

P310/3  
LITERATURE  
IN ENGLISH  
Paper 3  
(Novels)  
Nov./Dec. 2023  
3 hours



UGANDA NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS BOARD  
Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3  
(Novels)

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

*This paper consists of **four** sections; A, B, C and D.*

*Answer **three** questions in all. **One** question must be chosen from Section **B** and **two** others from Sections **A**, **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

### CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

1. Compare the characters of Mrs. Joe Gargery and Biddy as portrayed in *Great Expectations*. Which of the two has more dramatic appeal? Why?
2. What role does Miss Havisham play in the novel, *Great Expectations*?

### THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'urbervilles*

3. Discuss the relationship between Tess and Alec as depicted in the novel, *Tess of the D'urbervilles*.
4. Describe the character of Alec as portrayed in the novel. What role does he play in the novel, *Tess of the D'urbervilles*?

### JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

5. What role does Wickham play in the novel, *Pride and Prejudice*?
6. Describe the relationship between Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth. What lessons can a reader draw from this relationship?

## SECTION B

### MONGO BETI: *The Poor Christ of Bomba*

7. Anatole took up a good position and began thrashing Marguerite afresh. She twisted like an earth-worm under his blows and screamed out: 'I'll tell you, Father! I'll tell you!'

Nevertheless, Anatole continued his beating until the father signed him to stop. Then the father yelled: 'Now, talk!'

Marguerite stammered through her sobs: 'Fada, you're torturing me unjustly. You must know what goes on here, what's always gone on right here in the mission. You must know that every girl in the sixa sleeps with someone here or someone from outside. Why are you torturing me like this? Why are you persecuting me? Anyone can tell you these things if you ask them; why do you pick just on me? I'm no more guilty than anyone else ... When I came to the sixa, things were already just the same as they are now. You can't blame me for bringing bad morals here. You're unjust ...'!

Hot tears were pouring from Marguerite's eyes and she kept stamping on the floor as she spoke. 'If you want to know, every girl in the sixa is sleeping with someone or other. Everyone, do you hear me? And more often with two men than with one. And as for syphilis, it's your own Boy who is

spreading it. Yes, your Number One Boy, who keeps going from one girl to another! Of course, he never admits that he's got it! As for Raphael, it's he who arranges and ties up and re-ties all these liaisons, just as he wishes, because he makes money by it. All the men pay him to supply them with girls from the sixa. And Raphael himself sleeps with all of us, before passing us on to others. That's how it is! What more do you want? Yes, that night I slept in Raphael's room, in his bed, with him! Why don't you ask Raphael about it? There's plenty he can tell you: how much money he's made by his filthy intrigues, how many girls have left the sixa pregnant on the eve of their marriages, and even the names of his most faithful clients. Why don't you try beating him, eh? Why don't you submit to him all this interrogation? ...'

'Enough!' roared the Father, his face scarlet and his hair in eruption.

Marguerite stopped at last, sobbing uncontrollably. She wept a long while, and the two priests sat there watching her until she subsided.

Then Father spoke to her in a gentle, paternal voice: 'Marguerite, my daughter, listen to me. All right, I won't question you any more about the others. But tell me the rest of your own story.'

She dried her eyes, looked up and spoke in a forceful tone: 'That Raphael, your catechist, your right-hand man, uh! I utterly detest him. I hate him, do you hear me, Father? I could kill him. Everything that's happened to me is his fault. But for him, I wouldn't be dragging on here in the sixa, a poor girl with no husband and no prospect of one. The young man he cracked up to me, do you know who it was, 'Father? Nicholas! Your own monitor in charge of the first-years.'

### Questions:

- (a) Describe the events that lead to this extract. (08 marks)
- (b) Explain the themes in this extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Describe the characters of the following as portrayed in this extract;
  - (i) Raphael. (06 marks)
  - (ii) Fr. Drumont. (04 marks)
- (d) Discuss the significance of this extract to what happens later in the novel. (08 marks)



8. 'Listen,' Mũturi started immediately, his eyes fixed on Warĩnga's face and eyes, as if he could read all the hidden corners in her heart, can I trust you with a small burden until tomorrow?'

'What kind of burden?' Warĩnga asked.

'A piece of metal pipe that emits fatal fire and smoke,' Mũturi said, still watching Warĩnga.

Why not? Warĩnga asked herself.

'Yes, if you promise you'll collect it tomorrow,' Warĩnga said.

'There's no time to lose,' Mũturi urged. I observed you last night in the *matatũ*, and I've watched you throughout the day in the cave, and I've decided that you can be trusted with a worker's secrets. As soon as I left Gatuĩria and you standing by the roadside, I went and joined the people in their battle with the thieves. Did you see the power of a people united? Those thieves were armed, but none was able to use his gun because they were terrified by the eyes and the massive roar of the crowd. Kĩhaahu wa Gatheeca was the only one who tried to shoot at me. I had chased him round to this side, where we are now. But I was too quick for him, and I hit his arm before he could fire. Kĩhaahu cried out of pain, dropped the pistol, took to his heels and flew like an arrow. I picked up this iron pipe with which he intended to kill me. Here it is. It's so tiny that it will fit in the palm of your hand or in a shirt pocket. See how beautifully it gleams! This is the product of a worker's hands! But, you know, it doesn't go to defend the worker. We, the workers, have always made things that end up oppressing us! But now look at the product of a worker's hands back in his own hands.

