

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua  
Sidang 1988/89

Mac/April 1989

HEK 202 Kemahiran Lanjutan dalam Pembacaan  
dan Penulisan Bahasa Inggeris

---

Masa: [3 jam]

This Examination paper consists of FOUR(4) questions on SEVEN(7) printed pages.

Answer ALL questions.

1. Read the following feature carefully.

#### JEREMY'S FIRST HUNT

Fiction Feature by Arthur Gordon

HIS FATHER SAID, "All set, boy?" and Jeremy nodded quickly, picking up his gun with awkward mittened hands. His father pushed upon the door and they went out into the freezing dawn together, leaving the snug security of the shack, the warmth of the kerosene stove, the companionable smell of bacon and coffee.

They stood for a moment in front of the shack, their breaths white in the icy air. Ahead of them was only the vast expanse of marsh and water and sky. Ordinarily Jeremy would have asked his father to wait while he fussed around with his camera, trying to record the bleak arrangements of black and gray and silver. But not this morning. This was the morning, solemn and sacred, when 14-year-old Jeremy was to be initiated into the mystic rites of duck shooting.

And he hated it, had hated the whole idea ever since his father had bought him a gun, had taught him to shoot clay pigeons, had promised him a trip to this island in the bay. But he was determined to go through with it.

.../2

He loved his father, wanted more than anything in the world his approval. If only he could conduct himself properly this morning, he knew that he would get it.

They came to the blind, a narrow, camouflaged pit facing the bay. In it was a bench, a shelf for shotgun shells, nothing else. Jeremy sat down tensely, waited while his father waded out with an armful of decoys. Light was pouring into the sky now. Far down the bay a string of ducks went by, etched against the sunrise. Watching them, Jeremy felt his stomach contract.

To ease the sense of dread, he took a picture of his father silhouetted against the quicksilver water. Then he put the camera hastily on the self and picked up his gun.

His father came back and crouched beside him, boots dripping, hand blue with cold. "Better load up. Sometimes they're on top of you before you know it." He watched Jeremy break his gun, insert the shells, close it again. "I'll let you shoot first," he said. He loaded his own gun, closed it with a metallic snap. "You know," he said happily, "I've been waiting a long time for this day. Just the two of us...."

He broke off, leaning forward, eyes narrowed. "There's a small flight now, headed this way. Keep your head down; I'll give you the word."

Behind them the sun had cleared the horizon, flooding the marshes with tawny light. Jeremy could see everything with an almost unbearable clarity: his father's face, tense and eager, the faint white frost on the gun barrels. His heart was thudding wildly. *No, he prayed, don't let them come. Make them stay away, please!*

But they kept coming. "Four blacks," his father said. "One mallard."

High above, Jeremy heard the pulsing whistle of wings as the flight went over, swung wide, began to circle. "Get set," his father whispered.

In they came, gliding down the sunlit aisles of space, heads raised alertly, wings set in a proud curve. The mallard was leading; light flashed from the iridescent feathers around his neck and glinted on his ruddy breast. Down dropped his bright-orange feet, reaching for the steel-colored water. Closer, closer....

"Now!" cried Jeremy's father in an explosive roar. He was on his feet, gun ready. "Take him!"

Jeremy felt his body obey. He stood up, leaned into the gun the way his father had taught him. He felt the stock cold against his cheek, saw the twin muzzles rise. Under his finger the trigger curved, smooth and final and deadly.

In the same instant, the ducks saw the gunners and flared wildly. Up went the mallard as if jerked by an invisible string. For a second he hung there, poised against the wind and sun, balanced between life and death. *Shoot*, said something sharply in Jeremy's brain. And he waited for the slam of the explosion.

But it didn't come. Up went the mallard higher still, until suddenly he tipped a wing, caught the full force of the wind and whirled away, out of range.

There was no sound except the faint rustle of the grasses. Jeremy stood there, gripping his gun.

"Well," his father said at last, "what happened?"

The body did not answer. His lips were trembling.

His father asked, in the same controlled voice, "Why didn't you shoot?"

Jeremy thumbed back the safety catch. Her stood the gun carefully in the corner of the blind. "Because they were so alive," he said, and burst into tears.

He sat on the rough bench, face buried in his hands, and wept. All hope of pleasing his father was gone. He had had his chance and he had failed.

For a long moment his father was silent. Then Jeremy felt him drop down beside him. "Here comes a single. Let's try again."

Jeremy did not lower his hands. "It's no use, Dad. I can't."

"Hurry," his father said roughly. "You'll miss him. Here!"

Cold metal touched Jeremy. He looked up, unbelieving. His father was handing the camera to him. "Quick," he said softly. "He won't hand around all day!"

In swept a big pintail drake driving low across the water, skidding right into the decoys. Jeremy's father clapped his hands, a sound like a pistol shot. The splendid bird soared, feet retracted, head raised, wings flailing, white breast gleaming. Then he was gone.

.../4

Jeremy lowered the camera. "I got him!" His face was radiant.

"Did you?" His father's hand touched the boy's shoulder briefly. "That's good." He looked at his son, and Jeremy saw that there was no disappointment in his eyes, only pride and sympathy and love. "It's okay, son. I'll always love shooting. But that doesn't mean *you* have to. Sometimes it takes as much courage not to do a thing as to do it." He paused. "Think you could teach me how to work that camera?"

