

 **Literature in English**

**SENIOR 5 END OF YEAR EXAMINATIONS, 2021**

**SUBJECT: LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**COMBINATIONS: HISTORY-ECONOMICS-LITERATURE (HEL)**

 **HISTORY-GEOGRAPHY-LITERATURE (HGL)**

 **LITERATURE-ECONOMICS-GEOGRAPPHY (LEG)**

**LITERATURE-FRENCH–KINYARWANDA (LFK)**

**ENGLISH-KISWAHILI-KINYARWANDA (LKK)**

**DURATION: 3 HOURS**

**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 **(30 marks)**

**Section C:** Novels  **(30 marks)**

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

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

1. **Read the short story below and then answer the questions that follow. (25 marks)**

 **Roman Fever**

From the table at which they had been lunching two American ladies of ripe but well-cared-for middle age moved across the lofty terrace of the Roman restaurant and, leaning on its parapet, looked first at each other, and then down on the outspread glories of the Palatine and the Forum, with the same expression of vague but benevolent approval.

As they leaned there a girlish voice echoed up gaily from the stairs leading to the court below. “Well, come along, then,” it cried, not to them but to an invisible companion, “and let’s leave the young things to their knitting,” and a voice as fresh laughed back: “Oh, look here, Babs, not actually knitting!” “Well, I mean figuratively,” rejoined the first. “After all, we haven’t left our poor parents much else to do……” At that point the turn of the stairs engulfed the dialogue.

The two ladies looked at each other again, this time with a tinge of smiling embarrassment, and the smaller and paler one shook her head and coloured slightly.

“Barbara” she murmured, sending an unheard rebuke after the mocking voice in the stairway.

The other lady, who was fuller, and higher in colour, with a small determined nose supported by vigorous black eyebrows, gave a good humoured laugh. “That’s what our daughters think of us”.

Her companion replied by a deprecating gesture. “Not of us individually. We must remember that. It’s just the collective modern idea of Mothers. And you see!” Half guiltily she drew from her handsomely mounted black handbag a twist of crimson silk run through by two fine knitting needles. “One never knows, she murmured. “The new system has certainly given us a good deal of time to kill; and sometimes I get tired just looking!” even at this. “Her gesture was now addressed to the stupendous scene at their feet.

The dark lady laughed again, and they both relapsed upon the view, contemplating it in silence, with a sort of diffused serenity which might have been borrowed from the spring effulgence of the Roman skies. The luncheon hour was long past, and the two had their end of the vast terrace to themselves. At its opposite extremity a few groups, detained by a lingering look at the outspread city, were gathering up guidebooks and fumbling for tips. The last of them scattered, and the two ladies were alone on the air-washed height.

“Well, I don’t see why we shouldn’t just stay here,” said Mrs Slade, the lady of the high colour and energetic brows. Two derelict basket chairs stood near, and she pushed them into the angle of the parapet and settled herself on one, her gaze upon the Palatine. “After all, it’s still the most beautiful view in the world.”

“It always will be, to me,” assented her friend Mrs Ansley, with so slight a stress on the “me” that Mrs Slade, though she noticed it, wondered if it were not merely accidental, like the random underlinings of old fashioned letter writers.

“Grace Ansley was always old-fashioned,” she thought; and ended aloud, with a retrospective smile: “it’s a view we’ve both been familiar with for a good many years. When we first met here we were younger than our girls are now. You remember!”

“Oh, yes, I remember,” murmured Mrs. Ansley, with the same undefinable stress!” there is that head-waiter wondering.” She interpolated. She was evidently far less sure than her companion of herself and her rights in the world.

“I’ll cure him of wondering,” said Mrs. stretching her hand toward a bag as discreetly opulent-looking as Mrs. Ansley’s. Signing to the headwaiter, she explained that she and her friend were old lovers of Rome, and would like to spend the end of the afternoon looking down on the view, “that is, if it did not disturb the service! The headwaiter, bowing over her gratuity, assured her that the ladies were most welcome, and would be still more so if they would condescend to remain for dinner. A full moon night, they would remember…..

Mrs. Slade’s black brows drew together, as though references to the moon were out of place and even unwelcome. But she smiled away her frown as the headwaiter retreated. “Well, why not! We might do worse. There’s no knowing. I suppose, when the girls will be back. Do you even know back from where? I don’t!

