

P310/1
LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
Paper 1
Mar./Apr. 2024
3 hours



WAKISO-KAMPALA TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION (WAKATA)

WAKATA PRE-MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2024

Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

ALL the sections are to be attempted

Candidates are advised to spend 70 minutes (1 hour 10 minutes) on section I and 55 minutes on each of sections II and III.

Read section I twice and then answer the questions. There is no need to read the whole paper first.

All questions carry equal marks

Do the same for section II and then section III.



SECTION I

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow it.

The women aren't fools, but they must live up to some pattern or other. They know the men are fools. They don't really respect the pattern. Yet a pattern they must have, or they can't exist.

Women are not fools. They have their own logic, even if it's not the masculine sort. Women have the logic of emotion; men have the logic of reason. The two are complementary and mostly in opposition. But the woman's logic of emotion is no less real and inexorable than man's logic of reason. It only works differently.

And the woman never really loses it. She may spend years living up to a masculine pattern. But in the end, the strange and terrible logic of emotion will work out the smashing of that pattern, if it has not been emotionally satisfactory. This is the partial explanation of the astonishing changes in woman. For years they go on being Chaste- Beatrice's or child-wives. Then on a sudden – bash! The chaste Beatrice becomes something quite different; the child-wife becomes a roaring lioness! The pattern didn't suffice, emotionally.

Whereas men are fools, they are based on logic of reason, or are supposed to be. And then they go and behave, especially with regard to women, in a more-than-feminine unreasonableness. They spend years training up the little-boy-baby-face type, till they've got her perfect. Then the moment they marry her, they want something else. Oh, beware young women, of the young men who adore you! The moment they marry the little-boy-baby-face, instantly they begin to pine for the noble Agnes, pure and majestic, or the infinite mother with deep bosom of consolation, or the perfect business woman, or the lurid prostitute on black silk sheets; or most idiotic of all, a combination of all lot of them at once. And that is the logic of reason! When it comes to women, modern men are idiots. They don't know what they want, and so they never want, permanently, what they get. They want s cream cake that is at the same time ham and eggs and at the same time porridge. They are fools. If only women weren't bound by fate to play up to them!

For the fact of life is that women must play up to men's pattern. And she only gives her best to a man when he gives her a satisfactory pattern. And she only gives her best to man when he gives her a satisfactory pattern to play up to. But today, with a stock of ready-made, worn-out idiotic patterns to live up to, what can women give to men but the trashy side of their emotions? What could a woman possibly give him but the drabbings of an idiot? – And , because women aren't fools, and aren't fooled even for every long at a time, she gives him some nasty cruel digs with her claws, and makes him cry for mother dearly- abruptly changing his pattern.

Bah! Men are fools. If they want anything from women, let them give women a decent, satisfying idea of womanhood –not these trick patterns of washed-out idiots.

- (a) Explain why the writer believes that:
 - (i) Women are not fools
 - (ii) Men are fools
- (b) What suggestions do you propose to avoid such misunderstandings between men and women as raised in the passage?

- (c) What attitude does the speaker have towards
- (i) Men?
- (ii) Women?
- (d) What do the following words and expressions mean as used in the passage?
 - (i)live up to some pattern....
 - (ii)logic of reasonandlogic of emotion.....
 - (iii)chaste Beatrice.....
 - (iv)roaring lioness.....
 - (v) little boy – baby-face....
 - (vi) noble Agnes.....
 - (vii)trashy side of their emotions.....

SECTION II

Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow on it.

You don't have to win a beauty pageant in order to dream about saving the world. Youth and innocence usually brings on a need to contribute to world peace, even if that translates into throwing a coin into the beggar's gnarled hand or rescuing a moth from a spider's web.

When I was younger, I observed the poor in Calcutta, and said tearful prayers for the starving children in Somalia, I couldn't pass a beggar without fumbling for a coin, and one of my dearest ambitions was to run a soup kitchen.

The years went by and my soul hardened along with my bones. Soon I realized that world peace is a diplomatic myth, and slogans like "milk for all by year 2015" are just part of clever political schemes to keep us from assassinating the triumvirate.

And anyway why save the world?

You wouldn't know what to do with it afterwards.

