

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2019–2020 and thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: 19EL/MC/FN33

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2022
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR CORE
PAPER : FICTION

TIME: 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS: 100

Section A

I. Answer any four of the following in about 100 words each. (4x5=20 marks)

- 1) Discuss the importance of major and minor characters in novels with suitable examples.
- 2) What are the characteristics of the gothic novel? Discuss with examples.
- 3) Compare and contrast the picaresque novel with the bildungsroman.
- 4) What are the features of historical fiction? Explain with examples.
- 5) Discuss the short story and its salient features with reference to texts prescribed.
- 6) Discuss the difference between focalisation and point of view.

Section B

II. Answer the following questions in about 500 words each. (3x20=60 marks)

- 7) a. Comment on Virginia Woolf's style of writing in the short story "The Mark on the Wall".

OR

- b. Discuss Murakami's "The Shinagawa Monkey" as a postmodern tale.

- 8) a. Analyse *The French Lieutenant's Woman* as a work of historiographical metafiction.

OR

- b. How does Jane Austen draw the reader's attention to class and gender disparities of her times in the novel *Pride and Prejudice*?

- 9) a. Identify and comment on the elements of gothic fiction in Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily".

OR

- b. Discuss Anton Chekov's narrative technique in his short story "Vanka".

Section C

III. Analyse any one of the following extracts with reference to themes and techniques.

(1x20= 20 marks)

10)

When the ladies returned to the drawing room, there was little to be done but to hear Lady Catherine talk, which she did without any intermission till coffee came in, delivering her opinion on every subject in so decisive a manner as proved that she was not used to have her judgment controverted. She enquired into Charlotte's domestic concerns familiarly and

minutely, and gave her a great deal of advice, as to the management of them all; told her how every thing ought to be regulated in so small a family as her's, and instructed her as to the care of her cows and her poultry. Elizabeth found that nothing was beneath this great Lady's attention, which could furnish her with an occasion of dictating to others. In the intervals of her discourse with Mrs. Collins, she addressed a variety of questions to Maria and Elizabeth, but especially to the latter, of whose connections she knew the least, and who she observed to Mrs. Collins, was a very genteel, pretty kind of girl. She asked her at different times, how many sisters she had, whether they were older or younger than herself, whether any of them were likely to be married, whether they were handsome, where they had been educated, what carriage her father kept, and what had been her mother's maiden name?—Elizabeth felt all the impertinence of her questions, but answered them very composedly.—

Lady Catherine then observed,

“Your father's estate is entailed on Mr. Collins, I think. For your sake,” turning to Charlotte, “I am glad of it; but otherwise I see no occasion for entailing estates from the female line.—It was not thought necessary in Sir Lewis de Bourgh's family.—

Do you play and sing, Miss Bennet?”

“A little.”

“Oh! then—some time or other we shall be happy to hear you. Our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to— You shall try it some day.—Do your sisters play and sing?”

“One of them does.”

“Why did not you all learn?—You ought all to have learned.

The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as your's.—Do you draw?"

"No, not at all."

"What, none of you?"

"Not one."

"That is very strange. But I suppose you had no opportunity. Your mother should have taken you to town every spring for the benefit of masters."

"My mother would have had no objection, but my father hates London."

"Has your governess left you?"

"We never had any governess."

"No governess! How was that possible? Five daughters brought up at home without a governess!—I never heard of such a thing. Your mother must have been quite a slave to your education."

Elizabeth could hardly help smiling, as she assured her that had not been the case.

"Then, who taught you? who attended to you? Without a governess you must have been neglected."

"Compared with some families, I believe we were; but such of us as wished to learn, never wanted the means. We were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary. Those who chose to be idle, certainly might."

"Aye, no doubt; but that is what a governess will prevent, and if I had known your mother, I should have advised her most strenuously to engage one. I always say that nothing is to be

done in education without steady and regular instruction, and nobody but a governess can give it. It is wonderful how many families I have been the means of supplying in that way. I am always glad to get a young person well placed out. Four nieces of Mrs. Jenkinson are most delightfully situated through my means; and it was but the other day, that I recommended another young

person, who was merely accidentally mentioned to me, and the family are quite delighted with her. Mrs. Collins, did I tell you of Lady Metcalfe's calling yesterday to thank me? She finds Miss Pope a treasure. 'Lady Catherine,' said she, 'you have

given me a treasure.' Are any of your younger sisters out, Miss Bennet?"

