**Literature in English**



**SENIOR 2 END OF YEAR EXAMINATIONS, 2021**

**SUBJECT: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**DURATION: 2 HOURS 30 MINUTES ……../70**

**INSTRUCTIONS**

1. Do not open this paper until you are told to do so.
2. Attempt **ALL** questions.
3. This paper consists of **THREE** Sections: **A, B** and **C**

**Section A**: Prose and Poetry **(40 marks)**

**Section B:** Plays **(15 marks)**

**Section C:** Literary devices  **(15 marks)**

1. Use only a **blue** or **black** pen.

**Section A: Prose and Poetry (40 marks)**

1. **Prose (25 marks)**

**Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow.**

I was in the bedroom folding clothes. Mugere and I had been washing the whole day. The sun had been so hot that the clothes dried in only two hours. I had the asked Mugere to be bringing our clothes in the bedroom as I folded and stored them. We had done this in the past and I knew she always preferred carrying each person’s clothes separately. She would begin with father’s, then mother’s; she would eventually finish with her own. I never understand why she preferred to bring her’s last but I thought she was such a selfless sister.

‘Wanjiku, there is someone here to see you,’ Mugere called me from the sitting room. I wondered who it could be. Since the ordeal, the stream of visitors to our home had reduced to a trickle. Apparently, my best friends did not want my misfortunate to rub off unto them. Apart from Wanga, no one had visited me in the recent past.

When I came into the sitting room, I could not believe what I saw. In front of me stood Mathenge, whom the police had been tracing for the last four days. Despite the hot sun shining outside, I shivered and goosebumps covered my arms. I was scared since my parents were not at home. My sister stood nervously near the door.

“Don’t come near me you animal!’ I shouted at him. I don’t mean any harm. I just came to talk to you. I have to tell you something,” Mathenge said extending his hand, which I backed away from.

Don’t touch me! I shouted at him. You have the nerve to come near! Don’t you know the police has arrested your friends and have been searching for you? Just get out! I screamed at him. He was the cause of all my misery and suffering.

**Questions**

1. When and where is the setting of this story? **(5 marks)**
2. Identify any characters mentioned in this passage at least four of them. **(5 marks)**
3. Why was the speaker scared? **(8 marks)**
4. Describe the speaker’s feelings towards her friends and why? **(7 marks)**

**II. Poetry (15 marks)**

**Read the poem below and answer the questions that follow.**

**I love you, my gentle one *by RALPH BITAMAZIRE***

I love you, my gentle one;  
My love is the fresh milk in the rubindi  
Which you drank on the wedding day;  
My love is the butter we were smeared with  
To seal fidelity into our hearts.  
You are the cattle-bird's egg,

For those who saw you are wealthy;  
You are the papyrus reed of the lake,  
Which they pull out with both hands.  
And I sing for you with tears  
Because you possess my heart:  
I love you, my gentle one.

**Questions**

1. What is the poem talking about? **(2 marks)**
2. Identify any one device used in this poem. **(2 marks)**
3. How is this poem arranged or structured? **(3 marks)**
4. Describe the feelings of the speaker’s expressions in this poem. **(7 marks)**
5. Who is the writer of this poem? **(1 mark)**

**Section B: Play (15 marks)**

**Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow.**

**VOICE OF THE PEOPLE *(****by Okiya Omtata Okoiti****)***

**BOSS:** (*on phone*) Hello! Oh, Mr. Fix it! How is London?

I am the very image of health! Thank you. Sunny as usual. A bit humid

today though. What’s the good news? (*Upbeat. Listens. He is now on his feet, pacing*

