

**THE OPEN UNIVERSITY OF SRI LANKA**

**DIPLOMA IN ENGLISH**

**FINAL EXAMINATION**

**TEXTUAL ANALYSIS**

**DURATION**

- **LEVEL 3**

- **December 2013**

- **LSD 1203**

- **THREE HOURS (03 hours)**



**DATE: 01. 12. 2013**

**TIME: 9.30 am.**

**- 12.30pm.**

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

**Part A**

- 1) a) **What does the writer convey in the prose passage given below? What techniques has he used to do so?**

“Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!”

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker’s square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster’s sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker’s obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders, — nay, his very neckcloth, trained to

take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was, — all helped the emphasis.

(15 marks)

(b) **Comment on the effectiveness of the poetic techniques used in the following poems.**

(a) Jenny kissed me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
 Time, you thief, who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in:  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say health and wealth have missed me,  
 Say I'm growing old, but add,  
 Jenny kissed me.

(b) I wakened on my hot, hard bed,  
 Upon the pillow lay my head  
 Beneath the pillow I could hear  
 My little watch was ticking clear  
 I thought the throbbing of it went  
 Like my continued discontent.  
 I thought I said in every tick:  
 I am so sick, so sick, so sick,  
 O death come quick, come quick, come quick,  
 Come quick, come quick, come quick, come quick

(15 marks).

**Part B**

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

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps--an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves

of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson<sup>1</sup>. Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron--remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business,

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<sup>1</sup> Refers to the **American Civil War**, also known as the **War Between the States** which was a civil war fought from 1861 to 1865 in the United States after several<sup>[2]</sup> Southern slave states declared their secession and formed the Confederate States of America (the "Confederacy" or the "South"). The states that remained were known as the "Union" or the "North". The war had its origin in the fractious issue of slavery.

preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in

the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see, we must go by the--"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily--"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.)

"I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

### Questions

- i) What is the event described in the first paragraph? How do the town's people view Emily Grierson? In what way has the opinion of some the people in the town changed over time?

(10 marks).

- ii) Comment on the descriptions of Ms Emily Grierson and her house? What techniques does the author use to convey these impressions?

(15 marks).

iii) What is significant about the phrase they could “hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.”

(05 marks)

iv) What is the conflict depicted in the last paragraph of the passage? What characteristics of Emily Grierson do we see in this exchange?

(10 marks)

### Part C

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

4)

#### My Son, My Executioner

My Son, my executioner,  
I take you in my arms,  
Quiet and small and just astir,  
And whom my body warms.

Sweet death, small son, our instrument  
Of immortality,  
Your cries and hunger document  
Our bodily decay.

We twenty-five and twenty-two  
Who seemed to live forever,  
Observe enduring life in you  
And start to die together

(30 marks)

**The Portrait**

My mother never forgave my father  
for killing himself,  
especially at such an awkward time  
and in a public park,  
that spring  
when I was waiting to be born.  
She locked his name  
in her deepest cabinet  
and would not let him out,  
though I could hear him thumping,  
When I came down from the attic  
with the pastel portrait in my hand  
of a long-lipped stranger  
with a brave moustache  
and deep brown level eyes,  
she ripped it into shreds  
without a single word  
and slapped me hard.  
In my sixty-fourth year  
I can feel my cheek  
still burning..

**(30 marks)**