

K.C.S.E 2007 ENGLISH PAPER 101/1

For More Free KCSE Revision Past Papers and Answers Visit <http://www.joshuaarimi.com>

1. You are the Chairperson of the Creative Writing Club in your school. The club would like assistance in publishing the winning entry in a recent competition. Write a letter to a publisher asking them to consider the book for publication. Remember to write through the Headteacher.

In your letter, include the following:

- the title of the book and name of the author;
- a brief description of the book is about;
- why it is important for the book to be published.

2. Read the passage below and fill in each blank space with an appropriate word.

Good conversationalists are not born that way. They 1 their skill through patience, preparation and practice 2 a long period of time. Some people find it 3 to talk than others, but do not confuse talk with conversation - that is, good conversation.

There are all kinds of conversations, 4 from poor to excellent. Unfortunately, some of the worst conversations come from those who find it easiest to talk. 5 the very ease with which some people talk may make them 6 to what they say and unaware that they may say 7 much.

It lies within the power of each one of us to develop quality in our conversational ability. However, one has to take some 8 You may need to force yourself to take part in conversations, even though you have 9 to contribute at first. If you cannot talk, listen. If you don't understand, ask questions. Secondly, enlarge your storehouse of knowledge every day. Never let a day go 10 without learning something new: talk more with people; read; listen to the radio; watch television; be more observant of everything and everybody around you; travel as much as you can; start a hobby or two; develop common interests with friends and classmates.

3. (a) Read the story below and answer the questions that follow:

Once upon a time, there lived a young woman who ran away from home to secretly marry her warrior lover out in the wilderness. The warrior directed the young woman to a place in the forest where he would meet her. He said to her "When you get to a fork along the path take the right path." Then the warrior went ahead to await her arrival in the forest.

The young woman took off and when she got to the fork that the warrior had mentioned, she followed the left path, forgetting which path the warrior had instructed her to follow.

As the girl walked on, she came upon an ogre who said to her, "hey, young woman, where are you going? Do you have anything to say, now that I'm going to eat you?" The girl answered in a song:

Not here my dear
Let us go to the water hole
Where you can eat me
And have a drink
Oh my dear warrior, where was it?

And so it happened that this was very bushy country. The ogre led the young woman on, and when they got to another spot, he said to her, "I am now going to eat you here." The girl again broke into song, urging him not to eat her.

They went farther on, and the young woman kept hoping that the warrior would hear her voice. As they walked on, the ogre asked the young girl: "Shall I eat you here?" The girl sang again:

Not here my dear
Let us go to the water hole
Where you can eat me
And have a drink
Oh my dear warrior, where was it?

But the warrior had still not heard her. When they got to a cave by the river, the ogre collected branches and leaves on which to place the young woman's flesh after he had slaughtered her. When he brought one type of leaf, the girl objected to having her flesh laid on ordinary leaves, preferring the sweet-scented leaves of the *matasia* plant. The ogre brought another kind of leaf, but the girl also rejected it, until eventually the sweet-smelling leaves of *matasia* plant were brought. When the ogre asked the girl whether those were the right type of leaves, she said: "Yes, these are the ones." The ogre then laid the leaves down on the ground and lit a big fire. All this while, the girl was continuously singing the same song.

Just when the ogre was about to jump on the young woman, the warrior suddenly emerged from the bush. The young woman said to the ogre, "It is now your skinny flesh that will be laid on those leaves." The warrior killed the ogre and placed him on the bed of leaves and took the girl away. And that is the end of the story.

(Adapted from "A young Woman and an Ogre" in *Oral Literature of the Maasai*, by Naomi Kipury. Nairobi: EAEP, 1983)

- (i) If you were performing this story, how would you say the words of the warrior? (1 mark)
- (ii) What could the warrior lover have done to improve on his giving of directions? (1 mark)
- (iii) How would you deliver the first speech of the ogre? (2 marks)
- (iv) The song is sung for both the ogre and the warrior lover. How would you perform it to show this? (2 marks)
- (v) As a story teller how would you say the sentence: "Just when the ogre was about to jump on the young woman, the warrior suddenly emerged from the bush."? (2 marks)
- (vi) How do you think the audience would react when the warrior lover arrives (1 mark)

(b) Identify and number any **five** pairs of words that are pronounced the same.

plane	mad	plain	mourn
burrow	cat	berry	mud
bury	you	bred	cut
pull	father	pool	ewe
bread	moan	fool	farther
further	see	full	sea

(5 marks)

(c) In the words given below, underline the part that should be stressed.

- (i) suc.cess
- (ii) chal.lenge
- (iii) ad.vice
- (iv) ap.proach (4 marks)

(d) Suppose you were asked to make a speech at a friend's graduation party. What would you do to capture the audience's attention? (4 marks)

- (e) The following is a conversation between a father and his daughter. Identify eight shortcomings in the father's listening skills. (8 marks)

DAUGHTER: (*shortly after having arrived home from school*) Good afternoon, Daddy...

FATHER: (*Sitting complacently in the sofa, reading a newspaper. Looking up...*) Good afternoon (*Resumes reading*)

DAUGHTER: (*Holding out her school report form*) Daddy, I'm excited. My class teacher said I was the best improved. I was ...

FATHER: Oh, you were? Me, I used to be number one. I was absolutely unbeatable.

DAUGHTER: Chemistry has been a particular headache (*now looking at the report form which she thought her father would want to see*), but this time ...

FATHER: (*Stretching his arms, looking preoccupied*) Chemistry for me was particularly easy. I never scored anything less than 90%.

DAUGHTER: Dad, I was going to tell you that this time...

FATHER: (*Absent-mindedly*) By the way, where is your mum?

DAUGHTER: Mum is in the garden picking vegetables. But Dad, you are not listening to my story. I was telling you about Chemistry.

FATHER: You mean you have a story about Chemistry? Chemistry is not about stories. It is hard science.

DAUGHTER: It is about my improvement...

FATHER: (*Laughing*) Me, it wasn't a matter of improvement. I was always at the top of the class.

DAUGHTER: Daddy, I give up. You're not listening.

FATHER: (*Looking surprised*) Listening? I heard you: you were talking about improvement in Chemistry, weren't you?

DAUGHTER: Anyway, Dad. Thank you for paying attention. Enjoy your newspaper.

FATHER: Oh, yes. I'm reading an interesting story about politics.