



KISUBI HIGH SCHOOL



310/3
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PRE-UNEB Set 4
March/ April, 2021
3 HOURS

INSTRUCTION:

- *This paper consists of four sections; A, B, C and D*
- ***Section A is compulsory***
- *Candidates must answer three questions in all; one question must be chosen from section A and two others from sections B, C and D.*
- *Not more than one question may be chosen from one section.*
- *Each **essay** question carries 33 marks.*
- *Any additional question(s) attempted will **not** be marked.*

SECTION A

DEVIL ON THE CROSS- Ngugi Wa Thiongo

1. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.

The first competitor strode forward and sprang on to the platform. All the other thieves looked at one another in dismay.

The suit that this competitor was wearing was the kind that had been baptized Napier-Grass-Son-of-Trembling. It showed no sign of ever having been pressed. He was tall and lanky. But his eyes were big. They were like two electric bulbs hanging from a tall, thin eucalyptus tree. His arms were long, and he swung them this and that way as if he did not know what to do with them- whether to put them in his pockets, to hold them stiff, like a soldier standing to attention, or to fold them, like a man in defiant mood. He tried all these postures in turn. He scratched his head. He cracked his fingers. In the end he settled for folding his arms across his chest and gave a little laugh to drive away his stage fright as he began his story.

'My name is Ndaaya wa Kahuria. If I seem ill at ease and awkward, it's only because I'm not used to standing up before such a large audience. But these hands you are looking at ...' and he stretched out his hands to show the audience his palms and fingers,

'... these hands you see are used to dipping into other people's pockets. If these long fingers were to slide into your pockets, I assure you that you wouldn't feel them. I don't think that in all of this area there is a single thief who could tell me to step aside so that he could teach me how to snatch purses from women in market-places or in buses, or how to trap people's chickens in villages.

'But by the truth of God in Heaven- yes, I swear by the Truth of Truths- I only steal because I'm hungry, because I need clothes, because I have no job and because I have nowhere to lay this small head of mine at night.

'All the same, to prove that I have a talent for stealing, let me give you a little demonstration of how I steal chickens in the villages' Ndaaya wa Kahuria's stage fright appeared to have worn off, and now he narrated how he would bore holes in grains of corn, string them together on a nylon string and throw the grains to the chickens while holding the string at one end and singing to encourage them, thus: 'Kurukurukuru ... Kurukurukuru ... kurukurukuru' And there and then, bending low on the platform, Ndaaya wa Kahuria began swinging his arms this way and that, as if he could see real chickens in front of him, and shouting at them: 'Kurukurukuru ... kurukurukuru' But before he could finish his story, some of the guests started complaining and shouting, while others whistled to show their disgust at Ndaaya's demonstration on the platform. Others angrily tapped the floor with their shoes and yelled: 'How was such a wretched thief, with his dreary tales, allowed in here?'

The master of ceremonies leaped on to the platform and called for silence. He addressed the audience and told them that this was a competition for thieves and robbers, real ones -that is, those who

had reached *international standards*. Stories of people breaking padlocks in village huts or snatching purses from poor market women were shameful in the eyes of real experts in theft and

robbery, and more so when such stories were narrated in front of international thieves and robbers. The foreigners had not travelled all this way to meet people who stole just because they were hungry

or needed clothes and jobs. Such petty thieves and robbers were *criminals*. 'Here, in this cave, we are interested only in people who steal because their bellies are full,' the master of ceremonies said, patting his stomach.

Ndaaya wa Kahuria lost all shame and fear, and he started to harangue the master of ceremonies: 'A thief is a thief. There should be no thieves with special privileges. A thief is a thief, and motive is not important. We should all be allowed to enter the competition and to compete freely. A robber is a robber'

From every corner of the cave, the congregation of thieves and robbers raised their voices in dissent, some shouting angrily, 'Tell him to get that cheap suit off a platform that belongs to men who know their trade! Ndaaya wa Kahuria, we don't want to look at Napier-Grass-Son-of-Trembling - let it tremble in the wind outside! Throw him out! He can take his special talent for stealing chicken to Njeru! Master of ceremonies, do your job. If you can't, say so, and we'll soon find a replacement who can handle the situation.'

