

Students Name:

School Name:..... Index Number

P310/3
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
PAPER 3
3 HOURS
JULY/AUGUST 2025



HES MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2024

UGANDA ADVANCED CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

PAPER 3

3 HOURS

INSTRUCTIONS

- This paper consists of four sections A, B, C and D.
- Candidates must answer three questions in all.
- Choose one question from section C and two questions from section A, B or D.
- Any additional question(s) will not be marked

SECTION A

CHARLES DICKENS: GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

1. Discuss the narrative techniques that Charles Dickens uses in Great Expectations. (33 marks)
2. Referring to the novel, Great Expectations, discuss any three major concerns of the author (33 marks)

THOMAS HARDY: TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

3. How is the novel, Tess of the d'Urbervilles a replica of the contemporary society? (33 marks)
4. Discuss the theme of nature in the novel, Tess of the d'Urbervilles. (33 marks)

JANE AUSTEN: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

5. Discuss the role of letters in the novel, Pride and Prejudice. (33 marks)
6. Discuss Elizabeth Bennett's relationship with her sister Jane in the novel, Pride and Prejudice (33 marks)

SECTION B

MONGO BETI: THE POOR CHRIST OF BOMBA.

7. What role does father Drumont play in the novel, Poor Christ of Bomba? (33 marks)
8. Discuss the use of irony in the novel, Poor Christ of Bomba. (33 marks)

NGUGI WA THIONG'O: DEVIL ON THE CROSS.

9. What important lessons do you draw from the novel, Devil on the cross? (33 marks)
10. Discuss three of the themes in the novel, Devil on the Cross. (33 marks)

IVAN TURGENEV: FATHERS AND SONS.

11. How significant is the setting of the novel, Fathers and Sons? (33 marks)
12. Discuss the major techniques used in the novel, Fathers and Sons. (33 marks)

SECTION C

13. **ALEX LA GUMA: A WALK IN THE NIGHT.**

Read the following extract and answer questions that follow.

They reached the top floor and the driver felt trapped there by the smell of decay and disintegration. He heard Raalt snapping at the group that crowded behind them and somebody shuffled over to gesture at a door. The dim, half-burned-out bulb in the socket in the ceiling glowed weakly so that the shadows of the people were blurred and blotched.

He went behind Raalt into the room and the crowd behind tried to push in with them and he turned and shouted irritably: "Listen here, muck off. Keep outside."

The stench of vomit hit him with a sour blow and he stared at the bluish dead face of the old man on the bed.

He said: "Jesus Christ."

Raalt went over and looked closely at the dead face, examining it without touching it. It was the first time he had looked at a corpse this way, but he tried to give the driver impression of experience. He felt a little disgusted. He straightened up and said to the driver: "Looks like he was hit on the head."

"It's a job for the detectives," the driver said, looking around with a grimace of nausea. "I'll get the station on the wireless."

"What's your hurry, man?" Constable Raalt asked. "This is our patrol isn't it?"

"Naturally. But it is a case for the criminal investigation yolk! The driver replied, without looking at him.

Raalt said. "Nobody kills anybody on my beat and gets away with it. No bloody bastard."

Looking again at the corpse, the driver said: A white man, too. What would white man be doing living in a place like this?" He looked away from corpse and around the room, wrinkling his nose at the smell of vomit, wine, decay.

Raalt said nothing, but unbuttoned the flap of his pocket and took out his notebook. He glanced at his wristwatch and then began to write in the book. The driver said, a little impatiently: "I had better get onto the wireless."

Constable Raalt looked up at him from his writing with his hard grey eyes and then said, grinning: "Very well. Get the station on your beautiful wireless and tell them to send the detectives. Also give them my greetings and best wishes. Also a blessed Christmas."

The driver glanced at his eyes, shook his head and went out. Constable Raalt wrote again in his notebook and through the writing thought, I wonder what she's doing now the verdomte bitch, I'll break her neck if I catch her at something. He finished writing and then went to the door of the room. He had become oblivious of the sour smell in the room and it was now merely a smell, like stale tobacco or the smell of disinfectant in the police station.

The people gathered in the corridor, near the upper landing, gazed back at the constable, some of them nervously, some with surreptitious boldness, all with the worn brutalized, wasted, slum-scratched faces of the poor. They saw the flat grey eyes under the gingerish eyebrows, hard and expressionless as the end of pieces of lead pipe, pointed at them.

"Now," he said coldly. "Now, where is the woman who is supposed to have screamed?"

QUESTIONS

- (a) Place the extract in its context. (10 marks)
- (b) Describe the character of constable Raalt and his driver as shown in the scene. (8 marks)
- (c) Explain the narrative techniques employed in the extract. (6 marks)
- (d) Discuss the significance of the extract to the rest of the novel. (10marks)

14. **EZEKIEL MPHALELE: IN CORNER B**

A hymn was struck and the wake began in Earnest. There was singing praying, singing, preaching in which the deceased was mentioned several times, often in vehement praise of him and his kindness. The room filled rapidly until the air was one thick choking lump of grief. Once during the evening someone fainted. "An aunt of the deceased, the one who loved him most" a whisper escaped from someone who seemed to know and it was relayed from mouth to mouth right out into the yard where some people stood or sat. "Shame! Shame! One could hear the comment form active sympathizers. More than once during the evening a woman screamed at high pitch. "The sister of the deceased" a whisper escaped, and it was relayed.

