

P310/1
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
Paper 1
(Prose and Poetry)
July/August, 2023
3 hours



GLORISO EXAMINATIONS BOARD (GEB)-KAMPALA
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Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1

(Prose and Poetry)

3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- ✓ This paper consists of three sections, I, II and III
- ✓ Answer **all** questions.
- ✓ Candidates are advised to spend 70 minutes (1 hour 10 minutes) on section **I** and 55 minutes each on sections **II** and **III**.
- ✓ Read section **I** twice then answer the questions. There is no need to read the whole paper first.
- ✓ Do the same for section **II** and then section **III**.

SECTION I: (34 marks)

Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow:

PATRIOTISM

In spite of the tendency of the people in power to speak about the greatness of their countries, quite often the citizenry is in practice, most unpatriotic. But this is not because the people in these countries are particularly evil or wicked. In fact, they are not. It is rather because patriotism, being part of an unwritten social contract between a citizen and the state, cannot exist where the state reneges on the agreement on the agreement. The state undertakes to organize society in such a way that the citizen can enjoy peace and justice, and the citizen in return agrees to perform his patriotic duties.

Once, in one such country, the head of state paid an official visit to one of the universities. Of the academic community assembled in the senior common room of the continuing education centre, and which rose respectfully to its feet on his entry. His Excellency made a totally unexpected demand. He asked them to recite the National pledge! A few ambiguous mumbles followed and then stony silence.

“You see” said the head of state bristling with hostility. “You do not even know the National pledge!” No doubt he saw in this failure an indictable absence of patriotism among a group he had always held with great suspicion.

Who is a patriot? He is a person who loves his country. He is not a person who says he loves his country. He is not even a person who shouts or swears or recites or sings his love of his country. He is one who cares deeply about the happiness and well-being of his country and its people. Patriotism is an emotion of love directed by a critical intelligence. A true patriot will always demand the highest standards of his country and accept nothing but the best for and from his people. He will be outspoken in condemnation of their short-comings without giving way to superiority, despair or cynicism. That is my idea of a patriot.

Quite clearly, patriotism is not going to be easy or comfortable in a country that is badly run. This is not made any easier by the fact that no matter how badly a country may be run, there will always be some people whose personal, selfish interests are, in the short term at least, well served by the mismanagement and the social

inequalities. Naturally, they will be extremely loud in their adulation of the country and its system, and will be anxious to pass themselves off as patriots and to vilify those who disagree with them as trouble-makers or even traitors. But doomed is the nation which permits such people to define patriotism for it. Their definition would be about as objective as rent Act devised by a committee of avaricious landlords, or the praise that a colony of blood-sucking ticks might be expected to shower upon the bull whose back they batten. Spurious patriotism is one of the hallmarks of the privileged classes whose generally unearned positions of sudden power and wealth must seem unreal even to themselves. To lay the ghosts of their insecurity they talk patriotically. But their protestations is only mouth-deep, it does not exist in their heads nor their hearts and certainly not in the work of their hands.

True patriotism is possible only when the people who rule and those under their power have a common and genuine goal of maintaining the dispensation under which the nation lives. This will in turn, only happen if the nation is ruled justly, if the welfare of all the people rather than the advantage of the few becomes the cornerstone of public policy.

National pledges and pious admonitions administered by the ruling classes or their paid agents are entirely useless in fostering true patriotism. In extreme circumstances of social, economic and political inequalities, pledges and admonitions may even work in the reverse direction and provoke rejection or cynicism and despair. One shining act of bold, selfless leadership at the top, such as unambiguous refusal to be corrupt or to tolerate corruption at the foundation of authority, will radiate powerful sensations of well-being and pride through every nerve and artery of national life.

I saw such a phenomenon on two occasions in Tanzania in the 1960s. the first was when news got round (not from the ministry of information but on street corners) that president Nyerere, after paying his children's fees, had begged his bank to give him a few months' grace on the repayment of the mortgage on his personal house, the other occasion was when he insisted that anyone in his cabinet or party hierarchy who had any kind of business interests must either relinquish them or leave his official or party position. This was no mere technicality of putting the business interest in escrow that giving it up entirely. Many powerful ministers including the formidable leader of T.A.N.U women, were forced to leave the cabinet. On these

occasions, ordinary Tanzanians seemed to walk around, six feet tall. They did not need sermons on patriotism, nor a committee of bishops and emirs to inaugurate a season of ethical revolution for them.

