

P310/2
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
(Plays)
PAPER 2
July/August 2024
3 hours



WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Plays)

Paper 2

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- This paper consists of **four** sections A, B, C and D.
- Attempt **three** questions in all, **one** question **must** be chosen from section B and any **two** others from sections A, C, and D.
- Not more than **one** question must be chosen from any **one** section.
- Any additional question(s) answered will **not** be marked.

SECTION A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Richard III

1. Discuss the theme of ambition as portrayed in the play, *Richard III*. (33 marks)
2. How relevant is the play, *Richard III* to the Ugandan audience? (33 marks)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: King John

3. How does Shakespeare effectively use irony in the play, *King John*? (33 marks)
4. Discuss the theme of betrayal in the play, *King John*. (33 marks)

SECTION B

SOPHOCLES: Oedipus the King

5.

OEDIPUS: I'll tell thee, lady; if his tale agrees
With thine, I shall have 'scaped calamity.

JOCASTA: And what of special import did I say?

OEDIPUS: In thy report of what the herdsman said
Laius was slain by robbers; now if he
Still speaks of robbers, not a robber, I
Slew him not; "one" with "many" cannot square.
But if he says one lonely wayfarer,
The last link wanting to my guilt is forged.

JOCASTA: Well, rest assured, his tale ran thus at first,
Nor can he now retract what then he said;
Not I alone but all our townfolk heard it.
E'en should he vary somewhat in his story,
He cannot make the death of Laius
In any wise jump with the oracle.
For Loxias said expressly he was doomed
To die by my child's hand, but he, poor babe,
He shed no blood, but perished first himself.
So much for divination. Henceforth I
Will look for signs neither to right nor left.

OEDIPUS: Thou reasonest well. Still I would have thee send
And fetch the bondsman hither. See to it.

JOCASTA: That will I straightway. Come, let us within.
I would do nothing that my lord mislikes. (Exeunt OEDIPUS and JOCASTA.)

CHORUS: (strophe 1)
My lot be still to lead
The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed,
To follow still those laws ordained on high
Whose birthplace is the bright ethereal sky
No mortal birth they own,
Olympus their progenitor alone:
Ne'er shall they slumber in oblivion cold,
The god in them is strong and grows not old.

(antistrophe 1)

Of insolence is bred
The tyrant; insolence full blown,
With empty riches surfeited,
Scales the precipitous height and grasps the throne.
Then topples o'er and lies in ruin prone;
No foothold on that dizzy steep.
But O may Heaven the true patriot keep
Who burns with emulous zeal to serve the State.
God is my help and hope, on him I wait.

(strophe 2)

But the proud sinner, or in word or deed,
That will not Justice heed,
Nor reverence the shrine
Of images divine,
Perdition seize his vain imaginings,
If, urged by greed profane,
He grasps at ill-got gain,
And lays an impious hand on holiest things.
Who when such deeds are done
Can hope heaven's bolts to shun?
If sin like this to honor can aspire,
Why dance I still and lead the sacred choir?

(antistrophe 2)

No more I'll seek earth's central oracle,
Or Abae's hallowed cell,
Nor to Olympia bring
My votive offering.
If before all God's truth be not bade plain.
O Zeus, reveal thy might,
King, if thou'rt named aright
Omnipotent, all-seeing, as of old;
For Laius is forgot;
His weird, men heed it not;
Apollo is forsook and faith grows cold. (Enter JOCASTA.)

JOCASTA:

My lords, ye look amazed to see your queen
With wreaths and gifts of incense in her hands.
I had a mind to visit the high shrines,
For Oedipus is overwrought, alarmed
With terrors manifold. He will not use
His past experience, like a man of sense,
To judge the present need, but lends an ear
To any croaker if he augurs ill.
Since then my counsels naught avail, I turn
To thee, our present help in time of trouble,
Apollo, Lord Lycean, and to thee
My prayers and supplications here I bring.
Lighten us, lord, and cleanse us from this curse!
For now we all are cowed like mariners
Who see their helmsman dumbstruck in the storm.
(Enter Corinthian

Turn Over

Questions

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (10 marks)
- (b) What role does the chorus play in the extract? (06 marks)
- (c) Describe the character of Oedipus and Jocasta in the extract. (08 marks)
- (d) Explain the significance of the extract to the development of the plot and character. (10 marks)

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

6. NORA: (in every day dress) Yes, Torvald, I have changed my things now.
HELMER: But what for? – so late as this.
NORA: I shall not sleep tonight.
HELMER: But, my dear Nora –
NORA: (looking at her watch) it is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. (She sits down at one side of the table.)
HELMER: Nora – what is this? – This cold, set face?
NORA: Sit down, it will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.
HELMER: (sits down at the opposite side of the table) You alarm me, Nora! – And I don't understand you.
NORA: No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either – before tonight. No you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.
HELMER: What do you mean by that?
NORA: (after a short silence) isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this?
HELMER: What is that?
NORA: We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?
HELMER: What do you mean by serious?
NORA: In all these eight years – longer than that – From the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.
HELMER: Was it likely that I would be continually and forever telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?
NORA: I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything.
HELMER: But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you?
NORA: That is just it; you have never understood me.
HELMER: I have been greatly wronged, Torvald – first by papa and then by you.
HELMER: What! By us two – by us two, who have loved you better than anyone else in the world?
NORA: (shaking her head) You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me.
HELMER: Nora, what do I hear you saying?
NORA: It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you –

HELMER: What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

NORA: (undisturbed) I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as yours or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which - I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman - just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

HELMER: How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

NORA: No, I have never been happy. I thought I was, but it has never really been so.

HELMER: Not - not happy!

NORA: No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald.

HELMER: There is some truth in what you say- exaggerated and strained as your view of it is.