Shame! Shame! Was the murmured comment. "Ao God's people!" an old man exclaimed. During the prayers inside the people outside continued to speak in low tones.

"Have the police caught the boys?"

"No, what, when has a black corpse been important?"

But they have been asking questions in Corner B today."Hm"

"When is a black corpse been important?" Das

Right, just ask him

It is Saturday today and if it was a white man lying there in the mortuary the newspapers would be screaming about a manhunt morning and evening since Thursday, the city would be upside down, God's truth"

Now look here you men, these men don't mean to kill nobody their empty stomachs and no work to do turns their heads on evil things".

"Ach you and your politics let one of them break into your house or ra"

The speaker broke off short and wiped his mouth with his hand as if to remove pieces of a foul word hanging carelessly from his lip.

"Das not the point" squealed someone else

Just then the notes of a moving hymn rolled out of the room and the men left the subject changing and joined enthusiastically in the singing, taking different parts.

Some woman were serving tea and sandwiches. A middle aged man was sitting at a table in a corner of the room. He had an exercise book in front of him, in which he entered the names of those who donated money and the amounts

they gave, such collections were meant to help meet funeral expenses. Infact they went into buying tea, coffee, bread and even groceries for meals served to guests who came from far.

“Who put him there?” asked an uncle of the deceased in an anxious tone, pointing at the money collector.

“Do I know?” an aunt said.

QUESTIONS

- (a) Relate to the events that led lead to this extract. (8 marks)
- (b) Describe the feelings of the Africans as portrayed in the extract.(6 marks)
- (c) Briefly described the mood of the scene (6 marks)
- (d) Of what significance are the narrative techniques as used in the extract? (8 marks)
- (e)What themes does this extract show here and elsewhere in that novel? (6 marks)

15. CHINUA ACHEBE: THE VOTER

Okeke, "Roof" for short - was a very popular man in his village. Although the villagers did not explain it in so many words, Roof's popularity was a measure of the villager's gratitude to an energetic young lilan. For Roof, unlike most of his fellows, had not abandoned the village to seek work in the towns. And Roof was not a village lout either. Everyone knew how he had spent two years as a bicycle repairer apprentice in Port Ilarcourt and had given up, of his own free will, a bright future to return to his people and guide them in these political times. Not that Umuofia needed a lot of guidance. The village already belonged en masse to the People's Alliance Party, and its most illustrious son, Chief the Honorable Marcus Ibe, was Minister of Culture in the outgoing government (which was pretty certain to be the incoming one as well). Nobody doubted the Honorable Minister would be reelected in his constituency. Opposition to him was like the proverbial fly trying to move a dunghill. It would have been ridiculous enough without coming, as it did now, from a complete non entity.

As was to be expected, Roof was in the services of the Honorable Minister for the coming elections. He had become a real expert in elections; campaigning at all levels - village, local government, or national. He could tell the mood and temper of the electorate at any given time. For instance, he had warned

the Minister months ago about the radical change that had come into the thinking of Umuofia since the last national election.

The villagers had five years to see how quickly and plentifully politics brought wealth, chieftaincy titles, doctorate degrees, and other honors. Some of these, like the last, had still to be explained satisfactorily to them; for they still expected a doctor to heal the sick. Anyhow, these honors had come so readily to the man they had voted for - and now they were ready to think again.

Their point was that only the other day, Marcus Ibe was a not-too-successful mission school teacher. Then politics had come to their village and he had wisely joined up, some say to avoid dismissal arising from an indiscretion. Today, he was Chief the Honorable; he had two long cars and had just built himself the biggest house anyone had seen in these parts. But let it be said that none of these successes had gone to Marcus' head - as they might. He remained a man of the people. Whenever he could, he left the good things of the capital, and returned to his village which had neither running water nor electricity. He knew the source of his good fortune, unlike the bird who ate and drank, then went out to challenge his spirit. Marcus had christened his new house Umuofia Mansions in honor of his village and slaughtered five bulls and countless goats to entertain the people on the day it was opened by the Archbishop.

QUESTIONS

- a) Briefly describe the events that have led to the extract. (8 marks)
- b) Explain Rufus's character as portrayed in the extract. (8 marks)
- c) Identify and explain three concerns as portrayed in the scene. (6 marks)
- d) How effectively is style used in the extract? (8 marks)
- e) Comment on the mood in the passage. (4 marks)

SECTION D

16. JULIUS OCWINYO: FOOTPRINTS OF THE OUTSIDER.

- a. To what extent is Alicinora responsible for Abuds Olwit's frustrations in life? (33 marks)
- b. Discuss the theme of suffering in the novel, Footprints of the Outsider. (33 marks)

17. HENRY OLE KULET: VANISHING HERDS.

- a) Referring to the novel, Vanishing Herds, describe the character of Norpista and how has it been developed? (33 marks)
- b) Discuss Kulet's use of contrast in the novel, Vanishing Herds. (33 marks)

18. OSI OGBU: THE MOON ALSO SETS

- a) Discuss the significance of Mark's statement that, "The Moon Also Sets." (33 marks)
- b) With reference to the novel, The Moon Also Sets, discuss the character and role of Oby. (33 Marks)

END