*about, totally immersed in the conversation, takes mental not*e*s.)* The villa is a large cluster of luxury homes dominating a small hill leading down to sea. The main home occupies 82,186 square meters, has 12 bedrooms, and a 14,000-bottle wine cellar, with many bottles containing 65-year-old vintage port. *(Laughs)* That’s good. I don’t drink wine that’s younger than me. *(Laughs)* Oh no. not the women. I don’t touch women older than half my age. *(Laughs)* What’s the asking price? Ten million US dollars? It’s reasonable. The First Lady will love it when I present it to her on her birthday. *(He speaks with some alarm after a longish pause)* No! Not those Swiss accounts! They are my lifeline. Nobody touches them. I will pay for the villa from this year’s tea export earnings. *(Enter SIBUOR in an expensive fautless business suit, brown leather briefcase in hand and stops at a distance. BOSS seeshim and moves further away, still on phone)* Fax me details of the company in whose name I will buy the villa. All I have are 16th-century castle in Valencia, Spain…a townhouse in Paris, an Oceanside villa in Nice, France…and a 32-room chateau in Lausanne, Switzerland. Get more European properties. Office blocks, chateau and mansions in exclusive districts…especially those associated with historical figures like Napoleon. Okay. Bye. Take care. *(Puts off the phone and takes his time to turn and face SIBUOR)* What do you want?

**SIBOUR:** Your Excellency!

**BOSS:** (*some anger*) Don’t Your Excellency me! Can’t I have some time to myself?

**SIBOUR:** I am sorry, Your Excellency!

**BOSS:** What’s it?

**SIBOUR:** The woman is here.

**BOSS:** Which woman?

**SIBOUR:** Nasirumbi

**BOSS:** Who is she?

**SIBOUR:** I’d like you to meet her.

**BOSS:** Boss does not like to be ambushed!

**SIBOUR:** Son of the War God, it’s not to ambush you that I brought her. It’s to defuse a bomb.

**BOSS:** *(Grasping the gravity of the matter*) Huh! What’s wrong?

**SIBOUR:** (*Gets up*) She’s causing trouble. Things are getting out of hand.

**BOSS:** What are you talking about?

**SIBOUR:** There was a small story on it in yesterday’s paper.

**BOSS:** It’s your business to read local papers and then brief me accordingly.

**SIBOUR:** A group of women are ganging up to oppose our Resort Paradiso Africana Project.

**BOSS:** Mere women? What can they do?

**SIBOUR:** They are threatening to strip and stage a nude parade through the streets in protest-

hundreds of them. They call themselves The Mothers’ Front. Nasirumbi is their leader.

**BOSS:** (*Impatient*) Don’t tell me you’re not on top of things.

**SIBOUR:** I am. That’s why all is calm. When I sniffed out their scheme I reached out to contain

their leader. I asked her to write Boss a letter stating their grievances… and

requesting to meet you.

BOSS: I won’t see her today!

**Questions**

1. What is happening in this passage? **(3 marks)**
2. What role is played by Sibour in this passage?  **(2 marks)**
3. According to this passage, describe Sibour’s tone. **(5 marks)**
4. What is the major problem/conflict in this extract? **(5 marks)**

**Section C: Literary Devices (15 marks)**

**Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow.**

Okonkwo was well known throughout the nine villages and even beyond. His fame rested on solid personal achievements. As a young man of eighteen, he had brought honour to his village by following Amalinze the Cat. Amalinze was the great wrestler who for seven years was un beaten, from Umuofia to Mbaino. He was called the Cat because his back would never touch the earth. It was this man that Okonkwo threw in a fight which the old men agreed was one of the fiercest since the founder of their town engaged a spirit of the wild for seven days and seven nights.

The drums beat and flutes sang and the spectators heard their breath. Amalinze was a wily craftsman, but Okonkwo was as slippery as a fish in water. Every nerve and every muscle stood out on their thighs, and one almost heard them stretching to breaking point. In the end Okonkwo threw the Cat.

That was many years ago, twenty years or more and during this time Okonkwo’s fame had grown like a bush fire in the Harmattan. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eye brows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that when he slept his wives and children in their houses could hear him breath. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs as if he was going to pounce on somebody.

**Questions**

1. Comment on technical devices used in this extract.  **(9 marks)**
2. Write down three examples of your own on: i) Simile ii) Metaphor iii) Personification.

**(6 marks)**