P310/1

**LITERATURE**

**IN ENGLISH**

**Paper 1**

July/August 2022

3 hours



WESTERN JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

*This paper consists of* ***three*** *sections;* ***I****,* ***II*** *and* ***III****.*

**SECTION I**

There was a time when Nderi wa Riera was truly a man of people. He used to play darts and draughts in small and big places, punctuating his playing with witty lighthearted comments and threats to unnerve his opponents: you will know me today.... You think I was in Manyani for nothing! It used to be said that he had chosen his offices in the Market street to be near Camay which was then a renowned centre for darts and draughts and beer. Camay had in fact thrown up first rate African darts like Waiguru and Parsalli who, on reaching the thrilling finals staged at the Brilliant Night Club in what they used to be an exclusively Asian and European pastime, had become household names in dart-playing circles all over Nairobi. He was in those days also one of the most vocal and outspoken a advocates of reform in and outside parliament. He would champion such populist causes as putting a ceiling on land ownership; nationalisation of the major industrial and commercial enterprises abolition of illiteracy and unemployment and the E. African Federation as a step to Pan-African Unity.

Then he was flooded with offers of directorships in foreign-owned companies. ‘Mr. Riera, you need not do anything; we do not want to take too much of your busy and valuable time. It is only that we believe in white and black partnership for real progress.’ The money he had collected from his constituents for a water project was not enough for piped water. But it was adequate as a security for further loans until he bought shares in companies and invested in land, in housing and in small business. He suddenly dropped out of circulation in small places. Now he could only be found in special clubs for members only, or in Newspapers-photographed while attending this or that cocktail party. As if to reinforce his new social standing, he took a huge farm in the Rift Valley. But his most lucrative connection was with the tourist industry. He owned a number of plots and premises in Mombasa, Malindi and Watamu and had been given shares in several tourist resorts all along the coast. Soon he began talking of the need for people to grow up and face reality.

African needed capital and investment for real growth-not socialist slogans. But he remained a strong advocate of African culture, African personality, Black wigs ?’ He insisted on most of the companies of which he was chairman or director, dropping their European names and taking names like Uhuru. Wananchi, Taifa, Harambe, Afro, Pan-African, which would give the enterprises a touch of the soil.

As it was they all had to wait for Tuesday: Riera had gone to Mombasa for a business inspection and on-the sport investigation of two tourist resorts which had been mentioned in a foreign newspaper as ‘special places where even and ageing Europeans could buy an authentic African virgin girl of fourteen to fifteen for the price of a ticket to a cheap cinema show’. This had raised one or two awkward questions in the newspapers.

He came back on Monday night and after a quick visit to his home and family in Lavington Green went to places to find out the latest gossip. He went to Tumbo’s in Adam’s Aroade, saw nobody he knew, and after swallowing a cold Tusker drove further down Ngong Road to the Gaylord Inn.

It was there at the Farewell Bar, that he was quickly surrounded by friends who all wanted to know about the delegation. For a second he thought they were asking him about the affair of the authentic virgins. He laughed it off; there was nothing to it.... Europeans cannot tell the ages of Africans and to then any woman with breasts that have not fallen-even if they are cotton-wool is a virgin. It was only when they had mentioned IImorog that he looked at them rather sharply as if somebody was playing him an unpleasant practical joke. It was his friend Kimeria who confirmed the truth of it and mentioned something about a drought.

Riera shrugged off the importance of the delegation and continued drinking But inwardly he was slightly apprehensive: could they really have come all that way because of a drought about which there had not been even a column-inch in the newspapers ? How, anyway, could they have managed to organise themselves ? it was more likely, he thought, that somebody wanted to unseat him.

He was in the office by eight o’clock. His secretary showed him the appointments for the day. He was visibly impatient for two o’clock to come: he was ready and expectant for a fight: he was an experienced at Political manouvrering: he would show those who were plotting against him that ‘he was the same Nderi and he never ate nyeni cia erere sukuma wiki at anybody’s mothers’ house’.

As they did yesterday, the main delegation sat in the Gardens, but this time, Wanja Abdulla and Njuguma accompanied Karega and Munira to Iqbal Iqlod Buildings. Their creased, greasy, dirty clothes made them the strangest group of scarecrows ever to face an MP in offices that previously bad only known men and women in impeccable business suits.

But Nderi wa Riera, in a three-piece grey suit, did not show any surprise as he stood to welcome them and even personally pushed chairs towards them. This was a good beginning, Karega though, easing it into the chair with a sign of inward relief. And Riera was thinking-people can be malicious only five, and his friend had talked of a multitude-but at the same time he was disappointed, for a political lives by crowds.

‘Is it well with you ?’ he asked them politely, and shook hands with each of them.

‘Is it well,’ he chorused.

The MP sat back on his chair, his eyes all the time trying to assess and place them.

