

i Information page

Welcome to the written examination in ENG1304 - American Literature

24 January 2020, 4 hours.

- You must choose **ONE** of the essay questions on the next page and write an essay on that topic.
- You must answer in English.
- You have access to an online English-English dictionary: <https://www.macmillandictionary.com>
- Your answer will be automatically saved every 20 seconds.
- You must write and submit your entire assignment in Inspira.













Good luck with your exam!

1 Essay questions

Answer ONE question.

1. Give an interpretation of "In the Waiting Room," paying attention both to thematic and stylistic features. (Text provided.)
2. Analyze and discuss the similarities and differences in the use of point of view in "Bartleby, the Scrivener" and "A Rose for Emily" and how the narrators contribute to the stories' meaning.
3. Discuss how the central symbol in "The Yellow Wall-paper" functions in relation to the plot and theme(s) of the story.

Fill in your answer here

Format | **B** | *I* | U | x_2 | x^2 | I_x |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

Words: 0

Maximum marks: 0

Question 1
Attached



Elizabeth Bishop, "In the Waiting Room"

In Worcester, Massachusetts,
I went with Aunt Consuelo
to keep her dentist's appointment
and sat and waited for her
in the dentist's waiting room.
It was winter. It got dark
early. The waiting room
was full of grown-up people,
arctics and overcoats,
lamps and magazines. 10
My aunt was inside
what seemed like a long time
and while I waited I read
the *National Geographic*
(I could read) and carefully
studied the photographs:
the inside of a volcano,
black, and full of ashes;
then it was spilling over
in rivulets of fire. 20
Osa and Martin Johnson
dressed in riding breeches,
laced boots, and pith helmets.
A dead man slung on a pole
—"Long Pig," the caption said.
Babies with pointed heads
wound round and round with string;
black, naked women with necks
wound round and round with wire
like the necks of light bulbs. 30
Their breasts were horrifying.
I read it right straight through.
I was too shy to stop.
And then I looked at the cover:
the yellow margins, the date.

Suddenly, from inside,
came an *oh!* of pain
—Aunt Consuelo's voice—
not very loud or long.
I wasn't at all surprised; 40
even then I knew she was
a foolish, timid woman.
I might have been embarrassed,

but wasn't. What took me
completely by surprise
was that it was *me*:
my voice, in my mouth.
Without thinking at all
I was my foolish aunt,
I—we—were falling, falling, 50
our eyes glued to the cover
of the *National Geographic*,
February, 1918.

I said to myself: three days
and you'll be seven years old.
I was saying it to stop
the sensation of falling off
the round, turning world.
into cold, blue-black space.
But I felt: you are an *I*, 60
you are an *Elizabeth*,
you are one of *them*.

Why should you be one, too?
I scarcely dared to look
to see what it was I was.
I gave a sidelong glance
—I couldn't look any higher—
at shadowy gray knees,
trousers and skirts and boots
and different pairs of hands 70
lying under the lamps.

I knew that nothing stranger
had ever happened, that nothing
stranger could ever happen.
Why should I be my aunt,
or me, or anyone?
What similarities—
boots, hands, the family voice
I felt in my throat, or even 80
the *National Geographic*
and those awful hanging breasts—

held us all together
or made us all just one?
How—I didn't know any
word for it—how “unlikely” . . .
How had I come to be here,
like them, and overhear
a cry of pain that could have

got loud and worse but hadn't?

The waiting room was bright
and too hot. It was sliding
beneath a big black wave,
another, and another.

Then I was back in it.
The War was on. Outside,
in Worcester, Massachusetts,
were night and slush and cold,
and it was still the fifth
of February, 1918.