

**Literature in English 3**  
**0735**

**CAMEROON GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION BOARD**

**General Certificate of Education Examination**

**JUNE 2020**

**ADVANCED LEVEL**

Subject Title	<b>Literature in English</b>
Paper No./Title	<b>Paper 3 –Context Questions and Literary Appreciation</b>
Subject Code No.	<b>0735</b>

GCE REVISION

**Three hours**

**Answer all FOUR questions. Each question carries 10 marks.**

*You are reminded of the necessity for good English and orderly presentation in your answers.*

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**Turn Over**

**SECTION A - CONTEXT QUESTIONS**

1. Read the following extract from William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and answer the questions that follow it.

**QUEEN** This is very coinage of your brain  
 This bodiless creation ecstasy  
 Is very cunning in.

**HAMLET** Ecstasy!  
 My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, 5  
 And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
 That I have uttered; Bring me to the test,  
 And I the matter will re-word which madness  
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
*Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,* 10  
*That not your trespass but my madness speaks:*

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; 15  
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
 For in the fatness of these pury times  
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. 20

**QUEEN** O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

**HAMLET** O, throw away the worser part of it,  
 And live the purer with the other half.  
 Good night. *But go not to my uncle's bed;*  
*Assume a virtue, if you have it not* 25

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,  
 That to the use of actions fair and good  
 He likewise gives a frock or livery  
 That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight; 30  
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence; the next more easy;  
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
 And either curb the devil, or throw him out  
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night; 35  
 And when you are desirous to be blest,  
 I'll blessing beg of you. - For this same lord

- (a) Put the italicized lines into good modern English prose.
- (i) *Lay not that...madness speaks* (line 10-11)
  - (ii) *But go not ...if you have it not* (line 24-25)
- (2 marks)
- (b) What prompts Gertrude's comment in the opening lines of the extract? (2 marks)
- (c) Comment on any two aspects of Hamlet's tone in this extract. (2 marks)
- (d) Who is the 'lord' referred to in line 37 and why is he important at this point in the extract? (2 marks)
- (e) Imagine that you were preparing this extract for a stage performance, what would you prescribe for:
- (i) Gertrude's/Hamlet's posture
  - (ii) Decor
- (2 marks)



2. Read the following extract from William Congreve's *The Way of The World* and answer the questions that follow it.

- MIRABELL:** Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol, reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence of which *you were apprehensive*, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gained a reputation with the town enough to make that woman stand excused who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy. 5
- MRS FAINALL:** I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell. 10
- MIRABELL:** In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.
- MRS FAINALL:** Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?
- MIRABELL:** Wait well, my servant.
- MRS FAINALL:** He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest. 15
- MIRABELL:** Care is taken for that – she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.
- MRS. FAINALL:** Who?
- MIRABELL:** Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in *The Fox*, stand upon terms; so *I made him sure beforehand*. 20
- MRS FAINALL:** So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will *discover the imposture betimes*, and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage. 25
- MIRABELL:** Yes, upon condition she consent to my marriage with her niece, and *surrender the moiety* of her fortune in her possession.
- MRS FAINALL:** She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.
- MIRABELL:** That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately. 30
- MRS FAINALL:** Well I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do anything to get a husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.
- MIRABELL:** Yes I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin. 35
- MRS FAINALL:** Female frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.
- MIRABELL:** An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl – 'tis the green sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom. 40

- (a) Explain the following expressions in your own words.
- (i) ... *you were apprehensive* (line 3)
  - (ii) ... *I made him sure beforehand* (line 22)
  - (iii) ... *discover the imposture betimes* (line 24)
  - (iv) ... *surrender the moiety* (line 27) (2 marks)
- (b) Explain the ambiguity in the expression "When you are weary of him, you know your remedy" (line 8-9). (2 marks)
- (c) Using two instances, illustrate the issue of match-making as an important consideration portrayed in this extract, as well as the complications that ensue. (2 marks)
- (d) Comment on the effective use of any two examples of allusions in this passage. (2 marks)
- (e) A feminist jury watched this play and criticised Mrs Fainall especially in this extract for being anti-feminist. Provide any two pieces of evidence to prove them right. (2 marks)
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### SECTION B – PROSE APPRECIATION

3. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow it.