But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

NORA: Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

HELMER: Both yours and the children's, my darling Nora.

NORA: Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you

HELMER: And you can say that!

NORA: And I- how am I fitted to bring up the Children?

HELMER: Nora!

NORA: Didn't you say so yourself a little while ago- that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

HELMER: In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

NORA: Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must undertake first. I must try and educate myself- you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

Questions

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (10 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of Nora and Helmer as portrayed in the extract. (10 marks)
- (c) Describe the atmosphere prevailing in the extract. (06 marks)
- (d) Identify the lessons drawn from the extract. (08 marks)

Turn Over

ANTONY CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard*

7. CHARLOTTA: [Thoughtfully] I haven't a real passport. I don't know how old I am, and I think I'm young. When I was a little girl my father and mother used to go round fairs and give very good performances and I used to do the *salto mortale* and various little things. And when papa and mamma died a German lady took me to her and began to teach me. I liked it. I grew up and became a governess. And where I came from and who I am, I don't know. . . . Who my parents were--perhaps they weren't married--I don't know. [Takes a cucumber out of her pocket and eats] I don't know anything. [Pause] I do want to talk, but I haven't anybody to talk to . . . I haven't anybody at all.
- EPIKHODOV: [Plays on the guitar and sings] "What is this noisy earth to me, what matter friends and foes?" I do like playing on the mandoline!
- DUNYASHA: That's a guitar, not a mandoline. [Looks at herself in a little mirror and powders herself.]
- EPIKHODOV: For the enamoured madman, this is a mandoline. [Sings] "Oh that the heart was warmed, by all the flames of love returned!"
- YASHA: *sings too.*
- CHARLOTTA: These people sing terribly. . . . Foo! Like jackals.
- DUNYASHA: [To YASHA] Still, it must be nice to live abroad.
- YASHA: Yes, certainly. I cannot differ from you there. [Yawns and lights a cigar.]
- EPIKHODOV: That is perfectly natural. Abroad everything is in full complexity.
- YASHA: That goes without saying.
- EPIKHODOV: I'm an educated man, I read various remarkable books, but I cannot understand the direction I myself want to go--whether to live or to shoot myself, as it were. So, in case, I always carry a revolver about with me. Here it is. [Shows a revolver.]
- CHARLOTTA: I've done. Now I'll go. [Slings the rifle] You, Epikhodov, are a very clever man and very terrible; women must be madly in love with you. Brrr!! [Going] These wise ones are all so stupid. I've nobody to talk to. I'm always alone, alone; I've nobody at all . . . and I don't know who I am or why I live. [Exit slowly.]
- EPIKHODOV: As a matter of fact, independently of everything else, I must express my feeling, among other things, that fate has been as pitiless in her dealings with me as a storm is to a small ship. Suppose, let us grant, I am wrong; then why did I wake up this morning, to give an example, and behold an enormous spider on my chest, like that. [Shows with both hands] And if I do drink some kvass, why is it that there is bound to be something of the most indelicate nature in it, such as a beetle? [Pause] Have you

read Buckle? [Pause] I should like to trouble you, Avdotya Fedorovna, for two words.

DUNYASHA: Say on.

EPIKHODOV: I should prefer to be alone with you. [Sighs.]

DUNYASHA: [Shy] Very well, only first bring me my little cloak. . . . It's by the cupboard. It's a little damp here.

EPIKHODOV: Very well ... I'll bring it. . . . Now I know what to do with my revolver. [Takes guitar and exits, strumming.]

YASHA: Two-and-twenty troubles! A silly man, between you and me and the gatepost. [Yawns.]

DUNYASHA: I hope to goodness he won't shoot himself. [Pause] I'm so nervous, I'm worried. I went into service when I was quite a little girl, and now I'm not used to common life, and my hands are white, white as a lady's. I'm so tender and so delicate now; respectable and afraid of everything. . . . I'm so frightened. And I don't know what will happen to my nerves if you deceive me, Yasha.

YASHA: [Kisses her] Little cucumber! Of course, every girl must respect herself; there's nothing I dislike more than a badly behaved girl.

DUNYASHA: I'm awfully in love with you; you're educated, you can talk about everything. [Pause.]

Questions

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (10 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of Epikhodov and Charlotta in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) What themes are portrayed in the extract? (06 marks)
- (d) What is the significance of the extract to the development of the plot and character? (10 marks)

SECTION C

GORGE BERNARD SHAW: Saint Joan

- 8. Describe the character of Joan in the play, *Saint Joan*. (33 marks)
- 9. How relevant is the play, *Saint Joan* to your society? (33 marks)

WILLIAM CONGREVE: The Way of the World

- 10. Describe the character and role of Mistress Mellamant in the play, *The Way of the World*. (33 marks)
- 11. What lessons do you draw from the play, *The Way of the World*? (33 marks)

Turn Over

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY: The Country Wife

12. What makes the play, *The Country Wife* interesting? (33 marks)
13. Discuss the theme of marriage in the play, *The Country Wife*. (33 marks)

SECTION D

WOLE SOYINKA: Kongi's Harvest

14. Discuss the theme of political dictatorship in the play, *Kongi's Harvest*. (33 marks)
15. Describe the character of Segi in the play, *Kongi's Harvest*. (33 marks)

YUSUF SSERUNKUUMA: The Snake Farmers

16. How is the play, *The Snake Farmers* a reflection of what takes place in your country? (33 marks)
17. How does Sserunkuuma effectively use satire in the play, *The Snake Farmers*? (33 marks)

JOHN RUGANDA: The Floods

18. Describe the character and role of Kyeyune in the play, *The Floods*. (33 marks)
19. How does dictatorship affect Boss's government in the play, *The Floods*? (33 marks)

END