Recently I was involved in a foolhardy scheme to 'do a bit' for the world. My company was driving down one of Kampala's nicer roads, me a complacent passenger engaged in a vivacious conversation about something insignificant, when all of a sudden, we had to brake sharply and steer clear of a dog that had been hit by a motorist. The poor beast was not dead but was sitting in the middle of the road, in a steady drizzle, visibly trembling in agony.

I thought, 'Ernest Hemmingway! Pain and death in the rain as everybody passes by steadfastly turning their eyes away in combined pity and disgust.'

We stopped our car and approached the scene – two females, highly charged in the hormonal instinct to show mercy to the condemned (how Mother Theresa!).

Up close, the accident scene could have brought on an attack of severe nausea even in a bronze statue. The animal rested bravely on its haunches, no doubt frozen in the act of trying to crawl to safety, its eyes were glacial. Its muscles visibly spasming underneath its mangy coat.

The poor dog looked like it wanted to say something; its mouth open, with rivulets of blood and other bodily juices dripping out to join the rain on the wet road. There was dog dung and pee forming revolting flow patterns around it; this animal was dying-most of us pray we don't– without dignity.

We stood by the dog in agitated confusion. I was trying not to gag even as I felt my gall bladder shift north into my throat when I realized we had to touch that animal at some point if it was to be moved to safety.

As it was, we were already breaking several traffic laws by prancing about in the middle of a high way. Several cars had swept past already, the drivers throwing us overt looks of contempt. No doubt they were thinking, “Why waste time on a dying mongrel?” But you know most Ugandan drivers wouldn't stop to spit on a dying unicorn anyway.

Incredibly, just as we were getting ready to move the dog, a veterinary doctor drove by and stopped. Another woman – bless her heart – had seen the dog before us and called the vet to scene. Frankly, I was too beside myself with gratitude. I would have married him, right there in the rain with the dying dog as witness. Mr. Vet had come with a lethal injection to put the miserable beast down. But we fell on our knees and begged for a more lenient sentence – that he take the dog back to his clinic and breathe life back into it, for a fee of course. The good man did exactly that, and reported eventually that whatever was broken had been fixed.

And now for the shameful bit of the story. Neither of us wanted a dog. We had thought about saving its life, but we had not given any thought to what would happen to it afterwards. The Vet had tried releasing it back into the neighborhood from where it had been rescued, but like a good dog, it kept popping back to the clinic where it had found a warm bed and some food. Eventually the vet had to put it down. He said it was kinder that way.

Had we embarked on a misguided effort to save the world? We gave the dog what we had but it was not enough. Is it better to give too little or to give nothing at all? Is it like giving free vaccination to poverty stricken children who will in all like hood die of malnutrition or malaria long before their fifth birthdays? Is it like giving blankets and seeds to refugees then watching them die of water borne diseases? Or taking children off the street but offering them nothing in terms of adult development, such that they and their children end up on the streets again?

I think I failed that dog. Promising it life was perhaps, worse than letting it die on the road that morning. But then, maybe dying quietly is better than a horrifying anguished death.

Guess I would have to ask the dog about that.

- (a) What is the narrator's intention in this story?
- (b) Show the effectiveness of style in bringing out his message.
- (c) How does the narrator relate the incident in this passage to our human condition?
- (d) Comment on the following in the passage
 - (i) Tone
 - (ii) Mood

SECTION III

Read the following poem and answer the questions that follow on it.

Refugee Mother and Child

No Madonna and Child could touch
That picture of a mother's tenderness
For a son she soon would have to forget

The air was heavy with odors.
Of diarrhea of unwashed children
With washed-out ribs and dried-up
Bottoms struggling in labored
Steps behind blown empty bellies. Most
Mothers there had long ceased
To care but not this one; she held
A ghost smile between her teeth
And in her eyes the ghost of a mother's
Pride as she combed the rust-colored
Hair left on his skull and then
Singing in her eyes- began carefully
To part it....In another life this
Would have been a little daily
Act of no consequence before his
Breakfast and school; now she
Did like putting flowers
On at iny grave.

Chinua Achebe, Nigeria

Questions:

- (a) Identify the speaker in the poem
- (b) What is the poetic message in the poem?
- (c) Consider the effectiveness of the technical devices employed in the poem
- (d) Comment on the following aspects in the poem:
 - (i) Tone
 - (ii) Mood
 - (iii) Intention

END