It was iron pipes like this one, in the hands of the workers, that saved Kenya from the old colonialism.

'Even today guns like this should really be in the hands of the workers so that they can defend the unity and wealth and freedom of their country. But let me stop...preaching. Tonight there's bound to be more trouble. Take this pistol. Put it in your handbag. Let's meet tomorrow morning at ten o'clock at the Nairobi Bus Stop. And don't show this to anyone or tell anybody about it, not even Gatuĩria. Those educated people are often not sure whose side they are on. They sway from this side to that like water on a leaf. Go now. Take care. This gun is an invitation to the workers' feast to be held sometime in the future.'

Mũturi gave Warĩnga the gun and turned away. Warĩnga felt the strange sensation come over her. Her heart trembled. Then she felt courage course through her whole body. She thought that there was not a single danger in the world that she could not now look in the face. All her doubts and fears had been expelled by the secret with which Mũturi had entrusted her. She thought of asking him about the occasion when he rescued her from death under the train long ago, in Nakuru. But another thought seized her, and she called out to Mũturi. Mũturi stopped.

'Tell me something that I'd like to know before you leave,' Warĩnga began. 'Who are you?'

**Questions:**

- (a) Place the extract in context. (08 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of Warĩnga as portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Discuss the techniques used in this extract. (08 marks)
- (d) Explain the significance of the extract to the rest of the novel. (10 marks)

**IVAN TURGENEV: *Fathers and Sons***

9. ... May I be so curious as to ask - have you known my son long?'  
'Since last winter.'  
'I see. Allow me to ask you - but you'll sit down, won't you? - allow me as a father to ask you in all sincerity, what's your opinion of my Evgeny?'  
'Your son is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met,' answered Arkady animatedly.  
Vasily Ivanovich's eyes opened wide suddenly and his cheeks went slightly pink. The spade fell from his grasp.  
'So you assume ...' he began.  
'I am sure', broke in Arkady, 'that there is a great future waiting for your son, that he will make your name famous. I was convinced of this at our first meeting.'  
'How ... how was that?' Vasily Ivanovich was scarcely able to ask. A delighted smile parted his wide lips and remained fixed there.  
'You'd like to know how we met?'  
'Yes ... and all about ...'  
Arkady began telling his story and speaking about Bazarov with even greater warmth and even greater fondness than on the evening when he had danced the mazurka with Odintsova.  
Vasily Ivanovich listened and listened, blew his nose, rolled his handkerchief between his hands, coughed, ruffled his hair and finally it all became too much for him, he bent towards Arkady and kissed him on the shoulder.  
'You have made me a completely happy man,' he pronounced, still smiling broadly. 'I must tell you that I ... I simply worship my son. I can't say anything about my old woman - you know what mothers are! - but I do not dare to show my feelings in his presence, because he doesn't like that kind of thing. He's opposed to all outpourings of emotion. Many even condemn him for such severity of character and see in it a sign of arrogance and lack of feeling. But you can't apply ordinary rules to people like him, can you? For example, someone else in his place would have gone on asking



more and more of his parents, but in our case – can you believe it? – he's never taken a single extra penny, by God he hasn't!

'He's an unselfish, honest man,' remarked Arkady.

'That's it – he's unselfish. And, Arkady Nikolaich, I not only simply worship him but I am proud of him, and my one ambition is that in time the following words should appear in his biography: "The son of a simple regimental doctor who, however, early recognized his ability and spared nothing to ensure his education ..."' The old man's voice broke off.

Arkady squeezed his hand.

'What d'you think,' asked Vasily Ivanovich after a short silence, 'is it in a medical career that he'll achieve the fame you predict for him?'

'Perhaps not in a medical career, although in this respect he'll be among the leading scientists.'

'In what, then?'

'It's hard to say at present, but he will be famous.'

'He will be famous!' repeated the old man and fell into deep thought.

### Questions:

- (a) Give the context of the extract. (08 marks)
- (b) Discuss the themes depicted in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Describe the character of Vasily Ivanovich as depicted in the extract. (10 marks)
- (d) Of what significance is the relationship between Vasily and Bazarov in the novel, *Fathers and Sons*? (08 marks)

## SECTION C

### ALEX LA GUMA: *A walk in the Night*

- 10. Discuss the theme of racial segregation as portrayed in *A walk in the Night*.
- 11. What lessons can a reader draw from the experiences of the various characters in *A walk in the Night*?

### EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE: *In Corner B*

- 12. Show the relevance of the short story, *In Corner B*, to your society today.
- 13. Describe the aspects of township life presented in the short story, *In Corner B*.

### CHINUA ACHEBE: *The Voter*

- 14. Discuss the theme of greed as portrayed in *The Voter*.
- 15. How are the voters portrayed in the short story, *The Voter*?

## SECTION D

**JULIUS OCWINYO:** *Footprints of the Outsider*

16. Discuss **three** techniques used in the novel, *Footprints of the Outsider*.
17. Analyse Ocwinyo's use of contrast in *Footprints of the Outsider*.

**HENRY OLE KULET:** *Varnishing Herds*

18. Of what importance are Norpisia's dreams and visions in the novel, *Varnishing Herds*?
19. Show how the author uses physical setting in the portrayal of themes in *Varnishing Herds*.

**OSI OGBU:** *The Moon also Sets*

20. Discuss the ways in which the moon also sets for the different characters portrayed in the novel.
21. Discuss the various instances of irony used in the novel, *The Moon also Sets*.