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**THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS FOUR [4] QUESTIONS IN THREE [3] PAGES.**

Answer ALL questions.

Each question carries equal marks of 25.

Question 4 expects you to follow the methodology taught to in this course.

1. Do you agree with the view that Chopin's novel **The Awakening** is a novel that aims to champion women's rights? Discuss.
2. Is it adequate to dismiss **A Passage to India** as being merely a different version of Kipling's "the East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet"? Discuss.
3. Do you agree with the statement that a short story should tell a story? Is such a statement adequate?

Discuss with reference to the stories that you studied on the course.

4. **EITHER**

- [a] Analyse the following poem in the way that you have been taught on this course.

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Atand in the desert .... Near them on the sand  
Half - sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on those lifeless things  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

(Shelley)

**OR**

- [b] Analyse the following passage in the way that you have been taught on this course.

Foruwa

Shall we say  
Shall we put it this way

Shall we say that the maid of Kyrefaso, Foruwa, daughter of the Queen mother, was a young deer, graceful in limb? Such was she, with her head held high, eyes soft and wide with wonder. And she was light of foot, light in all her moving.

Stepping springily along the water path like a deer that had strayed from the thicket, springily stepping along the water path, she was a picture to give the eye a feast. And nobody passed her by but turned to look at her again.

Those of her village said that her voice in speech was like the murmur of a river quietly flowing beneath shadows of bamboo leaves. They said her smile would sometimes blossom like a lily on her lips and sometimes rise like sunrise.

The butterflies do not fly away from the flowers, they draw near. Foruwa was the flower of her village.

So shall we say,  
Shall we put it this way, that all the village butterflies, the men, tried to draw near her at every turn, crossed and crossed her path? Men said of her, 'She shall be my wife, and mine, and mine and mine.'

But suns rose and set, moons silvered and died and as the days passed Foruwa grew more lovable, yet she became no one's wife. She smiled at the butterflies and waved her hand lightly to greet them as she went swiftly about her daily work:

'Morning, Kweku

'Morning, Kwesi

'Morning, Kodwo'

but that was all.

And so they said, even while their hearts thumped for her:

'Proud!

Foruwa is proud ... and very strange.'

And so when the men gathered would say:

'There goes a strange girl. She is not just stiff-in-the-neck proud, not just breasts-stuck-out-I-am-the-only-girl-in-the-village proud. What kind of pride is hers?

The end of the year came round again, bringing the season of festivals. For the gathering-in of corn, yams and cocoa there were harvest celebrations. There were bride-meetings too. And it came to the time when Asafo companies should hold their festival.

The village was full of manly sounds, loud musketry and swelling choruses.

E.T. Sutherland.