



# **KIBABII UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (KIBUCO)**

## **MAIN CAMPUS**

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS  
2014 /2015 ACADEMIC YEAR**

**FIRST YEAR SECOND SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS**

**MAIN EXAMINATION**

**FOR THE DEGREE**

**OF**

**BACHELOR OF EDUCATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**

**COURSE CODE: LIT 110**

**COURSE TITLE: INTRODUCTION TO EAST AFRICAN LITERATURE**

**DATE: 14<sup>TH</sup> JANUARY 2015**

**TIME: 3.00-5.00 P.M**

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

Answer Question ONE and any other Two Questions

TIME: 2 Hours

KIBUCO observes ZERO tolerance to examination cheating

**QUESTION ONE (30 marks)**

“The personality of the people of East African was mangled through the harrowing experiences of colonialism hence it was the duty of the East African literary writer to correct this image” Cite appropriate aspects/features of style used in Ngugi’s *The River Between*; and show their effectiveness in exhorting the East African back to his cultural roots.

**QUESTION TWO (20 marks)**

Identify the instances of personal betrayal and disillusionment in Francis Imbuga’s *Betrayal in the City* and show how they are related to the political betrayal explored in the play (20 marks)

**QUESTION THREE (20 marks)**

“It is the refugees who feel the ultimate weight and realities of **civil strife** whenever there are political upheavals in a nation”. Write in defense of this statement while citing persuasive illustrations from Ruganda’s *Shreds of Tenderness*.

**QUESTION FOUR (20 marks)**

Cite relevant examples from Mtobwa’s *Dar es Salaam By Night* to discuss the causes of moral decadence in East African urban settings.

**QUESTION FIVE (20 marks)**

“Untamed political ambitions are a terrible disaster to any family” Cite illustrations from Ruganda’s *The Burdens* to write in defense of this statement.

**QUESTION SIX (20 marks)**

Read the poem below and give it a refined explication (*Persona, Subject matter, Themes, style and effectiveness*) showing how it has brought out the **theme of colonialism**. (20 marks)

**THE DEATH OF MY FATHER**

His sunken cheeks, his inward-looking eyes,  
The sarcastic, scornful smile on his lips,  
The unkempt, matted, 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 dinning 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  
Her 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*