“Have you written to your dad yet?” asked Nene one afternoon as she sat with Nnaemeka in her room at 16 Kasanga Street, Lagos.

“No, I’ve been thinking about it. I think it’s better to tell him when I get home on leave!”

“But why? Your leave is such a long way off yet – six whole weeks. He should be let into our happiness now.” 5

Nnaemeka was silent for a while, and began very slowly as if he groped for his words: “I wish I were sure it would be happiness to him.”

“Of course it must,” replied Nene, a little surprised. “Why shouldn’t it?”

“You have lived in Lagos all your life, and you know very little about people in the remote parts of the country.” 10

“That is what you always say. But I don’t believe anybody will be so unlike other people that they will be unhappy when their sons are engaged to marry.”

“Yes. They are most unhappy if the engagement is not arranged by them. In our case it’s worse – you are not even an Ibo.”

This was said so seriously and so bluntly that Nene could not find speech immediately. In the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the city it had always seemed to her something of a joke that a person’s tribe could determine whom she married. 15

At last she said, “You don’t really mean to say he will object to your marrying me simply on that account? I had always thought you Ibos were kindly disposed to other people.”

“So we are. But when it comes to marriage, well, it’s not quite so simple. And this,” he added, 20 “is not peculiar to Ibos. If your father were alive and lived in the heart of Ibibio-land he would be exactly like my father.”

“I don’t know. But anyway, as your father is so fond of you, I’m sure he will forgive you soon enough. Come on then, be a good boy and send him a nice lovely letter ...”

“It would not be wise to break the news to him by writing. A letter will bring it upon him with a 25 shock. I’m quite sure about that.”

“All right, honey, suit yourself. You know your father.”

As Nnaemeka walked home that evening he turned over in his mind the different ways of overcoming his father’s opposition, especially now that he had gone and found a girl for him. He had thought of showing his letter to Nene but decided on second thoughts not to, at least for the moment. He 30 read it again when he got home and couldn’t help smiling to himself. He remembered Ugoye quite well, *an Amazon of a girl* who used to beat up all the boys, himself included, on the way to the stream, a complete dunce at school.

*I have found a girl who will suit you admirably – UgoyeNweke, the eldest daughter of our neighbour, Jacob Nweke. She has a proper Christian upbringing. When she stopped schooling some 35 years ago, her father (a man of sound judgement) sent her to live with a pastor where she has received all training a wife could need. Her Sunday school teacher has told me that she reads the bible fluently. I hope we shall begin negotiations when you come home in December.*

On the second evening of his return from Lagos, Nnaemeka sat with his father under a cassia tree. This was the old man’s retreat where he went to read his Bible when the parching December sun 40 had set and a fresh, reviving wind blew in the leaves.

“Father,” began Nnaemeka suddenly, “I have come to ask for forgiveness.”

“Forgiveness? For what, my son?” he asked in amazement.

“It’s about this marriage question.”

“Which marriage question?” 45

"I can't – we must – I mean it is impossible for me to marry Nweke's daughter."

"Impossible? Why?" asked his father.

"I don't love her."

"Nobody said you did. Why should you?" he asked.

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"Marriage today is different ..."

"Look here, my son," interrupted his father, "nothing is different. What one looks for in a wife are good character and a Christian background."

Nnaemeka saw there was no hope along the present line of argument.

"Moreover," he said, "I am engaged to marry another girl who has all Ugoye's good qualities, and who ..."

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His father did not believe his ears. "What did you say?" he asked slowly and disconcertingly.

"She is a good Christian," his son went on, "and a teacher in a Girls' School in Lagos."

"Teacher, did you say? If you consider that a qualification for a good wife I should point out to you, Emeka, that no Christian woman should teach. St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians says that women should keep silence." After he had spent his emotion on a long homily he at last came back to his son's engagement, in a seemingly milder tone.

