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LITERATURE
IN ENGLISH
Paper 1
Oct./Nov. 2024
2 hours



UGANDA NATIONAL EXAMINATIONS BOARD

Uganda Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1

2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

*This paper consists of **two** Sections; **A** and **B**. It has **three** examination items.*

*Section **A** has **one compulsory** item.*

*There are **two** examination items in section **B**. Answer **one** item.*

*Answer **two** examination items in all.*

*Any additional item(s) answered will **not** be scored.*

All answers must be written in the Answer booklet(s) provided.

SECTION A

Item 1. *Read the passage below and then answer the task that follows.*

It was getting late but Xuma did not want to go back to his room yet. There was nothing to do there. Only to sit down in the cold. Or get into a cold bed. And that was no good either. He knew he would not sleep and he did not want to lie awake in a cold bed. He walked away from the doctor's house. He looked up. The sky seemed very far and it was very hard to see the stars. He saw one for a second and then it was gone again.

He turned a corner and suddenly became aware of Malay Camp. Became aware of it as he had not been before.

Malay camp. A row of streets crossing another row of streets. Mostly narrow streets. Mostly dirty streets. Mostly dark streets. A row of houses crossing another row of houses. And so it went on. Streets crossing streets. Houses crossing houses.

Leaning, dark houses that hid life and death and love and hate and would not show anything to the passing stranger. Puddles of dirty muddy water on the sandy pavements. Little children playing in these puddles. Groups of men gambling on street corners. Groups of children walking down the streets carefully studying the gutters and vying with each other to pounce upon dirty edibles, and fighting each other for them. Prostitutes on street corners and pimps calling after them.

And from somewhere, the low monotonous wail of a broken down piano thumping out an unchanging rhythm, and the sound of thudding feet dancing to it. Shouts and screams and curses. Fighting and thieving and lying.

But above it all, the real Malay Camp. The warmth in the air even on a cold night. The warmth of living bodies; of living, breathing, moving people. A warmth that was richer than the air and the earth and the sun. Richer than all things. The warmth of life, throbbing. Of hearts pounding. Of silence and of sound. Of movement and of a lack of movement. A warm, thick, dark blanket of life. That was Malay Camp. Something nameless and living. A stream of dark life.

Xuma tried to think clearly and to arrange his thoughts in word-patterns, but failed. When he looked at the streets and houses and people, they were just streets and houses and people. The feeling that had passed over him was like a dream, unreal.

'I will go to Leah's place,' he said to himself and turned his steps in that direction.

It was Saturday night and he expected a crowd at Leah's place. But it was silent when he got there, and the yard gate was shut on the inside. He went to the front door and knocked. He waited then knocked again.

He remembered that first night he had come to this place. It seemed so long ago now. It was hard to believe it. So many things had happened since. He could not even remember what he looked like then. He knocked again. Louder.

The door opened and old Ma Plank looked out at him. It took some time for her to recognise him. Then she burst out laughing her cackling laugh and pulled him in.

'Xuma! Where have you been all this time. We have talked and talked and talked about you. Come in! Come in!'

It was like coming home. Here was old Ma Plank. The same as ever. The same wise devils in her eyes that told you that though she did not talk much she understood much.

'It is very silent tonight,' he said.

'The police are around. Many women have been arrested selling.'

'And Leah knew?'

'Leah pays to know.'

'Did she warn them?'

Ma Plank cocked her eyebrows at him and laughed with derision.

'You are still a fool.'

The house, too, was silent. Like it had been the first morning when he had woken in it. He followed Ma Plank into the kitchen. There was a fire. And near it, on the floor, Daddy was deep in a drunken sleep. His mouth was wide open and a stream of saliva trickled down the side of his face.

Adapted: *Mineboy* by Peter Abrahams.

Task:

- (a) Your group members were assigned to read different passages. You were the one given the above passage. Each one of you is to tell the team the main ideas in their passages. Write the main ideas to tell your team members.
- (b) When people live together, they relate in one way or another. Describe the relationship between Xuma and Ma Plank.
- (c) Different writers use different methods to convey their messages. What methods does the writer of the above passage use?
- (d) You have been elected as Mayor of the area where Malay Camp is located. How do you plan to attend to the issues affecting the people of the area?

SECTION B

Choose **one** task from this section. Illustrate your answer by referring to any of the following set books:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

FRANCIS IMBUGA: *The Return of Mgofu*

JOHN STEINBECK: *The Pearl*

LAWRENCE DARMANI: *Grief Child*

SYLVESTER ONZIVUA: *The Heart Soothers*

OKIYA OMTATAH OKOITI: *Voice of the People*

VICTOR BYABAMAZIMA: *Shadows of Time*

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

DANIEL MENGARA: *Mema*

DAVID RUBADIRI: *Growing up with Poetry*

A.D. AMATESHE: *An Anthology of East African Poetry*

Either

Item 2.

In some books, we read about characters who make others suffer. Such characters may also end up suffering as a result of their actions. Choose one character from a set book you have studied, show how one suffers because of his or her actions.

Or

Item 3.

Among the books you read, there were those that interested you because of the issues presented. Referring to one of the selected books, write the issues presented in that book and show how they are related to what happens in your community.