



THE OPEN UNIVERSITY OF SRI LANKA

DIPLOMA IN ENGLISH - LEVEL 3
 FINAL EXAMINATION - April 2006
 TEXTUAL ANALYSIS - LSD 1203
 DURATION - THREE HOURS (03 hours)

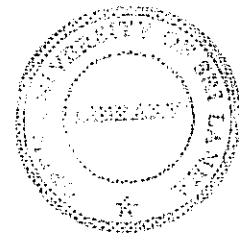
DATE: 01. 04. 2006 TIME: 9.30 am. - 12.30pm.

ANSWER QUESTION 01, QUESTION 02 , AND ANY ONE FROM PART (C).

Part A

- 1) a) Comment on the techniques used by the poet to make the following poem effective.

*maggie and milly and molly and may
 went down to the beach (to play one day)
 and maggie discovered a shell that sang
 so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and
 milly befriended a stranded star
 whose rays five languid fingers were;
 and molly was chased by a horrible thing
 which raced sideways while blowing bubbles; and
 may came home with a smooth round stone
 as small as a world and as large as alone.
 For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
 It's always ourselves we find in the sea*



- b) What poetic devices has the poet used to make this poem effective?

The Sea

*The sea is a hungry dog,
 Giant and gray,*

*He rolls on the beach all day,
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.*

*And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud*

- c) **Read the following passage and comment on the use of imagery in the passage and the effects it creates.**

It came on great, oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered twenty feet above trees, a huge evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws to its oily, reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out in front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head, a ton of sculptured stone itself, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger.

(30 marks)

Part B

2) **Read the following passage and answer the questions below.**

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe — a woman — had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

'I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which 'this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

'I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

'I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

'I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it,

faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place
- then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement
- and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.'

Questions

- i) What is the setting of this passage?
(05 marks)
- ii) What is the main feeling conveyed by the writer?
(05 marks)
- iii) Comment on the techniques and style used by the writer to convey meaning.
(20 marks)
- iv) What is the impression you get of the "I" in the passage?
(10 marks)

Part C

Analyse and evaluate one of the following poems paying attention to meaning, form, layout and techniques used by the poet.

*Vergissmeinnicht**

- 3) *Three weeks gone and the combatants gone,
returning over the nightmare ground
we found the place again, and found
the soldiers sprawling in the sun.*

*The frowning barrel of his gun
overshadowing. As we came on
that day, he hit my tank with one*

like the entry of a demon

*Look. Here in the gunpit spoil
the dishonoured picture of his girl
who has put: steffi. vergissmeinicht
In a copybook gothic script*

*We see him almost with content,
absased, and seeming to have paid
and mocked by his own equipment
that's hard and good when he is decayed.*

*But she would weep to see to-day
how on his skin the swart flies move;
the dust upon the paper eye
and the burst stomach like a cave*

*For here the lover and the killer are mingled
who had one body and the one heart.
And death who had the soldier singled
has done the lover mortal hurt*

Poet: Unknown

* *Vergissmeinicht: Don't forget me*

(30 marks)

Solitude

4)

*Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth¹.
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.*

*Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all, -
There are none to decline your nectared² wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall³.*

*Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.*

*For there is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Glossary:

1 mirth - laughter

2 nectared - sweet

3 gall - bitterness

(30 marks)

5)

First Love

*I ne'er was struck before that hour
With love so sudden and so sweet,
Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
And stole my heart away complete.*

*My face turned pale as deadly pale,
My legs refused to walk away,
And when she looked, what could I ail? *
My life and all seemed turned to clay.*

*And then my blood rushed to my face
And took my eyesight quite away,
The trees and bushes round the place
Seemed midnight at noonday.
I could not see a single thing,
Words from my eyes did start -*

*They spoke as chords do from the string,
And blood burnt round my heart.*

*Are flowers the winter's choice?
Is love's bed always snow?
She seemed to hear my silent voice,
Not love's appeals to know.
I never saw so sweet a face
As that I stood before.
My heart has left its dwelling-place
And can return no more*

John Clare

- ail: to be ill or uneasy/unwell

(30 marks)