

# UNEB UACE LITERATURE IN ENGLISH 2016

## PAPER 1

### PROSE AND POETRY

#### SECTION I

#### FAIRY TALES AND MORDERN STORIES

The shortcomings of the realistic stories with which many parents have replaced fairy tales is suggested by a comparison of two such stories- "The Little Engine That Could" and "The Swiss Family Robinson"-with the fairy tale of "Rapunzel." "The Little Engine that Could" encourages the child to believe that if he tries hard and does not give up, he will finally succeed. A young adult has recalled how much impressed she was at the age of seven when her mother read her this story. She became convinced that one's attitude indeed affects one's achievements – that if she would now approach a task with the conviction that she could conquer it, she would succeed. A few days later, this child encountered in first grade a challenging situation: she was trying to make a house out of paper, gluing various sheets together. But her house continually collapsed. Frustrated, she began to seriously doubt whether her idea of building such a paper house could be realized. But then the story of "The Little Engine That Could" came to her mind; twenty years later, she recalled how at that moment she began to sing to herself the magic formula "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can..." So she continued to work on her paper house, and it continued to collapse. The project ended in complete defeat, with this little girl convinced that she had failed where anybody else could have succeeded, as the Little Engine had. Since "The Little Engine That Could" was a story set in the present, using such common props as engines that pulled trains, this girl had tried to apply its lesson directly in her daily life, without any fantasy elaboration, and had experienced a defeat that still rankled twenty years later.

Very different was the impact of "The Swiss Family Robinson" on another little girl. The story tells how a shipwrecked family manages to live an adventurous, idyllic, constructive, and pleasurable life – a life very different from this child's own existence. Her father had to be away from home a great deal, and her mother was mentally ill and spent protracted periods in institutions. So the girl was shuttled from her home to that of an aunt, then to that of a grandmother, and back home again, as the need arose. During these years, the girl read over and over again the story of this happy family who lived on a desert island, where no member could be away from the rest of the family who lived on a desert island, where no member could be away far from the rest of the family. Many years later, she recalled what a warm, cozy feeling she had when, propped up by a few large pillows, she forgot all about her present predicaments as she read this

story. As soon as she had finished it, she started to read it over again. The happy hours she spent with the Family Robinson in that fantasy land permitted her not to be defeated by the difficulties that reality presented to her. She was able to counteract the impact of harsh reality by imaginary gratifications. But since the story was not a fairy tale, it merely gave her temporary escape from her problems; it did not hold out any promise to her that her life would take a turn for the better.

Consider the effect that "Rapunzel" had on a third girl. This girl's mother had died in a car accident. The girl's father, deeply upset by what had happened to his wife (he had been driving the car), withdrew entirely into himself and handed the care of his daughter over to a nursemaid, who was little interested in the girl and gave her complete freedom to do as she liked. When the girl was seven, her father remarried, and, as she recalled it, it was around that time that "Rapunzel" became so important to her. Her stepmother clearly the witch of the story, and she was the girl locked away in the tower. The girl recalled that she felt akin to Rapunzel because the witch had "forcibly" taken possession of her, as her stepmother had forcibly worked her way into the girl's life. The girl felt imprisoned in her new home, in contrast to her life of freedom with the nursemaid. She felt as victimized as Rapunzel, who, in her tower, had so little control over her life. Rapunzel's long hair was the key to the story. The girl wanted her hair to grow long, but her stepmother cut it short; long hair in itself became the symbol of freedom and happiness to her. The story convinced her that a prince (her father) would come someday and rescue her, and this conviction sustained her. If life became too difficult, all she needed was to imagine herself as Rapunzel, her hair grown long, and the prince loving and rescuing her.

