

101/2

**BUSIA-ENGLISH PAPER 2**

**(COMPREHENSION, LITERARY, APPRECIATION AND GRAMMAR)**

**COMPREHENSION (20 MARKS)**

1. *Read the passage carefully then answer the questions that follow.*

There was always a whiff about the Malaysians Africans. By day, they were students at some of Britain's best Universities. And they spent the night in the factories and butcher shops, murdering animals or wiping supermarket floors.

Europe is a wash with millions of Africans— students, professionals, bogus asylum seekers, genuine asylum seekers and loads of labourers. They pick, pack, push, pull; they clean the streets wash the dead and the nearly dead and generally do the important jobs that Europeans won't do because they are disgusting, demeaning, or their income puts the labourer at slightly below the welfare line.

Many live in a grey area where they exist but don't quite exist. They **eke out** extremely difficult hand-to-mouth life, living in abhorrent conditions in crime invested migrant neighbourhoods. Many of the Africans grew up in village hovels and had no hope in hell of getting a job. For them a condemned tenement in Paris is a step up the food chain but some are well to do professionals who have traded the cushy comforts of their secure jobs for the dehumanizing adventure of wintry menial jobs. Ten years ago, I met a Nigerian Engineer who quite his job in the oil industry and was working in a chicken factory in North Yorkshire, His wife had talked him into it, I heard.

I can almost bet that today he has obtained "status" that is, regularized his stay either formally or by buying a bogus British passport, and has got a job as a clerk, mail sorter or as supermarket checkout guy. A step up in the world, you might say.

People used to talk about a global village. For the African, I get the feeling, the world is becoming a more hostile, colder, bigger place. Walking through a western airport a couple of months ago, I was "randomly" selected for explosive residue, used a dog to check for drugs in my luggage, put my shoes and belt through machines and thorough physical examination.

It's not luck, it's the comely colour of my skin that won me attention. This is not a wholesale condemnation of **xenophobia** and racism in rich nations. No, I know African countries which are nearly as xenophobic as Nazi Germany. And some European countries such as Britain, have had very welcoming policies: They allow mad mullahs to preach the destruction of Britain from the cobblestones of London.

Rather I want to propose the hypothesis that the pick pack -push life of African immigrants in Europe is becoming rather more difficult perilous, and perhaps portends as many dangers as the Aids, poverty and low life expectancy in the villages which **spawned** them. Evidence?

One Ten years ago, you went to the UK without the necessity of a visa. Two years ago, the British High Commission would issue me with a visa after the intervention of an appeals tribunal.

The entry clearance officer was probably not impressed by my attitude that I had no ambition what so ever to become a packer- picker-pusher, I had a good life at home and a swell job which paid better than hers thank you very much!.

Two: Antony Walker, a liver pudlian black teenager was recently walking white girlfriend to the bus stop. He was taunted by a couple of racist guys who proceed to bludgeon bun to death with an axe-, in what sections of the British press are rather gleefully referring to as the Axe Murder.

Three: In London, zauinab Kalokoh was attending the christening of her niece (I think) six month – old Adama. As she cradled the baby, a gun gang burst into the hall and killed her with a single bullet to the head

Four: Early in the week. Six people living in an abandoned apartment in Paris, died in a fire. Twenty five families, half of them legally in France, lived like animals. The Globe and mail quoted some functionary as describing the conditions in the building as “dangerous and inadmissible” and a neighbor saying the immigrants circumstances were “frightening”. She recalled seeing the African fetching water from the spigot( Americanism for “tap) in the street.

Five: A week ago, 17 peopleamong them 14 children and most of them African immigrants, perished in another crumbling Parisian tenement inferno. In April, 24 souls went in smoke, the majority of them African, again in a Paris flea dive hotel. The international *Herald Tribune* quoted the Deputy Mayor of Paris as saying “ Hypothesis of arson is not excluded.”

