Read the passage below then answer the questions, using your own words wherever possible.

I worked hard at my Gilbertese, and could make a crude show of taking it in four months. It was time then, the Old Man thought, for me to start learning about native customs. He told me to take lessons first of all from the kaubure of Tabiang village. So I went to the kaubure's house-place in the village an hour or so before sunset on the day arranged.

A little golden girl of seven, naked save for a wreath of white flowers on her glossy head, invited me to mount upon the raised floor of the meeting house. As she spread a fine guest-mat for me to sit on, she told me her name was Tepithnang — Movement-of-Clouds. Seated cross-legged on another mat, she explained with gravity that her grandfather had charged her to entertain me with conversation, should I arrive before his return from fishing.

He would not be very long now; would I like to drink a coconut while she went on entertaining? When I said yes, please, she climbed down from the floor, brought in a nut which she had opened under the trees outside with a cutlass-knife almost as long as herself, sat down again, and offered it to me cupped in both hands, at arm's length, with her head a little bowed. "You shall be blessed," she murmured as I took it. I did say "Thank you" in reply, but even that was wrong; I should have returned her blessing 'Word for word, and, after that, I should have returned the nut also, for her to take the first sip of courtesy; and at last, when I had received it back, I should have said, "Blessings and Peace," before beginning to drink the milk. All I did — woe is me! — was to take it, swig it off, and hand it back one-handed, with another careless "Thank you."

She did not rise and run off with it as I expected, but sat on instead, with both arms clasping the nut to her little chest, examining me over the top of it.

"Alas!" she said at last in a shocked whisper, "Alas! Is that the manners of a young white chief of Matang?" She told me one by one of the sins I have confessed, and I hung my head in shame, but that was not yet the full tale. My final discourtesy had been the crudest of all. In handing back the empty nut, I had omitted to belch aloud. "How could I know, when you did not belch," she said, "how could I know that my food was sweet to you? See, this is how you should have done it!" She held the nut before me with both hands, her earnest eyes fixed on mine, and gave vent to a belch so resonant that it seemed to shake her elfin form from stem to stem. "That," she finished, "is our idea of good manners," and wept for the pity of it.

A Pattern of Islands, Arthur Grimble, John Murray (Publishers) Ltd, 1952
Read the passage below then answer the questions, using your own words wherever possible.

1 I worked hard at my Gilbertese, and could make a crude show of taking it in four months. It was time then, the Old Man thought, for me to start learning about native customs. He told me to take lessons first of all from the kaubure of Tablang village. So I went to the kaubure's house-place in the village an hour or so before sunset on the day arranged.

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25 A Pattern of Islands, Arthur Grimble, John Murray (Publishers) Ltd, 1952
Comprehension

1/ Who are the people present in this extract? What do you know about them?

2/ Using the text to help you, who do you think the Old Man and the kaabare are?

3/ Find four pointers which show that this is set in a non-European country.

4/ What shows that the narrator hadn’t been in the country long?

5/ What sort of trees grow in the village? How do you know?
6/ The girl is horrified by the narrator's rudeness. Find 3 expressions which show just how bad she thought his behaviour was.

7/ How did the narrator react to her horror? (use at least 2 quotations from different parts of the text)

8/ Explain the humour in the last few lines of the passage.

9/ In 50 words, describe the meeting between the little girl and the narrator.
10/ Find words in the text which mean the same as these:

good manners .................. cried ..................... except ..................

drink quickly .................. fairylike .................. serious ..................

11/ Find words in the text which mean the opposite of these:

a mouthful ..................... polished, perfect ..................

held high ....................... muffled, quiet ..................

12/ Word Families. Fill in the chart with all forms of these words, where possible. If there are two forms, give them both:

   1) gravity  2) courtesy  3) entertain  4) pity

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<th>Noun</th>
<th>Adjective</th>
<th>Adverb</th>
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13/ Put into direct speech, with the correct punctuation, the passage "her grandfather ..." (line 10) to "went entertaining." (line 12)
Written Expression (20 points)

Choose ONE of the following subjects and write 300 – 350 words about it.

1/ You were in an embarrassing situation because you didn’t know the social rules of the occasion. Describe the situation and how you felt. How did it end?