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"Whose daughter is she anyway?"

"She is Nene Atang."

"What!" All the mildness was gone again. "Did you say Neneataga, what does that mean?"

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"Nene Atang from Calabar. She is the only girl I can marry."

This was a very rash reply and Nnaemeka expected the storm to burst. But it did not. His father merely walked away into his room. This was most unexpected and perplexed Nnaemeka. His father's silence was infinitely more menacing than a flood of threatening speech. That night the old man did not eat.

When he sent for Nnaemeka a day later he applied all possible ways of dissuasion. But the young man's heart was hardened, and his father eventually gave him up as lost.

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"I owe it to you, my son, as a duty to show you what is right and what is wrong. Whoever put this idea into your head might as well have cut your throat. It is Satan's work." He waved his son away.

"You will change your mind, Father, when you know Nene."

"I shall never see her," was the reply. From that night the father scarcely spoke to his son. He did not, however, cease hoping that he would realize how serious was the danger he was heading for. Day and night he put him in his prayers.

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Nnaemeka, for his own part, was very deeply affected by his father's grief. But he kept hoping that it would pass away. If it had occurred to him that never in the history of his people had a man married a woman who spoke a different tongue, he might have been less optimistic. "It had never been heard," was the verdict of an old man speaking a few weeks later. In that short sentence he spoke for all his people. This man had come with others to commiserate with Okeke when news went round about his son's behaviour. By that time the son had gone back to Lagos.

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"It has never been heard," said the old man again with a sad shake of his head.

"What did Our Lord say?" asked another gentleman. "Sons shall rise against their Fathers; it is there in the Holy Book."

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"It is the beginning of the end," said another.

The discussion thus tending to become theological, Madubogwu, a highly practical man, brought it down once more to the ordinary level.

"Have you thought of consulting a native doctor about your son?" he asked Nnaemeka's father.

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"He isn't sick," was the reply.

"What is he then? The boy's mind is diseased and only a good herbalist can bring him back to

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his right senses. The medicine he requires is *Amalile*, the same that women apply with success to recapture their husband's straying affection."

"Madubogwu is right," said another gentleman. "This thing calls for medicine." 95

"I shall not call a native doctor. I will not be another Mrs. Ochuba. If my son wants to kill himself let him do it with his own hands. It is not for me to help him."

Six months later, Nnaemeka was showing his young wife a short letter from his father:

*It amazes me that you could be so unfeeling as to send me your wedding picture. I would have sent it back. But on further thought I decided to cut off your wife and send it back to you because I have nothing to do with her. How I wish that I had nothing to do with you either.* 100

When Nene read through this letter and looked at the mutilated picture her eyes filled with tears, and she began to sob.

"Don't cry, my darling," said her husband.

He is essentially good-natured and will one day look more kindly on our marriage." But years passed and that one day did not come. 105

For eight years, Okeke would have nothing to do with his son, Nnaemeka. Only three times (when Nnaemeka asked to come home and spend his leave) did he write to him.

"I can't have you in my house," he replied on one occasion, "It can be of no interest to me where or how you spend your leave – or your life, for that matter." 110

The prejudice against Nnaemeka's marriage extended to Lagos, especially among his people who worked there. Their women, when they met at their village meeting were not hostile to Nene. Rather they paid her *excessive deference* as to make her feel she was not one of them. But as time went on, Nene gradually broke through some of their prejudice and even began to make friends among them. Slowly and grudgingly they began to admit that she kept her home much better than most of them. 115

The story eventually got to the little village in the heart of the Ibo country that Nnaemeka and his young wife were a most happy couple. But his father was one of the few people who knew nothing about this. He always displayed so much temper whenever his son's name was mentioned that everyone avoided it in his presence. By a tremendous effort of will he had succeeded in pushing his son to the back of his mind. The strain had nearly killed him but he had persevered. 120

Then one day he received a letter from Nene, and in spite of himself he began to glance through it perfunctorily until all of a sudden the expression on his face changed and he started to read more carefully.

