



**FINAL EXAMINATION**  
**MARCH 2024**

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<b>COURSE TITLE</b>	<b>LITERATURE IN ENGLISH</b>
<b>COURSE CODE</b>	<b>ELAN2243</b>
<b>DATE/DAY</b>	<b>19 JUNE 2024 / WEDNESDAY</b>
<b>TIME/DURATION</b>	<b>09:00 AM - 11:00 AM / 02 Hour(s) 00 Minute(s)</b>

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES:**

- 1. Please read the instruction under each section carefully.
- 2. Candidates are reminded not to bring into examination hall/room any form of written materials or electronic gadget except for stationery that is permitted by the Invigilator.
- 3. Students who are caught breaching the Examination Rules and Regulation will be charged with an academic dishonesty and if found guilty of the offence, the maximum penalty is expulsion from the University.

(This Question Paper consists of 11 Printed Pages including front page)

**\*\*\*DO NOT OPEN THE QUESTION PAPER UNTIL YOU ARE TOLD TO DO SO\*\*\***

This question paper contains **FOUR (4)** questions. Answer **ALL** questions in the answer booklet. **[50 MARKS]**

**QUESTION 1**

**(15 Marks)**

Question 1 is based on the excerpt (Text 1) from one of Oscar Wilde's famous works (1895) provided below.

**SECOND ACT**

**SCENE**

Garden at the Manor House. A flight of grey stone steps leads up to the house. The garden, an old-fashioned one, full of roses. Time of year, July. Basket chairs, and a table covered with books, are set under a large yew-tree.

[Miss Prism discovered seated at the table. Cecily is at the back watering flowers.]

**MISS PRISM.**

[Calling.] Cecily, Cecily! Surely such a utilitarian occupation as the watering of flowers is rather Moulton's duty than yours? Especially at a moment when intellectual pleasures await you. Your German grammar is on the table. Pray open it at page fifteen. We will repeat yesterday's lesson.

**CECILY.**

[Coming over very slowly.] But I don't like German. It isn't at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson.

**MISS PRISM.**

Child, you know how anxious your guardian is that you should improve yourself in every way. He laid particular stress on your German, as he was leaving for town yesterday. Indeed, he always lays stress on your German when he is leaving for town.

Adapted from: Wilde, O. (1895). *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

**Text 1**

In your response:

- a) Identify the type of literature as shown in Text 1. (1 mark)
- b) Describe **TWO (2)** similarities between the type of literature identified in a) and short stories. (4 marks)
- c) Describe **TWO (2)** differences between the type of literature identified in a) and short stories. (4 marks)
- d) Describe **THREE (3)** elements of the type of literature identified in a). (6 marks)

**QUESTION 2**

**(15 Marks)**

*The Magic Shop* (1903) is one of H. G. Wells' fantasy fiction which centres around three main characters with different characteristics as shown in the excerpt (Text 2) provided below.

I had seen the Magic Shop from afar several times; I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little objects, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, packs of cards that looked all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window, and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators, but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holborn; always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very Human --and that," which was a mystery, and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy One and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under one of those cones. I have read about it in a book.

"And there, dadda, is the Vanishing Halfpenny—, only they've put it this way up so's we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that?" I said; at which promising inquiry he looked up with a sudden radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burthen of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in papier-mache on the glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors; one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your

legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I suppose, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter--a curious, sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

"What can we have the pleasure?" he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case; and so with a start we were aware of him.

"I want," I said, "to buy my little boy a few simple tricks."

"Legerdemain?" he asked. "Mechanical? Domestic?"

"Anything amusing?" said I.

"Um!" said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. "Something in this way?" he said, and held it out.

The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before--it's part of the common stock of conjurers-- but I had not expected it here.

"That's good," I said, with a laugh.

"Isn't it?" said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

"It's in your pocket," said the shopman, and there it was!

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman politely. "We get them,"--he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke--"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled.

"You may have those too," said the shopman, "and, if you don't mind, one from my mouth. So!"

Gip counselled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest. "Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course, it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily--as people suppose. . . . Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat. . . . And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there isn't a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription--the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business-card from his cheek and handed it to me.

"Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home; but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

And, as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar! I warn 'a go in there, dadda, I warn 'a go in there. Ny-a-a-ah!" and then the accents of a down-trodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.

"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always--for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a little, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-sapid food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that?" I said, breathing a little more freely.

"Magic!" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold! sparks of coloured fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish your Friends' boxes?"

