

**P310/3**  
**LITERATURE**  
**IN ENGLISH**  
**(Novels)**  
**PAPER 3**  
**July/August**  
**3 hours**



## **WAKISSHA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**NOVELS**

**Paper 3**

**3 hours**

### **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

- *This paper consists of **four** sections **A, B, C and D***
- *Candidates must answer **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 may be chosen from **one** section.*
- *Any additional question(s) answered will **not** be marked.*

## SECTION A

### JANE AUSTEN: Pride and Prejudice.

**Either:**

1. Discuss Jane Austen's criticism of the way money and property influence personal relationships in her novel, *Pride and Prejudice*. (33 marks)

**Or:**

2. Describe the character of Darcy in the novel, *Pride and Prejudice*. (33 marks)

### THOMAS HARDY: Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

**Either:**

3. Examine the theme of nature as shown in the novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. (33 marks)

**Or:**

4. Describe the character of Angel Clare in the novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*? (33marks)

### CHARLES DICKENS: Great Expectations.

**Either:**

5. In what ways is Estella a true disciple of Miss Havisham? How does this change as the novel, *Great Expectations* progresses? (33 marks)

**Or:**

6. Discuss the theme of social inequality in the novel, *Great Expectations*. (33 marks)

## SECTION B

7. **MONGO BETI: The Poor Christ of Bomba.**

It was this morning that I realized!

It was Zacharia who came to wake me. I couldn't have woken up in time by myself. Zacharia asked me: 'Hey! What's up with you today?'

I got up and Zacharia said I was very late and he would prepare the altar while I washed.

It still wasn't quite light. Catherine brought me water in a basin off her own bat and told me to wash myself in and hurry.

Zacharia said to Catherine as he went out: 'Get yourself out of here before the Father comes this way. He's in the chapel at the moment, but you never know.'

Zacharia went out, but Catherine didn't go at once. She watched me while I pulled on my drawers under my shirt, because I didn't want to wash myself naked in front of her.

I had pulled on my drawers and was getting ready to wash. I was tired and a bit clumsy, like a drunkard. Catherine came up to me. She took me by the shoulders as my mother used to and then took off my drawers. I was stunned, but I let her do as she wished. She washed me carefully, especially between my thighs. Then she dried me very thoroughly. She put my clothes on. Then she washed my left foot, dried it and put my shoe on. She did the same thing with my right foot. She tied the laces of my shoes as if I had been a child her child. She buttoned me up from top to toe. She sniffed me for a long time, as if I had let off a bad smell. I was going to serve Mass, but just as I was going out Catherine kissed me on the cheek and said: 'Don't worry about your old Father, he's getting on fine.'

I was clumsy in serving the Mass: I was so sleepy. However, I couldn't afford to make a mistake, and I don't think I did. I thought about what Catherine had done the night before and I looked at the Reverend father: he was as white as a sheet. His face was strangely pale in the wan light of the candles which burned on the altar. He had shaved off his beard and I scarcely recognized him.

I did not take communion.

In the sacristy I watched the Father take off his ornaments and he was wearing a black soutane. Ever since I became a boy at the mission I had never seen him wearing a black soutane.

He must have recovered from yesterday's accident, but he was terribly white. He had never frightened me so much and I began to wonder why. It must have been because of his colour and of Catherine! Every moment I expected him to reproach me for what I had done with Catherine the night before. It seemed to me sometimes that he must know about it, that he couldn't know about. And I had to try very hard to stop believing this. I came out of the chapel without helping at the unusual palaver with the communicants.

At lunch I had the feeling that it wasn't him I was serving, that it was some new priest just arrived from goodness knows where, someone I didn't know. I was expecting him to ask questions to find out if I was stupid or clever, good or bad, honest or thievish. I expected him to ask me dirty questions, as many white priests passing through the mission at Bomba had already done. I asked myself why he had put on that funeral black soutane, why he had shaved off his beard, why he suddenly wanted to look younger. However, he wasn't as pale as formerly. His colour gradually returned, but I didn't recognize him any the better for it.

### Questions

- a) Place the passage in its context. (08 marks)
- b) Describe the narrator's feelings as portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- c) Explain the major themes that are portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- d) Explain the significance of the extract to the rest of the novel. (10 marks)

### 8. **NGUGI WA THIONG'O:** *Devil on the Cross*

Wariinga spoke to herself out loud: "Local and international thieves gathered in the same liar, debating ways and means of depriving the whole nation of its rights – that's a wonder that has never been seen before! That's like a child planning to rob its mother and inviting others to join in the crime! It has certainly been said that there are two worlds..."