"Yes, Ma'am, all."

"All! —What, all five out at once? Very odd! —And you only the second. —The younger ones out before the elder are married! —Your younger sisters must be very young?"

"Yes, my youngest is not sixteen. Perhaps she is full young to be much in company. But really, Ma'am, I think it would be very hard upon younger sisters, that they should not have their share of society and amusement because the elder may not have the means or inclination to marry early. —The last born has as good a right to the pleasures of youth, as the first. And to be kept back on such a motive!—I think it would not be very likely to promote sisterly affection or delicacy of mind."

"Upon my word," said her Ladyship, "you give your opinion very decidedly for so young a person.—Pray, what is your age?"

"With three younger sisters grown up," replied Elizabeth smiling, "your Ladyship can hardly expect me to own it."

Lady Catherine seemed quite astonished at not receiving a direct answer; and Elizabeth suspected herself to be the first creature who had ever dared to trifle with so much dignified impertinence.

"You cannot be more than twenty, I am sure,—therefore you need not conceal your age."

"I am not one and twenty."

11)

What did Socrates die for? A keeping social face? A homage to decorum? Do you think in my forty years as a doctor I have not learned to tell when a man is in distress? And because he is hiding the truth from himself? Know thyself, Smithson, know thyself!"

The mixture of ancient Greek and Gaelic fire in Grogan's soul seared Charles. He stood staring down at the doctor, then looked aside, and returned to the fireside, his back to his tormentor. There was a long silence. Grogan watched him intently.

At last Charles spoke.

"I am not made for marriage. My misfortune is to have realized it too late."

“Have you read Malthus?” Charles shook his head. “For him the tragedy of Homo sapiens is that the least fit to survive breed the most. So don’t say you aren’t made for marriage, my boy. And don’t blame yourself for falling for that girl. I think I know why that French sailor ran away. He knew she had eyes a man could drown in.”

Charles swiveled round in agony. “On my most sacred honor, nothing improper has passed between us.

You must believe that.”

“I believe you. But let me put you through the old catechism. Do you wish to hear her? Do you wish to see her? Do you wish to touch her?”

Charles turned away again and sank into the chair, his face in his hands. It was no answer, yet it said everything. After a moment, he raised his face and stared into the fire.

“Oh my dear Grogan, if you knew the mess my life was in ... the waste of it ... the uselessness of it. I have no moral purpose, no real sense of duty to anything. It seems only a few months ago that I was twenty-one—full of hopes...all disappointed. And now to get entangled in this miserable business...”

Grogan moved beside him and gripped his shoulder. “You are not the first man to doubt his choice of bride.” “She understands so little of what I really am.” “She is—what?—a dozen years younger than yourself? And she has known you not six months. How could she understand you as yet? She is hardly out of the schoolroom.”

Charles nodded gloomily. He could not tell the doctor his real conviction about Ernestina: that she would never understand him. He felt fatally disabused of his own intelligence. It had let him down in his choice of a life partner; for like so many Victorian, and perhaps more recent, men Charles was to live all his life under the influence of the ideal. There are some men who are consoled by the idea that there are women less attractive than their wives; and others who are haunted by the knowledge that there are more attractive. Charles now saw only too well which category he belonged to. He murmured, “It is not her fault. It cannot be.” “I should think not. A pretty young innocent girl like that.”

“I shall honor my vows to her.”

“Of course.”

A silence.

“Tell me what to do.”

“First tell me your real sentiments as regards the other.”

Charles looked up in despair; then down to the fire, and tried at last to tell the truth.

“I cannot say, Grogan. In all that relates to her, I am an enigma to myself. I do not love her. How could I?”

A woman so compromised, a woman you tell me is mentally diseased. But ... it is as if ... I feel like a man possessed against his will—against all that is better in his character. Even now her face rises before me, denying all you say. There is something in her. A knowledge, an apprehension of nobler things than are compatible with either evil or madness. Beneath the cross ... I cannot explain.”

“I did not lay evil at her door. But despair.”

No sound, but a floorboard or two that creaked as the doctor paced. At last Charles spoke again.

“What do you advise?”

“That you leave matters entirely in my hands.”

“You will go to see her?”

“I shall put on my walking boots. I shall tell her you have been unexpectedly called away. And you must go away, Smithson.”

“It so happens I have urgent business in London.”
