



**JARAMOGI OGINGA ODINGA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**  
**SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES**  
**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF EDUCATION**  
**WITH IT**  
**1<sup>ST</sup>YEAR 1<sup>ST</sup> SEMESTER 2022/2023 ACADEMIC YEAR**  
**MAIN CAMPUS**

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**COURSE CODE: ZLB 9113**

**COURSE TITLE: INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY APPRECIATION**

**EXAM VENUE:**

**STREAM:**

**DATE: 21/12/2022**

**EXAM SESSION: 9.00-11.00AM**

**TIME:**

**2.00 HOURS**

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**Instructions:**

- 1. Answer question ONE and ANY other two.**
- 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.

- a) You have come across a piece of writing. Describe any **Four** yardsticks that you would use to assess whether it is literary or not. (16 Marks)
- b) With clear illustrations, demonstrate your understanding of Literary Appreciation. (14 Marks)

Q2. With close reference to any **Two** short stories read in this course, respond to the assertion that a short story is a miracle of condensation. (20 Marks)

Q3. Pick out any **Four** characters who strike you in Francis Imbuga's play, *Aminata*, and discuss why you like or hate each of them. (20 Marks)

Q4. Identify and discuss any **Four** social and political challenges brought out in MejaMwangi's novel, *Kill me quick* and show how relevant they are to the modern Kenyan society.

(20 Marks)

Q5. Analyze the following poem for form and content. (20 Marks).

### THE BREWING NIGHT

It was that memorable night when I heard it

Yes, I heard it all  
That night sleep deserted me,  
Mocked at me and tantalized me,  
So I lay awake, sharp in all my senses.  
It was long past midnight:  
Time dragged on, the clock chime;  
The dog wouldn't bark, nor the baby cry;  
It was a moonless and windless night;  
The whole universe seemed to stagnate  
In dark, dreary, dead slumber.  
What was amiss? I knew not.

The dead quietness and solitude  
Seemed to be eternal, but  
Waves of babbling and muttering  
Began to trickle through the streets;  
A distant roaring of heavy trucks filled the air,  
Hurried footsteps eroded through the street.  
What was a miss? I knew not.

I pulled my curtain

And there I saw it all  
Heavy boots thick uniforms and solid helmets  
Dimly discernible under the pale street lamp  
The atmosphere stood stiff and solid with  
Brawny- faced and clenched –teeth determination

The night had pulsed with passion high and wild;  
The streets were stained with new portraits framed;  
The wheel changed hands and new plans were filed.  
The morning saw the country strangely dresses  
And everyone attended the rally.  
To hear the eloquence from a strange face,  
And everyone quietly nodded and said, ‘yes’

*(By Yusuf O. Kassam, in Poems from East Africa.)*