**P310/1**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**(Prose and Poetry)**

Paper 1

3 hours

**INTERNAL MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2019**

**Uganda Advanced Certificate of Education**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

(Prose and Poetry)

**Paper 1**

3 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

*Attempt* ***ALL*** *numbers*

*Whenever possible answer in your own words.*

**SECTION I (34 MARKS)**

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

As we left the office the other day we observed a young man on a delivery bicycle. He was navigating the vehicle with one hand on the steering gear. The other hand pressed a small transistor radio to his left ear.

A few minutes later, at the corner of Madison Avenue, we paused briefly to observe some men at work putting in some underground cables. One of them was wearing a head band inside of which was a small radio set. On a small ledge was another radio, turned up full force. **It had to be:** It was competing with two pneumatic drills in full operation only a few yards away.

At the street corner we waited while large trucks and buses thundered by. Then the traffic was halted in response to the hideous wiling siren and blast horn of a fire engine still several blocks away. When we arrived at the hotel for our meeting, someone’s name was being paged over the amplifying system. Inside the elevator, a hidden loudspeaker told the passengers to face forward, announced the floors and the various services available at the hotel, and played screeching music between the blurbs.

The meeting we attended was in fairly small room but a microphone and ampliier were used just the same. The volume was fully turned up. For more than two hours, the human voice took on the **Ferocity** and impact of cannonballs fired point – blank at the human ear.

when the lunch break came we went into the hotel restaurant. **Nondescript** music was being piped into the room. In order to be heard above the music and the conversation from the other tables, the diners raised their own voices. Many of those who were talking to one another were speaking **simultaneously.**

That evening we were taken to dinner at a fairly well – celebrated emporium. We were almost felled by the sounds as we were escorted to our table. Three trumpets were firing directly into a microphone; the drummer seemed beset by fear that his presence might go undetected and he pounded away like a man possessed. Under these circumstances, giving the order to the waiter called for a **full mobilization of the human sound apparatus.**

The next morning, shortly after sunup, the riveting began in a new sky – scraper being built across the way from the hotel. One short, a tall building was being torn down to make way for a taller one, and the brutal noise of the large swinging iron ball crashing into brick walls came through over the riveting. When it subsided, briefly, we were able to hear a thundering jet overhead, its iron heart pounding into the sky as it gained altitude over New York.

Shortly after we arrived at the office, the air – raid signals went on, screaming screeching, piercing, and stayed on at least five agonizing, brain – addling moments. (By this time the people are so confused about air alerts that they haven’t the slightest idea of how to tell the difference between a test and the real thing, or what to do if it is real. And so they sit through the shrill howling noise, trying to concentrate on the matter at hand).

The next day we went out to International Airport for a flight to the West Coast. The roar of the jets warming up or on the runway was bad but not nearly so bad as the sickly sweet, tinny background music inside the plane.

Whether or not they realize it, the American people are waging unremitting war against themselves. the weapons are tranquility – smashers and are fitted out with **decibel warheads.** They penetrate all known cranial barriers and invade the innermost core of an individual’s privacy, impeding the processes of sequential thought, breaking down the sensibilities, and unhinging the capacity for serenity. The noise level is rising and the level of common sanity is falling.

Silence is nothingness or absence of sound. It is a prime condition for human serenity and the natural environment of contemplation. A life without regular periods of silence is a life without essential nourishment for both the spirit and the functioning intelligence. Silence offers the vital element of privacy, without which an individual becomes something less than himself, recognizable mainly by his own vapid mouthings and his twitchings.

People take the characteristics of the things they value or desire. If they accept a high noise level they become noise – makers themselves. If they feel they cannot do without constant sound amplification, constant background music, constant bellowing and blustering, they create the conditions for their own diminution. More than anything else, they minimize thought. **We can’t escalate the decibels without shrinking the human mind.**

We live at a time when thought alone represents the differences between safety and total madness. One of the prime requirements of such thought is privacy and little silence, at least now and then. We will get it once we attach value to it.

**Questions**

1. State the major concern of the writer in this passage.  *(04 marks)*
2. What sources of over – noise are mentioned in this passage? *(12 marks)*
3. What disadvantages of high noise levels are mentioned in the passage?  *(10 marks)*
4. What do the following words and expressions mean as used in the passage:

(i) It had to be  *(01 mark)*

(ii) ferocity  *(01 mark)*

(iii) Nondescript  *(01 mark)*

(iv) Simultaneously  *(01 mark)*

(v) full mobilization of the human sound apparatus.  *(01 mark)*

(vi) decibel warheads  *(01 mark)*

1. We can’t escalate the decibels without shrinking the human mind. *(02 marks)*

**SECTION II**

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

That night under the stars I didn’t sleep. I dreamed. How much I dreamed awake and how much I dreamed asleep. I do not know. I do not know. I only know that a white horse occupied my dreams and filled them with vibrant sound, and light, and turmoil.

