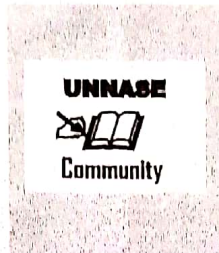


208/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
Paper 1
June/July 2024
2hrs 30mins



UNNASE MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper One

2 hours 30 minutes

Kusima

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

*This paper consists of **three** examination items. It has two Sections; **A** and **B**.*

*Section A has **one** compulsory item.*

*There are two examination items in Section **B**. Answer **one** item.*

*Answer **two** examination items in all.*

Any additional items answered will not be scored.

All answers must be written in the answer booklet provided.

SECTION A

Item 1: *Read the extract below and then answer all the tasks that follow.*

It didn't take long for us to notice that it wasn't all right between our father and mother. They were always quarrelling; especially at week-ends, beginning on Friday evenings. We soon discovered that the main subject of the wrangling was money. Father was not bringing money home. We came to know that was why our mother fetched us from the north. I was thirteen then, my brother three years younger and my sister five years younger.

Mother did dressmaking for an African tailor just outside town. In the evenings she brewed beer out of corn malt to sell. The family's budget was all on her shoulders. She was hard-working and tough. She never complained about hard work. Father walked with a limp as one leg was shorter than the other. It had been broken by a wagon wheel in his teens. But he could cycle fast and he used to bicycle to work. Town was only two and a half miles away. He drank like a sponge, especially home-brewed beer which he had the tendency of commandeering and entertaining his friends with. My mother got very angry but couldn't do anything about it. No pleading could move my father. When he wanted *skokiaan* – brewed with yeast and water – he went to Cape Location, where Colored people lived, just the other side of the Asiatic Reserve next to us. *Skokiaan* being much stronger than malt beer, my father often said threateningly to my mother; 'I'll go drink *skokiaan* for you.' But then he was so violent by nature that he didn't really need something to light a fire under him.

We'd never really known Father before. And now living close to him and seeing him at close quarters, I realised that his face was unlikeable. Like his mother, he couldn't laugh heartily. His facial skin clung too close on to the bones. There was something brutal and razor-like about the corners of his mouth; as there was about his limp and the back of his head. He was seldom in a mood to play with us. We kept close to our mother most of the time.

'How long do you want this thing to go on, Moses?'

'What, Eva?'

'Don't pretend you don't know I need money for food. At least you could worry about your children's clothes. Just look at you, drunk as always. What are you standing up for?'

You don't want to sell me your beer, so?'

'It's there for you if you must drink. But while you're at it, you might think about the bellies of others that want filling.'

My father looked vicious.

'Don't talk to me like that, damn you!' he bellowed. My mother kept quiet. Every gesture of his was menacing, down to the limp. We got used to these quarrels. But we had a sixth companion in the room. Fear.

'I don't want that man here again, hear?' my father said one evening.

He's your friend and you know he comes to drink.' She told us to go outside as she often did when she saw signs of a storm.

'Don't talk to me like that! Didn't your mother teach you never to answer back to your husband and lord?' we heard him say, through the window.

'You started, Moses.' We looked through the window.

A crashing clap sent my mother down on her knees.

'I'll kill you, I tell you!' He was going to kick her when out of nowhere a hand held him by the scruff of the neck. It was the man from the next room. My father's eyes flickered in the glow of the candle-light. Mother got up and stood in the corner. We went through a restless slumber that night.

'Why does Father do this to you always, Mother?' I ventured to ask one day.

'I don't know, son,' she replied rather curtly.

'I wish Sello's father was my father too.'

'Why?'

'He plays morabaraba with his boys. Father'd never do that.'

'You don't know what you're talking, Eseki. Besides grumbling never takes you anywhere.'

'I'm not grumbling'

The matter ended. Mother was good at that kind of thing. Probably every trickle of a thought was pain, but grumble she wouldn't.

Es'kia Mphahlele, Down 2nd Avenue

TASKS:

- Through their works writers creatively share their ideas and express themes that are timeless and universal. These themes can be understood by people regardless of age, gender, geography or culture. Use the above passage to explain its main themes.
- Writers construct their piece of works to show feelings, emotions and mood to the reader. The reader feels as if they are witnessing the events of the story first hand. Describe the kind of atmosphere in the passage and the effects it has to your understanding of the story.
- In literature prose is a product of devices that are purposely created by authors to enhance the meaning and even intensify the feelings of the readers. Refer to the passage and explain how effective some narrative techniques have helped you to enjoy it

SECTION B

Choose **one** task from this section. Illustrate your answer by referring to any of the following set books:

- FRANCIS IMBUGA: The Return of Mgofu
- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: The Merchant of Venice

- JOHN STEINBECK: The Pearl
- LAWRENCE DARMANI: Grief Chile
- SYLVESTER ONZIVUA: The Heart Soothers
- OKIYA OMTATAH OKOITI: Voice of the People
- VICTOR BYABAMAZIMA Shadows of Time
- CHINUA ACHEBE: Things Fall apart
- DANIEL MENGARA: Mema
- DAVID RUBADIRI: Growing up with Poetry
- A.D. AMATESHE: *An Anthology of East African poery*

Either:

Item 2:

According to writers people become what they are because of their character. To them character is destiny and destiny is character. Use the text you have studied to explain how the choices the main character makes directly affect them and the people around them.

Or

Item 2

Literature is a mere invitation of life. There is a high correlation between Literature and real life. Referring to the text on study, explain how the events in the text book relate to your society.

END