Gip, after a gallant effort, said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter--he really had an extraordinarily long body--this amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs; "string," and behold his mouth was a string-box, from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel he bit off--and, it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string. And then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist's dummies, stuck one of his fingers (which had become sealing-wax red) into the flame, and so sealed the parcel. "Then there was the Disappearing Egg," he remarked, and produced one from within my coat-breast and packed it, and also The Crying Baby, Very Human. I handed each parcel to Gip as it was ready, and he clasped them to his chest.

He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent; the clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the playground of unspeakable emotions. These, you know, were real Magics. Then, with a start, I discovered something moving about in my hat--something soft and jumpy. I whipped

it off, and a ruffled pigeon--no doubt a confederate--dropped out and ran on the counter, and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the papier-mache tiger. "Tut, tut!" said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my headdress; "careless bird, and--as I live--nesting!"

He shook my hat, and shook out into his extended hand two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, about half-a-dozen of the inevitable glass balls, and then crumpled, crinkled paper, more and more and more, talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats inside as well as out, politely, of course, but with a certain personal application. "All sorts of things accumulate, sir. . . . Not you, of course, in particular. . . . Nearly every customer. . . . Astonishing what they carry about with them. . . ." The crumpled paper rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden, and still his voice went on and on. "We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal, sir. Are we all then no better than brushed exteriors, whited sepulchres--"

His voice stopped--exactly like when you hit a neighbour's gramophone with a well-aimed brick, the same instant silence, and the rustle of the paper stopped, and everything was still.

. . .

"Have you done with my hat?" I said, after an interval.

There was no answer.

I stared at Gip, and Gip stared at me, and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum, and grave, and quiet. . . .

"I think we'll go now," I said. "Will you tell me how much all this comes to? . . ."

"I say," I said, on a rather louder note, "I want the bill; and my hat, please."

It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile. . . .

"Let's look behind the counter, Gip," I said. "He's making fun of us."

I led Gip round the head-wagging tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all! Only my hat on the floor, and a common conjurer's lop-eared white rabbit lost in meditation, and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurer's rabbit can do. I resumed my hat, and the rabbit lolloped a lollop or so out of my way.

"Dadda!" said Gip, in a guilty whisper.

"What is it, Gip?" said I.

"I do like this shop, dadda."

"So should I," I said to myself, "if the counter wouldn't suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door." But I didn't call Gip's attention to that. "Pussy!" he said, with a hand out to the rabbit as it came lolloping past us; "Pussy, do Gip a magic!" and his eyes followed it as it squeezed through a door I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider, and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but his eye met mine with something between amusement and defiance. "You'd like to see our show-room, sir," he said, with an innocent suavity. Gip tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shopman's eye again. I was beginning to think

the magic just a little too genuine. "We haven't VERY much time," I said. But somehow we were inside the show-room before I could finish that.

"All goods of the same quality," said the shopman, rubbing his flexible hands together, "and that is the Best. Nothing in the place that isn't genuine Magic, and warranted thoroughly rum. Excuse me, sir!"

I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat-sleeve, and then I saw he held a little, wriggling red demon by the tail--the little creature bit and fought and tried to get at his hand--and in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind a counter. No doubt the thing was only an image of twisted indiarubber, but for the moment--! And his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty biting bit of vermin. I glanced at Gip, but Gip was looking at a magic rocking-horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing. "I say," I said, in an undertone, and indicating Gip and the red demon with my eyes, "you haven't many things like that about, have you?"

"None of ours! Probably brought it with you," said the shopman-- also in an undertone, and with a more dazzling smile than ever. "Astonishing what people will carry about with them unawares!" And then to Gip, "Do you see anything you fancy here?"

There were many things that Gip fancied there.

He turned to this astonishing tradesman with mingled confidence and respect. "Is that a Magic Sword?" he said.

"A Magic Toy Sword. It neither bends, breaks, nor cuts the fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against any one under eighteen. Half-a-crown to seven and sixpence, according to size. These panoplies on cards are for juvenile knights-errant and very useful-- shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, helmet of invisibility."

"Oh, daddy!" gasped Gip.

I tried to find out what they cost, but the shopman did not heed me. He had got Gip now; he had got him away from my finger; he had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock, and nothing was going to stop him. Presently I saw with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that Gip had hold of this person's finger as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, really good faked stuff, still--

I wandered after them, saying very little, but keeping an eye on this prestidigital fellow. After all, Gip was enjoying it. And no doubt when the time came to go we should be able to go quite easily.

It was a long, rambling place, that show-room, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars, with archways leading off to other departments, in which the queerest-looking assistants loafed and stared at one, and with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So perplexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

The shopman showed Gip magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals, and then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said--. I myself haven't a very quick ear and it was a tongue-twisting sound, but Gip--he has his mother's ear--got it in no time. "Bravo!" said the shopman, putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to Gip. "Now," said the shopman, and in a moment Gip had made them all alive again.

