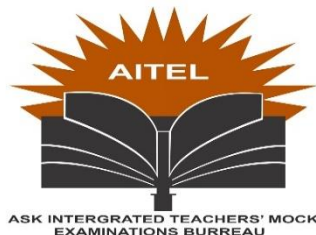


**P310/1**  
**LITERATURE IN**  
**ENGLISH**  
(Prose and Poetry)  
Paper 1  
**July/Aug. 2022**  
**3 hours**



# **AITEL JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(PROSE AND POETRY)**

**Paper 1**

**3 Hours**

## **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

*All the sections are to be answered.*

*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 and 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

1. *Read the passage below and answer the question following it.*

If there is anyone out there who still doubts that America is a place where all things are possible; who still wonders if the dream of our founders is alive in our time; who still questions the power of our democracy, tonight is your answer. It's the answer told by lines that stretched around schools and churches in numbers this nation has never seen; by people who waited three hours and four hours, many for the very first time in their lives, because they believed that this time must be different; that their voice could be that difference. It's the answer spoken by young and old, rich and poor, Democrat and Republican, black, white, Latino, Asian, Native American, gay, straight, disabled and not disabled-Americans who sent a message to the world that we have never been a collection of Red States and Blue States: we are, and always will be, the United States of America.

It's the answer that led those who have been told for so long by so many to be **cynical**, and fearful, and doubtful of what we can achieve to put their hands on the **arc of history** and bend it once more toward the hope of a better day. It's been a long time coming, but tonight, because of what we did on this day, in this election, at this defining moment, change has come to America.

I was never the likeliest candidate for this office. We didn't start with much money or many endorsements. Our campaign was not **hatched** in the halls of Washington - it began in the backyards of Des Moines and the living rooms of Concord and the front porches of Charleston. It was built by working men and women who **dug into** what little savings they had to give five dollars and ten dollars and twenty dollars to this cause. It grew strength from the young people who rejected the **myth of their generation's apathy**; who left their homes and their families for jobs that offered little pay and less sleep; from the not-so-young people who **braved the bitter cold** and scorching heat to knock on the doors of perfect strangers; from the millions of Americans who volunteered, and organized, and proved that more than two centuries later, a government of the people, by the people and for the people has not perished from this Earth. This is your victory.

The road ahead will be long. Our climb will be steep. We may not get there in one year or even one term, but America – I have never been more hopeful than I am tonight that we will get there. I promise you - we as a people will get there. There will be setbacks and false starts. There are many who won't agree with every decision or policy I make as President, and we know that government can't solve every problem. But I will always be honest with you about the challenges we face. I will listen to you, especially when we disagree. And above all, I will ask you to join in the work of remaking this nation the only way it's been done in America for two-hundred and twenty-one years - block by block, brick by brick, calloused hand by

calloused hand.

And to those Americans whose support I have yet to earn – I may not have won your vote, but I hear your voices, I need your help, and I will be your President too. And to all those watching tonight from beyond our shores, from parliaments and palaces to those who are **huddled** around radios in the forgotten corners of our world—**our stories are singular, but our destiny is shared**, and a new dawn of American leadership is at hand. To those who would tear this world down—we will defeat you. To those who seek peace and security—we support you. And to all those who have wondered if America’s beacon still burns as bright—tonight we proved once more that **the true strength of our nation comes not from the might of our arms or the scale of our wealth, but from the enduring power of our ideals**: democracy, liberty, opportunity, and unyielding hope. For that is the true genius of America—that America can change. Our union can be perfected. And what we have already achieved gives us hope for what we can and must achieve tomorrow.

