



**NAMIBIA UNIVERSITY
OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**

FACULTY OF COMMERCE, HUMAN SCIENCES AND EDUCATION

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION AND LANGUAGES

QUALIFICATION: BACHELOR OF ENGLISH AND LINGUISTICS	
QUALIFICATION CODE: 07BENL	LEVEL: 5
COURSE CODE: ILT511S	COURSE NAME: INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE 1A
SESSION: JUNE 2025	PAPER: THEORY
DURATION: 3 HOURS	MARKS: 100

FIRST OPPORTUNITY EXAMINATION QUESTION PAPER	
EXAMINER(S)	Dr E. #Gawas Mr F. Salomo
MODERATOR:	Dr A. Nghikembua

INSTRUCTIONS	
<ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Answer ALL three (3) questions.2. Write clearly and neatly.3. Number the answers clearly.4. Indicate whether you are a FM, PM or DI student on the cover of your answer booklet.	

PERMISSIBLE MATERIALS

1. Examination paper
2. Examination script

THIS QUESTION PAPER CONSISTS OF _5_ PAGES (Including this cover page)

Read *The Story of an Hour* by Kate Chopin and answer the questions that follow:

QUESTION 1

[30]

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half-concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will—as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulse beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills.

<https://www.katechopin.org/story-hour/>

- 1.1 What is the central *conflict* in the story? (2)
- 1.2 What is the climax of the story? (2)
- 1.3 Where does most of the story take place? (2)
- 1.4 *Characters* (5)
 - 1.4.1 Who is the main character in the story?
 - 1.4.2 Is the main character static or dynamic? Motivate your answer.
 - 1.4.3 What role does Josephine play in the story?
 - 1.4.4 "Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife" is an indication that Richards was protective of Louise Mallard. True or False. (1)
- 1.5 What *point of view* is used in the story? Motivate your answer. (2)
- 1.6 What is one major *theme* in the story? Motivate your answer. (2)
- 1.7 What does the open window *symbolize*? (2)
- 1.8 The following *metaphor* represents Louise's renewal and rebirth as she begins to embrace her independence. True or False (2)

- 1.9 Identify a correctly quote a *simile* from the story. (2)
- 1.10 Which word or phrase is *repeated* in the story and why? (2)
- 1.11 What is *ironic* about what the doctors say about Louise's death? (2)
- 1.12 Identify and correctly quote an example of parallelism from the story. (2)
- 1.13 What in your opinion is the significance of the title of the story? (2)

QUESTION 2

[35]

The statement "Oedipus is responsible for his own downfall" is an important idea in Sophocles' play Oedipus Rex. The story of Oedipus shows how both fate and personal choices can lead to a tragic end. While fate plays a big role in his life, Oedipus's own decisions and personality also contribute to his downfall.

Write a well-structured essay of 350-400 words in which you discuss how Oedipus' *personality*, *fate* and *choices* contribute to his downfall. Motivate your discussion with references to the story.

QUESTION 3

[35]

Write a well-structured essay of 350-400 words in which you analyse how Wole Soyinka advocates for tradition in his play *The Lion and the Jewel*. Provide examples from the text.

END OF QUESTION PAPER