*P310/1*

*Literature in English*

*Prose and Poetry*

*3 hours*

** ACEITEKA JOINT MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2015

 UGANDA ADVANCED CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

PAPER 1

PROSE AND POETRY

TIME: 3 HOURS

***Instructions to candidates:***

* This paper consists of 3 sections, I , II and III
* Attempt all sections
* Spend 1 hour and 10 minutes answering questions in section 1 and 55 minutes each answering sections II and III

**SECTION 1**

Read the passage below carefully and answer the questions following

The headmaster reflected his wife’s style, like paired cards in Happy Families. His clothes were mature rather than old, his skin well-scrubbed, his shoes clean, his geniality untainted by the least condescension. He was genuinely sorry to have kept them waiting, but in this business one lurches from one minor crisis to the next… And this is Charles? Hello, there, Charles. His large hand rested for a moment on the child’s head, quite extinguishing the thin, dark hair. It was as though he had but to clench his fingers to crush the skull. But he took his hand away and moved the parents to the window, to observe the mutilated cricket pavilion, with indulgent laughter.

 And the child is borne away by the headmaster’s wife. She never touches him or tells him to come, but simply bears him away like some relentless tide, down corridors and through swinging glass doors, towing him like a frail craft, not bothering to look back to see it he is following, confident in the strength of magnetism, or obedience.

 And delivers him to a room where boys are scattered among inky tables and rungless chairs and sprawled on a mangy carpet. There is a scampering, and a rising, and a silence falling, as she opens the door.

 ‘Now this is the Lower Third, Charles, who you’d be with if you come to us in September. Boys, this is Charles Manders, and I want you to tell him all about things and answer any questions he wants to ask. You can believe about half of what they say, Charles, and they will tell you the most fearful lies about the food, which is excellent.’

 The boys laugh and groan; amiable, exaggerated groans. They must like the headmaster’s wife: there is licensed repartee. They look at her with bright eyes in open, eager faces. Someone leaps to hold the door for her, and close it behind her. She is gone.

 The child stands in the centre of the room, and it draws in around him. The circle of children contracts, faces are only a yard or so from him, strange faces, looking, assessing.

 Asking questions. They help themselves to his name, his age, his school. Over their heads he sees beyond the window an inaccessible world of shivering trees and high racing clouds and his voice which has floated like a feather in the dusty schoolroom air dies altogether and he becomes mute, and he stands in the middle of them with shoulders humped, staring down at feet: grubby plimsolls and kicked brown sandals. There is a noise in his ears like rushing water, a torrential din out of which voices boom, blotting each other out so that he cannot always hear the words. Do You? they say, and Have you? and What’s your? and the faces , if he looks up, swing into one another in kaleidoscope patterns and the floor under his feet is unsteady, lifting and falling.

 And out of the noises comes one voice that is complete, that he can hear. ‘Next term we’ll mash you,’ it says. ‘We always mash new boys.’

 And a bell goes, somewhere beyond doors and down corridors, and suddenly the children are all gone, clattering away and leaving him there with the heaving floor and walls that shift and swing, and the headmaster’s wife comes back and tows him away, and he is with his parents again, and they are getting into the car, and the high hedges skim past the car windows once more, in the other direction, and the gravel under the tyres changes to black tarmac.

 ‘Well?’

 ‘I liked it, didn’t you?’ The mother adjusted the car around her, closing windows, shrugging into her seat.

 ‘Very pleasant, really. Nice chap.’ ‘I liked him. Not quite so sure about her.’

 ‘It’s pricey, of course.’

 ‘All the same…’

 ‘Money well spent though. One way and another.’

 ‘Shall we settle it, then?’

 ‘I think so. I’ll drop him a line.’

 The mother pitched her voice a notch higher to speak to the child in the back of the car. ‘Would you like to go there, Charles? Like Simon Wilcox. Did you see that lovely gym, and the swimming-pool? And did the other boys tell you all about it?’

 The child does not answer. He looks straight ahead of him at the road coiling beneath the bonnet of the car. His face is haggard with anticipation.

1. What is the passage about?
2. Describe the atmosphere in the passage
3. Analyse the style of this passage
4. What do the following words or expressions mean in the context in which they are used in the passage?
5. reflected his wife’s style
6. one lurches from one minor crisis to the next..
7. mutilated cricket pavilion
8. towing him
9. sprawled on a mangy carpet
10. blotting each other
11. heaving floor
12. his face is haggard

**SECTION II**

**Read the passage below carefully and answer the questions following it**

**Carry your Bags, Missus’**

‘Carry your bags, missus…’

The old woman frowned at her marketing list and shook her head.

I shot away to another likely customer.

