Name: ………………………………………………………………………………… Stream: …………………………

**BISHOP CIPRIANO KIHANGIRE SENIOR SECONDARY SHOOL- BBIINA**

**COMPETENCE-BASED ASSESSMENT FOR END OF FEBRUARY, 2024**

**SENIOR FOUR**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**2 hours 30 minutes**

**ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS**

**SECTION A (20 scores)**

**Read the passage below and use it to respond to the questions.**

“Are there many White children at your school?” my hostess inquired.

I said yes, there were a lot.

“What are they like, these children? Tell us what they’re like,” she persisted.

“Heavens- just like children anywhere, the world over- “

A man’s voice broke in. “And in class,” he said, loudly. Are they cleverer than you in class?”

“No. They aren’t either more clever or more stupid than we are. They’re just as – as – a mixed bunch.”

‘Well, the learned gentleman please explain, then,’ the same voice went on, in astonished tones, “how is it that their minds work faster than ours?”

“They don’t. They grasp a point no faster and no slower than we do.”

“Well, well. That’s really surprising. They ought to be quicker in the uptake, though, oughtn’t they?”

“Why should they?” another man’s voice broke in. “Why are you so determined that they should be quicker than our children? We don’t breed animals, do we? What are you thinking of?”

“How can you ask such a question?” the first man replied. “It’s perfectly reasonable to suppose that White children should learn faster than Black. What are they being taught? Their ancestral wisdom, not ours, isn’t that so? Who invented aeroplanes and trains and cars and steamships? The Whites. Very well, then. Now if it was our ancestral wisdom that was taught in this school, it would be normal to expect Coloured children to learn faster than Whites, wouldn’t it?”

They seemed to have no immediate inclination to let me go. I could hardly leave by myself; *it would have been the worst possible thing I could have done*. To begin with, they had sat me down to a meal, a really gargantuan affair. After wards I waited to hear them tell me it was all over, I could go home, they’d just asked me for the meal. That’s how it would have been done at home if we were entertaining a casual stranger. But things were different here.

Scarcely was dinner over when my hostess began to fire a whole fusillade of questions at me. She sat next to me and went on absolutely ruthlessly, dragging detailed explanations out of me, and going back over muddled points with a needle-sharp clarity. She obviously was aware of all my weaknesses and shortcomings; she was equipped to give me the most humiliating oral I had ever been through in my life. To think that there are people like me whose job is passing exams all their life.

Then they all got down to it, and interrogated me non-stop. As there was a great number of them, they were often all asking me questions at once. This embarrassed me horribly, because I didn’t know which ones to answer first: they varied in subject, but were all of equal interest. I was utterly disconcerted, and one thing embarrassed me in particular: the attitude of the women and young girls. They absolutely devoured me with their eyes, and the expressions they wore were so unequivocal that I could not help recognizing them for what they were at once, despite my natural modesty. It was like reading a young peasant girl’s love-letter.

Occasionally I caught my uncle’s eye, too; he looked strangely complacent, rather like an old French peasant who has just married off his daughter to the richest, best looking young man in the district. He was gay pleased, and obviously willing me to make a success of the occasion.

“And what do the Whites teach you?” my hostess was still inquiring mercilessly.

“Oh – heaps of things- “

“Come on, then tell us them.”

“Would you understand if I did?” I snapped.

“Listen: it doesn’t matter if we don’t understand. Tell us all the same. For you the whites are the real people, the people who matter, because you know their language. But we can’t speak French, and we never went to school. For us you are the white man- you are the only person who can explain these mysteries to us. If you care for us at all, my son, do this thing for us. If you refuse, we’ve probably lost our only chance of ever being able to learn the white man’s wisdom. Tell us my son.”

“All right then,” I said. They teach us – let’s see – well, Geography- “

“Geography?” exclaimed someone, fumbling over the unfamiliar syllables. “What is that?”

I gave them what must have been the feeblest, certainly the most arguable definition of Geography ever presented to any audience. I had never tried to formulate such a definition in my native tongue before, and how the thing had to be done for an audience who hung on my every word. Then, to make my ideas more intelligible, I decided to illustrate them with an example. I found myself (somewhat to my surprise) telling these simple people about New York – an inconceivable city to them, with its seven million inhabitants and skyscrapers of anything up to seventy – five floors, soaring up for a thousand feet. It was a child’s play to describe New York, probably because my only knowledge of it derived from the cinema.

Questions

1. Referring to the passage and in not more than 100 words, summarize different ways Africans treat themselves inferior to Whites and suggest ways you could help to change such a mentality. (6 scores)

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1. “It could have been the worst thing I could have done.” Why does the narrator say so? (2 scores)

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1. In reference to the passage, how do the uneducated people treat the educated ones in your community today? (2 scores)

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1. *A man’s voice broke in. “And in class,” he said, loudly. Are they cleverer than you in class?*” Give a genuine response and reason for it to the man’s question. (2 scores)

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1. Why do you think White countries like New York, described in the passage, are more developed than African countries like Uganda? (2 scores)

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1. How would you describe people who believe that they are;
2. inferior to others (2 scores)

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1. Superior to others (2 scores)

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1. “And what do the Whites teach you?” my hostess was still inquiring mercilessly. (Change this sentence to reported speech) (2 scores)

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**SECTION B**

USE ANSWER SHEETS TO ANWER THIS PART.

**FUNCTIONAL WRITING** (20 scores)

2. There is a fire outbreak in your school and a burning dormitory needs to be saved. You have decided to call firefighters from town but they do not know the location of your school.

Write to the commander to enable his team reach the scene. (Use 250-350 words)

**SECTION C**

**CREATIVE WRITING** (20 scores)

3. *Sarah's cheeks burned with embarrassment as Michael's harsh words echoed in the crowded room. The trust she had invested in him shattered in an instant, leaving her feeling alone and exposed. In the aftermath, Sarah realized she deserved a colleague who uplifted her, not one who tore her down in public*.

Narrate a scenario where you were publicly ashamed by the person you loved and trusted so much. (Use 500-600 words)

* End -