**P310/1**

**LITERATURE**

**IN ENGLISH**

**3 hours**

**EXTERNAL MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2022**

**UGANDA ADVANCED CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(PROSE AND POETRY)**

**Paper 1**

**3 hours**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

* This paper consists of sections: I, II and III.
* 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 each of Sections II and III.
* 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 III.

**SECTION I**

***Read the passage below and answer the questions which follow.***

In attempting to reach the genuine psychological reason for the popularity of detective stories, it is necessary to rod ourselves of many mere phrases. It is not true, for example, that the populace prefer bad literature to good, and accept detective stories because they are bad literature. The mere absence of absence of artistic subtlety does not the book popular. Brandshaw’s Railway Guide contains few gleams of psychological comedy, yet it is not read aloud uproariously on winter evenings. If detective stories are read with more **exuberance** than railway guides, it is certain because they are more artistic. Many good books have fortunately been popular; many bad books, still more fortunately, have been unpopular. A good detective story would probably be even more popular than a bad one. The trouble in this matter is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story; it is to them like speaking of a good devil. To write a story about a burglary is, in their eyes, a sort of **spiritual manner** of committing it. To persons of somewhat weak sensibility this is natural enough; it must be confessed that many detective stories are as full of sensational crime as one of Shakespeare’s plays.

There is, however, between a good detective story and a bad detective story, or, rather more, difference than there is between a good epic and a bad one. Not only is a detective story a perfect legitimate form of art, but it had certain definite and real advantage as an agent of the public weal

The first essential value of the detective story lies in this, that it is the earliest and only form of popular literature in which is expressed some sense of poetry of modern life. Men lived among mighty mountains and eternal forests fir ages before they realized that they were poetical; it may **reasonably be inferred** that some of our descendants may see the chimney pots as reach a purple as the mountain peaks, and find the lamp post ad old and natural ad the trees. Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious the detective story is certainly the *Iliad.* No one can have failed to notice that in these stories the hero or the the investigator crossed London with something of the loneliness and liberty of a prince in a tale of elfland, that in course of that incalculable journey the casual Omni us assumed the primal colors of a fairy ship. The lights of the city begin to glow like **innumerable** goblin eyes, since they are guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not know. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it; every fantastic skyline of the chimney pots seems wildly and **derisively** signaling the meaning of the mystery.

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a countryside, for while Nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or pattern of the lichen may not be significant symbols. But there is no Stine in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick had as human a hieroglyph as every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiae of detail in civilization to emphasize this romance of **unfathomably human character** in flints and tiles, is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief. We may dream, perhaps, that it may be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men’s souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable exception of Stevenson) decline to write of that **thrilling mood** and monument when the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as commonplace. Popular art in all ages has been interested in **contemporary** **manners** and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentine gentlefolk or Flemish burghers. In the last century it was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth in a powdered wig and ruffles. How far we are ourselves in the age from such conviction of poetry of our own life and manners may easily be **conceived** by anyone who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting a picture the cakes dressed in tourist’s knickerbockers, or a performance of *Hamlet* in which the prince appeared in a frock coat, with a crape band round his hat. But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot’s wife, could not go on forever. A rude, popular literature of romance possibilities of the modern city was **bound to arise**. It had arisen in the popular detective stories, as rough and refreshing as the ballads of Robin Hood.

*(Adopted from* **Types of Literature** *by* **Robert Bennett and Verda Evans)**

**Questions:**

1. Suggest a suitable title for the passage and give a reason for your suggestion.

**(04 marks)**

1. What reasons for the genuine psychological popularity of detective stories does the writer give in the passage?  **(06 marks)**
2. What arguments do those opposed to detective stories raise against them?

**(04 marks)**

1. How does the writer illustrate that the writing about modern city is as thrilling as writing about the countryside was in the past? **(06 marks)**
2. Explain what the writer means by “ We may dream perhaps, perhaps, that it might be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men’s souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes.”? **(04 marks)**
3. Give the meaning of the following words and phrases as used in the passage.

(a) exuberance

(b) spiritual manner

(c) reasonably be inferred

(d) innumerable

(e) derisively

(f) unfathomably human character

(g) thrilling mood

(h) contemporary manners

(I) conceived

(j) bound to arise

**SECTION II**

Approaching boots. Lights in the corridor. Life! Boots! Men! The bat stirred, it swung downwards like an arm of a banana tree. Then flew off. Boots. Footsteps. And the door opened. The light in the room came on. And a man walked in, a man with a cigar in his mouth. The boots which had escorted him returned from whence they came. No writing pad, no pain. He had not come to take Luyaan’s particulars. He closed the door behind him. The blazing light which had been switched on made the room seem and not as wide as when Luyaan measured it, pacing up and down and counting how many steps before he touched the wall at the other end. Perhaps it appeared emptier, too. Nothing save a straw mat and a pillow, perhaps used by the prisoner last here, perhaps Ibrahim—why not?—used it while waiting to be transferred somewhere else. The man was balding. He was enormous in the upper part and stood on thin stalky legs which dwarfed his hugeness. He was an ugly man, no doubt.

“Loyaan Keynaan?’

“ I answer to that name, yes.’

“I was a friend of Soyaan’s.”

“Oh!”

Loyaan wondered if he could ask a favour of the man: “Please let the bat out. Open that door gently, open it so that she won’t be frightened. “ No, nothing identical or similar in Luyaan’s and the bat’s status. It had come here in search of the night’s darkness of safety. He had entered in search of the light with which to illuminate the insecure and mysterious pathways which led to Soyaan’s tomb. Granted,he continued thinking, since the man was still silent, there was the opening which it used, but lights flatten holes and confuse colours, in particular strong lights such as this. Let it go back the way it came. Could one breathe life into a corpse out of which the soul had gone? No, he wouldn’t ask of him this favour. The man had a long history of cruelties. He was the third man in the service. The cigar. Of course, it must have come from that box on the glass-topped table of the Minister’s today. Possibly, it was the very one the Minister had offered Loyaan, the one he refused to smoke.

(*From* **Sweet and Sour Milk** *by* **N.** Farah)

**Questions:**

1. Identify the narrator in this passage. **(03 marks)**
2. What is the writer’s intention in this poem? **(04 marks)**
3. Comment on the effectiveness of the writer’s style in the passage. **(15 marks)**
4. Describe the atmosphere in the passage. **(06 marks)**
5. What feelings does the passage arouse in you? **(05 marks)**

**SECTION III**

**The third World War**

It took us unawares

And we fought it unawares

Having pre-determined that when it came

It must drop as melting rocks

And shine with the brightness

Of a millionHiroshomas

And there was the irrevocable prophesy

That the Fourth World War was to be fought

With spears and arrows.

Therefore, after our limbs had dropped from us

And we had buried them

After our hearts had putrefied within us

And we had thrown them to the hyenas

After we had lost our hearing taste smell

And the sense of being touched—

A transplant eye

On metallic pole

Kept eternal vigil

For signs of the calamitous war.

***Timothy Wangusa***

**Questions:**

1. What is the poem about? **(06 marks)**
2. Comment on the effectiveness of the poet’s use of metaphors. **(06 marks)**
3. How effective are the other poetic devices in the poem? **(12 marks)**
4. Describe the attitude of the speaker in the poem. **(06 marks)**
5. Comment on the meaning of the title. **(03 marks)**

\*\*\****End\*\*\****