"You'll take that box?" asked the shopman.

"We'll take that box," said I, "unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a Trust Magnate--"

"Dear heart! No!" and the shopman swept the little men back again, shut the lid, waved the box in the air, and there it was, in brown paper, tied up and--with Gip's full name and address on the paper!

The shopman laughed at my amazement.

"This is the genuine magic," he said. "The real thing."

"It's a little too genuine for my taste," I said again.

After that he fell to showing Gip tricks, odd tricks, and still odder the way they were done. He explained them, he turned them inside out, and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the sagest manner.

Adapted from: Wells, H. G. (1903). *The Magic Shop*.

## Text 2

In your response:

- a) Discuss **THREE (3)** characters: i) **Gip**, ii) **Gip's father** and iii) **The shopman**, in the short story and what they represent in relation to human experience and perception. (15 marks)

## QUESTION 3

(10 Marks)

Shirley Geok-lin Lim often combines several themes in her writings, which can also be seen in her short story, *Journey* (1995) as shown in the excerpt (Text 3) provided below.

She was glad to climb down from the bus, yet there was a curious uncertainty as to where she was to go, a strong reluctance to move away from the stand. She thought if she stood there long enough, the bus would surely return on its journey back and bring her home. She did not have to go anyway. Or she could take a walk, pretending she was going home to her family. There were numerous lanes branching off the little junction, numerous houses sitting under fat protective trees, hiding behind fences and shut gates. There was the pleasant joy of choosing your own little lane, your own snug house.

Still, she could not imagine herself belonging to any of these houses. Windows framed squares of light, curtains drawn to keep them in. Voices called out in a murmur of music. Sharp chinks of spoon against plate reminded her she had not eaten. In these houses were whole families unaware of her standing hungry, out in the dark. Whole families of mothers, fathers and children, living their daily meals and bedtime together, surrounded by their fenced-in gardens and their walls, unaware of her as much as though they and she were apart in separate worlds. She wondered whether her mother knew she was standing in front of these houses, and if she knew, whether she realised why and for what. It was not the same air she breathed in here, heavy with green smells of unknown shrubbery, delicate,



sweet in her nostrils, fragrance of unseen flowers weighing their stems down and entwining their heads together in the night. The unfamiliar air as much as the disguising night made her, though she was uncertain whether it was so, or exactly why, frightened.

Her mother's instructions were clear enough, and from being so often repeated, familiar: Walk down the path to your right. Houses on either side touched up the dark with light and hummed with sound. Dogs within their fenced yards ran up and down, barking abuse. One stepped out of shadow but left her timid legs alone. Seventh house to the left. She did not know what she had expected. It was one with the others around it. The gate opened unhesitatingly at her push; the garden was trim with bougainvillea and smelt of leaves. Now she was here, it seemed she had always known it would look like this. An altar faced the open door, unlighted candles placed before the household god, an inscrutable figure who sat and watched the domestic goings-on, always to be placated, never to be pleased, awful Lord of the destiny of furniture, food and family. A gold dragon paced along the sketch of a wall, snaking sinuously on its red paper, a gleam with shining scales. Its predatory jaws yawned in eternal pursuit; its talons fiercely rode the air untiringly. When a man emerged out of a darkened interior room, she was embarrassed. There was the suggestion she had not been unexpected, yet he appeared ordinary, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, the way her father did after a meal. She told him what it was she had come for. He offered her a seat and went back into the room from which he had come. She sat down on a seedy wooden stool, then got up almost immediately, disliking to be discovered sitting down, for it appeared irrevocable, as if she had come and meant to stay for a long time. She was very hungry and anxious about catching the bus home. The gold dragonish contours swirled in their red field, jumped in the light, receded again into the red. She was tired of standing before he returned with the parcel. He took the money she gave him disinterestedly, yet she thought his eyes rifled her clothes and she was glad to leave. The little parcel, wrapped roughly in brown paper and tied with a rubber-band, crackled under the pressure of her fingers. It felt of dry leaves and twigs which crumbled even as she held it gently. As she went home, carefully aware that this time directions were reversed, she amused herself wondering what potent magic the parcel contained.

Her mother had kept food for her. The rice was cold, but she had warmed the salty soup and fish for her so that she fell asleep contented. The baby boy was suffering from wind; eldest sister carried him in her arms, patting his back and crooning to him, 'Aii, ai, go to sleep, little boy, aii, aii, little man, strong man, sleep. She could hear her father in the next room with his friends, squatting on their chairs and throwing dice, now and again spitting out an expletive. On the other side of the room, the four boys lay on their mats, exhausted with their play in the streets, their arms and legs flung carelessly across each other. Next to her, Swee Lin slept, softly hiccuping in her sleep, crying even there; for she was second youngest, hardly three years old, and her mother had slapped her this evening. And their mother, strong big-boned mother who was not well and had taken those leaves and twigs and earth, medicine boiled into a black vile brew, lay scarcely a few feet away. She had joined the children after the last baby, and now even she could not remember when their mother had not slept with them. She was that presence in the night who had covered them with their blankets when rain pounded on the roof and hugged them when they started up from nightmares, whimpering. Her mother was not well, but she was strong and always there.