This is our moment. This is our time—to put our people back to work and open doors of opportunity for our kids; to restore prosperity and promote the cause of peace; to reclaim the American Dream and reaffirm that fundamental truth—that out of many, we are one; that while we breathe, we hope, and where we are met with cynicism, and doubt, and those who tell us that we can’t, we will respond with that **timeless creed** that sums up the spirit of a **people**:

**Yes We Can.**

By Barack Obama

*Questions:*

- (a) Suggest the suitable title to the passage. (2 marks)
- (b) Explain the meaning of the following phrases as used in the passage;
  - i. ...our stories are singular, but our destiny is shared... (3 marks)
  - ii. ...the true strength of our nation comes not from the might of our arms or the scale of our wealth, but from the enduring power of our ideals... (4 marks)
- (c) What key promises does the speaker make to his people? ( 6 marks)
- (d) What key features make up the personality of the speaker according to the passage. (8 marks)
- (e) Give the meaning of the following words or expressions as used in the passage.
  - i. ...cynical... (1 mark)

- ii. ...arc of history... (1 mark)
- iii. ...hatched... (1 mark)
- iv. ...dug into... (1 mark)
- v. ...myth of their generation's apathy... (1 mark)
- vi. ...cold... (1 mark)
- vii. ...braved the bitter... (1 mark)
- viii. ...huddled... (1 mark)
- ix. ...timeless creed... (1 mark)
- x. ...a people... (1 mark)

## SECTION II

2. *Read the passage below and answer the questions after it.*

### Civil peace

Jonathan Iwegbu counted himself extra-ordinarily lucky. 'Happy survival!' meant so much more to him than just a current fashion of greeting old friends in the first hazy days of peace. It went deep to his heart. He had come out of the war with five inestimable blessings--his head, his wife Maria's head and the heads of three out of their four children. As a bonus he also had his old bicycle--a miracle too but naturally not to be compared to the safety of five human heads.

The bicycle had a little history of its own. One day at the height of the war it was commandeered 'for urgent military action'. Hard as its loss would have been to him he would still have let it go without a thought had he not had some doubts about the genuineness of the officer. It wasn't this disreputable rags, nor the toes peeping out of one blue and one brown canvas shoes, nor yet the two stars of his rank done obviously in a hurry in biro, that troubled Jonathan; many good and heroic soldiers looked the same or worse. It was rather a certain lack of grip and firmness in his manner. So Jonathan, suspecting he might be amenable to influence, rummaged in his raffia bag and produced the two pounds with which he had been going to buy firewood which his wife, Maria, retailed to camp officials for extra stock-fish and corn meal, and got his bicycle back.

That night he buried it in the little clearing in the bush where the dead of the camp, including his own youngest son, were buried. When he dug it up again a year later after the surrender all it needed was a little palm-oil greasing. 'Nothing puzzles God,' he said in wonder.

He put it to immediate use as a taxi and accumulated a small pile of Biafran money ferrying camp officials and their families across the four-mile stretch to the nearest tarred road. His standard charge per trip was six pounds and those who had the money were only glad to be rid of some of it in this way. At the end of a fortnight he had made a small fortune of one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Then he made the journey to Enugu and found another miracle waiting for him. It was unbelievable. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and it was still standing there before him. But, needless to say, even that monumental blessing must be accounted also totally inferior to the five heads in the family. This newest miracle was his little house in Ogui Over side. Indeed nothing puzzles God! Only two houses away a huge concrete edifice some wealthy contractor had put up just before the war was a mountain of rubble. And here was Jonathan's little zinc house of no regrets built with mud blocks quite intact! Of course the doors and windows were missing and five sheets off the roof.

But what was that? And anyhow he had returned to Enugu early enough to pick up bits of old zinc and wood and soggy sheets of cardboard lying around the neighbourhood before thousands more came out of their forest holes looking for the same things. He got a destitute carpenter with one old hammer, a blunt plane and a few bent and rusty nails in his tool bag to turn this assortment of wood, paper and metal into door and window shutters for five Nigerian shillings or fifty Biafran pounds. He paid the pounds, and moved in with his overjoyed family carrying five heads on their shoulders.

His children picked mangoes near the military cemetery and sold them to soldiers' wives for a few pennies--real pennies this time--and his wife started making breakfast akara balls for neighbours in a hurry to start life again. With his family earnings he took his bicycle to the villages around and bought fresh palm-wine which he mixed generously in his rooms with the water which had recently started running again in the public tap down the road, and opened up a bar for soldiers and other lucky people with good money.

