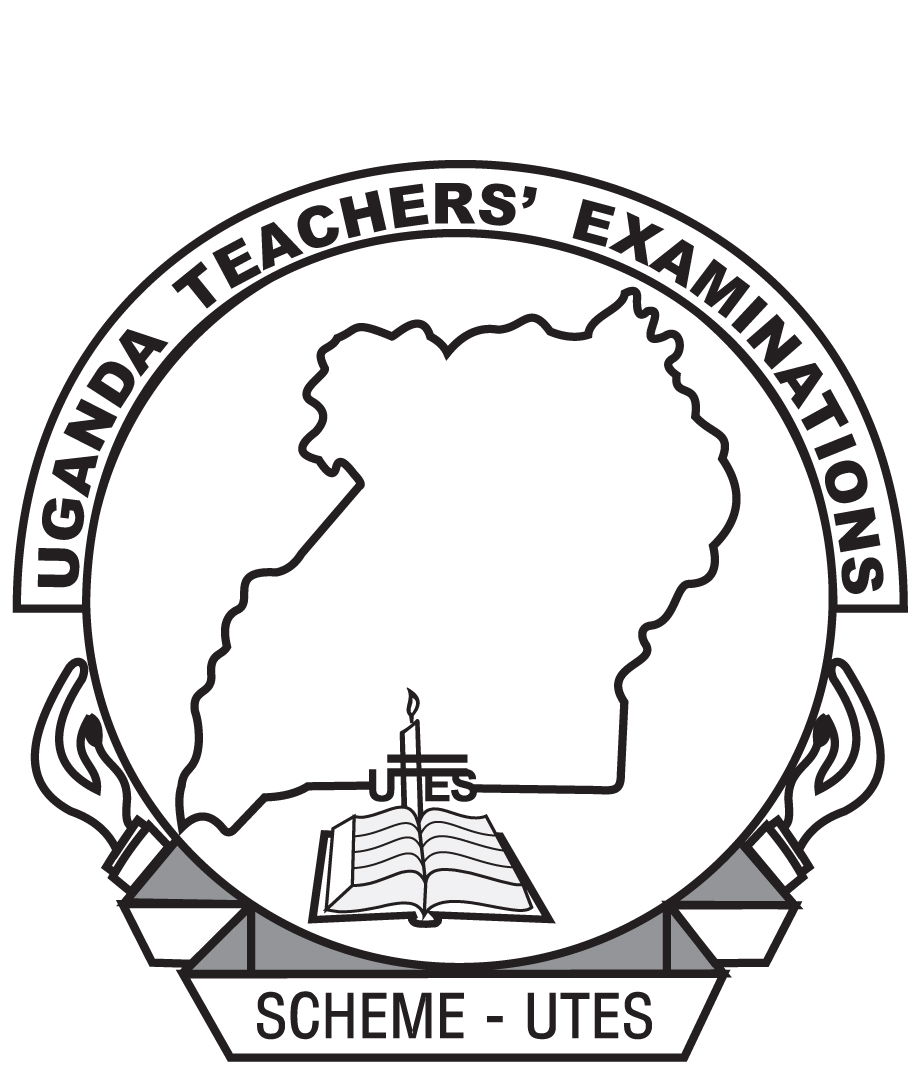
**P310/1**

**LITERATURE**

**IN ENGLISH**

**

**(Prose and Poetry)**

**Paper 1**

**July/Aug. 2023**

**3 hours**

**UGANDA TEACHERS’ EXAMINATIONS SCHEME**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

**JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(Prose and Poetry)**

**Paper 1**

**3 hours**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

**All** the sections are to be attempted.

Candidates are advised to spend **70** minutes (1 hour 10 minutes) on section **I** and **55** minutes on sections **(II)** and **(III)** each.

Read section **I** twice and then answer the questions. There is **no** need to read the whole paper first.

Do the same for section **II** and Section **III**.

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**Turn Over**

**SECTION I**

**1. Read the passage below and 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 her, 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 that 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 analyze 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, and 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. For 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 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)

1. Why did Diana prefer being a guest of honour at a special charity

fundraising to attending her birthday? (04 marks)

1. What moral lessons do you learn from the passage? (04 marks)
2. Give the contextual meaning of each of the following words and

expressions as used in the passage;

1. Very essence (01 mark)
2. Transcended nationality, (02 marks)
3. Canonize your memory (02 marks)
4. Underpinned (01 mark)
5. Paparazzi (01 mark)
6. Ironies (01 mark)
7. Extinguished (01 mark)

**Turn over**

**SECTION II**

**Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:**

**A LIFE OF TRAGEDY**

“We come now to lay this man’s case in the hands of a jury of our peers – the first defense and the last defense is the protection of home and life as provided by our law. We are willing to leave it here. I feel, as I look at you, that we will be treated fairly and decently, even understandingly and kindly. You know what this case is. You know why it is. You know that if white men had been fighting their way against coloured men, nobody would over dream of a prosecution. And you know that from the beginning of this case to the end, up to the time you write your verdict, the prosecution is based on race prejudice and nothing else.

