

## SECTION A

### **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:** *Richard III*

1. Closely referring to the play, discuss the steps taken by Richard, the Duke of Gloucester, to acquire the throne in *Richard III*.
2. What roles do the following characters play in, *Richard III*?
  - (a) Queen Elizabeth.
  - (b) Queen Margaret.
  - (c) Lady Anne.

### **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:** *King John*

3. Discuss the character of King John as portrayed in the play.
4. Discuss the major characteristics of family relationships depicted in *King John*.

## SECTION B

### **HENRIK IBSEN:** *A Doll's House*

5. Discuss the themes portrayed through Nora.
6. How are the themes of sacrifice and honour portrayed in the play, *A Doll's House*?

### **ANTON CHEKHOV:** *The Cherry Orchard*

7. Discuss the theme of change as depicted in the play, *The Cherry Orchard*.
8. Show how the play, *The Cherry Orchard*, reflects what happens in society.

### **SOPHOCLES:** *King Oedipus*

9. What lessons can the reader learn from the play, *King Oedipus*?
10. Discuss the theme of appearance versus reality as depicted in the play.

## SECTION C

### **BERNARD SHAW:** *Saint Joan*

11. Discuss the symbolism of Joan's armor as used in the play.
12. What role does nature play in *Saint Joan*?

### **WILLIAM CONGREVE:** *The Way of the World*

13. How effectively is irony used in *The Way of the World*?
14. Discuss the use of symbols and motifs in *The Way of the World*.

### **WILLIAM WYCHERLEY:** *The Country Wife*

15. Discuss the use of setting in the play, *The Country Wife*.
16. Of what effect is disguise as used in *The Country Wife*?

## SECTION D

### WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

17. SECRETARY: Can you hear them my Leader?  
KONGI: What?  
SECRETARY: Your Carpenters' Brigade. They have been keeping vigil with you at the foot of the mountain.  
KONGI: An inspired creation of mine don't you think?  
SECRETARY: They would lay down their lives for you.  
KONGI: I trust no one. They will be in attendance tomorrow?  
SECRETARY: Need you ask that?  
KONGI: They complement my sleepy Aweris here. These ones look after my intellectual needs, the Brigade take of the occasional physical requirements.  
SECRETARY: They will not be needed tomorrow.  
KONGI: Just the same, let them stand by. Nothing must disturb the harmony of the occasion . . . ah, I like that song.  
SECRETARY: It is an invocation to the Spirit of Harvest to lend you strength.  
KONGI: [*Violently.*]: I am the Spirit of Harvest.  
[*The Aweri stir*]  
SECRETARY: S-sh. They are waking up.  
KONGI: [*alarmed, looks round wildly*]: Who? The people?  
[*Recovers slowly, angrily begins to climb the steps leading to his cell. Secretary follows him, appeasing.*]  
KONGI: I am the Spirit of Harvest.  
SECRETARY: Of course my Leader, the matter is not in dispute.  
KONGI: I am the SPIRIT of Harvest.  
SECRETARY: Of course my Leader.  
KONGI: I am the Spirit of HAAR-VEST!  
SECRETARY: Of course my Leader. And a benevolent Spirit of Harvest. This year shall be known as the year of Kongi's Harvest. Everything shall date from it.  
KONGI: [*stops suddenly*]: Who thought that up?  
SECRETARY: It is among the surprise gifts we have planned for our beloved Leader. I shouldn't have let it slip out . . .  
KONGI: [*rapt in the idea*]: You mean, things like 200 K.H.  
SECRETARY: A.H. my Leader. After the Harvest. In a thousand years, one thousand A.H. And last year shall be referred to as I B.H. There will only be the one Harvest worth remembering.



KONGI: No, K.H. is less ambiguous. The year of Kongi's Harvest. Then for the purpose of back-dating, B.K.H. Before Kongi's Harvest. No reason why we should conform to the habit of two initials only. You lack imagination.

SECRETARY: It shall be as you please my Leader.

KONGI: Now you see why it is all the more important that everything goes forward tomorrow as I wish it? I want the entire nation to subscribe to it. Wake up those hogs!

SECRETARY: It isn't necessary my Leader. I think the little problem of Danlola is nearly solved.

KONGI: Another of your ideas?