And why does the world dislike us so? Is it because we are ugly or smell? I know in some western supermarket, the Africans who sweep the floors and goods are routinely sprayed with deodorant. There is bigotry, there is the fear of the different. But even more important, the reasons why Africans are treated very, very badly are to be found. I think in Victor Hugo.” We live in a squalid society. Success: that is the message seeping drop by drop, down from the overriding corruption. Success in principle and for it own sake. Prosperity presupposes ability. Win a lottery prize and you are a clever man. Winners are adulated.” They don’t like us because we are broke. A guy washes up on the beaches of Europe, down on his luck and ready to do battle with chickens. Who is point to care whether he burns in a condemned building? Jacques Chirac?

So before you take your passport for the visa prayers, ask: Wouldn’t it be a lot easier to just marry into money?

### Questions

- a) Isolate any two incidents of irony in this passage. (4mks)
- b) A step in the world, you might say.  
(*Rewrite the sentence above ending.....world. )* (1 mk)
- c) Give any three instances that show Africans live in unpalatable environment. (3mks)
- d) In which way is the writer a victim of the subject of his discussion (3mks)
- e) Early in the week, six people living in an abandoned apartment in Paris died in a fire.  
(*Rewrite beginning living )* (1 mk)
- f) What is the author’s attitude towards the west? Give two illustrations for your answer. (3mks)

- g) We live in a squalid society. (*Add a tag question*). (1mk)
- h) Explain the meaning of the following words and phrases in the context of the passage. (4mks)
- i) eke out
- ii) xenophobia
- iii) spawned
- iv) gleefully

**2. Read the following excerpt and answer the questions after it.**

**AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE : by Henrik**

(*Laughter, uproar and hisses MRS STOCKMANN sits coughing earnestly ASLAKSEN rings his bell violently*)

**THE DRUNKEN MAN** (*who has come in again*): Is it me he is talking about? My name's Petersen,

all right -but devil take me if I, . . .

**ANGRY VOICES:** Throw out that drunken man! Kick him out. (*He is pushed out again*)

**PETER STOCKMANN:** Who was that person?

**1ST CITIZEN:** I don't know. who he is, Sir

**2ND CITIZEN:** He doesn't belong here.

**3RD CITIZEN:** It must be that timber merchant from over at ... (*the rest is inaudible*).

**ASLAKSEN:** He had obviously had too much beer. Proceed, Doctor; but please strive to be moderate in your language.

**DR. STOCKMANN:** Very well, gentlemen, I shall say no more about our leaders. And if anyone imagines, from what I have just said, that my object is to attack these people this evening, he is wrong – absolutely wide of the mark For I am happily convinced that these parasites- all these venerable relics of a dying age are most admirably paving the way for their own extinction; they need no doctors help to hasten their end Nor is it folk of that kind who constitute the most pressing danger to society It is not they who, are most instrumental in poisoning the sources of our moral life and infecting the soil on which we stand- It is not they who are the most dangerous enemies of truth and freedom in our society.

**SHOUTS FROM ALL SIDES:** Who. then? Who is it? Name! Name! . . .

**DR STOCKMANN** You may depend upon it—I shall name them! That is precisely the great discovery I made yesterday (*Raises his voice*) The most dangerous enemy of truth and freedom in our society is the compact majority — yes, the damned compact Liberal majority - that is it! Now you know! (*Tremendous uproar Most of the crowd are shouting stamping and hissing. Some of the older men among them steal glances at one another and seem to be enjoying themselves. MRS. STOCKMANN gets up, looking anxious. FJLIF and MORTEN advance threateningly upon some schoolboys who are playing pranks. ASLAKSEN rings his bell and begs for order. HOVSTAD and BILLING both talk at once, but are inaudible. At last quiet is restored.*)

**ASLAKSEN:** As Chairman, I call upon the speaker to withdraw his ill-considered expressions.

**DR. STOCKMANN:** Never, Mr. Aslaksen! It is the majority in our community that denies me my

freedom and seeks to prevent me from speaking the truth.

**HOVSTAD:**

The majority is always right.

