

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



## THE ENGLISH FRATERNITY MOCK EXAMINATIONS

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1

3 hours

### INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

*Attempt **all** questions.*

*This paper consists of **three** Sections **I**, **II** and **III***

*There is no need to read the whole paper first.*

*Read Section **I** twice and then answer the questions*

*Do the same for Sections **II** and **III**.*

## SECTION I

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow.

Florence Nightingale, an English nurse was sent out to Turkey to take care of British soldiers wounded during the Crimean war, 1854 – 1856. Dr. Hall was the principal Medical Officer of the army.

Her position was, indeed an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that. In the hospital, it was her duty to provide services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by doctors, and not until then. At first, some of the surgeons would not have anything to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her goodwill could not be denied and her capacity could not be disregarded. With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible firm, overwrought discouraged and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her. She stood firm, she was a rock in the **angry ocean**; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari. The **reign of chaos** and old night begun to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the gallery in the Varrack Hospital where, day and night, the lady superintendent was at her task.

Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been provided for months. The sick men begun to enjoy the use of towel and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth brushes. Dr Hall might snort when she heard of it, with a groan, what a soldier wanted with a tooth brush, but the good work went on. Eventually the whole business of purging the hospitals was in effect carried out by Miss Nightingale. She alone, it seemed whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what she wanted, she alone could dispense her stares with readiness, above all she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of **official etiquette**.

This was her greatest enemy and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion, 27,000 shirts sent out at her instance by the Home Government arrived, were banded, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official “Purveyor” intended, “he could not unpack them,” he said “without a Board.” Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and wounded lay half-naked shivering for want of clothing, and little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened while the miserable “purveyor” stood by **wringing his hands in departmental agony**.

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay engulfed in the **bottomless abyss** of Turkish customs House. Other shiploads buried beneath munitions of war destined for balaclava, past Scutari without a sign and these hospital materials were sometimes to and fro three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the Home authorities that a Government store House should be instituted at Scutari for reception and distribution of consignments. Six months after her arrival, this was done.

In the mean-time she had recognized the kitchen and the laundries in the hospitals. The ill-cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men, were replaced by punctual meals, well prepared and appetizing, while strengthening extra foods – soups and wines and jellies (“**preposterous luxuries**” snarled Dr. Hall) were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was not part of **official cookery**. The rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone – well, everyman must take his chance.

The rule perhaps was not a very good one, but there it was. “It would require a new regulation of service.” She was told, to **bone the meat**. As for the washing arrangements they were revolutionized, up to the time of Miss Nightingale’s arrival, the number of shirts the authorities had succeeded in washing were seven. The hospital beating, she found was washed in cold water. “She took a Turkish house, had bribes installed, and employed soldiers’ wives to do laundry work. The expenses were **defrayed** from her own funds and that of “The Times” and hence forward the sick and wounded had the comfort of **clean linen**.

#### Questions:

1. Suggest a suitable title. (02 marks)
2. What kind of relationship existed between the Turkish and British as shown in the passage? (08 marks)
3. Discuss the problems that the hospital face before and after the arrival of Nightingale. (06 marks)
4. What is the author’s attitude towards;  
(i) Dr Hall  
(ii) Miss Nightingale? How does he demonstrate those attitudes? (08 marks)

5. What do the following mean as used in the passage?

- (i) angry ocean
- (ii) reign of chaos
- (iii) official etiquette
- (iv) wringing his hands in departmental agony
- (v) bottomless abyss
- (vi) preposterous luxuries
- (vii) official cookery
- (viii) bone the meat
- (ix) defrayed
- (x) clean linen

*(10 marks)*

## SECTION II

**Study the passage below carefully and answer the questions that follow.**

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our Republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note, insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people, who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice: In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

We cannot turn back.

There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our

bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: "For Whites Only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until "justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest — quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

*(This is part of a long speech by Martin Luther King Jr, titled **I have a dream** delivered on August 28 1963 in Washington D.C.)*

**Questions:**

- (a) What is the passage about? (06 marks)
- (b) Discuss the tone of the passage above. (04 marks)
- (c) What is the speaker's attitude towards
  - (i) Negroes
  - (ii) the American Leadership?(04 marks)
- (d) Discuss the stylistic devices that are effectively used in the passage above. (15 marks)
- (e) What evidence is there that the above passage is a speech? (04 marks)

### SECTION III

Study the poem below carefully and answer the questions that follow.

#### THE HARLEM DANCER

Applauding youths laughed with young prostitutes  
And watched her perfect, half-clothed body sway;  
Her voice was like the sound of blended flutes  
Blown by black players upon a picnic day.  
She sang and danced on gracefully and calm,  
The light gauze hanging loose about her form;  
To me she seemed a proudly-swaying palm  
Grown lovelier for passing through a storm.  
Upon her swarthy neck black shiny curls  
Luxuriant fell; and tossing coins in praise,  
The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls,  
Devoured her shape with eager, passionate gaze;  
But looking at her falsely-smiling face,  
I knew her self was not in that strange place.

*Claude McKay*

#### Questions:

- (a) State the subject matter of the poem. (07 marks)
- (b) Comment on the tone of the poem. (06 marks)
- (c) Discuss the poetic devices that are effectively used in the poem above. (15 marks)
- (d) What is the intention of the poet in the poem above? (05 marks)