SECRETARY: Leave it all to me. I er . . . , oh yes, I ought to mention one other matter. I . . . have reason to believe that a press photographer might find his way into your retreat in spite of all our precautions for your privacy. [*Enter photographer.*]

KONGI: Oh dear, you know I wouldn't like that at all. [*He strikes a pose of anguish, camera clicks.*]

SECRETARY: In fact we think we know who it is. A foreign journalist, one of the best. He plans to leak it to a chain of foreign newspapers under the caption —Last Day of Meditation; A Leader's Anguish! I have seen some of his work, the work of a genius. He has photographed at least nine heads of state.

KONGI: I wouldn't like it at all.

SECRETARY: If we catch him we shall expel him at once.

KONGI: No, after the Harvest.

SECRETARY: Of course after the Harvest. The Leader's place of meditation should be sacrosanct.  
[*Moves to an opening, and poses his best profile*]

KONGI: Twilight gives the best effect — of course I speak as an amateur. [*Click*]

SECRETARY: But you are right. I have noticed its mystical aura in the mountains. I think our man is bound to come at twilight.

KONGI: I don't like being photographed.

SECRETARY: I'll ensure it never happens again.

KONGI: Take care of it and let me hear no more on the subject. Some of these journalists are remarkably enterprising. Nothing you do can stop them. [*Returns to his table and goes through a series of 'Last Supper' poses — iyan (pounded yam) serving variation — while the photographer takes picture after picture*]

### Questions:

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (08 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of the following as portrayed in the extract:
- (i) Kongi. (06 marks)
- (ii) Secretary. (04 marks)
- (c) Describe the atmosphere in the extract. (06 marks)
- (d) State Kongi's desire in this extract and show whether it is achieved or not later in the play. (10 marks)

### YUSUF K. SERUNKUMA: *The Snake Farmers*

18. SEKADDE: How can we get a copy of this paper and show to our fellow elders? We are bigger than we were before. We are in the papers!
- OPOBO: Things change so fast either for good or for bad. We have changed, not like foolish fried saliva, which leaves the inside of the mouth and pastes itself on the cheek; it will never taste the grape! We are big!
- SEKADDE: My old friend, the things that happen nowadays remind me of our old days when we were herders. Our grandfathers rightly said: the tears of a cow are the joy of a dog. Can you imagine? Our society has been transformed this much on the back of a crisis!
- OPOBO: Because of the snakes!
- SEKADDE: Yes.
- OPOBO: Ha ha ha. What you are saying is true. Our elders were right. The tears of a cow are a man's joy: He eats meat every time a cow dies.
- SEKADDE: My brother, we need to keep these calamities going. Sometimes, as we have seen, they are good calamities. Life-improving calamities!
- OPOBO: What are you saying my friend! Calamities are calamities!
- SEKADDE: What don't you see, Opobo? Have your eyes gotten eaten by jiggers? Look, you are not the same; two months ago, you only had a hut, now, you compete with the man at the end of the village, Mr. Oyire. You have a house that people can really call a house.
- OPOBO: Ha ha ha. Do not say this openly, otherwise people will hate us instead.



SEKADDE: My brother, don't you realize that this was a good tragedy? It has built you a house. We have a strong storage building in the village. So many people in our village have bicycles that were bought for them to facilitate the snake hunt.

OPOBO: My brother, talk softly, the wind might carry away your words. (*Talking in reduced voice*) By the way, you have said it correctly; I was looking at my first wife's lads yesterday as they went to fetch water; all of them wore those big shoes. See, even myself, I had only these *tangira enyana*, they are terrible things. I now have real shoes!

*They burst out laughing.*

SEKADDE: By the way, as many of our people have died, I have seen a general feeling of happiness among those still living. You know what our fathers would say: nations are built on dead bodies. Snakes have built us prosperity!

OPOBO: Let us go into the house, old man. (*They stand*) I have seen your mouth turning sweet with bad words; and when a man is eating, he should not talk, otherwise you get choked!

[*As they walk*]

SEKADDE: Eh, I have always told you things. In those rich countries, in America and England, I have heard that there are no beggars, no poor people like there are here. But do you think they were really not there since the start of the world?

OPOBO: Eh, what happened to them?

SEKADDE: They were killed! To end poverty, you kill all the beggars, and the poor people; that is the way.

OPOBO: How evil they must be!

SEKADDE: But they are better off, and they are kind! Haven't you seen them? But I have told you how they managed their start. My eyes are like those of a marabou stork; they see further!

