

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

### Senior two

### First term

## EXERCISES

### I. Define,

- a. Plot
- b. Setting
- c. Character

II.a. Discuss the meaning of the word linear. You can refer to an English dictionary.

b. Read the story below in your spare time. You will use it to discuss plot.

He was slow, but sure. He would not give up easily. That was the motto my father imparted to me when I left for Chipembi Girls' School. I was twelve years old when I went there. My mother was horrified at my being sent away so young, but my father had been told by one of the supervisors at his workplace that it was a "very good school". The supervisor had two daughters who were already in the school. He had been trying to convince my father that not every white person was bad. He told him that the missionaries who ran the school were dedicated people who treated the girls as if they were their own children. He also told him that most of the missionaries were not married and that they did not have children because they wanted to dedicate their lives to teaching the students and to bringing them up as the future leaders of the country. My father decided then that it was what he wanted for me. My mother tried to talk my father out of sending me away. "What will happen to her if she becomes

of age while she is at school? Who will show her what to do?” For my mother, that was a crucial question. She wanted me to go through the same traditional rituals of puberty, which she had experienced, way back in her village. There, at the onset of menstruation, a girl was placed in a secluded hut for a week or two, during which time she was told about the facts of life by older female relatives. They gave her lessons about what it now meant to ‘mature’, not only in terms of physical growth and development, but in terms of what was expected as a future wife and mother. At the end of the seclusion period, there was a feast, a ‘coming out ceremony,’ marked by much food, drink and dancing all night to the accompaniment of drums, until the early hours of the morning. But my mother’s wishes and her plans for me could not be indulged.

My father was determined that I should go, puberty or not. He brushed off her concerns by saying, “These missionaries are also women, so they’ll know what to do. Besides, these puberty ceremonies are only an excuse for people to get drunk and to rush girls into early marriages.” As soon as the letter of acceptance arrived from Chipembi, we rushed to buy the things that were on the list of requirements: six dresses, six underwear, two pairs of black or brown shoes, one pair of boots, two nightdresses, soap, a toothbrush, toothpaste, slippers and so forth. The list seemed to go on and on. After the shopping was completed, I had more things than I had ever owned before. It was only much later, when I was older, that I realised what a huge sacrifice it must have been for my parents to send me to that school and to pay the fees.

### **Questions:**

- a. Outline the differences between a linear plot and a circular plot.
- b. Write a brief short story that has a linear plot.
- c. Research and write a brief short story that illustrates a circular plot.

III.a. Discuss the meaning of the term 'historical' and relate it to setting in prose.

b. Read the excerpt below. Then discuss its historical setting.

The only man he had resisted the efforts of his wife to have sacked was Ngotho. Not that Mr Howlands stopped to analyse his feelings towards him. He just loved to see Ngotho working in the farm; the way the old man touched the soil, almost fondling, and the way he tended the young tea plants as if they were his own . . . Ngotho was too much of a part of the farm to be separated from it. Something else. He could manage the farm-labourers as no other person could. Ngotho had come to him at a time when his money position was bad. But with the coming of Ngotho, things and his fortune improved.

Mr Howlands was tall, heavily built, with an oval-shaped face that ended in a double chin and a big stomach. In physical appearance at least, he was a typical Kenya settler. He was a product of the First World War. After years of security at home, he had been suddenly called to arms and he had gone to the war with the fire of youth that imagines war a glory. But after four years of blood and terrible destruction, like many other young men he was utterly disillusioned by the 'peace'.

He had to escape. East Africa was a good place. Here was a big trace of wild country to conquer. For a long time England remained a country far away. He did not want to go back because of what he remembered. But he soon found that he wanted a wife. He could not go about with the natives as some had done. He went back 'home', a stranger, and picked the first woman he could get. Suzannah was a good girl – neither beautiful nor ugly. She too was bored with life in England. But she had never known what she wanted to do.

Africa sounded quite a nice place so she had willingly followed this man who would give her a change. But she had not known that Africa meant hardship and complete break with Europe. She again became bored. Mr Howlands

was oblivious of her boredom. He believed her when she had told him, out in England, that she could face the life in the bush.

Read the extract of the story below and then, discuss its cultural setting.

That was the end of school for Nyamalo. My father brought her home that weekend. The situation was explained to her and I saw a flood of tears run down her sweet cheeks. She screamed, sobbed and writhed painfully on the floor. "I am not going," she said. "I am not going."

My mother also shed a tear. I don't know why Mother shed a tear when she had accepted a blanket, drank beer and smiled when Father was given money.

"You will go, my daughter. You are not your own daughter," Father said

"I'm not going," Nyamalo insisted. "What wrong have I done you? Mother! Mother! Why do you forsake me?"

Mother shed more tears and only said between sobs. "It ... is ... finished ..."

Two days later the bride was prepared for the ceremonial departure from her parents' home. She was dressed in a loincloth, a lessa which went under her right arm and was knotted above her left shoulder. A beaded belt went round her waist. Around her neck she wore several strings of beads and one beaded ornament whose bead suspension flowed down to her knees. Her feet were shod in green rubber shoes. On her back she carried a gourd full of milk. A real bride!

The bridegroom's father and mother came to escort her.

My father, mother and clan all anointed her with milk cream. They told her to multiply like a pumpkin. May her children fill the world. But they also reminded her that she was now somebody's wife. She must live like one.

