*P310/1*

*Prose and Poetry*

*Literature in English*

*3 Hours*

**Instructions to candidates:**

**Attempt all questions**

**Read the following passage and then answer the questions that follow**

I stand before you today the representative of a family in grief, a country in mourning before a world in shock. We are united not only in our desire to pay our respects to Diana…

But rather in our need to do so.

For such was her extraordinary appeal that tens of millions of people taking part in this service all over the world via television and radio who never actually met heer, feel that they too lost someone close to them in the early hours of Sunday morning. It is a more remarkable tribute to Diana than I can ever hope to offer her today.

Diana was the very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty. All over the world she was a symbol of selfless humanity. All over the word, a standard bearer for the rights of the truly downtrodden, a very British girl who transcended nationality. Someone with natural nobility who was classless and who roved in the last year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic. Today is our chance to say thank you for the way you brightened our lives, even though God granted you but half a life. We will all feel cheated always hat you were taken from us so young and yet we must learn to be grateful that you came along at all.

Only now that you are gone do we try appreciate what we are now without and we want you to know that life without you is very, very difficult.

We have all despaired at our loss over the past week and only the strength of the message you gave us through your years of giving has afforded us the strength to move forward.

There is a temptation to rush to canonize your memory; there is no need to do so. You stand tall enough as a human being of unique qualities not to need to be seen as a saint. Indeed to sanctify your memory would be to miss out on the very core of your being, your wonderfully mischievous sense of humour with a laugh that bent you double.

But your greatest gift was your intuition and it was a gift you used wisely. This is what underpinned all your other wonderful attributes and if we look to analyse what it was about you that had such a wide appeal we find it in your instinctive feel for what was really important in all our lives.

Without your God-given sensitivity we would be immersed in greater ignorance at the anguish of Aids and HIV sufferers, the light of the homeless, the isolation of lepers, the random destruction of landmines. Diana explained to me once that it was her innermost feelings of suffering that made it possible for her to connect with her constituency of the rejected.

And here we come to another truth about her. Fr all the status, the glamour, the applause, Diana remained throughout a very insecure person at heart, almost childlike in her desire to do good for others so she could release herself from the feelings of unworthiness of which her eating disorder were merely a symptom.

The world sensed this part of her character and cherished her for her vulnerability whilst admiring her for her honesty. The last time I saw Diana was on July 1, her birthday in London, when typically she was not taking time to celebrate her special day with friends but was guest of honour at a special charity fundraising evening. She sparkled of course but I would rather cherish the days I spent with her in March when she came to visit me and my children in our home in South Africa. I am proud of the fact apart from when she was on display meeting President Mandela we managed to contrive to stop the ever-paparazzi from getting a single picture of her.

That means a lot.

It is a point to remember that all the ironies about Diana, perhaps the greatest is this: that a girl given the name of the ancient goddess of hunting was in the end, the most hunted person of the modern age.

I would like to end by thanking God for the small mercies he has shown us at this dreadful time; for taking Diana at her most beautiful and radiant and when she had joy in her private life. Above all we give thanks for the life of a woman I am so proud to be able to call my sister, the unique, the complex, the extraordinary and irreplaceable Diana whose beauty, both internal and external, will never be extinguished from our minds.

Questions:

1. Identify the title for the above passage. (02 marks)
2. List all the attributes of Diana in the passage. (08 marks)
3. What role according to the passage did Diana play before meeting her death? (06 marks)
4. Why did Diana prefer being a guest of honour at a special charity fundraising to attending her birthday. (04 marks)
5. What moral lessons do you learn from the passage? (04 marks)
6. Give the contextual meaning of each of the following words and expressions as used in the passage;
7. Very essence (01 mark)
8. Transcended nationality, (02 marks)
9. Canonize your memory (02 marks)
10. Underpinned (01 mark)
11. Paparazzi (01 mark)
12. Ironies (01 mark)
13. Extinguished (01 mark)

**SECTION II**

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow on it.

You don’t have to win a beauty pageant in order to dream about saving the world. Youth and innocence usually bring on a need to contribute to world peace, even if that translates into throwing a coin into the beggar’s gnarled hand or rescuing a moth from a spider’s web.

When I was younger, I observed the poor in Calcutta, and said tearful prayers for the starving children in Somalia, I couldn’t pass a beggar without fumbling for a coin, and one of my dearest ambitions was to run a soup kitchen.

The years went by and my soul hardened along with my bones. Soon I realized that world peace is a diplomatic myth, and slogans like “milk for all by year 2015” are just part of clever political schemes to keep us from assassinating the triumvirate.

And anyway why save the world?

You wouldn’t know what to do with it afterwards.

Recently I was involved in a foolhardy scheme to ‘do a bit’ for the world.