Adapted from: The trouble with Nigeria by Chinua Achebe, Heinemann

Questions:

- (a) What according to the extract is the meaning of self -sufficient? (02 marks)
- (b) What do you understand by the phrase “It will be the greatest agricultural and economic revolutions”? (03 marks)
- (c) Identify and explain the attitude of Senegalese to farming. (05 marks)
- (d) Explain in details the three conditions that Aziz Badji thinks are necessary for the success of President Abdou Diouf’s initiative. (06 marks)
- (e) Describe the main aims of the initiative with reference to the extract. (05 marks)
- (f) Why is the over dependence of Senegal on rice imports called a rice dictatorship? (04 marks)
- (g) Explain the meaning of the following words and expressions as used in the extract:
 - (i) agronomist
 - (ii) cereal
 - (iii) erratic
 - (iv) initiative
 - (v) pledge
 - (vi) plight
 - (vii) potential
 - (viii) soaring
 - (ix) self-sufficient

(09 marks)

SECTION II: (33 marks)

I was saved from sin when I was going on thirteen. But not really saved. It happened like this. There was a big revival at my Auntie Reed’s church. Every night for weeks, there had been much preaching, singing, praying and shouting, and some very

hardened sinners had been brought to Christ, and the membership of the church had grown by leaps and bounds. Then just before the revival ended, they held a special meeting for children, “to bring the young lambs to the fold”. My aunt spoke of it for days ahead. That night I was escorted to the front row and placed on the mourner’s bench with all the other young sinners, who had not yet been brought to Jesus.

My aunt told me that when you were saved, you saw light, and something happened to you inside! And Jesus came into your life! And was with you from then on! She said you could see and hear and feel Jesus in your soul. I believed her. I had heard a great many old people say the same thing and it seemed to me they ought to know. So, I sat there calmly in the hot, crowded church, waiting for Jesus to come to me.

The preacher preached a wonderful rhythmical sermon, all moans and shouts and lonely cries and dire pictures of hell, and then he sang a song about the ninety and nine safe in the fold, but one little lamb was left out in the cold. Then he said: “won’t you come? Won’t come to Jesus? Young lambs, won’t you come?” And he held out his arms to all us young sinners there on the mourners’ bench. And the little girls cried. And some of them jumped up and went to Jesus right away. But most of us just sat there.

A great many old people came and knelt around us and prayed. Old women with jet-black faces and braided hair, old men with work- gnarled hands. And the church sang a song about the lower lights are burning, some poor sinners to be saved. And the whole building rocked with prayer and song.

Still I kept waiting to see Jesus.

Finally, all young people had gone to the alter and were saved, but one boy and me. He was a rounder’s son named Westley. Westley and I were surrounded by sisters and deacons praying. It was very hot in the church, and getting later now. Finally, Westley said to me in a whisper: “God damn! I’m tired o’ sitting here. Let’s get up and be saved”. So, he got up and was saved.

Then I was left all alone on the mourners’ bench. My aunt came and knelt at my knees and cried, while prayers and songs swirled all around me in the little church. The whole congregation prayed for me alone, in a mighty wail of moans and voices. And I kept waiting serenely for Jesus, waiting, waiting-but he didn’t come. I wanted

to see him but nothing happened to me. Nothing! I wanted something to happen to me, but nothing happened.

I heard the songs and the minister saying: “why don’t you come? My dear child why don’t you come to Jesus? Jesus is waiting for you. He wants you. Why don’t you come? Sister Reed, what is this child’s name?”

“Langston” my aunt sobbed.

“Langston, why don’t you come? Why don’t you come and be saved? Oh, Lamb of God! Why don’t come?”

Now it was really getting late. I began to be ashamed of myself, holding everything up so long. I began to wonder what God thought about Westley, who certainly hadn’t seen Jesus either, but who was sitting proudly on the platform, swinging his knicker bickered legs and grinning down at me, surrounded by deacons and old women on their knees praying. God had not struck Westley dead for taking his name in vain or for lying in the temple. So, I decided that may be to save further trouble. I’d better lie too, and say that Jesus had come, and get up and be saved.

So I got up

Suddenly, the whole room broke into a sea of shouting, as they saw rise. Waves of rejoicing swept the place. Women leaped in the air, my aunt threw her arms around me. The minister took me by hand and led me to the platform

When things quieted down, in a hushed silence, punctuated by a few ecstatic “Amens” all the new young lambs were blessed in the name in the name of God. Then joyous singing filled the room.

That night, for the last time in my life but one-for I was a big boy twelve years old. I cried in the bed alone, and couldn’t stop. I buried my head under the quilts, but my aunt heard me. She woke up and told my uncle I was crying because the Holy Ghost had come into my life, and because I had seen Jesus. But I was really crying because I couldn’t bear to tell her that I had lied, that I had deceived everybody in the church, that I hadn’t seen Jesus, and that now I didn’t believe there was a Jesus any more, since he didn’t come to help me.

Questions:

- (a) (i) What do you understand by ‘active love’? (05 marks)
(ii) What examples of active love are given in the extract? (10 marks)
- (b) Comment on the devices that are used to develop the subject matter of the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Describe the tone in the extract. (06 marks)
- (d) What is the intention of the author? (04 marks)

SECTION III: (33 marks)

DECEPTION:

She came
Juggling two paw paws
On her chest
The fruits pierced
My heart
And I died

And in my purgatory
I poked the pods
And the chapattis
Slapped my face

I woke up
Picked a cup of coffee
And settled for a breakfast

(Patrick Mangeni)

Questions:

- | | |
|---|------------|
| (a) Identify the persona in the poem? | (03 mark) |
| (b) Comment on the subject matter of the poem. | (08 marks) |
| (c) Comment on the writer's choice words in the poem above. | (12 marks) |
| (d) Describe the mood and tone of the above poem | (10 marks) |

“GOOD LUCK”

****THE END****