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UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua Sidang 1991/92

Mac/April 1992

HEA 101 Pengantar Pengajian Bahasa Inggeris

(Bahagian 1)

Masa: [2 jam]

INSTRUCTIONS

- -- There are <u>EIGHT [8]</u> questions on TEN [10] sheets in this paper. You should attempt <u>ALL</u> parts of all questions.
- -- For Question 1 and 2, the tape will be played only ONCE.
- -- 5 marks are allocated to each question except for Questions 2 and 6.
- -- All writing (including notes) must be done in this booklet and handed in at the end of the examination.
- -- Make sure that you write your index number, booth number and lab number on the front of the cassette you use.
- -- If there is anything wrong with your cassette or with your tape recorder, inform the invigilator immediately.
- -- Take care that you do not erase any of your recordings accidentally and check at the end of each recording that you have not done so.
- -- If you have left out a section or recorded it in the wrong place, please indicate that you have done so by writing in this answer booklet.
- -- Answer Questions 3, 4 and 5 on Tape No. 1. Questions 6, 7 and 8 are to be recorded on Tape No. 2.
- -- Questions 1 and 2 are to be answered in the Answer Booklet.

QUESTION 1 - (5 marks)

Listen to the following words you will hear on the cassette. Write them in the spaces below. Next to each word, write the phonetic transcription.

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QUESTION 2 - (10 marks)

This interview with Mrs. Victor Bruce is about what one remarkable old lady thought about the struggle by women to be given the right to vote in elections in Britain.

After listening, answer the following questions.

- (a) What did Mrs. Bruce think men and women should be concerned with?
- (b) What was her reaction to seeing suffragettes chained to the railings in Downing Street?
- (c) How did she feel if people called her a suffragette?
- (d) What did people do when the suffragettes marched?
- (e) In what sort of activity did Mrs. Bruce like to compete with men?
- (f) How many things does this interview tell us about suffragettes? (5 or 6 points)

$\underline{QUESTION}$ 3 - (5 marks)

Pronounce the following words, of which some are English words and some are nonsense words.

Record the words in Tape No. 1.

(a)	q3:θs	(k)	Aras
(b)	'dubea	(1)	'fi:bravt
(c)	dzəˈlɒpɪ	(m)	liptsman
	trænsfju:zabl	(n)	ro:t'aIan
(e)	1 011 3/1	(0)	ี่อนขอ
	riskoilon	(p)	navta'bilati
(g)	- Yesi	(q)	'jetI
(h)	dziðnæt	(r)	TM DINGZIZ
(i)	'alnthaiz	(s)	tsavenlai
(j)	'æmətərszəm	(t)	IqZ3:mZI7
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QUESTION 4 - (5 marks)

In the following sentences:

- (a) Identify (by underlining) the words which will be reduced to weak forms and those which will be written as contractions.
- (b) Mark the link-ups where necessary.

Record these sentences after your recording for Question 3 in Tape No. 1.

- i. He was cured during his tour of Europe.
- ii. It appears that he got the queer idea that the beer was inferior.
- iii. Everything was for the best.
 - iv. I got it from a friend.
 - v. How do you always manage to get here before I do?
 - vi. It must be a great advantage. But I think you are more energetic than I am.
- vii. She's quite happy. She tells us they are teaching them to cook and they let them eat all they make.
- viii. I can read quicker than Peter can.
 - ix. Had they seen what he had been watching?
 - x. What are you doing?

QUESTION 5 - (5 marks)

Read aloud the following sentences, paying particular attention to stress and intonation. Follow the instructions given in brackets.

RECORD your reading after your recording for Question 4 in Tape No. 1.

- (a) (excited) Isn't it wonderful! Let's pack up now.
- (b) (bored) Ah, this book is taking me ages to finish.
- (c) (annoyed) I wouldn't just keep quiet if I were you.

- (d) (consoling) Cheer up. It happens to everybody some time or other.
- (e) (sarcastic) You managed it very well, didn't you?
- (f) (resigned) Oh, let it be; I know it; I've always known it.
- (g) (optimistic) They'll return next Friday, safe and sound.
- (h) (hesitating) Well, I've to consult my father first, you know.
- (i) (amazed) Him a winner! I can't believe it!
- (j) (perplexed or frantic) Oh my goodness! Where's my key?
 Where is it?

QUESTION 6 - (10 marks)

Read aloud these letters by D.H. Lawrence noting the difference in tone and mood of both passages. Record your reading in Tape No. 2.

TWO LETTERS BY D.H. LAWRENCE

(The first is to the husband of the woman he has just run away with, explaining his reasons)

I. To Ernest Weekley, (7 May 1912)

[Hotel Deutscher Hof, Metz]

You will know by now the extent of the trouble. Don't curse my impudence in writing to you. In this hour we are only simple men, and Mrs Weekley will have told you everything, but you do not suffer alone. It is really torture to me in this position. There are three of us, though I do not compare my sufferings with what yours must be, and I am here as a distant friend, and you can imagine the thousand baffling lies it all entails. Mrs Weekley hates it, but it has had to be. I love your wife and she loves me. I am not or impertinent. Mrs Weekley is afraid of being frivolous stunted and not allowed to grow, and so she must live her own All women in their natures are like giantesses. They will break through everything and go on with their own lives. The position is one of torture for us all. Do not think I am student of your class - a young cripple. In this matter are we not simple men? However you think of me, the situation still remains. I almost burst my heart in trying to

think what will be best. At any rate we ought to be fair to ourselves. Mrs Weekley must live largely and abundantly. It is her nature. To me it means the future. I feel as if my effort of life was all for her. Cannot we all forgive something? It is not too much to ask. Certainly if there is any real wrong being done I am doing it, but I think there is not.