‘Have you come a long way?’ he asked not letting it out that he knew about them.

‘IImorog,’ said Munira. ‘We were here yesterday. Didn’t your secretary tell you?’

‘Of course she did,’ and he laughed. ‘It is part of our language remember you find somebody digging or felling a tree, and you ask them, what are you doing?’

‘True, true,’ Munira said, and they all laughed.

‘But you must be tired, coming all that way. Did you take a bus?’

‘No’ said Wanja. ‘We walked.’

‘Really?’

**Questions:**

1. Explain in detail what this passage is about.
2. How does the writer show the plight of the electorate according to the passage?
3. Characterise Nderi wa Rira basing on this passage.
4. Explain the meaning of these words and phrases in the context of the passage;

1. thrilling finals
2. champion such populist causes
3. was flooded with offers
4. dropped out of circulation
5. lucrative connections
6. not socialist slogans
7. was slightly apprehensive
8. political manouvrering
9. scarecrows

**SECTION II**

**Epilogue**

*The Daily Chronicle, Thursday 14 September*

**‘Murderer’ gives himself up**

At 11:00 a.m. today, a young man reported at the Paraka central police station and claimed that he killed a Catholic priest and his lawful wife the previous night when he caught them making love in the mission house. He produced an AK47 sub-machine gun that was not loaded and an empty magazine, which he said constitute the murder weapon, to substantiate his claim.

Fracins Apire, 24, a former driver mechanic and rebel who hails from Atari village in East Paraka district, looked haggard and subdued and was unwilling to talk when this reporter visited him in his cell.

Besides affirming that the self-confused “criminal” made a statement, the police were not forthcoming with more information about him, asserting that they still needed to verify the information that Apire had supplied them with.

*The Daily Chronicle, Friday 15 September*

**Rebel kills adulterous priest – confirmed**

Police yesterday afternoon were directed to the scene of a double murder committed by a young man, one Francis Apire, 25, who had reported at Paraka central police station earlier in the day and produced the murder weapon, an AK47 sub-machine gun.

When police and Apire arrived in a British aid Landrover, registration number PP0126, at the scene of the crime, a rural Catholic mission situated two kilometres east of Atari trading centre they found a big crowd gathered on the mission grounds and some people, including the chief catechist, were in the priest’s bedroom. The bodies of the victims of the murder, a youthful Father Santo Dila who returned from a course of study in Italy two years ago, and the murderer’s wife, Flo, were in the bedroom. The priest, who had been shot through the heart and had bled profusely, was lying on his back on the only bed in the room while Mrs. Apire lay in a pool of her own blood on the floor. She had been shot several times, with four bullets lodging in her body and a few more inflicting minor injuries. They were both naked.

The motive for the murder is believed to have been jealousy. Apire seems to have gone to the mission to investigate his wife’s whereabouts and found her and the priest making love.

On-the-spot post mortem examinations revealed that the two had died as a result of extensive damage to their internal organs as well as haemorrhage.

When this reporter asked some of the local people to comment on the incident, their general opinion seems to have been that both Apire and the priest were at fault, the former for frequently neglecting his wife for long periods of time and the latter for getting involved with a married woman. One of the people suggested Catholic priests should be allowed to marry in an attempt to ensure such embarrassing incidents do not continue to occur.

**Questions:**

1. Explain in detail what this passage is about.
2. Identify the major elements of style the writer uses to create attitude in this passage.
3. What emotions does the writer arouse in the reader after reading this passage?
4. According to this passage, what important lessons about politics and politicians does the writer raise?
5. Suggest an appropriate title for this passage.

**SECTION III**

**Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow;**

**Woman**

How sad is it to a woman!

Nothing on earth is held so cheap

Boys stand leaning at the door

Like Gods fallen out of Heaven.

Their hearts have Four Oceans.

The wind and dust of a thousand miles

No one is glad when a girl is born.

By her the family sets no store.

When she grows up, she hides in her room

Afraid to look a man in the face.

No one cries when she leaves her home –

Sudden as clouds when the rain stops.

She bows her head and composes her face.

Her teeth are pressed on her red lips:

She bows and kneels countless times.

She must humble herself even to the servants.

His love is distant as the stars in Heaven.

Yet the sunflower bends towards the sun.

Their hearts more sundered than water and fire –

A hundred evils are heaped upon her.

Her face will follow the year’s changes:

Her lord will find new pleasures.

They that were once like substance and shadow

Are now as far as Hu from Ch’in.

Yet Hu and Ch’in sham sooner meet.

Than they whose parting is like Ts’an and Ch’ēn.

*Fu Hsilan (died A.D. 278)*

**Questions:**

1. What is the subject matter of this poem?
2. Identify and explain the themes in this poem.
3. What poetic devices that the poet used to put across the message in the poem?
4. Comment on these poetic aspects.
5. Tone
6. Attitude