracking noise, like a tree splitting in a storm. Then, suddenly, a fearful roar, like a clamp of thunder. It shook the mountainside, and the galley collapsed.

“God, Almighty!” the men murmured, crossing themselves.

“You left your picks down there!” He shouted again furious. “You wet your pants, I bet too bad about the tools, eh?”

“Oh, Zorba, this is no time to bother about the picks,” I said, coming between them. “Let us be grateful that all the men are safe and sound! Thanks to you, Zorba for we owe all our lives to you.”

“I am hungry,” Zorba said. “That’s made me feel empty.

He took his haversack, which he had left on a stone, opened it and pulled out some bread, olives, onions, a boiled potato and a little gourd of wine.

“Come on, boys, let’s eat!” he said.

He bolted his food quickly, as if he had suddenly lost a lot of strength and wanted to stock up again.

He ate leaning forward, without speaking. He took his gourd, through his head back and let the wine gurgle down his parched throat.

The workmen also took courage, opened their haversacks and started eating. They sat cross – legged, round Zorba and ate, looking at him. They wanted to throw themselves at his feet and kiss his hands, but they knew he was brusque, and none of them dared make a movement.

Finally Michelles, the eldest, made up his mind and spoke.

“If you hadn’t been there, good master Alexis,” he said, “our children would be orphans by this time.

Dry up!” Zorba said with his mouth full; and no one else ventured a word.

**Questions**

a) Briefly describe the events that precede this extract. ***(08marks)***

b) Describe the character of Zorba as expressed in the extract. ***(08marks)***

c) How does the author create the mood in the passage? ***(10marks)***

d) Discuss the significance of this extract to the rest of the novel. ***(08marks)***

**EDWARD MORGAN FORSTER: *A Room with a View***

9.

“Dearest Lucy, how will you ever forgive me?”

Lucy was on her guard at once, knowing by bitter experience what forgiving Miss Bartlett meant. Her emotion relaxed; she modified her embrace a little, and she said:

‘Charlotte dear, what do you mean? As if I have anything to forgive!’

‘You have a great deal, and I have a very great deal to forgive myself, too.

I know well how much I vex you at every turn.

‘But no \_\_\_

Miss Barlett assumed her favorite role, that of the prematurely aged martyr.

‘Ah, but yes! I feel that our tour together is hardly the success I had hoped I might have known it would not do. You want someone younger and stronger and more in sympathy with you. I am too uninteresting and old-fashioned – only fit to pack and unpack your things.

‘Please\_\_\_’

‘My only consolation was that you found people more to your taste, and were often able to leave me home. I had my own poor ideas of what a lady ought to do, but I hope I did not inflict them on you more than was necessary. You had your own way about these rooms, at all events.

‘You must say these things,’ said Lucy softly.

She still clung to the hope that she and Charlotte loved each other, heart and soul. They continued to pack in silence.

‘I have been a failure,’ said Miss Barlett as she struggled with the traps of Lucy’s truck instead of strapping her own. ‘Failed to make you happy; failed in my duty to your mother. She has been so generous to me. I shall never face her again after this disaster.

‘But mother will understand. It is not your fault, this trouble, and it isn’t a disaster either.

‘It is my fault, it is a disaster. She will never forgive me, and rightly. For instance, what right had I to make friends with Miss Lavish?’

‘Every right!’

‘When I was here for your sake? If I have vexed you, it is equally true that I have neglected you. Your mother will see this as clearly as I do, when you tell her.’

Lucy, from a cowardly wish to improve the situation, said;

‘Why need mother hear of it?’

‘But you tell her everything?’

‘I suppose I do, generally.’

‘I dare not break your confidence. There is something sacred in it. Unless you feel that it is a thing you could not tell her.’

The girl would not be degraded to this.

‘Naturally I should have told her. But in case she should blame you in any way, I promise I will not. I am very willing not to. I will never speak of it either to her or anyone.’

Her promise brought me the long drawn interview to a sudden close. Miss Barlett pecked her smartly on both cheeks, wished her good night and sent her to her own room.

**Questions**

a) Briefly describe the events that precede this extract. ***(08marks)***

b) Discuss the character of Miss Barlett as expressed in the extract ***(08marks)***

c) Examine the narrative techniques used to arouse our feelings in this extract. ***(08marks)***

d) Discuss the significance of the extract in relation to the rest of the novel. ***(10marks)***

**SECTION C**

**FERDINARD OYONO: *Houseboy***

10. What aspects of the French colonial rule does Ferdinand Oyono satirize in the novel,

*Houseboy?* ***(33marks)***

11. With reference to the novel, *Houseboy,* show how Ferdinand Oyono portrays the

Church. ***(33marks)***

**ARTHUR KOESTLER: *Darkness at Noon***

12. How is the novel, *Darkness at Noon* relevant to the Ugandan situation today?

***(33marks)***

13. What are your feelings towards the character of Rubashov? ***(33marks)***

**TAYEB SALIH: *Season of Migration to the North***

14. Analyze the appropriateness of the title *Seasons of Migration to the North.* ***(33marks)***

15. Discuss Salih’s effective use of any **two** narrative techniques in the novel. ***(33marks)***

**SECTION D**

**GEORGE M. KALIMUGOGO: *A Murky River***

16. What is the contribution of Robert Mutana to the development the novel, *A Murky*

*River?*  ***(33marks)***

17. Discuss the writer’s portrayal of corruption in, *A Murky River.* ***(33marks)***

**MICHAEL OSITA OGBU: *The Moon Also Sets***

18. Discuss the theme of tradition in the novel, *The Moon Also Sets.* ***(33marks)***

19. What lessons do we learn from Maama Oby and her daughter’s fight against the

challenges in their lives in the novel, *The Moon Also Sets?* ***(33marks)***

**HENRY R. OLE KULET: *Blossoms of the Savannah***

20. Using Resian and Oloisodori, examine the revelations Ole Kulet makes about

contemporary society in *Blossoms of the Savannah.* ***(33marks)***

21. Discuss the view that the novel Blossoms of the Savannah is a plea against male

chauvinism. ***(33marks)***

***End -***