



KIBABII UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

(A Constituent College of Masinde Muliro University of Science Technology)

P.O. Box 1699-50200 Bungoma, Kenya

Tel. 020-2028660/0708-085934/0734-831729

E-mail: enquiries@kibabiiuniversity.ac.ke

UNIVERSITY REGULAR EXAMINATIONS

2013 /2014 ACADEMIC YEAR

1ST YEAR 1ST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS

(MAIN EXAMINATION)

FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR

EDUCATION (ART)

COURSE CODE: LIT 100

COURSE TITLE: INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY STUDIES

DATE: 29TH APRIL, 2014

TIME: 9:00A.M. 12NOON

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

Answer question **ONE(COMPULSORY)** and any other **TWO** questions

QUESTION ONE (30MKS)

“The aim of the first generation African novelist was to retell the African story in the African style hence, subverting the European version of misrepresentation of the narrative.” While citing **at least four** features of style from Achebe’s *Things Fall Apart*, Arrow of God and Ngugi’s *The River Between*; explain the effectiveness of these features of style in the telling the African Story. (20mks)

QUESTIONS TWO - DRAMA

“Cite any five theatrical devices used in Imbuga’s *Aminata* and Rugands’s *The Burdens*, and explain their effectiveness in elucidating the truths about the place of women in society and Family relations respectively. (20mks)

QUESTION THREE – ORAL LITERATURE

With adequate illustrations from any three genres of oral literature, explain ten functions of oral literature in society (20mks)

QUESTION FOUR – POETRY

Give a comprehensive explication of the poem below (20mks)

A LEOPARD LIVES IN A MUU TREE

A leopard lives in a Muu tree
Watching my home
My lambs are born speckled
My wives tie their skirts tight
And turn away –
Fearing mottled offsprings
.
They bathe when the moon is high
Soft and fecund
Splash cold mountain stream water on their nipples
Drop their skin skirts and call obscenities.
I’m besieged
I walk about stiff
Stroking my loins
A leopard lives outside my homestead
Watching my women
I have called him elder, the one-from-the-same-womb
He peers at me with slit eyes
His head held high
My sword has rusted in the scabbard.
My wives purse their lips
When owls call for mating
I’m besieged

They fetch cold mountain water
They crush the sugar cane
But refuse to touch my beer horn.
My medicine bags torn
The hair on my loins is singed
The upright post at the gate has fallen
My women are frisky
The leopard arches over my homestead
Easts my lambs
Resuscitating himself.

Jonathan kariara.