"Rapunzel" suggests why fairy tales can offer more to the child than even such very nice children's story as "The Swiss Family Robinson". In "The Swiss Family Robinson," there is no witch against whom the child can discharge her anger in fantasy and on whom she can blame the father's lack of interest. "The Swiss Family Robinson" offers escape fantasies, and it did help the girl who read it over and over to forget temporarily how difficult life was for her. But it offered no specific hope for the future. "Rapunzel," on the other hand, offered the girl a chance to see the witch of the story as so evil that by comparison even the "witch" stepmother at home was not really so bad. "Rapunzel" also promised the girl that her rescue would be effected by her own body, when her hair grew long. Most important of all, it promised that the "prince" was only temporarily blinded - that

he would regain his sight and rescue his princess. This fantasy continued to sustain the girl, though to a less intense degree, until she fell in love and married, and then she no longer needed it. We can understand why at first glance the stepmother, if she had known the meaning of "Rapunzel" to her stepdaughter, would have felt that fairy tales are bad for children. What she would not have known was that unless the stepdaughter had been able to find that fantasy satisfaction through "Rapunzel," she would have tried to break up her father's marriage and that without the hope for the future which the story gave her she might have gone badly astray in life. 70 75

It seems quite understandable that where children are asked to name their favorite fairy tales, hardly any modern tales are among their choices. Many of the new tales have sad endings, which fail to provide the escape and consolation that the fearsome events in the fairy tale require if the child is to be strengthened for meeting the vagaries of his life. Without such encouraging conclusions, the child, after listening to the story, feels that there is indeed no hope for extricating himself from his despairs. In the traditional fairy tale, the hero is rewarded and the evil person meets his well-deserved fate, thus satisfying the child's deep need for justice to prevail. How else can a child hope that justice will be done to him, who so often feels unfairly treated: And how else can he convince himself that he must act correctly, when he is so sorely tempted to give in to the asocial proddings of his desires? 80 85 90

### Questions

1. What do 'The Little Engine that Could' and 'The Swiss Family Robinson' stories have in common?
2. What does the writer suggest to be the
  - i) weakness of 'The Little Engine that Could' and
  - ii) benefit of 'Rapunzel' on the girls who read them?
3. Why are the old fairy tales preferable to the modern ones?
4. "...can he convince himself that he must act correctly, when he is so sorely tempted to give in to the asocial proddings of his desires." Explain what the writer means by this.
5. Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases as used in the passage:

#### Line

- a) realistic.....1
- b) rankle.....21
- c) idyllic.....24
- d) protracted.....26
- e) gratifications.....38
- f) anger in fantasy.....62
- g) escape.....81
- h) vagaries.....83
- i) extricating.....84
- j) proddings.....89

## SECTION II

Dear Scottie:

I don't think I will be writing letters many more years and I wish you would read this letter twice-bitter as it may seem. You will reject it now, but at a later period some of it may come back to you as truth. When I'm talking to you, you think of me as an older person, an "authority," and when I speak of my own youth what I say becomes unreal to you – for the young can't believe in the youth of their fathers. But perhaps this little bit will be understandable if I put it in writing.

When I was your age I lived with a great dream. The dream grew and I learned how to speak of it and make people listen. Then the dream divided one day when I decided to marry your mother after all, even though I knew she was spoiled and meant no good to me. I was sorry immediately I had married her but, being patient in those days, made the best of it and got to love her in another way.

You came along and for a long time we made quite lot of happiness out of our lives. But I was a man divided- she wanted me to work too much for her and not enough for my dream. She realized too late that work was dignity, and the only dignity, and tried to atone for it by working herself, but it was too late and she broke and is broken forever.

It was too late also for me to recoup the damage – I had spent most of my resources, spiritual and material, on her, but I struggled on for five years till my health collapsed, and all I cared about was to drink and forgetting.

The mistake I made was marrying her. We belonged to different worlds – she might have been happy with a kind simple man in a southern garden. She didn't have the strength for the big stage-sometimes she pretended, and pretended beautifully, but she didn't have it. She was soft when she should have been hard, and hard when she should have been yielding. She never knew how to use her energy-she's passed that failing on to you.