**BILLING:**

And it has the truth too, by God!

**DR. STOCKMANN:**

The majority is never right. Never, I say! That is one of these social lies, against which an independent, intelligent man must wage war Who is it that constitute the majority of the people in a country? Is it the intelligent people or the fools? I don't imagine you will dispute the fact that at present the fools are in a overwhelming majority the world over.

But, good Lord! ... you can. never pretend that it is. right that fools should govern the intelligent. (*Uproar, and cries.*) Oh, yes — you can shout me down, I know! But you cannot answer. .me The majority has might on its side — unfortunately, but it is never right— I and a few other people. The minority is always right. (*Renewed uproar.*) . .

**HOVSTAD:**

Aha! So Dr. Stockmann has become an aristocrat since the day before yesterday! ., .

**DR STOCICMANN:**

I have already said that I am not going to waste a word on the puny, narrow-chested, short winded crew whom we are leaving behind The thrill of life no longer concerns itself with them. I am thinking of the few, the scattered few amongst us, who have absorbed new and vigorous truths Such men stand, as it were, at the outposts, so far ahead that the 'compact majority' has not yet been able to catch up with them; and there they are, fighting for truths that are too newly-born into the world of consciousness to have more than a handful of supporters.

**HOVSTAD:**

So the Doctor is a revolutionary now!

**DR. STOCKMANN:**

Good heavens - of course I am Mr. Hovstad! I am revolting against the lie that the majority has the monopoly of the truth. What sort of truths are they that the majority usually supports? They are truths that are so old that they are beginning to break up. And if a truth is as old as that, it is also on its way to becoming a lie, gentlemen. (*Laughter and mocking cries.*) Yes, believe me or not, as you like; but truths are by no means the long-lived Methuselahs. — as some folk imagine. A normally constituted truth lives, let us say, as a rule seventeen or eighteen, or at most twenty years — seldom longer. But truths as aged as that are always worn frightfully thin, and nevertheless it is only then that the majority recognizes them and recommends them to the community as wholesome moral food. There is no great nourishment in that sort of fare, I can assure you; and, as a doctor, I ought to know. These 'majority truths' are like last year's cured meat — like rancid, mouldy ham; and, they are the origin of the moral scurvy that is rampant in society.

**ASLAKSEN:** It appears to me that the speaker is wandering a long way from the subject.

**PETER STOCKMANN:** I agree with the Chairman ..

### Questions

1. State what happens before this extract? (3mks)
2. What character trait of Aslaken is brought out in this extract? (2mks)
3. The majority has might on its side- unfortunately; but it is never right. what does Dr. Stockmann.

Mean by this statement in light of what happens to him? (4mks)

4. How does Aslaksen become Chairman of this meeting? (4mks)
5. Who are the most dangerous enemies of the truth according to Dr. Stockman.? (2mks)
6. Using your knowledge of the text, make notes on what transpires between Peter Stockmann and Dr. Stockman when he learns of the Dr's discovery. (2mks)
7. **Add a question tag to these statements**
  - (i) As chairman, I call upon the speaker to withdraw his ill-considered expression. (1mk)
  - (ii) The majority is always right.....?
8. What does this excerpt reveal about Dr. Stockmann's character? (2mks)
9. Identify and illustrate one aspect of style used here. (2mks)

### 3. ORAL LITERATURE

*Read the story below and then answer the questions which follow:*

#### CHINSARA MOGUTA

There was once a man who had two wives. Each of his wives bore him a son. Unfortunately, one of the wives died and so one of the sons lost his mother. The son whose mother was alive was called Jaja Mongera.

It happened that the father loved his motherless son more than he loved Jaja. Naturally Jaja's mother was unhappy about such open favouritism and complained bitterly about it. For instance, she wondered why her husband took Jaja with him to the bush to trap *Chinsaza moguta* (a. kind of wild animal) and why he never took the motherless son with him on such dangerous expeditions. . . . .