At first he went daily, then every other day and finally once a week, to the offices of the Coal Corporation where he used to be a miner, to find out what was what. The only thing he did find out in the end was that that little house of his was even a greater blessing than he had thought. Some of his fellow ex-miners who had nowhere to return at the end of the day's waiting just slept outside the doors of the offices and cooked what meal they could scrounge together in Bournvita tins. As the weeks lengthened and still nobody could say what was what Jonathan discontinued his weekly visits altogether and faced his palm-wine bar.

But nothing puzzles God. Came the day of the windfall when after five days of endless scuffles in queues and counter-queues in the sun outside the Treasury he had twenty pounds counted into his palms as exgratia award for the rebel money he had turned in. It was like Christmas for him and for many others like him when the payments began. They called it (since few could manage its proper official name) \_egg-rasher\_.

As soon as the pound notes were placed in his palm Jonathan simply closed it tight over them and buried fist and money inside his trouser pocket. He had to be extra careful because he had seen a man a couple of days earlier collapse into near-madness in an instant before that oceanic crowd because no sooner had he got his twenty pounds than some heartless ruffian picked it off him. Though it was not right that a man in such an extremity of agony should be blamed yet many in the queues that day were able to remark quietly on the victim's carelessness, especially after he pulled out the innards of his pocket and revealed a hole in it big enough to pass a thief's head. But of course he had insisted that the money had been in the other pocket, pulling it out too to show its comparative wholeness. So one had to be careful.

Jonathan soon transferred the money to his left hand and pocket so as to leave his right free for shaking hands should the need arise, though by fixing his gaze at such an elevation as to miss all approaching human faces he made sure that the need did not arise, until he got home.

He was normally a heavy sleeper but that night he heard all the neighbourhood noises die down one after another. Even the night watchman who knocked the hour on some metal somewhere in the distance had fallen silent after knocking one o'clock. That must have been the last thought in Jonathan's mind before he was finally carried away himself. He couldn't have been gone for long, though, when he was violently awakened again.

Chinua Achebe

### *Questions*

- |  |            |
|--|------------|
| (a) What does the writer suggest about Jonathan Iwegbu's character | (08 marks) |
| (b) What is the Writer's intention in the passage?                 | (06 marks) |
| (c) What feelings does this passage arouse in you?                 | (04 marks) |
| (d) Comment on the tone used in the passage.                       | (03 marks) |
| (e) How does the writer sustain the reader's interest in the text? | (12 marks) |

### SECTION III

3. Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.

#### **The Village Well**

By this well,  
Where fresh waters still quietly whisper  
As when I  
First accompanied mother and filled my baby gourd,  
By this well  
Where many an evening its clean water cleansed me:

This silent well  
Dreaded haunt of the long haired *Musambwa* ,  
Who basked  
In the midday sun reclining on the rock  
Where now I sit  
Welling up with many poignant memories:

This spot,  
Which has rung with the purity of child laughter:  
This spot,  
Where eye spoke secretly to responding eye:  
This spot,  
Where hearts pounded madly in many breast :

By this well, over –hung by leafy branches of sheltering trees.  
I first noticed her.  
I saw her in the cool of red, red evening.  
I saw her  
As if I had not seen her a thousand times before.

By this well my eyes asked for love, and heart went mad.  
I saturated.  
And murmured my first words of.  
And cupped  
With my hands, the intoxication that were her breasts.

In this well  
In the clear waters of this whispering we,  
The silent moon  
Witnessed with a smile our inviolate vows,  
The kisses  
That left us wean and breathless

It is dark  
It is dark by the well that still whispers  
It is darker  
It is utter darkness in the heart that bleeds.  
By this well,  
Where magic has evaporated but memories linger.

Of dump death  
The rotting foliage reeks,  
And the branches  
Are grotesque talons of hungry vultures,  
Fear she is dead.  
The one I first loved by this well.

*(Henry Barlow)*

*Questions*

Make a critical appreciation of the poem considering the following aspects:

- |                    |            |
|--------------------|------------|
| (a) Subject matter | (08 marks) |
| (b) Form           | (04 marks) |
| (c) Poetic devices | (12 marks) |
| (d) Mood           | (03 marks) |
| (e) Tone           | (03 marks) |
| (f) Feelings       | (03 marks) |

**END**