D.H. Lawrence

(The second is to the woman he is running away with)

II. To Frieda Weekley, (7 May 1912)

[Hotel Deutscher Hof, Metz]
Tuesday

Now I can't stand it any longer, I can't. For two hours I haven't moved a muscle - just sat and thought. I have written a letter to Ernest. You needn't, of course, send it. But you must say to him all I have said. No more dishonour, no more lies. Let them do their - silliest - but no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me. What is it all but procrastination? No, I can't bear it, because it's bad. I love you. Let us face anything, do anything, put up with anything. But this crawling under the mud I cannot bear.

I'm afraid I've got a fit of heroics. I've tried so hard to work - but I can't. This situation is round my chest like a cord. It mustn't continue. I will go right away, if you like. I will stop in Metz till you get Ernest's answer to the truth.

But no, I won't utter or act or willingly let you utter or act, another single lie in the business.

I'm not going to joke, I'm not going to laugh, I'm not going to make light of this for you. The situation tortures me too much. It's the situation, the situation I can't stand - no, and I won't. I love you too much.

Don't show this letter to either of your sisters - no. Let us be good. You are clean, but you dirty your feet. I'll sign myself as you call me.

- Mr Lawrence

Don't be miserable - if I didn't love you I wouldn't mind when you lied. But I love you, and Lord, I pay for it.

QUESTION 7 - (5 marks)

Read aloud this passage "Guarding a Corpse"

Record your reading after the recording for Question 6 in Tape No. 2.

GUARDING A CORPSE

With a sigh of relief Dorking heard a clock strike nine. His vigil was almost done. He stood up and began to walk softly about the room - to ease the cramp in his legs and ward off the night's chill.

The silver moonlight, very bright now, seemed to lend the dingy room an odd beauty - as if it was intricately fashioned out of shining grey lead. Even the coffin and the still ruffian within it seemed carved and moulded by a master hand.

How finely done was the tangled hair - the knotted brow - the powerful, thick nose ... how lifelike were the deep grey lips. How - how miraculously shone the moon in the profound eyes -

In the eyes? In the eyes? Sure to God those eyes had been shut before?

Those eyes! They were open wide! They were moving! They were staring at him!

Bartholomew Dorking, sent from Shoreham to London to be spared the perils of the sea, stood almost dead of terror.

`Alive!' he moaned. `He's alive!'

More dreadful than violent death itself was this reviving from it.

A deep, rattling sigh filled the room. Black Jack's chest heaved - and his box crackled ominously. His moon-filled eyes rolled fiercely at Bartholomew.

Alive!' groaned the boy. He's alive!' Where was the widow who might have been rejoiced by the awful sight? Back in half an hour. Black Jack's head twitched and shook and strove to rise. His mouth gaped wide and his eyes rolled downward - as if to point some queer dilemma he was in.

With such relief as he was capable of, the boy saw that the monstrous ruffian was helpless. His arms were wedged into the box. Till he burst the wood, he was securely coffined. Again his eyes, like a pair of silver prisoners frantically pressing their confines, turned upon the boy, then back towards the gaping mouth. He coughed somewhat awkwardly - as if he would speak, but could not. Then he drew several deep breaths that came and went with a thin fluting whistle. His eyes - his terrible eyes - took on an anguished air ...

Helplessly the boy drew near him. Despite his dread, the huge man's plight moved him.

'Y-you're alive then?' he whispered.

For answer, Black Jack's mouth stretched wider yet - as if inviting the boy to climb inside and see for himself.

Black Jack's breath was not of the sweetest. His hearty breakfast was giving up its stinking ghost. But the boy continued to approach. It was plain the terrible man needed help - on account of something in the deep of his mouth.

Absorbed, the boy peered in. He fancied he could see a glint of metal in the yawning throat. Black Jack's eyes were now frantic in their appeal. The boy pointed to what he thought he'd seen. Black Jack strained to nod.

There was an obstruction of sorts. He desired Bartholomew Dorking, draper's apprentice, to put his hand into his huge mouth and ease out the cause of his distress. The boy groaned - but obliged.

With infinite caution - and dreading that, if he made an ill-judged move the ruffian would snap his hand off at the wrist - he drew out a bent silver tube some half an inch wide and four inches long.

This tube had been the cause of Black Jack's outliving Mr. Ketch's rope. He'd wedged it in his throat as a preventative against strangulation. But his own huge weight had dented it grievously; and it had nearly done for him of its own accord.

The boy dropped the tube with a sob of relief; then he stepped back, thankful that they'd both survived the surgery. Black Jack glared at him; then he winked and grinned.

`Where-am-I, mister?'

Leon Garfield: BLACK JACK

QUESTION 8 - (5 marks)

Study the sequence of pictures in Appendix A. Narrate the story as described in the illustration.

Record your version after the recording for Question 7 in Tape No. 2.

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.../APPENDIX A

APPENDIX A