- (a) In several sentences, explain the controlling idea of the feature.
- (b) Discuss the feature in terms of organization, development and support.
- (c) Comment on aspects of unity, clarity and completeness with reference to individual paragraphs and the feature as a whole.
- (d) In your opinion, what is the purpose of this essay? How effective is this essay in achieving this purpose? Support your answer with evidence from the essay.

(25 marks)

2. Read the following feature carefully.

**"HEY, SON, I LOVE YOU TOO"**

IF I WANTED TO, I could come up with a dozen excuses. I was tired after a long day of work. Caught off guard. Or maybe I was hungry. The simple truth is, when I walked into the living room and my 12-year-old son looked up at me and said, "I love you," I didn't know what to say.

For several long second all I could do was stand there and stare down at him, waiting for the other shoe to drop. He must need help with his homework was my first thought. Or he's going to hit me up for an advance on his allowance. Or he's assassinated his brother--I always knew it would happen someday--and he's trying to prepare me gently for the news.

Finally I asked, "What do you want?"

He laughed, and started to run from the room. But I called him back. "Hey, what was that all about?" I demanded.

"Nothing," he said, grinning. "My health teacher said we should tell our parents that we love them and see what they say. It's sort of an experiment."

The next day I called his teacher to find out more about this "experiment." And, to be truthful, to find out how the other parents had reacted.

"Basically, most of the fathers had the same reaction you did," my son's teacher said. "When I first suggested we try this, I asked the kid what they thought their parents would say. They all laughed. A couple of them figured their folks would have heart attacks."

Some parents, I suspect, resented what the teacher had done. After all, a junior-high-school health teacher's job is to teach children how to eat balanced diets and brush their teeth properly. What does saying "I love you" have to do with that? It is, after all, a personal thing between parents and their children. Nobody else's business.

"The point is," the teacher explained, "feeling loved is an important part of health. It's something all human beings require. What I'm trying to tell the kids is that it's too bad we don't *all* express those feelings. Not just parents to children and not just boys to girls. A boy should be able to tell his buddy that he loves him."

The teacher, a middle-aged man understands how difficult it is for some of us to say the things that would be good for us to say. His father never said those things to him, he admits. And he never said them to his father--not even when his father was about to die.

There are a lot of us like that. Men and women, who were raised by parents who loved us but never really said so. It is a common reason for the way many of us behave.

But as an excuse it is starting to wear thin. Our generation had devoted a great deal of attention to getting in touch with our feelings. To verbalize our emotions. We know, or should know, that our children--sons as well as daughters--need more from us than food on the table and clothes in the closet. We know, or should know, that a father's kiss will fit as comfortably on the cheek of a son as on that of a daughter.

.../6

It's no longer enough for us to say that our fathers were Archie Bunkers who raised us to be "that way." We have done too many other things that our fathers never did. Our fathers didn't stand in the delivery room, vacuum floors or cook desserts:

If we can adapt to all of those changes, surely we should know what to do when a 12-year-old son looks up and says, "I love you." I didn't---at least not at first. It's not always easy to make the leap from John Wayne to Alan Alda. But when my son came to me that evening for his bedtime kiss--a kiss that seems to be getting briefer every night--I held on to him for an extra second. And just before he pulled away, I said in my deepest most manly voice, "Hey, I love you too."

I don't know if saying that made either of us healthier, but it did feel pretty good. Maybe next time one of my kids says, "I love you," it won't take me a whole day to think of the right answer.

- (a) Compare and contrast this feature with "Jeremy's First Hunt."
- (b) What possible purpose could there be in comparing and contrasting any two articles?
- (c) What are the types of strategies used in a comparison? Comment on the type of strategy you have used in your comparison.

(30 marks)

- 3. (a) Discuss what is included in a good summary.
- (b) Summarize the following passage in one hundred words (100 words) or less

#### APPROPRIATE TECHNOLOGY

LADAKH is close to 3000 miles away from the developed world, in the rain shadow of the Himalayas in northern India. It is an isolated place where villages are perched precariously on the steep slopes of barren hills. However, the Ladakhis have begun an ambitious move from simple, pre-industrial methods to post-industrial ones, thanks to the 325 days of sunshine which Ladakh enjoys each year.

The Ladakh Ecological Development Group was formed by linguist Helena Norberg-Hodge to help the rich, traditional culture of the Ladakhis preserve its integrity in the face of foreign influences and money that started to come in after the region was opened to outsiders in 1975. The group looked for an alternative to kerosene stoves and coal fires -- among other modern gadgets -- which threatened to compromise the region's clean air and natural resources.

A device called the Trombe wall was selected to provide constant heat during Ladakh's -40°F winter evenings. It is simple to build and requires little maintenance. A south-facing wall is painted black and covered with a double layer of glass in a wooden frame. Vents are made in the house wall at the top and bottom. During the day heat enters by the upper vents by convection, while cold air is drawn out through the lower vents. At night, the wall radiates the heat it absorbed during the day. Today more than 60 houses have such walls.

As well, Ladakh now boasts solar cookers, solar water heaters and solar crop dryers -- a successful example of a developing region harnessing the sun's energy through appropriate technology.

-- *Depthnews Asia*

(25 marks)

4. Elaborate on two(2) of the following terms.

- (a) prewriting skills;
- (b) methods of development;
- (c) essay examination writing skills.

(20 marks)

-ooo000ooo-