‘Carry your bags, missus…’

Three other boys jostled with me for the job. A market policeman approached down the line of vegetable stalls. We none of us had permits to operate as market carriers. We could not afford the fee. If the boys with permits caught us, they gave us a beating. If the police caught us, we went to jail. Two of the boys veered away and disappeared into the moving crowd. The policeman was nearly on us. The tall, red-headed woman watched us with an amused glint in her eye. The boy beside me moved slightly to the left. He could now dodge behind the cabbage stall and be gone in a flash. There was a crowd between me and safety, and the policeman was nearly on top of us.

 ‘Your bags, *please*, missus…’

 The red-head grinned at my desperation.

 ‘So-long, mug,’ the boy said and disappeared behind the cabbage stall.

 I had left things too late. The policeman was on top of me. There was no way of escape. A wall of shoppers barred the way. The red-head’s eyes shone with amusement. Panic gripped me.

 The policeman gripped my arm.

 ‘Come along!’

 ‘Where to?’ the red-head asked quietly.

 ‘It’s all right, lady. He knows he shouldn’t be here. You know, of course, you should only use boys with permits. If everyone did that there wouldn’t be so many thefts in the market and our job would be easier.’

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 ‘But I don’t need a permit for a boy I bring along.’

 The policeman stiffened. The hold on my arm tightened.

 ‘I beg your pardon, madam?’

 ‘I said he’s my boy,’ red-head said cooly.

 I felt as bewildered as the policeman.

 ‘But I saw ….’

 ‘He’s my boy.’ Red-head’s voice was cold now.

 I sensed the policeman’s mounting anger. He swung me about violently.

 He glared down at me. His face was red.

 ‘That true, boy?’

 ‘Don’t answer him, Peter! Take your hands off the boy!’

 For a while they stared at each other, then the policeman released my arm.

 ‘Now you’d better go, or else take me to your inspector.’

 The policeman studied my face as though he never wanted to forget it, then he raised his eyes to the woman’s face.

 ‘I beg your pardon, madam.’

 He swung about and walked away, his neck as red as his face. The anger died out of the red-head’s eyes. The sternness passed from her face. Her body relaxed, became less stiff and commanding. Her lips creased. Her eyes twinkled. She chuckled softly.

 ‘All right, Peter?’

 ‘All right, missus.’

 How did she know my name?... She caught the thought and chuckeled again.

 ‘Look at your left hand.’

 My name, in large capitals that covered the back of my hand, was there.

 ‘Not such a mystery after all, heh?’

 ‘No, missus.’

 A half-friendly, half-amused smile touched her lips and kindled her eyes. A fell victim to all red-heads for all time. She gave me her basket and bag.

‘Come on …’

 I followed her from one stall to another. I received her shopping. The vegetables went into the bag, the fruit into the basket. I pushed through crowded places after her, jostled against people. I passed market policemen with new self-assurance. I exchanged hurried words of gossip with others of my kind who were also protected from the police and boys with permits by the baskets and bags they carried. And the huge market was a hive of buzzing industry.

 She stopped at the corner where they served tea. I could not follow her to the neat little tables. But she made the waitress send her black boy to me with a cup. The stares of passing whites embarrassed me. But I felt safe in the protection afforded me by the red-head. Safe and confused because I had run up against a white person who did not react and behave in the way I understood so well. It made it so much more difficult to know where one was with whites. It complicated the business of building up defences.

1. What is the writer’s intention in this passage?
2. Analyse the language and style of this passage
3. Describe the atmosphere in the passage
4. Give seven characteristics of the relationship between the police and people in your community.

**SECTION III**

**Zulu Girl**

When in the sun the hot red acres smoulder,

Down where the swearing gang its labour plies,

A girl flings down her hoes, and from her shoulder

Unslings her child tormented by the flies.

She takes him to a ring of shadow pooled

By thorn trees: purpled with the blood of ticks

While her sharp nails, in slow caresses ruled,

Prowl through his hair with sharp electric clicks.

His sleepy mouth, plugged by the heavy nipple,

Tugs like a puppy, grunting as he feeds:

Through his frail nerves her own deep languors ripple

Like a broad river sighing through its reeds.

Yet in that drowsy stream her flesh imbibes

And old unquenched unsmotherable heat –

The curbed ferocity of beaten tribes,

The sullen dignity of their defeat.

Her body looms above him like a hill

Within whose shade a village lies at rest,

Or the first cloud so terrible and still

That bears the coming harvest in its breast.

1. Describe the relationship between the Zulu girl and her child as portrayed in the poem.
2. Describe your feelings towards the Zulu girl
3. Discuss the poetic devices employed in the poem.
4. Comment on the structure of the poem.

***END***