Mrs. Ansley again coloured slightly. “I think those young Italian aviators we met at the Embassy invited them to fly to Tarquinia for tea. I suppose they will want to wait and fly back by moonlight.

“Moonlight!” Moonlight! What a part it still plays. Do you suppose they’re as sentimental as we were?

“I’ve come to the conclusion that I don’t in the least know what they are,” said Mrs. Ansley. “And perhaps we didn’t know much more about each other.

“No, perhaps we didn’t.”

Her friend gave her a shy glance. “I never should have supposed you were sentimental, Alida.”

 ***By Edith Wharton*Questions**

1. Who are the main characters of the story? How does the writer create the characters to convey the message? **(4 marks)**
2. Where did the story take place? **(2 marks)**
3. Describe each character according to the writer. **(8 marks)**
4. In your point of view, explain the position of the narrator in the story. **(5 marks)**
5. Why are omniscient narrators like the superheroes? Explain and support your answer with convincing ideas. **(6 marks)**

**2. Read the following poem and answer questions that follow. (15 marks)**

**The Lazy Man**

When the cock crows,

the lazy man smacks his lips and says:

So it is daylight again, is it?

And before he turns over heavily,

before he even stretches himself,

before he even yawns

the farmer has reached the farm

the water carriers arrived at the river,

the spinners are spinning their cotton,

and the weaver works on the cloth,

and the fire blazes in blacksmith’s hut.

The lazy one knows where the soup is sweet

he goes from house to house.

If there is no sacrifice today,

his breastbone will stick out!

But when he sees the free yam,

he starts to unbutton his shirt,

he moves close to the celebrant.

Yet his troubles are not few.

When his wives reach puberty,

Rich men will help him to marry them

 ***By Ulli Beier***

**Questions**

1. Give three points which show that the person mentioned in this poem is lazy. **(3 marks)**
2. Explain the following according to the context of the poem: sacrifice; breastbone. **(4 marks)**
3. What is the point of view of this poem? Why? **(2 marks)**
4. Provide at least one poetic device used in this poem. **(1 mark)**
5. What is the message that the poet wants to transmit to the readers of this poem? **(5 marks)**

**Section B: Plays (30 marks)**

1. **Choose ONE play and answer the question on it.**

**Either: A. Bertolt Brech:** *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

 Explain the theme of abuse of power in the play *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

 **Or: B. Henrick Ibsen:** *An Enemy of the People*

 Who is the real enemy of the people according to the play *An Enemy of the People*?

**Section C: Novels (30 marks)**

1. **Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow. (15 marks)**

Juana laid Coyotito on the blanket and she placed her shawl over him so that the hot sun could not shine on him. He was quiet now, but the swelling on his shoulder had continued up his neck and under his ear and his face was puffed and feverish. Juana went to the water and waded in and gathered some brown seaweed and made a flat damp poutice of it, and this she applied to the baby’s swollen shoulder, which was as good a remedy as any and probably better than the doctor could have done. But the remedy lacked his authority because it was simple and didn’t cost ay thing. The stomach cramps had not come to Coyotito.

Perhaps Juana had sucked out the poison in time, but she had not prayed directly for the recovery of the baby- she had prayed that they might find a pearl with which to hire the doctor to cure the baby for the minds of people are as unsubstantial as the mirage of the gulf. Now Kino and Juana slide the canoe down the beach to the water, and when the bow floated, Juana climbed in while Kino pushed the stern in and wade beside it until it floated lightly and trembled on the little breaking waves. Then in co-ordination Juana and Kino drove their double-bladed paddles into the sea and the canoe cruised the water and hissed with speed.

**Questions**

1. What precedes this passage?
2. In which conditions was the child?
3. What happened when the parents took the child to the doctor?
4. Describe the doctor according to the context of the novel.
5. What would you do if you were the doctor?
6. **Choose ONE novel and answer the question on it. (15 marks)**

**Either: A. George Orwell**: *Animal Farm*

 Explain the role of old major in *Animal Farm*.

**Or: B. Chinua Achebe:** *A man of the people*

 Explain the theme of culture in *A man of the people*.