2/ What is considered good manners varies greatly from one culture to another. How important are good manners? Give examples to support your arguments.
Read the passage carefully, then do the following exercises.

At sundown the men drifted back from the fields exhausted and steaming. They scrubbed themselves in enamel basins and, when supper was eaten, climbed up onto Ida Rebecca’s porch to watch the night arrive. Presently the women joined them, and the twilight music of Morrisonville began.

The swing creaking, rocking chairs whispering on the porch planks, voices murmuring approval of the sagacity of Uncle Irvey as he quietly observed for probably the ten-thousandth time in his life, “A man works from sun to sun, but woman’s work is never done”.

Ida Rebecca, presiding over the nightfall from the cane rocker, announcing, upon hearing of some woman “up there along the mountain” who had dropped dead hauling milk to the creamery, that “man is born to toil, and woman is born to suffer”.

The timelessness of it: Nothing new had been said on that porch for a hundred years. If one of the children threw a rock close to someone’s window, Uncle Harry removed his farmer’s straw hat, swabbed the linter with his blue bandanna, and spoke the wisdom of the ages to everyone’s complete satisfaction by declaring, “Satan finds work for idle hands to do”.

I was listening to a conversation that had been going on for generations.

Someone had a sick cow.

The corn was “burning up” for lack of rain.

If the sheriff had arrested a local boy for shooting somebody’s bull: “That boy never brought a thing but trouble to his mother, poor old soul.”

Old Mr. Cooper from out there around Wheatland had got his arm caught in the threshing machine and it had to be taken off, “poor old soul.”

Ancient Aunt Zell, who lived “down there around Luckett’s”, had to be buried on a day “so hot the flowers wilted before they could get her in the ground, poor old soul.”

When the lamps were lit inside, someone was certain to say to the children, “Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise”. (...)”

A person who did not join our evening assemblies was Annie Grigsby, Ida Rebecca’s next-door neighbor. Annie had been born in slavery, and this made her a notable citizen. Her log house was pointed out to travelers as one of the Morrisonville sights not to be ignored. “Annie was born in slavery”, the visitor was always advised.

“Born in slavery.” That phrase was uttered as though it were an incredible accomplishment on Annie’s part. Elsewhere, people boasted of neighbors who had tamed lightning, invented the wind-up Victoria, and gone aloft in flying machines, but we in Morrisonville didn’t have to hang our heads. We had Annie. “Born in slavery.” My mother told me about Abraham Lincoln, a great man who freed the slaves, and living so close to Annie, who had been freed by Lincoln himself, made me feel in touch with the historic past (...)

One afternoon I wandered into her backyard to find her hacking the meat out of a huge, freshly killed terrapin.

“What’s that, Annie?”

“It’s a terrapin.”

“What’s a terrapin?”

“Terrapin’s big turtle, child.”

“Why’re you cutting it up like that?”

“To make soup. You come back over here when I get it done, and I’ll give you some.”

White Morrisonville’s hog-meat diet hadn’t prepared me for terrapin soup. I hurried back across the road giggling to my mother that coloured people ate turtles.

“Coloured people are just like everybody else”, she said.

PART ONE - 20 points

Do the following exercises, using your own words. When asked to quote from the passage, be sure to use quotation marks. Indicate the lines.

The Setting

1. What time of day is it?

   Find 4 words in the first paragraph that suggest it.

   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________

2. Is the scene set in an urban or rural area?

   Justify your answer with 6 elements from the text.

   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________
   - __________________________

3. What « instruments » make up the « twilight music of Morrisonville? »

The Characters

4. From what point of view is the story told? Explain your reasoning.

   __________________________
   __________________________
   __________________________
   __________________________
   __________________________
   __________________________
5. The narrator repeats "born in slavery" 4 times in the text. What do you think he is trying to emphasize here and what are his feelings about Annie's status in the town?

6. Express in your own words three differences that exist between Annie Grigsby and the other inhabitants of Morrisonville.

7. What does the narrator's mother's quote at the end of the passage (l. 46) tell us about her views concerning colored people, compared to those of the other inhabitants of Morrisonville?

