

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA  
Peperiksaan Semester Pertama

Sidang 1987/88

HET 403 - Analisis Bahasa Kesusasteraan

Tarikh: 6 November 1987

Masa: 9.00 pagi - 12.00 t/hari.  
( 3 jam )

Answer FIVE(5) questions in all. ONE(1) from each of the five Sections.  
Do not repeat yourself.

**SECTION A - 15 marks**

1. Write briefly on any three(3) of the following. Your answer should demonstrate your understanding of what the term means, and what it is used for. Illustrate your answers with specific references to and examples from texts that you have studied.

- |                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| (a) irony              | (e) iambic pentametre |
| (b) metaphor           | (f) symbol            |
| (c) dramatic monologue | (g) rasa              |
| (d) paradox            | (h) diction           |

**SECTION B - 20 marks**

**2. EITHER**

(a) Discuss how any two authors that you have studied use plot and point of view to enhance characterization in fiction. Refer to specific examples and texts.

**OR**

(b) Discuss, with specific examples, how language is used by any two authors that you have studied.

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**SECTION C - 20 marks**

**3. EITHER**

- (a) Discuss with reference to at least two poems, any one poet's style.

**OR**

- (b) Discuss how two different poets have used the resources of language in their poetry.

**SECTION D - 20 marks**

**4. EITHER**

- (a) Discuss with specific references, how language is used differently to serve different purposes by any two playwrights that you have studied.

**OR**

- (b) Show how the language used by any one playwright differs from what is known as natural speech.

**SECTION E - 25 marks**

**5. EITHER**

- (a) Discuss the following passage. Pay attention in particular to the author's presentation of both characters, the narration, and the use of language.

'You bring me, tomorrow morning early, that file and them wittles....You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am an Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that

young man. A boy may lock his door, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?'

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

'Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!' said the man

I said so...

'Now,' he pursued, 'you remember what you've undertook, and your remember that young man, and you get home!'

'Goo - Good night, sir,' I faltered.

'Much of that!' said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. 'I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!'

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms--clasping himself, as if to hold himself together--and limped towards the low church well. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered - like an unhooped cask upon a pole - an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which has once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he

were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

From: GREAT EXPECTATIONS by Charles Dickens

OR

(b) Discuss the following poem.

**ELEANOR RIGBY**

**John Lennon [1940-1980] and Paul McCartney [b. 1942]**

Ah, look at all the lonely people!  
Ah, look at all the lonely people!  
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice  
in the church  
where a wedding has been.  
Lives in a dream.  
Waits at the window, wearing the face  
that she keeps in a jar by the door.  
Who is it for?

All the lonely people.  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people,  
where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie writing the words  
of a sermon that no one will hear--  
No one comes near. Look at him  
working, darning his socks in the night  
when there's nobody there.  
What does he care?

All the lonely people,  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people.  
where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people!  
Ah, look at all the lonely people!  
Eleanor Rigby died in the church and  
was buried along with her name.  
Nobody came.  
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from  
his hands as he walks from the grave.  
No one was saved.

All the lonely people,  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people,  
where do they all belong?

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