



**JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE  
AND TECHNOLOGY**

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 2012/2013**

**1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR 1<sup>ST</sup> SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS FOR THE DEGREE  
OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN COMMUNITY HEALTH AND  
DEVELOPMENT & BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN PUBLIC  
HEALTH**

**(KISUMU LEARNING CENTRE)**

COURSE CODE: EEL 3113

COURSE TITLE: COMMUNICATION SKILLS

DATE: 21/4/2013                      TIME: 11.00-13.00PM

DURATION: 2 HOURS

**INSTRUCTIONS**

1. This paper contains TWO sections.
2. Answer ALL questions in section A (Compulsory) and ANY other Two questions in section B.
3. Write all answers in the booklet provided.

### QUESTION ONE

- (a)What are learning styles (10marks)?.
- (b)List any four learning styles and show how they make students effective learners(15marks).

### QUESTION TWO

Discuss the importance of the following in the study process:

- (a)SQ3R
  - (b)Study objectives
  - (c)The study environment
  - (d)Time management.
- (15marks)

### QUESTION THREE

You have been asked by your lecturer in one of your mainstream subjects to visit a library of your choice. Compile a report on your visit consisting of the following parts:

- (a)The objectives of the library
  - (b)Details of how the library is organized
  - (c)Readers' responsibilities as borrowers.
- (15marks)

### QUESTION FOUR

Discuss the following terms:

- (a)Dewey decimal classification system
  - (b)Library of congress classification system
- Compare and contrast the above two systems (15marks).

### QUESTION FIVE

Discuss five challenges that a university fresher faces on starting his or her degree studies(15marks)

### QUESTION SIX

**Read the following passage answer the questions that follow:**

#### **A Day's Wait**

#### **Ernest Hemingway**

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

“What's the matter, Schatz?”

“I've got a headache.”

“You better go to bed.”

“No. I'm alright.”

“You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed.”

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

“You go up to bed, “I said, “You're sick.”

“I'm alright,” he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down fever, another purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy.

His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read aloud from Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very strangely.

"Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me, "You don't have to stay in here with me, papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little lightheaded and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while. It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees but most of them scattered into bush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice coated mounds of bush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the icy, springy brush they made difficult shooting, and I killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the top of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

“What is it?”

“Something like a hundred and two and four tenths.

“It was a hundred and two,” I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

“It was a hundred and two,” he said.

“Who said so?”

“The doctor.”

“Your temperature is all right,” I said.

“It’s nothing to worry about.”

“I don’t worry,” he said, “but I can’t keep from thinking.”

“Don’t think,” I said. “Just take it easy.”

“I’m taking it easy,” he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight on himself about something.

“Take this with water.”

“Do you think it will do any good?”

“Of course it will.”

I sat down and opened the Pirate book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

“About what time do you think I’m going to die?” he asked.

“What?”

“About how long will it be before I die?”

“You aren’t going to die. What’s the matter with you?”

“Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two.”

“People don’t die with a fever of one hundred and two. That’s a silly way to talk.”

“I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can’t live with forty-four degrees. I’ve got a hundred and two.”

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o’clock in the morning.

“You poor Schatz,” I said. “Poor old Schatz. It’s like miles and kilometers. You aren’t going to die. That’s a different thermometer thirty seven is normal. On this kind it’s ninety-eight.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely,” I said. “It’s like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy miles in the car?”

“Oh,” he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

**Now answer the following questions:**

(i) Why does the boy think he will die? (6marks).

(ii) Which conflicting feelings are struggling within the boys’ mind (6marks)?

(iii) Find two examples of unusual statements that point to the boy’s internal conflict (7marks).

(iv) How the conflict is resolved (6marks)?