When she woke up, she lay quiet for a long while, wondering what it was that had wakened her. It was too dark to see. Only the deep breathing of her brothers and sisters told her she was not dreaming again. Even the fretful baby was quiet in his cloth-slung cradle. Her father in the next room snorted in his sleep. She thought of them, each wrapped in his cocoon of dream, while she alone lay awake, conscious of the dark passing night, yet there was something that woke her.

She sat up. It was her mother. She heard her sigh, a muffled sound, a body twisted against the matted floor. Her mother was not well. She did not understand why because she could not remember a time when this had happened. Now she was uncertain what to do.

Adapted from: Lim, S. G. (1995). *Journey*.

Text 3

In your response:

- a) Discuss **TWO (2)** themes of the short story. (10 marks)

**QUESTION 4**

**(10 Marks)**

The short story, *Liberty* (1996) by Julia Alvarez employs the use of several literary techniques and devices in developing the plot as shown in the excerpt (Text 4) provided below.

Papi came home with a dog whose kind we had never seen before. A black-and-white speckled electric current of energy. It was a special breed with papers, like a person with a birth certificate. Mami just kept staring at the puppy with a cross look on her face. "It looks like a mess!" she said. "Take it back." A "Mami, it is a gift!" Papi shook his head. It would be an insult to Mister Victor, who had given us the dog. The American consul wanted to thank us for all we'd done for him since he'd been assigned to our country.

"If he wanted to thank us, he'd give us our visas," Mami grumbled. For a while now, my parents had been talking about going to the United States so Papi could return to school. I couldn't understand why a grown-up who could do whatever he wanted would elect to go back to a place I so much wanted to get out of.

On their faces when they talked of leaving there was a scared look I also couldn't understand.

"Those visas will come soon," Papi promised. But Mami just kept shaking her head about the dog. She had enough with four girls to take on puppies, too. Papi explained that the dog would stay at the end of the yard in a pen. He would not be allowed in the house. He would not be pooping in Mami's orchid garden. He would not be barking until late at night. "A well-behaved dog," Papi concluded. "An American dog."

The little black-and-white puppy yanked at Papi's trouser cuff with his mouth. "What shall we call you?" Papi asked him.

"Trouble," Mami suggested, kicking the puppy away. He had left Papi's trousers to come slobber on her leg.

"We will call him Liberty. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Papi quoted the U.S.A. Constitution. "Eh, Liberty, you are a lucky sign!"

Liberty barked his little toy barks and all us kids laughed. "Trouble." Mami kept shaking her head as she walked away. Liberty trotted behind her as if he agreed that that was the better name for him.

Mami was right, too—Liberty turned out to be trouble. He ate all of Mami’s orchids, and that little hyperactive baton of a tail knocked things off the low coffee table whenever Liberty climbed on the couch to leave his footprints in among the flower prints. He tore up Mami’s garden looking for buried treasure. Mami screamed at Liberty and stamped her foot. “Perro sin vergüenza!” But Liberty just barked back at her.

“He doesn’t understand Spanish,” Papi said lamely. “Maybe if you correct him in English, he’ll behave better!”

Mami turned on him, her slipper still in midair. Her face looked as if she’d light into him after she was done with Liberty. “Let him go be a pet in his own country if he wants instructions in English!” In recent weeks, Mami had changed her tune about going to the United States. She wanted to stay in her own country. She didn’t want Mister Victor coming around our house and going off into the study with Papi to talk over important things in low, worried voices.

“All liberty involves sacrifice,” Papi said in a careful voice. Liberty gave a few perky barks as if he agreed with that.

Mami glared at Papi. “I told you I don’t want trouble—” She was going to say more, but her eye fell on me and she stopped herself. “Why aren’t you with the others?” she scolded. It was as if I had been the one who had dug up her lily bulbs.

Adapted from: Alvarez, J. (1996). *Liberty*.

Text 4

In your response:

- a) Discuss how the line, “All liberty involves sacrifice,” is used as a literary device in the short story. (4 marks)
- b) Discuss **ONE (1)** internal conflict and **ONE (1)** external conflict in the short story. (6 marks)

\*\*\* END OF QUESTION PAPER \*\*\*