

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY OF SRI LANKA

DIPLOMA IN ENGLISH

- LEVEL 3

FINAL EXAMINATION

- May 2009

TEXTUAL ANALYSIS

- LSD 1203

DURATION

- THREE HOURS (03 hours)



DATE: 13. 06. 2009

TIME:

9.30 am.

-

12.30pm.

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

Part A

- 1) a) How has imagery been used as a poetic device to make this poem effective?

*The young man sees only  
the glowing moon  
of her face.*

*His eyes touch her  
like hands.*

*A night of music  
and magic,  
her rags turn to velvet,  
her fallen slipper becomes  
a fluttering heart in his palm.*

*Not long after  
he sees her dull as clay,  
hum-drum as pots and pans  
and as dumb.*

*He goes away.*



- b) **Read the following poem and comment on how personification has been used by the poet and the effect it creates.**

*If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day,  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.*

- c) **What does the writer of the following piece of prose wish to convey, and how has he done it?**

The village lay in the low country or plains, midway between the sea and the great mountains which seem, far away to the north, to rise like a long wall straight up from the sea of trees. It was in, and of, the jungle ; the air and smell of the jungle lay heavy upon it—the smell of hot air, of dust, and of dry and powdered leaves and sticks. Its beginning and its end was in the jungle, which stretched away from it on all sides unbroken, north and south and east and west, to the blue line of the hills and to the sea. The jungle surrounded it, overhung it, continually pressed in upon it. It stood at the door of the houses, always ready to press in upon the compounds and open spaces, to break through the mud huts, and to choke up the tracks and paths. It was only by yearly clearing with axe and katty that it could be kept out. It was a

living wall about the village, a wall which, if the axe were spared, would creep in and smother and blot out the village itself.

(30 marks)

**Part B**

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

That tick-tock, tick-tock, keeps, ringing in my ears, spelling out my fast approaching doom.

Condemned to death! For five weeks now, I've lived solely with this thought, frozen cold in its presence, bowed down under its weight. One horrible, blood drenched, implacable thought. There is for me no other thought, no other conviction, no other certitude. Condemned to death! Whatever I do, this infernal thought, at all times, obsesses me; and like a heavy, ghostly figure, holds me in its icy, inexorable grasp, when I am awake, spies on me during my fitful bouts of sleep, and finally, reappears in my dreams in the form of a dagger. I have just awoken with a start, pursued by it, saying to myself: 'Ah! No! It is only a dream.' Even before my eyes, heavy with sleep, could barely open, it seemed that a voice murmured in my ear, "condemned to death."

It was a beautiful morning in August. It was three days ago that my trial had started. For three days my name and my crime had drawn together a swarm of people who swooped down upon the benches of the courthouse like crows around a rotting corpse: For the first two nights of terror and dread, I slept not a wink. On the third night, out of sheer fatigue and exhaustion, I dropped off to sleep. At the stroke of twelve, I was taken away to my cell, while the jury deliberated. I dropped down instantly on my stack of straw and sank into a heavy sleep of oblivion. I was still in the deepest depths of a profound slumber when I was awakened by a raucous shout in my ear; 'Get you up now', together with a rough shaking of my shoulders. 'They are waiting for you', said the warder. I sat up, my teeth chattering, my hands

trembling so much that I had difficulty in being able to gather my clothes together. My legs felt so weak that as I took my first step, I stumbled and fell over like an overloaded porter. However, I managed to follow the jailor. Two gendarmes were waiting for me at the threshold of my cell. After passing through a courtyard and along several corridors, we entered the courthouse. As I was led to my place, the initial noise of the buzzing of the crowd, of the sound of the movement of arms and of the pushing of benches, was replaced by a pin-drop silence. With the cessation of the tumult of the crowd, so ceased the turbulence of my thoughts. I suddenly realized with clarity, that I was there to hear my sentence.

Suddenly, the president of the court, asked me to stand up. The soldiers presented arms with a movement as instantaneous as the passage of an electric current, and at the same moment the whole courtroom rose. The clerk of the court read out the verdict that the jurors had arrived at. A cold sweat seeped out of every pore in my body, and I had to prop myself up against the wall to prevent myself from collapsing to the floor.

The president read out my sentence. 'Condemned to death' shouted the crowd and as they lead me away, that mass of people hurled itself behind me. As for me, I just walked on stupefied, like a drunken man.

A black van brought me here to this ghastly prison. After much hesitation, they gave me paper and ink, pens and a night lamp.

Since I have the means to write, why should I not do so? But what do I write about? Imprisoned within four walls of bare, cold stone, my feet fettered, with no horizon before my gaze, obsessed, as I said a moment ago, all the time, solely with this idea, this idea of crime and punishment, of murder and of death. What is there that I can say? I who have nothing more to do with this world? But why not write? This record of my sufferings, hour by hour, minute by minute, of one torture after another, would it not bear within it an extensive and deep lesson? Would not this written record of this special type of autopsy, this intellectual autopsy of a

condemned man bear within it more than one lesson, for those who do the condemning? Have they ever stopped to consider the poignant thought, that, in the man they condemn to execution there is an intellect; an intelligence that had counted on being alive, and a soul not yet prepared to die?

### Questions

- i) What is the setting of this passage?  
Pick out two phrases from the passage to support your answer.  

**(05 marks)**
- ii) What is the impression you get of "I" in the passage? Support your point of view with examples from the passage.  

**(10 marks)**
- iii) What is the tone and feeling of this passage?  

**(10 marks)**
- iv) What techniques has the writer adapted in this passage?  

**(10 marks)**
- v) Comment on the significance of the last paragraph of the text.  

**(05 marks)**

**Part C**

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

3)

**AUTUMN RETURN TO EUROPE**

*I have come across the sea and mountains  
and the years have fallen away.*

*The leaves are turning oh turning  
deep-red in the yard the firs autumn-grey.*

*Golden burns the gorse against the fragile spruce,  
late roses nod their heavy blossoms -*

*I have come through the years to this summer  
where dark waters lap the falling of the day.*

*The haunted time of my childhood*

*shadowed by this merciless century  
sinks into a bearable perspective  
of actuality and memory.*

*There is a new awareness  
of the final diminution of dreams  
that a single life cannot encompass  
infinite possibility.*

*I have come across the sea and mountains,  
the years have fallen away.*

*The leaves are turning a fiery red,  
the firs autumn-grey.*

*A heron dips through the whispering boughs  
of gnarled old lakeside trees,*

*I have come at last, to this summer,  
where dark waters lap the falling of the day.*

**Anne Ranasinghe**

**(30 marks)**

4)

LIGHTS OUT

*I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late;  
They cannot choose.*

*Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.*

*Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends;  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.*

*There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown*

*I must enter, and leave, alone,  
I know not how.*

*The tall forest towers;  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf;  
Its silence I hear and obey*



*That I may lose my way  
And myself.*

*Edward Thomas*

(30 marks)

5)

**ON THE BEACH**

*Neither the crash  
Of the morning waves  
Nor the sunlight singing of wind  
Can drown  
His yelps  
Three boys, one puppy  
A rope  
Torture on the beach.  
His agony rips  
Dark holes in your eyes  
And helpless anger  
Twists in your hand as  
The rope nooses tighter  
The thin stick beats harder  
Then they throw sand.  
The sand fills his eyes  
The sand fills his nose  
The sand fills his ears  
And though your tears  
Taste salt in my mouth  
The alien years  
Have rotted my tongue  
Into immobility*



*And people swim  
In the sunlit sea  
It's an ordinary day  
They cry let's play  
At burying him  
And then  
They bury him.*

*Anne Ranasinghe*

**(30 marks)**