



# UNIVERSITETET I OSLO

Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk

## TAKE-HOME EXAM AUTUMN 2013 4 pages

ENG2162 – CONTRASTIVE AND LEARNER LANGUAGE ANALYSIS

2 – 5 December

Your paper must be submitted in the folder “Eksamensinnlevering” (to be found in the Fronter “fellesrom”) **at 14.00 (2 p.m.)** on the submission day. The folder will automatically close at this time. If you have technical problems, you must contact the exam coordinator immediately.

The first page of your paper must contain:

- Candidate number (4 digits, which you find in StudentWeb), NOT your name
- Course code and course name
- Semester and year
- The title of your paper

Please use Times New Roman, 12 pt., 1.5 line spacing in the body of the text. In the header you write your candidate number, course code and semester. All pages must be numbered.

When submitting your paper, you must confirm that you are familiar with the University’s rules regarding proper citing of sources. Make sure that you have enough time to read through the declaration.

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*Answer both Part I and Part II. A pass mark is required on both parts. Your answer should not exceed 10 standard pages, though the front page and your list of works consulted may come in addition. (One standard page: 2300 characters.)*

### **PART I (30%)**

Define and discuss **THREE** of the following terms/concepts with reference to relevant literature on the subject. Illustrate with examples from one or more corpora where this is relevant (e.g. the ENPC, NICLE, LOCNESS).

- a. Intralingual error
- b. Lexical dissonance
- c. Parallel corpus
- d. Congruent vs. divergent correspondence

### **PART II (70%)**

Write an essay on **ONE** of the following topics. You are expected to use evidence from relevant corpora in your paper (ENPC, NICLE, LOCNESS).

- 1) Study and analyse the NICLE text below (<ICLE-NO-UO-0064.1>) and comment on the language, paying particular attention to level of formality and writer/reader visibility. You should also analyse the essay in terms of:
  - Lexical errors
    - Formal confusion
    - Conceptual confusion
    - Equivalence error
  - Grammatical errors
    - Syntax
    - Mechanics
  
- 2) Use the fiction part of the ENPC to study the English verb *bring* and the Norwegian verb *bringe* in a contrastive perspective. Include inflected forms. What do the translation patterns reveal about the uses and meanings of these words? (You may want to look at only a sample of the hits.)  
  
[Alternative: you can use the En-Ge-En corpus to compare English *bring* and German *bringen* instead.]
  
- 3) Study the first 100 correspondences of the Norwegian verb (lemma) *mene* in ENPC/fiction, i.e. the first page of hits (using the search string `mene | mener | mente | ment`). What are the English correspondences? What – if any – difficulties would you assume the lemma *mean* would create for Norwegian learners of English? Then study material from NICLE and state to what extent your predictions were correct.
  
- 4) Discuss how the application of the integrated contrastive model can contribute to the study of learner language and the improvement of language teaching. Illustrate your discussion with relevant corpus examples.

**Relevant links:**

English-Norwegian Parallel Corpus: <http://www.tekstlab.uio.no/cgi-bin/omc/PerITCE.cgi>

NICLE corpus: <http://www.tekstlab.uio.no/cgi-bin/omc/NICLEsearch.cgi>

LOCNESS corpus: <http://www.tekstlab.uio.no/cgi-bin/omc/LOCNESSsearch.cgi>

**Username:** colla

**Password:** fall2013

## NICLE text

<ICLE-NO-UO-0064.1>

### Feminism

This is supposed to be an essay on feminism. From an academic point of view it probably isn't. To be honest; had I been reader, and not writer, of this text; I myself would probably have skimmed through it text shaking my head, and labelled it a most déclassé rant in written form. And this is natural, I suppose. I am, after all, still a teenager. So don't expect this to be the subdued musings of a thirty-something W O M A N with a Harvard degree. (Elizabeth Wurzel; I'm sorry) Take it for what it is, for your own sake as well as mine. For this is an essay on how our mothers tried to make proper women of us. Or rather, how they failed.

Growing up, I adored my mother. I still do, as a matter of fact, but not in the childlike manner of times past. But I did love her, and more than anything, I loved listening to her. (She grew up in the sixties, so obviously she had a story or two to tell.) And undergoing the earthly purgatory that becoming a teenager is, she would tell me about feminism. And with feminism; I mean sex. To me, these two spheres are so joined at the hip (no pun intended) that trying to separate them is not only pointless, it's impossible. And believe you me, I've tried.

You see, feminism to me has little or nothing to do with the right to vote, the right to choose, equal pay-checks, and the like. I take these things for granted, and at nineteen it's okay to be that way. At least that's what I like to think. I mean, YES, circumcision of women is clearly a very bad thing, as is abusive husbands, obsessive boyfriends, date rape or just plain rape. I'm not dumb, I know that these things happen. But they have never happened to me, and I am way too self-centered and selfish to be bothered about things that don't concern me directly. (This is why all my girlfriends went on to become nurses and I didn't. At least I know what I'm not good at. And, at least at this point in my life, caring for others is just not my cup of tea.)

