



MASENO UNIVERSITY
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2013/2014

FIRST YEAR FIRST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS FOR THE
DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION (ARTS) WITH
INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY
(HOMA BAY CAMPUS)

ALI 101: INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

Date: 23rd November, 2013

Time: 11.00 a.m. - 1.00 p.m.

INSTRUCTIONS:

- Answer Question ONE (COMPULSORY) and any other TWO questions.
- Avoid duplication of material in answer to more than one question.
- Candidates are asked to desist from writing on the question paper.
- Kindly SWITCH OFF your CELL PHONES.

1. COMPULSORY

Use relevant illustrations from literary texts across the genres to outline a comprehensive definition of literature. (30 mks)

2. Discuss the unique differences and similarities between EITHER:

i) Poetry and prose fiction (20 mks)

OR

ii) Prose fiction and drama (20 mks)

3. Undertake a critical analysis of the text appended. Extract from Ngugi wa Thiongo's *A Meeting in the Dark*. (20 mks)

4. What is the relationship between content and style in literature? Illustrate your response using texts drawn across THREE genres. One of the genres should be from oral literature. (20 mks)

5. Illustrating your response from a novel of your choice and/or a short story, explore the differences between the following:

i) Round characters and flat characters (10 mks)

ii) Protagonists and antagonists (10 mks)

6. Use appropriate examples to make notes on the following concepts in literature:

i) Conflict (5 mks)

ii) Point of view (5 mks)

iii) Suspense (5 mks)

iv) Oral literature (5 mks)

thought: 'Why does he torture me: why does he not at once say he knows?' Then another voice told him: 'No, he doesn't know, otherwise he would have already jumped at you.' A consolation! He faced his thoughtful father with courage.

'When is the journey?'

Again John thought: 'Why does he ask? I have told him many times.

'Next week, Tuesday,' he said.

'Right. Tomorrow we go to the shops, hear?'

'Yes, Father.'

'Then be prepared.'

'Yes, Father.'

'You can go.'

'Thank you, Father.' He began to move.

'John!'

'Yes? John's heart almost stopped beating.

'You seem to be in a hurry. I don't want to hear of you loitering in the village. I know young men, going to Show off just because you are going away? I don't want to hear of trouble in the village.'

Much relieved, he went out. He could guess what his father meant by not wanting trouble in the village.

'Why do you persecute the boy so much?' Susana spoke for the first time. Apparently she had carefully listened to the whole drama without a word. Now was her time to speak. She looked at her tough old preacher who had been a companion for life. She had married him a long time ago. She could not tell the number of years. They had been happy. Then the man became a convert. And everything in the home put on a religious tone. He even made her stop telling stories to the child. 'Tell him of Jesus. Jesus died for you. Jesus died for the child. He must know the Lord.' She, too, had been converted. But she was never blind to the moral torture he inflicted on the boy (that was how she always referred to John), so that the boy had grown up mortally afraid of his father. She always wondered if it was love for the son. Or could it be a penitential because, well, they too had 'sinned' before marriage? John had been the result of that sin. But that had not been John's fault. It was the boy who ought to complain. She often wondered if the boy had ... but no. The boy had been very small when they left Fort Hall. She looked at her hand. He remained mute though his left hand did, rather irritably, feel it as if he was not your son. Or do you ...

Her sister. The voice was pleading. She was seeking a quarrel but he did not feel equal to one. Really, women could never understand. Women were women, whether saved or not. Their son had to be protected against all evil influences. He must be made to grow in the foot-

steps of the Lord. He looked at her, frowning a little. She had made him slip, but that had been a long time ago. And he had been saved. John must not tread the same road.

'You ought to tell us to leave. You know I can go away. Go back to Fort Hall. And then everybody ...'

'Look, Sister,' he hastily interrupted. He always called her sister. Sister-in-law. In full. But he sometimes wondered if she had been truly saved. In his heart he prayed: Lord, be with our sister Susana. Aloud, he continued, 'You know I want the boy to grow in the Lord.'

'But you torture him so! You make him fear you!'

'Why? He should not fear me. I have really nothing against him.'

'It is you. You. You have always been cruel to him ...' She stood up. The feelings dropped from her frock and fell in a heap on the floor.

'Stanley!'

'Sister.' He was startled by the vehemence in her voice. He had never seen her like this. Lord, take the devil out of her. Save her this minute. She did not say what she wanted to say. Stanley looked away from her.

It was a surprise, but it seemed he feared his wife. If you had told the people in the village about this, they would not have believed you. He took his Bible and began to read. On Sunday he would preach to a congregation of brethren and sisters.

Susana, a rather tall, thin woman, who had once been beautiful, sat down again and went on with her work. She did not know what was troubling her son. Was it the coming journey? Still, she feared for him. Outside, John was strolling aimlessly along the path that led from his home. He stood near the wattle tree which was a little way from his father's house and surveyed the whole village. They lay before his eyes, crammed, rows and rows of mud and grass huts, ending in sharply defined sticks that pointed to heaven. Smoke was coming out of various huts. It was an indication that many women had already come from the shambas. Night would soon fall. To the west, the sun - that lone daytime traveller - was hurrying home behind the misty hills. Again, John looked at the crammed rows and rows of huts that formed Makeno village, one of the new mushroom 'towns' that grew up all over the country during the Mau Mau war. It looked so ugly. A pain rose in his heart and he felt like crying - I hate you, I hate you! You trapped me alive. Away from you, it would never have happened. He did not shout. He just watched.

A woman was coming towards where he stood. A path into the village was just near there. She was carrying a big load of fuel which bent her into an Akkaba-bow shape. She greeted him. 'Is it well with you, Migani (John)?'

It is well with me. My mother's Thuan ...