*...Our two sons, from the day they learnt that they have a grandfather, have insisted on being taken to him. I find it impossible to tell them that you will not see them. I implore you to allow Nnaemeka to bring them home for a short time during his leave next month. I shall stay here in Lagos ...* 125

The old man at once felt the resolution he had built up over so many years falling in. He was telling himself that he must not give in. He tried to *steel* his heart against all emotional appeals. It was a re-enactment of that other struggle. He leaned against a window and looked out. The sky was overcast with heavy black clouds and a high wind began to blow filling the air with dust and dry leaves. It was one of those rare occasions when even Nature takes a hand in a human fight. Very soon it began to rain, the first rain in the year. It came down in large sharp drops and was accompanied by lightning and thunder which mark a change of season. Okeke was trying hard not to think of his two grandsons. But he knew he was now fighting a lost battle. He tried to hum a favourite hymn but the pattering of rain drops on the roof broke off the tune. His mind immediately returned to the children. How could he shut his door against them? By a curious mental process he imagined them standing, sad and forsaken, under the harsh angry weather – shut out from his house. 130

That night he hardly slept, from remorse – and a vague fear that he might die without *making it up to them*. 135

(a) Give the meaning, in context, of the following expressions:

(i) ... *an Amazon of a girl* (line 32)

(ii) ... *excessive deference* (line 113)

(iii) ... *steel* (line 128)

(iv) ... *making it up to them* (line 138 – 139)

(2 marks)

(b) Identify any four aspects of Ibo tradition that Nnaemeka's generation are likely to reject or question.

(2 marks)

(c) Put the following sentence in the present simple tense:

*"Then one day he received a letter from Nene, and in spite of himself he began to glance through it perfunctorily until all of a sudden the expression on his face changed and he started to read more carefully."*

(2 marks)

(d) Identify and comment on the effective use of two narrative techniques in the passage.

(2 marks)

(e) Okeke does not wake up the next morning. His son, Nnaemeka, is expected to write a brief description – an epitaph – of his father to be read at his funeral and stamped on his grave stone. In not more than 6 lines, suggest one to him, beginning with

Here lies DedeOkeke

....

(2 marks)

**SECTION C - POETRY APPRECIATION**

4. Read the following poem carefully and answer the questions on it.

**The Epidemic**

When the *epidemic of terror* erupted  
 A lava of terror enriched the soil;  
 Strong hatreds sprouted on *whiffs* of doubt  
 Like buds at the breath of spring.

A lamp of suspicion hung over the land  
 As men were denounced whose looks were disliked;  
*Coagulated* fear and insecurity  
 Made stronger, yet more tenuous, ties  
 Than fearless confidence. As sensible bravery

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Stood rooted in caution, the streets were choked  
 With panicked battalions of frenzied fear.  
 The *wraith* of distrust, rolling his eyes  
 And waving a gun, sent shot after shot  
 Into the ranks of barricaded trembling,  
 While terror in terror found a friend.

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- (a) In about 150 words, say what you consider to be the meaning of the poem, bringing out clearly the central irony. (2 marks)
- (b) Give the meaning in context of the following words and expressions.
- |                                       |           |           |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| (i) ... <i>the epidemic of terror</i> | (line 1)  |           |
| (ii) ... <i>whiffs</i>                | (line 3)  |           |
| (iii) ... <i>Coagulated</i>           | (line 7)  |           |
| (iv) ... <i>wraith</i>                | (line 12) | (2 marks) |
- (c) Pick out and comment on the use and effectiveness of any two figurative devices. (2 marks)
- (d) (i) Comment on the appropriateness of the poem's title, "The Epidemic". (1 mark)  
 (ii) What do you think is the effect of the passive voice expression "*As men were denounced whose looks were disliked*" on the poem's overall meaning? (1 mark)
- (e) Imagine any situation in which terror grips you and write a five-line stanza portraying your feeling. (2 marks)