Gentlemen, I feel deeply on this subject; I cannot help it. Let us take a little glance at the history of the Negro race. It seems to me that the story would melt hearts of stone. I was born in America. I could have left it if I had wanted to go away. Some other men, reading about this land of freedom that we brag about on the Fourth of July, came voluntarily to America. These men, the defendants, are here because they could not help it. Their ancestors were captured in the jungles and on the plains of Africa, captured as you capture wild beasts, torn from their homes and their kindred; loaded into slave ships, packed like sardines in a box, half of them dying on the ocean passage; some jumping into the sea in their frenzy, when they had a chance to choose death in place of slavery. They were captured and brought there. They could not help it. They were bought and sold as slaves, to work without pay, because they were black. They were subject to all of this for generation, until finally they were given their liberty, so far as the law goes – and that is only a little way, because, after all every human being’s life in this world is inevitably mixed with every other life and, no matter what laws we pass, no matter what precautions we take, unless the people we meet are kindly and decent and human and liberty-living then there is no liberty. Freedom comes from human beings, rather than from laws and institutions.

Now, that is their history. These people are the children of slavery. If the race that we belong to owes anything to any human being, or to any power in the universe, they owe it to those black men. Above all other men, they owe an obligation and a duty to these black men that can never be repaid. I never see one of them that I do not feel I ought to pay part of the debt of my race – and if you gentlemen feel as you should feel in this case, your emotions will be like mine.

Your verdict means something in this case. It means something more than the fate of this boy. It is not often that a case is submitted to twelve men where the decision may mean a milestone in the history of the human race. But this case does. And I hope and I trust that you have a feeling of responsibility that will make you take it and do your duty as citizens of a great nation, and as members of the human family, which is better still.

I do not believe in the law of hate. I may not be true to my ideals always, but, I believe in the law of love, and I believe you can do nothing with hatred. I would like to see a time when man loves his fellow man and forgets his colour or his creed.

We will never be civilized until that time comes. I know the Negro race has a long road to go. I believe that the life of the Negro race has been a life of tragedy, of injustice, of oppression. The law has made him equal, but man has not. And, after all, the last analysis is; what has man done? And not what the law has done? I know there is a long road ahead of him before he can take the place which I believe he should take. I know that before him there is sorrow, tribulation, and death among the blacks, and perhaps the whites. I am sorry. I would do what I could to avert it. I would advise patience; I would advise tolerance; I would advise understanding; I would advise all those things which are necessary for men who live together.

Gentlemen, what do you think of your duty in this case? I have watched day after day these black tense faces that have crowded this court. These black faces are now looking to you twelve whites, feeling that the hopes and fears of race are in your keeping.

This case is about to end, gentlemen. To them, it is life. Not one of their colour sits on this jury. Their fate is in the hands of twelve whites. Their eyes are fixed on you. Their hearts go out to you, and their hopes hang on your verdict.”

***(Clarence Darrow)***

**Questions:**

1. What is the subject matter of the passage? (05 marks)
2. What is the writer’s intention for writing the above passage? (04 marks)
3. Describe the tone, mood and attitude of this passage. (12 marks)
4. Comment on the devices used by the writer to convey his message. (12 marks)
5. Comment on the devices the writer employs to convey his message?

(12 marks)

**Turn Over**

**SECTION III**

**Mother to Son** by Langston Hughes

Well, son, I’ll tell you:

Life for me ain’t been no crstal stair.

It’s had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up.

And places with no carpet on the floor –

Bare.

But all the time

I’se been a-climbin’ on,

And reachin’ landin’s

And turnin’ corners,

And sometimes gon’in the dark

Where there aint’t been no light.

So boy, don’t you turn back.

Don’t you set down on the steps

‘Cause you finds it’s kinder hard.

Don’t you fall now –

For I’se still goin’, honey,

I’se still climbin’,

And life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

**Questions:**

1. What is the subject matter of the poem? (08 marks)

2. Comment on the poet’s language and style in the poem. (15 marks)

3. What is the speaker’s attitude in the poem? (06 marks)

4. Describe the tone of the speaker in the poem. (04 marks)

**END**