But back to my mother. The most important thing she said; the thing she stressed to the point of tedium was: do not be a slut. The irony was that I really didn't have an option; I was dead ugly and to top it off I was incredibly annoying (as is still the case) at this point in my life, and no boy/man in his right mind wanted to sleep with me anyway. So what I was told by my mother was actually a nice blanket to hide under. "I'm not too ugly to get laid, I just have too much self-respect to have sex". The "don't be cheap" policy in a sense excused my lack of sex-appeal. That way of thinking got me safely into my fifteenth year. This was when I discovered that boys in their 20's DRINK, and thus couldn't care less that your face looked like .....well, something very strange, anyway, and that you were on the heavier side of Ricki Lake. No one and nothing could save you from landing on your back. And yes, that IS literally speaking, and very very sad. And on this platform I was supposed to form myself, to become someone; make myself. Of course I was bound to lose the plot.

School is supposed to be a good thing, right? Wrong. It's supposed to teach you self-respect, right? Wrong again. School would teach us about sex, but not of love. It would tell us what happens, but not what causes it, nor what it causes. It's like giving loaded guns to a bunch of serial killers and asking, in a very polite way, not to fire. "Sex is the greatest thing since water-proof mascara, girls. But don't have it". Mhm. We weren't even told WHY we shouldn't have sex. Unless you count religion classes, but that DOESN'T count, cause no one paid attention during those classes anyway. The ones who DID actually try telling us why sex wasn't necessarily a good thing, was our mothers. Unfortunately, all they would say was "Girls who have too much sex are considered whores". That sole sentence has ruined every fragment of liberation these grown women fought so hard for in their own youth, and wanted so desperately to pass on to their own daughters when that time came. They fought, they conquered, and ruined it all themselves.

The flag of virtue was the flag flown by what I like to call, the "spy squad." With the "spy squad" I mean the annoying girls who were so...GOOD they seemed to good to be true. And they were. These are the girls who would start, and spread, rumours. The ones who were so

brainwashed by prude-paranoia that they would turn your blow-job into five intercoursers. I know these girls like my own pocket for the simple fact that I was one of them at times, still being too ugly to pick up guys.

Then high.school came.All sweet sixteen and no more hymens to lose.But the prudes seem to multiply by the seconds ,they were like gremlins .(this really IS a good comparison ,as gremlins dont need intercourse to give birth;but grow cucoons on their backs.So the spy squad would probably be very pleased with being called gremlins.) There was a bigger environment for them to infiltrate here , and you could almost imagine them passing out flyers in the hall, seeking new members :**"MORE GIRLS ,MORE SLUTS ,MORE BACKS TO STAB . MORE MORE MORE!**We want YOU to help us on our crusade to exterminate freedom of women! join now ,and get the first years membership for free!"And I was so blind to what was going on ,I actually still believed that men wasnt just the answer but the question as well. My focus was always on men.

And then the amazing thing happened ,I started looking better.I also matured a bit;learned to hold my tongue at times and everything.By this point the damage was severe ;I had read so many books by closet lesbian "seven-eleven feminists" that I was convinced that men really WERE assholes who went for looks and looks alone ,and NOW , NOW they would all come , now that I looked better.And I'd make them pay.And then nothing.Not a call , not a date;nothing.And this all felt very frustrating at first.But when the frustration wore off I started noticing that something very strange was happening.Rumours of rumours behind my back , little words and gestures that hadn't been there before.And it was the girls who had changed their opinion on ,and treatment of ,me,not the boys.I had never been a threat to these girls before , and for this I was , if not liked , then at least accepted , and now that I posed a threat ,and offered competition, I was to suffer.

And that is the problem with women..feminism is about women , right? So would the gathered masses of ball-crushing feminists around the world please stop including endless passages on how bad men are in their works , and how they're holding us back , when the sad state of things is that women , when free and liberated (and yes, we are) do nothing but stab eachothers backs and scowl at eachothers faces all our time.Its no wonder that I was always well liked by men on a platonic level , I couldnt care less if someone calls me or my girlfriends whores because we have sex ,and like sex , and on the whole are very relaxed and natural about it.Other women are so stressed with the pressure of being liked that they're never really able to get a grip and find out what they really think about anyone or anything ,least of all sex. They're running around like headless chicken. Headless chicken high on speed ,to make my point even more clear.So as far as sex and girls go , I have been told that when a woman has casual sex ,she will expect something more;you know , its the classic "a whole week and he still hasnt called" scenario" But I think that if these girls would analyze the situation they would say to themselves "why am I so hurt by the fact that the phone remains silent night after night?".And the answer ,if honest , would NOT be the fact that they are SOOO in love with this guy that they cant live without him , but that they feel that they arent "good enough" , theyve been trampled on. And sure , this is the sort of thing that happens.Women would be able to live with this if they had had confidence from the starting point. But because of other women , they dont.The men of the world untied our hands and legs a long time ago.And I think its about time we start to move on our own.

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**The grades will be published within 3 weeks after the exam date.**

**For an explanation of the mark obtained, please contact the exam coordinator, Kristin Berstad ([k.m.berstad@ilos.uio.no](mailto:k.m.berstad@ilos.uio.no)) within one week after the exam results have been published in StudentWeb. Remember to include your name and candidate number. The examiner will then decide whether to give a written or oral explanation.**