For a long time I hated her mother for giving her nothing in the line of good habit-nothing but "getting by" and conceit. I never wanted to see again in this world women who were brought up as idlers. And one of my chief desires in life was to keep you from being that kind of person, one who brings ruin to themselves and others. When you began to show disturbing signs at about fourteen, I comforted myself with the idea that you were too precocious socially and a strict school would fix things. But sometimes I think that idlers seem to be a special class for whom nothing can be planned, plead as one will with them-their only contribution to be human family is to warm a seat at the common table.

My reforming days are over, and if you are that way I don't want to change you. But I don't want to be upset by idlers inside my family or out. I want my energies and my earnings for people who talk my language.

I have begun to fear that you don't. You don't realize that what I am doing here is the last tired effort of a man who once did something finer and better. There is not enough energy, or call it money, to carry anyone who is dead weight and I am angry and resentful in my soul when I feel that I am doing this. People like- and your mother must be carried because their illness makes them useless. But it is a different story that you have spent two years doing no useful work at all, improving neither your body nor your mind, but only writing reams and reams of dearly letters to dearly people, with no possible object except obtaining invitations which you could not accept. Those letters go on, even in your sleep, so that I know your whole trip now is one long waiting for the post. It is like an old gossip that cannot still her tongue.

You have reached the age when one is the interest to an adult only insofar as one seems to have a future. The mind of a little child is fascinating, for it looks on old things with new eyes- but at about twelve this changes. The adolescent offers nothing, can do nothing, say nothing that the adult cannot do better. Living with you in Baltimore (and you have told Harold that I alternated between strictness and neglect, by which I suppose you mean the times I was so inconsiderate as to have T.B., or to retire into myself to write, for I had little social life apart from you) represented a rather too domestic duty forced on me by your mother's illness. But I endured your Top Hats and Telephones until the day you snubbed me at dancing school, less willingly after that...

To sum up: What you have done to please me or make me proud is practically negligible since the time you made yourself a good driver at camp (and now you are softer than you have ever been). In your carrier as a "wild society girl," vintage of 1925, I'm not interested. I don't want any of it- it would bore me, like dining with the Ritz Brothers. When I do not feel you are "going somewhere," your company tends to depress me for the silly waste and triviality involved. On the other hand, when occasionally I see signs of life and intention in you, there is no company in the world I prefer. For there is no doubt that you have something in your belly, some real; gusto for life – a real dream of your own- and my idea was to wed it to something solid before it was too late –as it was too late for your mother to learn anything when she got around to it. Once when you spoke French as a child it was enchanting with your odd bits of knowledge-now your conversation is as commonplace as if you'd spent the last two years in the Corn Hollow High School – what you saw in Life and read in *Sexy Romances*.

I shall come East in September to meet your boat-but this letter is a declaration that I am no longer interested in your promissory notes but only in what I see. I love you always but I am only interested by people who think and work as I do and it isn't likely that I shall change at my age. Whether you will – or want to –remains to be seen.

Daddy.

P.S. If you keep the diary, please don't let it be the dry stuff I could buy in a ten-franc guide book. I'm not interested in dates and places, even the Battle of New Orleans, unless you have some unusual reaction to them. Don't try to be witty in the writing, unless it's natural –just true and real.

P.P.S Will you please read this letter a second time? I wrote it over twice.

**Questions:**

1. What is the writer's intention in this passage?
2. What accusations does he raise against his daughter?
3. Comment on the writer's attitude towards his wife.
4. Discuss the writer's style and its effectiveness.
5. Discuss the writer's mood.

**SECTION III**

**I AM BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL**

It is a fact not a fib,  
That my radiant eyes  
Melted your solid heart  
And my infectious grin,  
Imprisoned you in my arms

I am neither frail nor fragile,  
Bearing bouncing babies  
Nursing and nurturing them,  
Confounding the world with awe,  
Since the days of Adam and Eve.

I am your spouse not slave,  
With a body and soul  
Flesh and blood  
Mind and conscience,  
Rights and privileges.

