P310/1

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**PAPER 1**

JULY/AUGUST 2016

3 HRS

WESTERN JOINT MOCK EXAMINATION

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

**LITERATURE**

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3HOURS

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

* Attempt all sections

**SECTION A**

**1. Read the extract and answer the questions that follow**

Shamelessly trampling underfoot your own statutes, you have expelled me in my absence, as at the sound of a fire- alarm, without even sending me a summon by telegram, without even giving me the four hours I needed to come from Ryazan and be present at the meeting. You have shown openly that the RESOLUTION preceded the discussion. Was it less awkward for you to invent new charges in my absence? Were you afraid of being obliged to grant me ten minutes for my answer? I am compelled to substitute this Letter for those ten minutes.

Blow the dust off the clock. Your watches behind the times. Throw away the heavy curtains which are so dear to you-you do not even suspect that the day has already dawned outside. It is no longer that stifling, that sombre, irrevocable time when you expelled Akhmatova in the same servile manner. It is not even that timid, frosty period when you expelled Pasternak, whining abuse at him. Was this shame not enough for you?

Do you want to make it greater? But the times is near when each of you will seek to erase his signature from today’s resolution.

Blind leading the blind! You do not even notice that you are wandering in the opposite direction from the one you yourself announced at this time of crisis you are incapable of suggesting anything constructive, anything good for our society, which is gravely sick-only your hatred, your vigilance, your hold on and don’t let go.

Your clumsy articles fall apart; your vacant minds stir feebly but you have no arguments. You have only your voting and your administration. And that is why neither Sholokhov nor any of you, of all the lot of you, dared reply to the famous latter of Lydia Chukovskaya, who is the pride of Russian publicistic writing. But the administrative pincers are ready for her: How could she allow people to read her book.

(The Desert House) when it has not been published? Once the AUTHORITIES have made up their minds not to publish you – then stifle yourself, choke yourself, cease to exist, and don’t give your stuff to anyone to read!

They are also threatening to expel Lev Kppelev, the front-line veteran, who has already served ten years in prison although he was completely innocent. Today he is guilty: he intercedes for the persecuted he revealed the hallowed secrets of his conversation with an influential person, he disclosed an OFFICIAL SECRET. But why do you hold conversations like these which have to be concealed from the people? Were we not promised fifty years ago that never again would there be any secret diplomacy, secret talks, secret and incomprehensible appointments and transfers, that the masses would be informed of all matters and discuss them openly?

The enemy will overhear – that is your excuse. The eternal omni-present ‘enemies’ are a convenient justification for your functions and your very existence. As if there were no enemies when you promised immediate openness. But what would you do without ‘enemies’ you could not live without ‘enemies’; hatred, a hatred no better than racial hatred, has become your sterile atmosphere. But in this way a sense of our single, common humanity is lost and its doom is accelerated. Should the Antarctic ice melt tomorrow, we would all become a sea of drowning humanity, and into whose heads would you then drilling your concepts of ‘class struggle?’ Not to speak of the time when the few surviving bipeople will be wandering over radioactive earth, dying.

It is high time to remember that we belong first and foremost to humanity. And that man has distinguished himself from the animal world by THOUGHT AND SPEECH and these naturally, sound be FREE. If they are put in chains, we shall return to the state of animals.

OPENESS, honest and complete OPENESS- that is the first condition of health in all societies, including our own. And he who does not want this openness for our country cares nothing for his fatherland and thinks only of his own interest. He doesnot wish this openness for his fatherland does not want to purify it of its diseases, but only to drive them inwards, there to fester.

12 November 1969

**Questions.**

1 (a) What is the extract about?

(b) For what purpose does the writer compare man and animals?

(c) What writing techniques does the writer use to develop hos message?

(d) Explain the meaning of these phrases as used in the passage

(i) …trampling......own statutes…

(ii) …Blow the dust off the clock…

(iii) …Hold on and do not let go…

(iv) …Administrative pincers…

(v) …Omnipresent evening…

**SECTION B**

**Classroom Violence**

Someone threw a book at BASU and said, ‘Confess!

Basu backed on to a wall, ‘To God, I shall call the police

if anyone strikes me’, he cried fiercely.

‘He thinks he can buy the police’, a voice called.