Usually, what happened was that the father set his trap in the bush, then left for home, leaving Jaja to keep watch over it. If a *Chinsara moguta* was caught, then Jaja would take it, kill it, and carry it home

One day, it happened that a big fat *Chinsara moguta* was caught by the trap which Jaja's father had set and had left him to watch. When Jaja. raised his machet to kill the *Chinsara Moguta*. he cried and begged him to set him free.

"Please, please, do me a favour, untrap me and let me go I too will one day come to your rescue"

Jaja was quiet for a while, lost in deep thought. " All right", Jaja finally said with a sigh. He freed the animal, " you can go". Then Jaja collected his things and carried them home.

At home, he reported to his father that the trap caught nothing. But somehow his father being very shrewd man, learnt the truth, and was displeased with his son's deceit. So he sat very quietly and never said a word, **only gnashing his teeth and throwing ugly glances at Jaja and his mother.**

Early the following morning, he told Jaja to make the usual things they often took to the bush for trapping animals. But in addition to these, the father also took materials that are used to constructing a house. The two went up to a place where they usually trapped *Chinsara moguta* . the father got busy. He cut poles and grass and began to built a small hut. While the father stayed outside, Jaja assisted him from inside the hut, the two built a fine small hut. But it was an usual one. In that it had neither a window nor a door. It puzzled the young man. He'd never seen such a hut before.

“ Father , how shall I get out and how will you get in here? Jaja asked in good faith. “ Don’t worry”, the father replied, “ I’ll cut and remove a portion of the wall to make an entrance.” Jaja kept quiet and waited. Inside the hut as dark and damp. Soon it was all quiet outside. Jaja became alarmed and called his father, but there was no response. It was all very still and deathly quite. Jaja realized that his father had gone away and abandoned him in the bush that was full of wild animals. He was being punished for having freed a *Chinsara moguta*. The young man called, wept and cried, but all in vain. Only the echo of the jungle replied. Fear and despondency gripped him when he realized that at night, one of the wild animals could destroy the little hut and devour him.

At home, his mother wept and grieved for him. The father had reported that the young man had been killed by one of the wild animals. The woman raised the **alarm and announced the death of her son to the people**. Bitter enemy and hatred that had, for years smouldered between the couple regarding the husband’s treatment of her son, now flared up and became like a destructive forest fire. In time, Jaja was mourned and forgotten, except for his mother who never forgave her husband for having killed her son.

Anyway, what happened was that after Jaja’s father went away and left him alone in the little hut a wild animal attempted to destroy the hut, but they all failed. Lastly, the *Chinsara moguta* that Jaja had helped to escape came along and asked, singing:

“ is this a patch of bush?

Or is there a human being in there? X2

On hearing the song, Jaja replied in a song, singing:

“ I am not a patch of bush

But a human being (x3)

My father sent me to kill the *Chinsara moguta*

That was caught in his trap, but I let him escape”

When the *Chinsara moguta* heard Jaja’s song, he remembered what he had told Jaja. So he destroyed the hut and freed him. Then he led him to a hill somewhere.

“Lie ‘-down and keep still,” the *Chinsara moguta* told Jaja. “When you hear lots of noises made by chicken, goats, sheep and cattle, don’t open your eyes. Just keep them tightly closed. But. when you hear children’s voices calling, “Father, Father, Father, open your eyes and get up.”

Jaja Mongera obeyed the *Chinsara moguta*’s directives even though he was afraid. Soon he heard the noises made by all the domestic animals. But he didn’t. - open his eyes, he kept them closed. Then he heard the sound and voices of many chicken who called out, “Father, Father, Father”, and he opened his eyes. Jaja **felt mesmerized**. The hill was full of cattle, sheep, goats, chicken and children, plus all the other amenities which man needs in life. Jaja took everything including the mothers of those children and built a large home.

