



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

FACULTY OF EDUCATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

**DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES, LITERATURE, JOURNALISM AND MASS
COMMUNICATION**

2013/ 2014 ACADEMIC YEAR

1ST YEAR 1ST SEMESTER 2014

(SCHOOL BASED)

COURSE CODE: LIT 100

COURSE TITLE: INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY STUDIES

DATE: 21ST AUGUST, 2014

TIME: 9:00A.M.-12NOON

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Answer **three** questions

QUESTION ONE IS COMPULSORY. Attempt any other two questions from the sections provided:

QUESTION ONE (20 MARKS)

1. What is the difference between the following literary concepts? Give clear examples in each case:
 - a. Metonymy and synecdoche (6 marks)
 - b. Hyperbole and litotes (6 marks)
 - c. Dramatic irony and situational irony (6 marks)
 - d. Form and content (6 marks)
 - e. Epic and novel (6 marks)
2. Discuss a stylistic presentation of the theme of **Cultural nationalism** in Achebe's **Things Fall Apart, Arrow of God** and Nguigi's **The River Between**: Explain the effectiveness of these features of style in telling of the African Story. (20 marks)
3. With adequate illustrations from any genre of oral literature covered in this course, explain ten functions of oral literature in society (20 marks)
4. Explain at least **TEN** hallmarks of a good story teller while citing illustrations from the various genres of oral literature covered in this course. (20 marks)
5. Discuss five theatrical devices in Francis Imbuga's **Betrayal in the City** and their effectiveness in illuminating the theme of disillusionment. (20 marks)
6. Read the poem below and give it a refined explication (*Persona, Subject matter, Themes, style and effectiveness.*) (20 marks)

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER

His sunken cheeks, his inward-looking eyes,
The sarcastic, scornful smile on his lips,
The unkempt, tatted, grey hair,
The hard, coarse sand-paper hands,
Spoke eloquently of the life he had lived,
But I did not mourn for him.

The hammer, the saw and the plane,
These were his tools and his damnation,
His sweat was his ointment and his perfume,
He fashioned dining tables, chairs, wardrobes,
And all the wooden loves of colonial life,
No, I did not mourn for him.

He built colonial mansions,
Huge, unwieldy, arrogant constructions,
But he squatted in a sickly mud-house,

With children huddled stuntedly,
Under the bed-bug bed he shared with mother,
I could not mourn for him

I had already inherited
His premature old-age look,
I had imbibed his frustration,
But his dreams of freedom and happiness
Had become my song, my love
So, I could not mourn for him.

No, I did not shed any tears,
My father's dead life still lives in me,
He lives in my son, my father,
I am my father and my son,
I will awaken his sleepy hopes and yearnings,
But I will not mourn for him,
I will not mourn for me

Dr Henry Indangasi