The master of ceremonies beckoned to the guards at the door. They ran forward, swinging their clubs in the air, and they hustled Ndaaya wa Kahuria towards the door, despite his loud protests about discrimination. Ndaaya wa Kahuria was expelled from the feast. The other thieves and robbers laughed and whistled with pleasure. The master of ceremonies again gestured for silence, and then he spoke.

'This is a competition for *Thieves and Robbers International*, *yaani*, thieves and robbers who have attained international status. So we don't want any novices or amateurs to come here and waste our time. *Time is money, and every time is robbing time*.

'So let's agree about the rules that will govern this competition

from now on. Our reason for gathering here today is not as simple as some of you make out. And neither is it a laughing matter. I say this: nobody who steals only in hundreds or even thousands should bother to come up to the platform, for he will be taxing our patience for nothing.'

This was greeted with loud applause.

'That is the first rule. Your applause, which is obviously spontaneous and sincere, is a sign that we all approve of it. Here we want to see and hear only thieves and robbers who have sat down at least once to count and pocket their millions.

'The second rule is this: no one without a big belly and fat cheeks should bother to come up here to waste our time. Who could possibly argue the size of a man's belly and cheeks is not the true measure of his wealth?'

Those thieves who boasted large paunches gave him a big ovation. The slim ones shouted him down. The crowd in the cave split into two, and heated arguments developed between the clan of the fatties and the clan of the skinnies.

One man who was particularly thin jumped to his feet to disassociate himself completely from the second rule. He was so angry that his Adam's apple danced up and down at tremendous

speed as he talked. He argued that although it was true that many thieves and robbers had great paunches and fat cheeks that were nourished by property, there were others whose stomachs were

sunken and whose cheeks were hollow because they were always thinking about the problems raised by the extent of their wealth.

'Yes, the problems associated with its very size!' the man said, and added: 'But that doesn't mean that they aren't experts in theft and robbery. A man shouldn't be discriminated against because he is thin. He can't graft an extra stomach on to himself or borrow the swollen belly of his pregnant wife so as to be allowed to take part in the competition. To be slim is not the same as being sliced thin by misfortune . . . and you don't judge a hero by the size of his calves.' The man finished and sat down. The clan of skinnies clapped him vigorously, and the clan of fatties shouted him down.

A fight almost broke out when one fatty said loudly that the man who had just spoken was as lanky as Ndaaya wa Kahuria. The man who had been insulted stood up and demanded bitterly: 'Who called me Ndaaya wa Kahuria? Who called me a wretch? Who insulted me by comparing me with a thief who deals in just a few hundreds and thousands? Let him come forward! Let him come forward, and we'll fight it out with our fists, so I can teach him that I steal *in millions*.'

Questions

- a. Place the extract in the context. (10 marks)
- b. Explain briefly any two themes portrayed in the extract? (8 marks)
- c. Examine the effectiveness of the narrative techniques used in the passage. (6 marks)
- d. What is the significance of this extract to the rest of the novel? (12 marks)

SECTION B

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES- Thomas Hardy

2. Illustrate Hardy's use of character and characterisation in *Tess of the D'urbervilles*
3. Explain how relevant the title **Tess of the D'urbervilles** is to novel.

SECTION C

THE VOTER- Chinua Achebe

4. What concerns does Achebe communicate in, **The Voter**.
5. What makes the short story *The Voter* interesting?

SECTION D

FOOTPRINTS OF THE OUTSIDER- Julius Ocwinyo

6. Explain the character traits of Abudu Olwit in **Footprints of The Outsider**
7. Discuss the lessons that Ocwinyo communicates in **Footprints of The Outsider**?

END