I am your darling not donkey,  
To plough and sow  
To weed and reap  
To market the crop,  
Yet forfeit the proceeds.

I am your partner not prisoner,  
To mop your house  
To grind the grain  
To fry your food,  
Yet sleep in the cold  
On an empty stomach!

I am a victor not victim  
Of your male chauvinistic stance  
Liberated not hibernated  
Into a world of equality  
Freer than a fugitive  
Oh, I am black and beautiful!

**Turyatemba James**

**Questions:**

1. What is the poem about?
2. Describe the character of the speaker in the poem.
3. What stylistic aspects have been employed in the poem? Show the effect?
4. a) Describe the tone in the poem.  
b) What is the intention of the poet?

**END**

## **PAPER 3**

### **NOVELS**

#### **SECTION A**

##### **JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion***

1. Discuss the contribution of Sir Walter Elliot and Captain Fredrick Wentworth to the development of the novel, *Persuasion*.
2. Would you say that Anne Elliot is an admirable character? Why?

##### **THOMAS HARDY: *Under the Greenwood Tree***

3. Discuss the role of Dick Dewey as presented in *Under the Greenwood Tree*.
4. What lessons do you learn from the relationship between Fancy Day and Dick Dewey's in the novel, *Under the Greenwood Tree*?

##### **CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist***

5. Discuss the characters of Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Sowerberry and show how they are used to depict the theme of oppression in the novel.
6. Discuss the role played by Noah Claypole in the novel, *Oliver Twist*.

#### **SECTION B**

##### **GRAHAM GREENE: *The Heart of the Matter***

7. How does the author use letters in the novel, *The Heart of the Matter*?
8. Discuss the author's use of irony in portraying themes in the novel, *The Heart of the Matter*.

##### **NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: *Zorba the Greek***

9. Discuss the significance of Boss and Zorba in the portrayal of the theme on religion?
10. What techniques does the author use to portray the central theme in, *Zorba the Greek*?

##### **E.M FORSTER: *A Room with a View***

11. Discuss the use of symbolism in *A Room with a View*.

12. What significance of the title, *A Room with a View*, to the novel?

## SECTION C

### TAYEB SALIH: *Season of Migration to the North*

13. While I was drinking my morning coffee Wad Rayyes came to me. I had intended to go to his house but he forestalled me. He said that he had come to remind me of the invitation of the day before, but I knew that, unable to hold himself in wait, he had come to learn of the result of my intervention.

‘It’s no good,’ I told him as he seated himself. ‘She doesn’t want to marry at all. If I were you I’d certainly let the whole matter drop.’

I had not imagined that the news would have such an effect on him. However Wad Rayyes, who changed women as he changed donkeys, now sat in front of me with a morose expression on his face, eyelids trembling, savagely biting his lower lip. He began fidgeting in his seat and tapping the ground nervously with his stick. He took off the slipper from his right foot and put it on again several times as though preparing to get up and go, then reseated himself and opened his mouth as though wishing to speak but without doing so. How extraordinary! Was it reasonable to suppose that Wad Rayyes was in love? ‘It’s not as if there’re not plenty of other women to marry,’ I said to him.

His intelligent eyes were no longer intelligent but had become two small glass globes fixed in a rigid stare. ‘I shall marry no one but her,’ he said. ‘She’ll accept me whether she likes it or not. Does she imagine she’s some queen or princess? Widows in this village are more common than empty bellies. She should thank God she’s found a husband like me.’

‘If she’s just like every other woman, then why this insistence?’ I said to him. ‘You know she’s refused many men besides you, some of them younger. If she wants to devote herself to bringing up her children, why not let her do as she pleases?’

Suddenly Wad Rayyes burst out into a crazy fit of rage which I regarded as quite out of character. In a violent state of excitement, he said something that truly astonished me: ‘Ask yourself why Mahmoud’s daughter refused marriage. You’re the reason – there’s certainly something between you and her. Why do you interfere? You’re not her father or her brother or the person responsible for her. He’ll marry me whatever you or she says or does. Her father’s agreed and so have her brothers. This nonsense you learn at school won’t wash with us here. In this village the men are guardians of the women.’