Summer passed and winter came. Green grass gave place to white snow. The herds descended from the mountains to the valleys and the hollows. And in the town they kept saying that the Wonder horse was roaming through this or that secluded area. I inquired everywhere for his whereabouts. Every day he became for me more of an ideal, more of an idol, more of a mystery.

It was Sunday. The sun had barely risen above the snowy mountains. My breath was a white cloud. My horse was trembling with cold and fear like me. I left without going to mass. Without any breakfast. Without any breakfast. Without the usual bread and sardines in my saddlebags. I had slept badly but had kept the vigil well. I was going in search of the white light that galloped through my dreams.

On leaving the town for the open country, the roads disappear. There are no tracks; human or animal. Only a silence, deep, white and sparkling. There are no tracks, human or animal. Only a silence, deep, white, and sparkling. My horse breaks trail with his chest and leaves an unending wake, an open rift, in the white sea. My trained, concentrated gaze covers the landscape from horizon to horizon, searching for the noble silhouette of the talismanic horse.

It must have been midday. I don’t know. Time had lost its meaning. I found him! On a slope stained with sunlight. We saw one another at same time. Together we turned to stone. Motionless, absorbed, and panting, I gazed at his beauty, his pride, his nobility. As still as sculptured marble, he allowed himself to be admired.

A sudden violent scream breaks the silence. A glove hurled into my face. A challenge and a mandate. Then something surprising happens. The horse that in summer takes his stand between any threat and his herd, swinging back and forth from left to right, now plunges into the snow. Stronger than they, he is braking trail for his mares. They follow him. His flight is slow in order to conserve his strength.

I follow, slowly, quivering. Thinking about his intelligence. Admiring his courage. Understanding his courage. Understanding his courtesy. The afternoon advances. My horse is taking it easy.

One by one the mares become weary. One by one, they drop out of the trail. Alon! He and I. My inner ferment bubbles to my lips. I speak to him. He listens and is quiet.

He still opens the way, and I follow in the path he leaves me. Behind us a long, deep trench crosses the white plain. My horse, which has eaten grian and good hay, is still strong. Under – nourished as the Wonder Horse is, his strength is waning. But he keeps on because that is the way he is. He does not know how to surrender.

I now see black stains over his body. Sweat and the wet snow gave revealed the black skin beneath the white hair. Snorting breath, turned to steam, tears the air. White spume above white snow. Sweat, spume, and steam. Uneasiness.

I felt like an executioner. But there was no turning back. The distance between us was growing relentlessly shorter. God and nature watched indifferently.

I feel sure of myself at last. I untie the rope. I open the lasso and pull the reins tight. Every nerve, every muscle is tense. My heart is in my mouth. Spurs pressed against trembling flanks. The horse leaps. I whirl the rope and throw the obedient lasso.

A frenzy of fury and rage. Whirl pools of light and fans of transparent snow. A rope that whistles and burns the saddletree. Smoking, fighting gloves. Eyes burning in their sockets. Mouth perched. Fevered forehead. The whole earth shakes and shudders. The long, white trench ends in a wide, white pool.

Deep, gasping quiet. The wonder Horse is mine! Both still trembling, we look at one another squarely for a long time. Intelligent and realistic, he stops struggling and even takes a hesitant step toward me. I speak to him. As I talk, I approach him. At first, he flinches and recoils. Then he waits for me. The two horses greet one another in their own way. Finally, I succeed in stroking his name. I tell him many things, and he seems to understand.

**Questions**

1. (i) What does the persona set out to achieve in the passage?  *(03 marks)*

(ii) Does he succeed? Give reasons from the passage.  *(05 marks)*

1. What challenges does the persona face in his pursuit?  *(10 marks)*
2. Show the effectiveness of any five stylistic devices used in the passage.

*(15 marks)*

**SECTION III**

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

**On the Birth of a son**

The day the boy was born, the wall fell down

That flanks our garden. There’s an espaliered pear,

And then wall I had labored with such care,

Such sweat and foresight, locking stone with stone,

To build. Well, just a wall, but it’s my own,

I built it. Sitting in a garden chair

With flowers against the wall, but it’s my own,

I built it. Sitting in a garden chair

With flowers against the wall, it’s good to stare

In wards. But now some freak of wind has blown

And tumbled it across the lawn.... a sign

Perhaps. Indeed, when I first saw the boy,

I though, he is humbled now, but wait a few

Years and we’ll see.... out following a line

Not of our choice at all. And with joy

I looked beyond the stones and saw the view.

* ***David Campbell***

1. Identify the speaker in the poem.  *(02 marks)*
2. How does symbolism help in your understanding of the meaning of the poem?

*(10 marks)*

1. Show the effectiveness of any other stylistic devices you have notices in the poem.  *(12 marks)*
2. Comment on the following in the poem.
3. Tone  *(03 marks)*
4. Mood  *(03 marks)*
5. Intension  *(03 marks)*

**END**