My company was driving down one of Kampala’s nicer roads, me a complacent passenger engaged in a vivacious conversation about something insignificant, when all of a sudden, we had to brake sharply and steer clear of a dog that had been hit by a motorist. The poor beast was not dead but was sitting in the middle of the road, in a steady drizzle, visibly trembling in agony.

I thought, ‘Ernest Hemmingway! Pain and death in the rain as everybody passes by steadfastly turning their eyes away in combined pity and disgust’

We stopped our car and approached the scene – two females, highly charged in the hormonal instinct to show mercy to the condemned (how Mother Theresa!)

Up close, the accident scene could have brought on an attack of severe nausea even in a bronze statue. The animal rested bravely on its haunches, no doubt frozen in the act of trying to crawl to safety, its eyes were glacial. Its muscles visibly spasming underneath its mangy coat.

The poor dog looked like it wanted to say something; its mouth open, with rivulets of blood and other bodily juices dripping out to join the rain on the wet road. There was dog dung and pee forming revolting flow patterns around it; this animal was dying – most of us pray we don’t – without dignity.

We stood by the dog in agitated confusion. I was trying not to gag even as I felt my gall bladder shift north into my throat when I realized we had to touch that animal at some point if it was to be moved to safety.

Seven cars had swept past already, the drivers throwing us overlooks of contempt. No doubt they were thinking, “Why waste time on a dying mongrel?” But you know most Ugandan drivers wouldn’t stop to spit on a dying unicorn anyway.

Incredibly just as we were getting ready to move the dog, a veterinary doctor drove by stopped. Another woman –bless her heart – had seen the dog before us and called the vet to scene. Frankly, I was too beside myself with gratitude. I would have married him, right there in the rain with the dying dog as witness. Mr. Vet had come with a lethal injection to put the miserable beast down. But we fell on our knees and begged for a more lenient sentence – that he take the dog back to his clinic and breathe life back into it, for a fee of course. The good man did exactly that, and reported eventually that whatever was broken had been fixed.

And now for the shameful bit of the story. Neither of us wanted a dog. We had thought about saving its life, but we had not given any thought to what would happen to it afterwards. The Vet had tried releasing it back into the neighborhood from where it had been rescued, but like a good dog, it kept popping back to the clinic where it had found a warm bed and some food. Eventually the vet had to put it down. He said it was kinder that way.

Had we embarked on a misguided effort to save the world? We gave the dog what we had but it was not enough. Is it better to give too little or to give nothing at all? Is it like giving free vaccination to poverty stricken children who will in all likelihood die of malnutrition or malaria long before their fifth birthdays? Is it like giving blankets and seeds to refugees then watching them die of water borne diseases? Or taking children off the street but offering them nothing in terms of adult development, such that they and their children end up on the streets again?

I think I failed that dog. Promising it life was perhaps, worse than letting it die on the road that morning. But then, maybe dying quietly is better than a horrifying anguished death.

Guess I would have to ask the dog about that.

Questions:

1. Identify the narrator in the passage. (02 marks)
2. What is the narrator’s intention in this story? (04 marks)
3. Show the effectiveness of style in bringing out his message. (12 marks)
4. How does the narrator relate the incident in this passage to our human condition? (06 marks)
5. Comment on the following in the passage
6. Tone (06 marks)
7. Mood (03 marks)

**SECTION III**

3. Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow on it.

Give

He removed his handkerchief

Mopped his face;

Looking at the camera

He said:

“Give! If you want blessings!

The lord loves a cheerful giver!

Are you poor?

Give and it shall be given back!

A hundred fold ……overflowing

WHEN you don’t GIVE

You steal from the Lord!

Malachi 3 ……..says;

“Give generously”

Woman! Are you barren?

Have you been giving to the Lord?

Give! The Lord will open your womb.”

Frothing at the mouth,

He lifted the offertory bags

And admonished:

“Coins, coins!

Why do you give coins to the Lord?

Give the kind that does not make noise,

To disturb the Lord’s ear!”

He forgot the poor woman

Who gave her all:

Two very small copper coins

Mightily impressing the Lord

The service is soon over.

He gets into his Mercedes Benz

With wife and children

While we covered in a cloud of dust,

Walk home, mightily blessed;

Mightily determined to give henceforth,

To please the Lord;

To rid us of this gnawing hunger;

To give us beautiful mansions, cars ….

Like our pastor’s

* **Nyambura Njuguna**

**Questions:**

1. Identify the speaker in the poem (02 marks)
2. How effective are the poetic devices used? (12 marks)
3. What life’s lessons can the reader draw from the poem? (05 marks)
4. Comment on the following aspects in the poem
5. Tone (03 marks)
6. Relevance to society (06 marks)
7. Intention (05 marks)