*Chinsara moguta* disappeared and Jaja was now a rich man. Soon people began to go to Jaja Mongera’s home for milk and other foodstuffs which they didn’t have. Rumours about his riches reached far and wide in Kisii land. His mother too heard about the rich man called Jaja Mongera and became curious - could the man be her lost son? One day she set out to go herself and find out the truth. She went to buy milk from Jaja’s home.

The woman looked at Jaja and found that he closely resembled her son who was supposed to have died. :- .

“You look so much like my son who got killed by wild animals years ago when - he went hunting with his father”

“Oh,” Jaja remembered, “It is strange the way human beings sometimes look so much alike, even though they may not be related”.

“Life is indeed complicated”, the mother replied But in your case I am truly overwhelmed because even your names are the same. He too, was called Jaja Mongera”.

“Well, that’s interesting,” Jaja said pulling at his beard.- “Tell me more about your son.. How did he get killed, when and where ?“ The mother- proceeded to give detailed account of the circumstances which led to her son’s death -and how the father never brought back even a bloody piece of the young man’s clothes to prove that he had been killed by a wild animal. When she came to the conclusion of her account, Jaja was convinced he was the woman’s lost son; They were very happy and Jaja slaughtered a huge bull and organized an -elaborate feast for his mother. He invited all his neighbours to come and meet his mother. -

After some days, when the feast was over, Jaja Mongera’s mother returned to her home. She reported to her husband how she had found her, son, Jaja Mongera, and that after all; he hadn’t been killed by wild animals.

On hearing the news Jaja Mongera’s father also went off to visit his son. However, Jaja hadn’t forgiven his father for the punishment he meted on him because he had freed a *Chinsara Moguta*. So instead of slaughtering a bull for him, he prepared and cooked a sick dog for the old man, and tipped off his children and his wives not to eat it. On his way back, the father fell sick and died. Now, Jaja Mongera went to his old home and collected his mother and he other children to come and live with him. He left his motherless; brother, who had been the father’s favourite, alone in the old home! -

*(The Kisii*

*narrative recorded by Isaiah Okiomeri)*

### 3. Questions

- a) Classify this narrative? (2mks)
- b) State and illustrate one aspect of character for each of the following:
  - (i) Jafa’s Mother
  - (ii) Jaja Mongera..
- c) With specific illustration state one moral lesson that we learn from this narrative. (4mks)
- d) Mention and illustrate one economic and one social activity of the community from which the narative is drawn.
  - (i) Economic (2mks)
  - (ii) Social. (2mks)
- e) Identify **two** narrative techniques used in the story and show the effect achieved by each. (4mks)
- f) Explain why the narrative used the following phrase.
 

‘gnashing his teeth ‘ and ‘throwing ugly glances



**Q4**

**GRAMMAR. (15 MARKS)**

**a) Rewrite each of the following sentences according to the instructions given after each. (3mks)**

i) That was the worst storm they had ever experienced.

**(Rewrite beginning : Never**

ii) Let us go to the garden. **(Add a question tag).**

iii) Kenyan footballers have not had greater openings at any time in their careers than they have now.

**(Begin: At)**

**b) Use the words in brackets to form a phrasal verb to fill the blanks below. (3mks)**

i) He felt..... when his friend betrayed him. (let)

ii) They relied on him to..... with a convincing explanation. (come)

iii) The mayor assumed that the problem had been..... (iron)

**c) Change the words in bold into their negative forms. (3mks)**

i) The guest speaker in the forum was a **noble** person. –

ii) She said that my argument was very **prudent**

iii) Ngugi wa Thiongo' writings are **famous** with the west readers. .

**d) Rewrite replacing the underlined words with one word. (2mks)**

i) Buses, cars, lorries and matatus jammed the streets.

ii) He was accused of having no fixed place of residence.

**e) Choose the correct word from those in brackets to fill the blanks.**

i)..... (practice/practise) makes perfect.

ii) I have (never/not)..... Seen Saisi today'. –

iii) You are most .....(welcome/welcomed/ well come) in our school.

iv) Alice would be grateful if Martha..... (could / can / might, will) do her best when she is away.