

Student's Name: Steam:

Signature:

Random No.					Personal No.		

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112/1

ENGLISH

Theory

Paper 1

March / April 2026

2 hours



ASK INTEGRATED TEACHER'S EXAMINATIONS BUREAU LTD

Uganda Lower Secondary Certificate of Education

S.3 MOT 1 ASSESSMENT 2026

ENGLISH PAPER 1

(Theory)

2 Hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

This paper consists of two sections; A and B. It has four items in all.

Section A is compulsory.

Answer one item from section B.

Answer three items in all.

*Answers to section A **must** be written in the spaces provided.*

*Answers to section B **must** be written in the answer booklets provided.*

Any additional item(s) answered will not be scored

SECTION A

ITEM 1.

Fill in the gaps with the suitable adverbs from the following table

Ruthlessly	Blissfully	profusely	Incessantly	sternly
Clumsily	Hysterically	anxiously	Expectantly	furiously

- a) Mr Magogo was such a tough teacher who used to cane us

- b) When Sports Day ended, we waited for the results

- c) My father promised me a toy but I had to work for it

- d) Everybody loved teacher Cherop so much that they would welcome her

- e) One day, my two friends fought after arguing

- f) Our housemaid used to break utensils while washing them

- g) Ofwono was such an ill-mannered boy that the teacher warned him

- h) Scarcely had Namata had an accident when she bled

- i) No sooner had they told me to do the work than I mumbled

- j) Oluka used to crack jokes and make us laugh

Item 2.

Read the text below;

BITTER-SWEET NOSTALGIC MOMENTS

The school, which is a stone's throw from our abode, was Kikajjo S.D.A High School. I was so jovial that I used to check on my admission often. It was a Sunday morning when I woke up. I sprang to my feet and peeped through the window to look at our compound. It

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dawned bright, and the orange haze of the morning sun rays spread across the horizon, painting the sky a deep yellow shade. The weaver birds, as if on command, began their endless twitter, creating more noise than music. Then, suddenly, like a choir, the crickets set in, giving a would-be disaster a melodious sound.

I woke with a start as the sun bathed my room with light, only to keenly listen to the marvels of nature, and I concluded, "So what a wonderful world!" I was so elated for the following day I was to join the next level of education. I lazily sat at the edge of my bed and sunk into the ocean of memories, already practicing polygamy.

Our teacher, a young, fat, brown lady, allocated us seats. I was lucky that she sat me in the best place. I was seated between two beautiful female pupils of approximately six years. I was about seven myself. I must admit that I fell in love with the same pupils on the same day at the same school. Both girls were very gorgeous. None of them were better than the other.

Getrude, one of the girls, had an elevated beauty. She had round, seductive, patrician eyes, and so was Margaret. They both talked in shrill, high-pitched tones of voices. Whenever each adjusted herself on her chair, she would touch me, and this would take me to cloud nine. It was the epitome of my happiness.

They looked alike, and in their uniform, they appeared like twins. Verily, I was proud of them, and in class, I had to divide my time well. I had to keep an ear on what Madam Rose was teaching and, at the same time, play around with my two angels by fondling each of them.

I used to draw pictures of houses with four rooms, having a master's bedroom with an immaculate bed. Then I would announce to each of them that it would be the type of house I would build for her in the future. These girls adored me so much. Margaret was more imposing than the other. She would ogle at me acutely and jealously hated it when other damsels whispered to me.

One day, something nefarious happened in a fraction of a second. It dawned on Margaret that I was balancing the equation very well. So she was crossed with me when she came to realize that I was giving too much love to Getrude than her. I must admit that this was the tensest moment in my life.

This unfortunate event occurred during Madam Rose's lesson. Classes had commenced as usual. Nevertheless, Madam Rose was not in a communicative mood. In fact, she was just

pointing at alphabet letters. The whole class was chorusing in unison whatever she would point at: "A! A!" "B! B!" "C! C!" and the alphabet went on.

To my side, I had been completely withdrawn from what was happening at the moment. For sure, I was as busy as a worker bee, caressing my two flowers at the same time. Up to now, I cannot comprehend how children of six can be that jealous. I was still caressing Gertrude's bosom when Margaret slapped me on the left cheek. As I tried to adjust myself to assume a dignified position, she kicked me in the ribs.

Meanwhile, the whole lesson came to a halt. Madam Rose rushed to our corner to get the gist of what was amiss. Margaret's shoes had been flung across the corrugated roof. Margaret folded her tiny fist and was about to give Gertrude a blow when Madam Rose seized the trio of us like a light piece of paper. I prepared myself to face the music. I had come to know that she... The whole... wondered how... and the head teacher as well could not make it out.

An emergency assembly was called. The head teacher, a chubby-cheeked, potbellied giant, aired out that I was to receive twenty strokes of canes. By this time, I was betwixt and between, and my heart was in my mouth. Out of the blue, the red-eyed primary seven teacher, who could always lose his head, emerged with a bundle of bamboo canes. I came to realize that I was destined for the worst.

Before most people could make out the tail or head of what was amiss, I sneaked like a mudfish through the head teacher's armpits and took to my heels. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and in a twinkle of an eye, I disappeared in thin air. Efforts by the head teacher and his staff members were futile. I had become Usain Bolt.

Later, I joined a different school and even lost track of my two beautiful roses. Knowledge of their whereabouts has always eluded me. But I hope to trace them so that we can make recollections about our nasty events.

(A passage by Mr. Obuga John)

QUESTIONS:

1. In not more than 150 words, tell a friend what the story is all about? (5 scores)

iii) Madam Rose

4. What lessons do you learn from this passage? (2 scores)

5. How could the narrator have handled the situation with Margaret differently? (2scores)

6. Do you think the narrator was wrong to give more attention to Getrude? (2 scores)

7. Do you think the narrator will ever find their "two beautiful roses" again? (2 scores)

8. How does the story relate to modern-day issues? (4 scores)

9. What does the phrase "practicing polygamy" mean in the context of the story? (2scores)

10. What does the narrator mean by "I had become Usain Bolt"? (2 scores).

SECTION B.

ITEM 3.

You're a 15-year-old student and you are in your second year of a secondary school. Recently, you've been struggling to keep up with your activities and feeling overwhelmed. Instead of seeking help, you've started dodging lessons to avoid the stress. Your parents are unaware of your problem, but the school administration has known about it. After two weeks of suspension, your parents accompany you back to school for a meeting with the disciplinary committee. The committee chairperson explains that to rejoin classes, you must make a sincere apology. Write an apology for that cause.

END