Before she could complete the thought, Wariinga heard a voice say: "...and there's a third, a revolutionary world."

Wariinga was startled. She looked about her but could see no one. With sleepy eyes she could make out only the green grass of the golf course as it spread out before her, rolling up and down, losing itself in tiny bushes on the horizon. Wariinga was afraid. She tried to stand up, but she felt tied to the ground and to the tree by invisible wires of fatigue. She gave up the attempt. And suddenly she felt herself completely free of fear, and she said to herself: come what may, I am going to stop running away from life's struggles. With great courage she asked the invisible voice: 'Who are you?'

Voice: I am a roaming spirit. I walk about the earth, planting the tree that grows the fruit of the knowledge that enables him who eats it to tell good from evil.

Wariinga: The tempter?

Voice: Oh of course, you used to be a woman of the church. The church of the Holy Rosary in Nakuru. wasn't it?

Wariinga: So?

Voice: That's how you guessed who I am so quickly.

Wariinga: I don't know you.

Voice: Are you going to deny me, you have always tried to crucify me on the cross.

Wariinga: I said I didn't know you. Who are you?

Voice: I told you I am the roaming spirit who distributes the knowledge that enables men to tell the difference between good and evil. I am also a tempter and judge.

Wariinga: Tempter and judge?

Voice: Yes, of souls.

Wariinga: And what are you doing here? Or are you planning to try the souls of those who are competing in the art of stealing and rubbing?

Voice: And you, what are you doing here? He who keeps the company of the corrupt becomes corrupted.

Wariinga: I came here to see a truly an amazing sight –

Voice: Is there a difference between a thief and a man who looks on?

Wariinga: Ilmorog is home.

Voice: Why is it home to you?

Wariinga: My father and mother...Our home...Its home because my home and family are there.

Voice: Big deed make for big mouth, but a big mouth does not make for big deeds...

Wariinga: What are you trying to say? That Ilmorog is not my home?

Voice: Those who looked at Ilmorog as their home showed their loyalty through Their actions. When they saw their home burning, they cried out for help. They went to seek help.

Wariinga: Who are those people?

Voice: Wangari and Muturi – didn't you know?

Wariinga: I had nowhere to turn.

Voice: Because you are neither hot nor cold. You said just now that there are two worlds.

Wariinga: I was only repeating a saying.

Voice: You don't know which the two worlds are?

Wariinga: The two worlds? No!

Voice: But you claim to be educated.

Wariinga: Just Cambridge, EACE when I was young I used to dream of learning all there was to know in the world. I wanted to climb the mountain of knowledge, the highest mountain of knowledge, the highest mountain on Earth, to climb and climb until I stood on the highest peak, the whole Earth below me. But today my education can't even fill one stomach for a day.

### Questions

- Place the extract in the context. (08 marks)
- Describe Wariinga's feelings as portrayed in the extract. (06 marks)
- Comment on the narrative techniques used in the extract. (10 marks)
- What is the significance of the extract to the rest of the novel? (10 marks)

9. **IVAN TUNGENEV:** *Fathers and Sons*

"Nikolai Petrovich," Fenechka's voice rang out nearby. "Where are you?"

He shuddered. He felt neither pain nor shame ... He'd never even allow the possibility of comparison between his wife and Fenechka, but regretted that she'd come to look for him. Her voice summoned him back at once: his gray hair, his age, his present ... The magical world he'd already entered, arising from dim mists of the past, was shaken and then vanished.

"Over here," he replied. "I'm coming. You go on ahead." "There they are, those traces of gentry mentality" flashed through his mind. Fenechka looked into the pavilion and glanced at him in silence, then disappeared; meanwhile he was surprised to notice that night had fallen while he was sitting there dreaming. Everything around him had grown dark and quiet, and Fenechka's face appeared before him, so small and pale. He stood up, wanting to return home, but the emotions stirring in his heart couldn't be calmed; he began pacing slowly around the garden, first gazing sadly at the ground under his feet, then raising his eyes to the sky, where swarms of stars were already twinkling. He paced a great deal, until he was quite exhausted, but his agitation, a vague, searching, mournful agitation, couldn't be appeased. Oh, how Bazarov would've made fun of him, if only he'd known what he was feeling at that moment! Arkady too would judge him harshly. He, a forty-four-year-old man, an agronomist and landowner, with tears welling up in his eyes, senseless tears; this was a hundred times worse than playing the cello.

