



JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

**SCHOOL OF EDUCATION HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION
ARTS WITH IT**

1ST YEAR 1ST SEMESTER 2024/ 2025 ACADEMIC YEAR

MAIN CAMPUS- INSTITUTION BASED

COURSE CODE: ZLB 9111

COURSE TITLE: INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

EXAM VENUE: AUD

STREAM: (BED ARTS)

DATE: 14/4/25

EXAM SESSION:9-11.00 AM

TIME:2 HRS

Instructions:

- 1. Answer question ONE and ANY other two questions.**
- 2. Candidates are advised not to write on the question paper.**
- 3. Candidates must hand in their answer booklets to the invigilator while in the examination room.**

Q1. Compulsory

Citing adequate illustrations, discuss Ngugi wa Thiong'o's portrayal of cultural conflict in *The River Between* (30mks)

Q2. Drawing examples from at least two short stories in the anthology *When the Sun Goes Down* assess the view that a short story is a unique genre of prose literature. (20mks)

Q3. With adequate examples from specific genres, examine the importance of teaching Oral Literature in the new Competence-Based Curriculum in Kenya.

(20mks)

Q4. Francis Imbuga's *Betrayal in the City* is a true depiction of social and political concerns that are rampant in most African states. To what extent do you agree or disagree. (20mks)

Q5. Analyse the following poem in terms of form and content.

THE PAUPER

(by Richard Nturu)

Pauper, pauper, craning your eyes
In all directions, in no direction!
What brutal force, malignant element,
Dared to forge your piteous fate?
Was it worth the effort, the time?

You limply lean on a leafless tree
Nursing the jiggers that shrivel your bottom
Like a baby newly born to an old woman.
What crime, what treason did you commit?
That you are thus condemned to human indifference?

And when you trudge on the horny pads,
Gullied like the soles of modem shoes,
Pads that even jiggers cannot conquer:
Does He admire your sense of endurance?
Or turn his head away from your impudent presence?

You sit alone on hairless goatskins,
Your ribs and bones reflecting the light
That beautiful cars reflect on you,

Squashing lice between your nails
And cleaning your nails with dry saliva.

And when He looks at the grimy coating
Caking off your emaciated skin,
At the rust that uproots all your teeth
Like a pick on a stony piece of land,
Does He pat his paunch at the wonderful sight?

Pauper, pauper, crouching in beautiful verandas
Of beautiful cities and beautiful people,
Tourists and I will take your snapshots,
And your M.P. with a shining head and triple chin
Will mourn your fate in a supplementary question at
Question Time.

JOOUST OBSERVES ZERO TOLERANCE TO EXAMS CHEATING