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8. Explain what is mean by "the timelessness of it", (l. 11)

9. What effect does the repetition of "poor old soul" have on the reader?
10. Proverbs are quoted several times in the text. Pick out 2 of them. Why do you think the author chose to use these common expressions?

11. What is meant by « we in Morrisonville didn't have to hang our heads. » (l. 32 - 33)

12. What is meant by « neighbors who had tamed lightning » (l. 31)

13. Find a word in the text (and indicate the line) which means:
   a) (l. 1 - 7) moved casually or aimlessly
   b) (l. 1 - 7) long flat pieces of wood several inches thick
   c) (l. 8 - 14) transporting with great effort
   d) (l. 8 - 14) wiped with an absorbent pad
   e) (l. 8 - 14) not active or in use
   f) (l. 22 - 29) lost freshness and drooped
   g) (l. 30 - 37) made a sound with one's mouth or voice
   h) (l. 30 - 37) chopping at violently

14. Rewrite the following sentences using reported speech. Make all necessary changes.
   « Why're you cutting it up like that? 

   « You come back over here when I get it done, and I'll give you some. »
15. Fill in the table below with the right word in each category.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>VERB</th>
<th>NOUN</th>
<th>ADJECTIVE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>to boast</td>
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<td>to ignore</td>
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<td>healthy</td>
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<td>satisfaction</td>
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<td>wisdom</td>
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**PART TWO - 20 points**

**Writing**

Write an essay on one of the following subjects on a separate sheet of paper.

1. Imagine you are a traveler who is passing through Morrisonville. Describe your experience in this town and your views concerning its inhabitants.

2. *Growing Up* is an autobiography by Russell Baker. Write about a day's activities involving family members and neighbors while you were growing up.
Read the passage carefully, then do the following exercises.

1. The sunlight dripped over the house like golden paint over an art jar, and the freckling shadows here and there only intensified the rigour of the bath light. The Butterworth and the Larkin houses flankling were intrenched behind great stodgy trees; only the Happer house took the full sun, and all day long faced the dusty road-street with a tolerant kindly patience.

5. This was the city of Tarleton in southernmost Georgia, September afternoon.
   Up in her bedroom window, Sally Carrol Happer rested her nineteen-year-old chin on a fifty-two-year-old sill and watched Clark Darrow's ancient Ford turn the corner. The car was hot - being partly metallic it retained all the heat absorbed or evolved - and Clark Darrow sitting bolt upright at the wheel wore a regained, strained expression as though he considered himself a spare part, and rather likely to break. He laboriously crossed two dust ruts, the wheels squeaking indigantly at the encounter, and then with a terrifying expression he gave the steering-gear a final wrench and deposited self and car approximately in front of the Happer steps. There was a plaintive heaving sound, a death-rattle, followed by a short silence; and then the air was rent by a startling whistle.

10. Sally Carrol gazed down sleepily. She started to yawn, but finding this quite impossible unless she raised her chin from the window-sill, changed her mind and continued silently to regard the car, whose owner sat brilliantly if perfunctorily at attention as he waited for an answer to his signal. After a moment the whistle once more split the dusty air.
   « Good mornin', »
   « 'Tain't mornin', Sally Carrol. »
   « Isn't it, sure enough? »
   « What you doin'? »
   « Eatin' 'n apple. »

15. « Come on go swimmin' - want to? »
   « Reckon so. »
   « How 'bout hurryin' up? »
   « Sure enough. » Sally Carrol sighed voluminously and raised herself with profound inertia from the floor, where she had been occupied in alternately destroying parts of a green apple and painting paper dolls for her younger sister. She approached a mirror, regarded her expression with a pleased and pleasant languor, dabbed two spots of rouge on her lips and a grain of powder on her nose, and covered her bobbed corn-coloured hair with a rose little sunbonnet. Then she kicked over the painting-water, said, « Oh, damn! » - but let it lay - and left the room.