Nikolai Petrovich continued to pace and couldn't resolve to return home, to that peaceful and comfortable nest that looked at him so invitingly with all its illuminated windows; he was unable to part with the darkness, the garden, the fresh air in his face, and his grief, his agitation. . . .

At a bend in the path he met Pavel Petrovich.

"What's wrong?" he asked Nikolai Petrovich. "You're pale as a ghost; you must be ill. Why don't you go to bed?"

Nikolai Petrovich explained his state of mind briefly, then moved on. Pavel Petrovich walked to the end of the garden, also grew thoughtful, and also raised his gaze to the sky. But nothing was reflected in his handsome dark eyes except the stars.

He hadn't been born a romantic, and his fastidiously dry and passionate soul, with its touch of French misanthropy, didn't even know how to dream . . .

"Do you know what?" Bazarov said to Arkady that very evening. "I've just had a splendid idea. Today your father said he's received an invitation from your illustrious relative. Your father isn't going; why don't you and I set off for \*\*\*; you know, that gentleman's invited you, too. You see how fine the weather is now; let's go for a ride and have a look at the town. We'll spend five or six days there, and that's that!"

"Will you come back here afterward?"

"No, I'll have to go see my father. You know, he's only about thirty versts from \*\*\*. I haven't seen him or my mother for a long time; one must console the old folks. They're good people, especially my father; he's so amusing. I'm all they have."

"Will you stay there long?"

"I don't think so. I'll probably get bored."

"Will you come to see us on your way back?"

"I don't know ... we'll see. Well, so, how about it? Shall we go?"

"All right," Arkady replied lazily.

In his heart and soul he was delighted with his friend's proposal, but he considered it his obligation to conceal his emotions. It was not for nothing he was a nihilist! The next day he left with Bazarov for \*\*\*. The young people in Marino regretted their departure; Dunyasha even shed a few tears ... but the old folks breathed a sigh of relief.

### Questions

- a) Place the extract in context. (08 marks)
- b) Describe the character of: (06 marks)
- (i) Nikolai Petrovich
- (ii) Pavel Petrovich
- as portrayed in the extract. (04 marks)
- c) Describe Nikolai Petrovich's feelings as portrayed in the extract. (08 marks)
- d) What is the significance of the extract to the rest of the novel? (10 marks)

### SECTION C

**ALEX LA GUMA:** *A Walk in the Night.*

**Either:**

10. Discuss the character and role of Constable Raalt in the short story, *A Walk in the night.* (33 marks)

**Or:**

11. How does Alex La Guma present his message in *A Walk in the Night*? (33 marks)

**ES'KIA MPHALELE:** *In Corner B.*

**Either:**

12. Discuss the author's use of irony in the short story, *In Corner B*? (33 marks)

**Or:**

13. How relevant is *In Corner B* to the Ugandan community? (33 marks)

**CHINUA ACHEBE:** *The Voter.*

**Either:**

14. Examine the narrative techniques Achebe uses in the short story, *The Voter.* (33 marks)

**Or:**

15. Discuss the theme of betrayal in the short story, *The Voter.* (33 marks)

### SECTION D

**JULIUS OKWINYO:** *Footprints of the Outsider.*

**Either:**

16. Discuss the different struggles Abdul Olwit goes through. How do these shape his character as the novel progresses? (33 marks)

**Or**

17. Describe the character and role of Father Guglielmo in the novel, *Footprints of the Outsider.* (33 marks)

**H.R. OLE KULET:** *Vanishing Herds.*

**Either**

18. Discuss the importance of nature and the environment in the Maa society as shown in *Vanishing Herds.* (33 marks)

**Or**

19. How has H.R. Ole Kulet sustained the readers' interest in the novel, *Vanishing Herds.* (33 marks)

**OSI OGBU:** *The Moon Also Sets.*

**Either**

20. Discuss the theme of tradition and culture as shown in the novel, *The Moon Also Sets.* (33 marks)

**Or**

21. Examine the relevance of the novel, *The Moon Also Sets* to your society. (33 marks)

**END**