#### Questions:

- (a) Briefly describe the events that lead to this extract. (06 marks)
- (b) Describe the relationship between Sekadde and Opobo as portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Explain the themes depicted in the extract. (04 marks)
- (d) Describe the atmosphere in the extract. (06 marks)
- (e) Show what happens later in the play as a consequence of this conversation. (10 marks)



**JOHN RUGUNDA: *The Floods***

19. NANKYA: (*calling from the back room*) Has he come back?
- KYHEYUNE: (*to himself*) That is the question. (*to the audience*) Has he come back yet? Or to be less optimistic: will he ever come back? In one piece?
- NANKYA: (*enters. . . surprised*) Where is he?
- KYHEYUNE: Wrong question. Calls for no answer.
- NANKYA: But I thought you were talking to . . .
- KYHEYUNE: The Patron of the lake, yes. Amazing personality. Remote control.
- NANKYA: It's ages since he left.
- KYHEYUNE: First: his casual whistle . . . to attract attention and then the suspension of time. That's how he goes about it. Casually but effectively.
- NANKYA: He said he'd be back soon.
- KYHEYUNE: Then the irresistible beckon. Most crucial stage this. Beyond it, no turning back. The irreversible step . . . Tell me, though, have you ever come face to face with . . .? No. I shouldn't ask you that. You wouldn't be here otherwise, or would you?
- NANKYA: I don't like it here. The whisperings of the waves on the shore, the rustling of the wind in the trees and dogs, dogs barking and retreating from their own shadows.
- KYHEYUNE: (*to himself*) The plague is catching on. (*to the audience*) That's how it starts. One gets squeamish and impatient. Then comes the itch and finally the gallop into the net.
- NANKYA: (*fretting.*) I wish I were at home . . . with my mother. Tending flowers at the mission, sweeping and cleaning the church and dusting the pews. Rearranging the Bibles and hymn books for the evening services. There is peace there, or there was once upon a time. Peace and quiet. Oh, mother, why have I neglected . . .?
- KYHEYUNE: The everlasting claim of the umbilical cord. That's it. Mother Earth. She takes whatever she gives. It is easier for some of us. We make no claims and none is made on us. No mother, no father. No wife, no children. I carry my destiny in my own palms. Ready to dispose of it at a throwaway price and at my own bidding.

NANKYA: She gave all she could, at her own bidding. Always slogging. Yes, I remember. Took me through an acute attack of measles at four and the earthquake of the forties. That's when she built a hut on her own. With Nankya tied on her back. Yes, she built it: dug the holes, put in the poles, kneaded the earth and plastered it on the wall frames. She would have thatched the roof had the catechist not offered to help. Talk of women being inferior. It's time she got a rest.

KYEYUNE: Six feet under. Complete rest. Full board and no tariffs.

NANKYA: Then came the locust invasion and the famine. She could have thrown me away to the hyenas or into the pit latrine – only there wasn't any. And besides she is not one for shortcuts. Joined the working corps, as an ayah. Had to give up at Independence. As a matter of principle. The African memsahib throwing her underwears and menstrual gear all over the house. That's when she quit. "Our African masters have no manners. No time for decorum or decency. Thrown them to the four winds of uhuru," she told her mates and quit. Tough decision for a mother with a school-going daughter. "What do they think they are? Will my daughter not grow up to be one of them?" And here I am, playing the Queen of Sheba! *(suddenly)* Let's get out of here, Kyeyune.

KYEYUNE: *(taken by surprise)* Go? Go where? Are you all right, madam?

NANKYA: Anywhere, away from here.

KYEYUNE: I knew it. I knew the moment would come. The mighty never go down alone. This is madness. *Suicide*. Can't you see we can't go anywhere. Trapped by the floods and ambushed by the one with three nails.

NANKYA: I'm scared stiff and, besides, my mother . . . I want to see . . .

KYEYUNE: *(Some kind of whistling can faintly be heard. He stops her short.)* Wait a moment. *(listens)* Did you hear that? *(slight build-up of tension)*

#### Questions:

- (a) Briefly describe the events that lead to this extract. (06 marks)
- (b) Explain the themes depicted in this extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Describe the feelings of Nankya and Kyeyune as portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- (d) Describe the atmosphere in the extract. (06 marks)
- (e) Show the significance of the extract to the play. (06 marks)