20. « How you, Clark? » she inquired a minute later as she skipped nimbly over the side of the car.
   « Mighty fine, Sally Carrol. »
   « Where we go swimmin'? »
   « Out to Walley's pool. Told Marylyn we'd call by an' get her an' Joe Ewing. »

25. Clark was dark and lean, and when on foot was rather inclined to stoop. His eyes were ominous and his expression somewhat petulant except when startlingly illuminated by one of his frequent smiles. Clark had an « income » just enough to keep himself in ease and his car in gasoline - and he had spent the two years since he graduated from Georgia Tech in dozing round the lazy streets of his home town, discussing how he could best invest his capital for an immediate fortune.

From *The Ice Palace* by F. Scott Fitzgerald.
PART ONE - 20 points

Do the following exercises, using your own words. If quotations are used, indicate the lines.

1. Where is the scene set? Find two elements in the text to justify your answer.

2. How is the location presented?

3. Pick out six elements contributing to an impression of weariness.

4. How does the narrator manage to put the emphasis on the general warmth of the environment?
5. « She started to yawn but finding this quite impossible unless she raised her chin from the window-sill, changed her mind and continued silently to regard the car... » (l. 15 - 16)
Can you explain the irony in this sentence?

6. Find words in the text which match the following definitions. Indicate the line(s).
   (l. 1 - 14) a groove or furrow in a road, caused by wheels:

   (l. 15 - 20) done in a superficial, careless or cursory manner, only as a matter of routine:

   (l. 29 - 45) to carry oneself with head and shoulders bent forward:

   (l. 29 - 46) foreboding evil: serving as or having significance of an omen:

   (l. 29 - 45) irritable, impatient or sullen; in a peevish or capricious way:

7. Rewrite the following dialogue in correct English. Do not use any contractions!
   (l. 35 - 39) « How you, Clark? »
   « Mighty fine, Sally Carroll. »
   « Where we go swimmin'? »
   « Out to Wailey's pool. Told Marylyn we'd call by an' get her an' Joe Ewing. »
8. Rewrite this dialogue (question 7) using reported speech. Use introductory verbs.

9. (p. 42 - 43) "Clark had « an income » - just enough to keep himself in ease and his car in gasoline. ». Rerhase this sentence using your own words. What does the narrator imply?

10. How could you describe the main characters' attitudes?

**PART TWO - 20 points**

Write an essay on one of the two following subjects on a separate sheet of paper.

1. Later in the story, Sally meets a man from the North and decides to leave her homeland to follow him. Life there is quite different: industrial environment, cold climate, busy people... Imagine the end of the story.

2. Would you find a change of environment difficult? Do you feel attached to your homeland?
By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colours, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and colour under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dunks it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she
is Gilda Gray's understudy from the Folies. The party has begun.

From The Great Gatsby by F.S. Fitzgerald.

Question 1

a) Briefly describe what is taking place. (3)
b) What does "a whole pitiful" suggest about the number of players? (1)
c) What words emphasize the number of guests present? (1)
d) Give your impression of the size of Gatsby's house, and say what kind of people live there. (3)
e) How does the house become: "gaudy with primary colours"? (1)
f) Explain the sentence: "the bar is in full swing". (1)
g) Why does the earth: "lurch away" from the sun? (1)
h) Comment on the sensation of speed and rapidity in the second paragraph. (2)
i) What is special about the: "confident girls"? (2)
j) Say what the words: "dumps it down for courage" suggest to you. (1)
k) Although the action starts in the evening: there is a strong sense of light and colour, show how this is done. (2)

l) Put the following words into the present perfect:
a) weave and, b) grabbed. (2)

Question 2

Write an essay on one of the following subjects (20 points)

1. Write about a special occasion which you celebrated with friends.

2. Imagine you get lost in a big railway station, what would you see, and how would you react?
The wind swung me in a gentle circle. I looked at the crevasse beneath me, waiting for me. It was big. Twenty feet wide at least, I guessed that I was hanging fifty feet above it. It stretched along the base of the ice cliff. Below me it was covered with a roof of snow, but to the right it opened out and a dark space yawned there. Bottomless. I thought idly. No. They're never bottomless. I wonder how deep I will go? To the bottom... to the water at the bottom? God! I hope not.