‘That proves it’, someone shouted from the back.

‘Yes, he must have done it, the other said, and they started throwing books at Basu. Sorie waved his arm for them to stop, but they did not. Books, corks, boxes of matches rained on Basu. He bent his head and shielded his face with his bent arm.

‘I did not do it, I swear I did not do it. Stop it, you fellows’, he moaned over and over again. A small cut had appeared on his temple and he was bleeding. Kojo sat quietly for a while. Then a curious hum started to pass through him, and his hands began to tremble, his armpits to feel curiously wetter. He turned round and picked up a book and flung it with desparate force at Basu, and then another. He felt some how that there was an awful swelling of guilt which he could only shed by punishing himself through hurting someone. Anger and rage against everything different seized him, because if every thing and every one and been the same, somehow he felt nothing would have been wrong and they would all have been happy. He was carried away now by a torrent which swirled and pounded. He felt that somehow Basu was in the wrong must be in the wrong, and if he hurt him hard enough, he would convince others and therefore himself that he had not broken the thermometer and that he had never done anything wrong. He groped for something bulky enough to throw, and pick up the bible.

‘Stop it’, Vernier shouted through the open doorway. ‘Stop it, you hooligans, you beasts’, they all became quiet and shamefacedly put down what they were going to throw. Basu was crying quietly and hopelessly his thin body shaking.

‘Go home, all of you go home. I am ashamed of you’, his black face shone with anger. ‘You are an utter disgrace to your nation and to your race’,

They crept away, quietly, uneasily, avoiding each other’s eyes, like people caught in a secret passion.

Vernier went to the first –aid cupboard and started dressing Basu’s wounds.

Kojo and Bandele came back and hid behind the door, listening. Bandele insisted that they should.

Vernier put Basu’s bandaged head against his waistcoat and dried the boy’s tears with

handkerchief, gently patting his shaking shoulders.

‘It wouldn’t have been so bad if I had done it, sir,’ he mumbled smuggling his head against Vernier, ‘but I did not do it. I swear to God I did not’.

‘Hush, hush, ‘said Vernier comfortingly.

‘Now they will hate me even more’, he moaned.

‘Hush, hush’.

‘I don’t mind the wounds so much, they will heal.’

‘They have missed the football match and now they will never talk to me again, oh-ee, oh-ee, why Have I been so punished?’

‘As you older’, Vernier advised, ‘you must learn that men are punished not always for what they do, but often for what people think they will do, or for what they are remember that and you will find it easier to forgive them’.

*adapted from ‘As the Night the Day’, a short story by Abioseh Nicol*

**Questions:**

2 (a) What is the passage about?

(b) How does the writer develop themselves in this passage?

(c) Comment on

(i) Tone in the passage

(ii) The attitude

(d) Show the lessons developed in this passage

**SECTION C**

**STRANGE BREED BY John Ssemuwanga**

A stranger’s smile captures my untutored heart, I retwin the smile with an assuring wink

And tighten the ravelling knot;

Victory pounces on defeat and eats up a victim,

Victim long trapped in the mystic grip of seeming men

A painful spasm runs down my spine

And I groan like a sceptic seeing truth: I, too, have been webbed into the false confidence of strange mortals,

Mortals decked in baffling approval of stage actors.

We are a strange breed!

Live robots blind to the myriad blends of blood-kins;

Innumerable sons under the self-same roof resembling step-fathers;

Cultured numbers living in a world of confused values;

Insane sages devaluating treasures we cherish

Light is night and darkness day,

Secrecy Oozes out on market days, truth disintegrates like bubbles on a seasonal pond

Love dissolves into coined value and betrayal,

And boyhood dreams of worldly holiness

Fade out at the breaking of dawn!

Out this life we slip, slip to a man –made world,

Existing like instruments with atomic nerves;

We walk on grains of sinking sand,

Living on the security of brittle promise,

Tarnishing truth and lauding vice,

Disgracing the world- own home

**Questions:**

3 (a) How is the title- ‘Strange Breed’, reflected in the passage?

(b) Comment on the writer’s effective use of

(i) Irony

(ii) Contrast

(iii) Allusion

(c) What is the writer’s intention in this poem?

(d) Show the persona’s attitude to his audience.

**END**