That would bring great honour not only to herself but to all her people. I was asked to accompany her and to stay with her for two weeks to keep her company.

We walked in a single file. My sister's father-in-law walked ahead, followed

by his wife, followed by Nyamalo and, lastly myself. Although customarily the bride was required to promenade along, she defiantly walked clumsily and fast. I heard my father say from behind me when we started off, "This girl will bring us shame." resolutely.

**IV. Discuss the definitions of the following terms then write down the definitions:**

1. Linear plot
2. Circular plot
3. Social setting
4. Historical setting
5. Cultural setting
6. Political setting

**V. Below is a short story. Read it carefully.**

**The town**

**by Eneriko Seruma**

"The park is too crowded today. I wish I could afford to stay in bed on Saturdays," the taxi driver said as he stopped the car in the Nakivubo car park, his eyes wandering over the crowd. "But of course the more crowded it is, the more money there is to be earned," he added, laughing to himself.

None of his passengers said anything; he had had a quiet load this run.

His caller started calling out for new passengers in a quick, hoarse voice.

"Passengers for Wandegeya, Makerere, Bwaise, Kawempe; this way please.

Makerere, Wandegeya..." His voice faded as he moved among the crowd.

The passengers got out of the cab, handing the fare to the driver. Each passenger, except the last one, disappeared into the crowd as soon as the

change was handed back. The last passenger, a man who was from a village, stood some feet away from the car and watched the distant caller. 'And they like the town!' he thought. "Instead of owning a small place in the village and farming for a better living, look at what they do. How can a man spend a whole day barking like a crazy dog?" He wondered how much the caller earned and walked over to the driver who was sitting in his car whistling to himself as he waited for passengers.

"How much does the caller earn?" he asked the driver.

"Fifty cents per car load. That's some money, you know. About eight, nine may be even ten shillings a day. And that's earned without any labouring too."

The man thanked the driver and moved away. 'Yes,' he thought, 'that's the trouble with town people: they are always afraid of manual labour. They don't realize that because I dig from sunrise to midday I can sell five to six bags of coffee for a lot of money, and save because I don't have to buy food like they do. They spend all their money buying villagers' farm produce.' He took his eyes from the caller and walked away, squeezing among people of all sorts. 'What a gathering of characters!' he marvelled. 'They are all like vultures over a carcass.'

The man wished he could shut off the noise of the crowd; it was maddening.

Not even at weddings and feasts – or even drinking parties – had he heard so much noise. Everybody seemed to be shouting; the noise seemed as if a cloud was hanging over the park and was striking him with bolts of noise.

"Here, miss, over here! I have the latest style..."

"Over here, good lady! I have the latest fashion...!"

"Natete! Natete! Passengers for Natete over here!"

"Here's a real nice cab. Over here passengers, quick! It is comfortable; It has a radio; listen to your favourite songs as you travel to Nakulabye."

"This one is faster. You'll be there in a few minutes."

'That is how they kill themselves,' the villager thought, 'driving fast as if bees were chasing them! Like that driver who brought me, how fast he had been

driving – with one hand! One is safer in buses these days.’ The man concluded his thoughts about the fast cars as other shouts hit his exhausted ears.

“Handkerchiefs! Handkerchiefs! Only forty cents, two for eighty cents. From your shilling you will be left with twenty cents ... twenty cents for peanuts and popcorn. Two handkerchiefs for...”

“Here my lords, here! Pure woollen trousers for only thirty-five shillings.

Only thirty-five shillings – cheaper than in the Asian shops. Here my ...”

“Katwe, Kibuye, Najja. Passengers for Katwe, Kibuye. The bus has just left, so don’t miss this chance of a faster arrival. Katwe ...”

The villager stood and stared in wonderment. ‘This is too much to believe!

Do these men wake up in the morning to tell their wives they are going to work?

Look at them, all shouting their heads off. What a way to earn a living!’ He shook his head at the men who rushed at him with yards of cloth on their arms. There were so many of them. ‘How can they make money with such competition?’

He looked out in the distance. All he could see were heads that bobbed and mouths that shouted. Here and there were some unfortunate travellers caught in a competition between callers, who were each shouting the experience of the driver they were working for. The poor travellers stood between them with worried looks on their faces, like prisoners standing in court while the defender and the prosecutor battle over their fate. Some travellers, caught between cloth-sellers, were entangled in rolls of cloth as the sellers showed off the quality of the materials.

The man turned his head and looked at the road and the entrance to the park. There was a traffic jam of cabs as they turned off the main street to enter the park. Horns hooted from cars that were full of impatient bewildered people, who stared out of the windows just like the monkeys that stared at the man every morning he went digging. Some of the passengers got out of the cars and walked the rest of the way. Dwarfing the cabs, that were mostly

the small cars the villager called tortoises but which the town people called Volkswagens, were the double-decker buses that had both decks full of people going to all corners of Kampala city. The bus depot was opposite the taxi park; the man could see people lining the platforms and others scrambling to get into the buses.

### Questions

- a. Discuss and identify the subject and central theme in the short story.
- b. Write a report about the themes and messages in this short story, in your
- C. Explain the message in the short story.

### D. Complete these sentences:

- i. A subject in prose is .....
- ii. A theme in prose is .....
- iii. A message in prose is .....

E. Which experiences in the story you read above are similar to the ones you have witnessed or experienced in your life?

VI. In not less than 250 words and not more than 300 words, differentiate prose and poetry.

ENJOY !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!