Another jerk. Above me the rope sawed through the cliff edge dislodging chunks of crusty ice. I stared at it stretching into the darkness above. Cold had long since won its battle. There was no feeling in my arms and legs. Everything slowed and softened. Thoughts became idle questions, never answered. I accepted that I was to die. There was no alternative. It caused me no dreadful fear. I was numb with cold and felt no pain; so senselessly cold that I craved sleep and cared nothing for the consequences. It would be a dreamless sleep.

Reality had become a nightmare, and sleep beckoned insistently; a black hole calling me, pain-free, lost in time, like death.

My torch beam died. The cold had killed the batteries. I saw stars in a dark gap above me. Stars, or lights in my head. The storm was over.

The stars were good to see. I was glad to see them again. Old friends come back. They seemed far away; farther than I'd ever seen them before. And bright: you'd think them gemstones hanging there, floating in the air above. Some moved, little winking moves, on and off, on and off, floating the brightest sparks of light down to me.

Then, what I had waited for pounced on me. The stars went out, and I fell. Like something come alive, the rope lashed violently against my face and I fell silently, endlessly into nothingness, as if dreaming of falling. I fell fast, faster than thought, and my stomach protested at the swooping speed of it. I swept down, and from far above I saw myself falling and felt nothing. No thoughts, and all fears gone away. So this is it!

"Shadows in the Ice" by Jack Simpson.

QUESTION ONE

1. Give the general situation of the author at the start of the passage.
2. Explain the author's use of space in the first paragraph.
3. Comment on the sentence "Another jerk." line 8
4. Give four examples of personification from the text.
5. How could you explain the author's description of the stars?
6. Identify two uses of imagery in the text and comment on their effectiveness.
7. Summarize the plot of the story (one sentence per paragraph)
8. Give synonyms for the following words: "yawned" line 5 "dislodging" line 9

QUESTION TWO

CHOOSE ONE OF THE SUBJECTS BELOW AND WRITE AN ESSAY:

1. Describe an accident that you saw or that you were involved in.
2. Do you think that people who climb in mountains should be made to pay for rescue if they need help?
I was climbing the long west ridge of Mount Clark. It was one of those mornings when the sunlight is burnished with a keen wind and long feathers of cloud move in a lofty sky. The silver light turned every blade of grass and every particle of sand into a lustrous metallic splendour; there was nothing however small, that did not clash in the bright wind, that did not send arrows of light through the glassy air. I was suddenly arrested in the long crunching path up the ridge by an exceedingly pointed awareness of the light. The moment I paused, the full impact of the mood was upon me; I saw more clearly than I have ever seen before or since the minute detail of the grasses, the clusters of sand shifting in the wind, the small flotsam of the forest, the notion of the high clouds streaming above the peaks. There are no words to convey the moods of those moments.

Ansel Adams "The Eloquent Light"

***************

we arrived at the ridge between the Northwest face and the Southwest flank and, looking over the Eastern summit of Hidden Peak, were treated to a stupendous panorama of Tibet, which surpassed anything I had ever seen before. A mountain landscape in grey and white; fanning out from crest to crest into eternity, ridges like the petrified waves of a gigantic sea. To the left the highest peaks in the Karakoram, three eight -thousanders - Gasherbrum II, Broadpeak, K2 - the frontier mountains between Tibet and Pakistan? Their irrational thrust into the blue black sky staggars the mind, heightens the sense of loftiness and isolation.

The isolation was in fact overwhelming. When I thought about it, how long it had taken us to get this far, it seemed we had reached eternity. It was as still and quiet as space. I have always sought solitude. For many years, I have been developing the independence to withstand it, and now at last I have found the inner peace to survive.

Up here, close to the summit, the world stands still in time. The raging of the wind and the humming from the heart of the mountain blanket off the life of the valleys. These surging sounds and the changing colours of the serrated scene, come together on the summit, come together in black and white.

The atmosphere was impregnated with silence, not the silence of Death, but the liberating silence of infinity, light and carefree. All sounds were like deep silence, each movement was neither work nor action, merely being, and being was freedom and freedom was older than time.

"Two men alone at 8000 metres"

Reinhold Messner

1. Comment on the use of imagery to create effect.
2. How successful are the authors?
3. Compare the texts in general terms
4. Explore the idea of 'Genius Loci' and sense of place.