‘I don’t know what would have happened if my father had not come in at that moment. Immediately I got up and left.’

### Questions

- Place the passage in context.
- Describe the character of Wad Rayyes in the passage.
- Identify the themes in this passage.
- Discuss the significance of this passage to the rest of the novel.

### ARTHUR KOESTLER: *Darkness at Noon*

14. ‘And what follows?’ asked Rubashov.

Ivanov had again his former amiable smile.

‘What I don’t understand,’ he said, ‘is this. You now openly admit that for years you have had the conviction that we were running the Revolution; and in the same breath you deny that you belonged to the opposition and that you plotted against us. Do you really expect me to believe that you sat watching us with your hands in your lap – while, according to your conviction, we led country and Party to destruction?’

Rubashov shrugged his shoulders. ‘Perhaps I was too old and used up... But believe what you like,’ he said.

Ivanov lit another cigarette. His voice became quiet and penetrating:

‘Do you really want me to believe that you sacrificed Arlova and denied those’ – he jerked his chin towards the light patch on the wall – ‘only in order to save your own head?’

Rubashov was silent. Quite a long time passed. Ivanov’s head bent even closer over the writing desk.

‘I don’t understand you,’ he said. ‘Half an hour ago you made me a speech full of the most impassioned attacks against our policy, any fraction of which would have been enough to finish you off. And now you deny such a simple logical deduction as that you belonged to an oppositional group, for which, in any case, we hold all our proofs.’

‘Really?’ said Rubashov. ‘If you have all the proofs, why do you need my confession? Proofs of what, by the way?’

‘Amongst others,’ said Ivanov slowly, ‘proofs of a projected attempt on No.1’s life.’

Again there was a silence. Rubashov put on his pince-nez.

‘Allow me to ask you a question in my turn,’ he said. ‘Do you really believe this idiocy or do you only pretend to?’

In the corners of Ivanov’s eyes appeared the same nearly tender smile as before:

‘I told you. We have proofs. To be more exact: confessions. To be still more exact: the confession of the man who was actually to commit the attempt on your instigation.’

‘Congratulations,’ said Rubashov. ‘What is his name?’

Ivanov went on smiling.

‘An indiscreet question.’

‘May I read that confession? Or be confronted with the man?’

Ivanov smiled. He blew the smoke of his cigarette with friendly mockery into Rubashov’s face. It was unpleasant to Rubashov, but he did not move his head.

‘Do you remember the veronal?’ said Ivanov slowly. ‘I think I have already asked you that. Now the roles are interchanged: today it is you who are about to throw yourself head first down the precipice. But not with my help. You then convinced me that suicide was pretty bourgeois romanticism. I shall see that you do not succeed in committing it. Then we shall be quits.’

Rubashov was silent. He was thinking over whether Ivanov was lying or sincere – and at the same time he had the strange wish, almost a physical impulse, to touch the light patch on the wall with his fingers. Nerve, he thought. Obsessions. Stepping only on the black tiles, murmuring senseless phrases, rubbing my pince-nez on my sleeve – there, I am doing it again...

‘I am curious to know,’ he said aloud, ‘what scheme you have for my salvation. The way in which you have examined me up till now seems to have exactly the opposite aim.’

Ivanov’s smile became broad and beaming. ‘You old fool,’ he said, and reaching over the table, he grasped Rubashov’s coat button. ‘I was obliged to let you explode once, else you would have exploded the wrong time. Haven’t you even noticed that I have no stenographer present?’

He took a cigarette out of the case and forced it into Rubashov’s mouth without letting go his coat button. ‘You’re behaving like an infant,’ he added. ‘Now we are going to concoct a nice little confession and that will be all for today.’

Rubashov at last managed to free himself from Ivanov’s grip. He looked at him sharply through his pince-nez. ‘And what would be in this confession?’ he asked.

Ivanov beamed at him unabatedly. ‘In the confession will be written,’ he said, ‘that you admit, since such and such a year, to have belonged to such and such a group of the opposition; but that you emphatically deny having organized or planned an assignation; that, on the contrary, you withdrew from the group when you learned of the opposition’s criminal and terrorist plans.’

For the first time during their discussion Rubashov smiled, too. ‘If that is the object of this talk,’ he said, ‘we can break it off immediately.’

## Questions

a) Place the passage in context.

- b) Describe the characters of Rubashov and Ivanov as portrayed in the passage.
- c) What feelings does this passage evoke in you?
- d) What is the significance of this passage to the development of the plot?

**FERDINAND OYONO: *Houseboy***

15. 'You Toundi, are the cause of this whole business. Your greediness will be the ruin of us. Anyone would think you don't have enough to eat at home. So on the day before your initiation you have to cross a stream to go begging lumps of sugar from some white man-woman who is a complete stranger to you.'

My father however was not a stranger and I was well acquainted with what he could do with a stick. Whenever he went for either my mother or me, it always took us a week to recover. I was a good way from his stick. He swished it in the air and came towards me. I edged backwards.

'Are you going to stop? I've not got legs to go chasing you. You know if I don't get you now I will wait for you a hundred years to give you your punishment. Now come here and get it over with.'

'I haven't done anything to be beaten for, father,' I protested.

'Aaaaaaakiaaaaaay!' he roared. 'You dare say you haven't done anything? If you weren't such a glutton, if you hadn't the blood of the gluttons that flows through your mother's veins you wouldn't have been in Fia to fight like the little rat you are over the bits of sugar that cursed the white man gives you. You wouldn't have got your arm twisted, your mother wouldn't have had fight and I wouldn't have had a fight and I wouldn't have wanted to split open Tinati's old father's head... I warn you, you had better stop. If you go one more step backwards, that will be an insult to me. I will take it as a sign that you are capable of taking your mother to bed.'

I stopped. He flung himself on me and the cane swished down on my bare shoulders. I twisted like a worm in the sun.

'Turn round and put up your arms. I don't want to knock your eye out.'

'Let me off, father,' I begged, 'I won't do it again.'

'You always say that when I start to give you a thrashing. But today I'm going to go on thrashing and thrashing until I'm not angry anymore.'

I couldn't cry out because that might have attracted the neighbors. My friends would have thought me a girl. I would have lost my place in the group of 'boys-who-are-soon-to-be-men'. My father gave me another blow that I dodged neatly.

'If you dodge again it means you are capable of taking my mother, your grandmother, to bed.'

'I have not insulted you and I am not capable of taking my mother to bed or yours and I won't be beaten anymore, so there.'

'How dare you speak to me like that! A drop of my own liquid speaking to me like that! Unless you stand still at once, I shall curse you.'

'My father was choking. I had never seem him so furious. I went on backing away from him. He came on after me, down behind the huts, for a good hundred yards.'

'Very well then,' he said. 'We'll see where you spend the night. I will tell your mother you have insulted us both. Your way back into the house will pass through my anus.'

**Questions:**

- a) Relate the events that lead to this passage.
- b) Describe the character of Toundi's father as portrayed in the passage.
- c) Comment on the style used in the passage.
- d) Show the significance of this passage to the development of the plot.

**SECTION D**

**OSI OGEDU: *The Moon also Sets***

16. Discuss three of the major themes in the novel, *The Moon also Sets*.

17. What important lessons do you learn from what happens in the novel. *The Moon also Sets*?

**OLE KULET: *Blossoms of the Savannah***

18. Discuss the theme of corruption as depicted in *Blossoms of the Savannah*.

19. Discuss how Resian is used to portray any three major themes in the novel, *Blossoms of the Savannah*.

**GODFREY MWENE KALIMUGOG: *A Murky River***

20. How appropriate is the title, *A Murky River*, to the novel?

21. Show how the author uses Boss to develop themes in *A Murky River*.

**END**