



UNIVERSITY OF EMBU

2017/2018 ACADEMIC YEAR

TRIMESTER EXAMINATIONS

SECOND YEAR EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS

CLL 605: STYLISTICS

DATE: AUGUST 7, 2018

TIME: 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM

INSTRUCTIONS:

Answer Question ONE and ANY Other TWO Questions.

QUESTION ONE (30 MARKS)

- a) Describe the role of pragmatics in literary analysis. (6 marks)
- b) Examine how functionalism aids stylistic analysis. (6 marks)
- c) Using clearly illustrated examples, explain the following terms:
- i) Oxymoron (4 marks)
 - ii) Semantic redundancy (4 marks)
- d) Explain the use of Symbolism in communication (6 marks)
- e) Examine why political discourse uses a lot of irony (4 marks)

QUESTION TWO (20 MARKS)

"A writer cannot create an entirely new language. He has to respect the fundamental rules of the language he uses". Defining clearly what is meant by creative use of language and poetic license, discuss. (20 marks)

QUESTION THREE (20 MARKS)

Explain in what ways semantics helps us to understand the relationship between form and content in a work of art.

(20 marks)

QUESTION FOUR (20 MARKS)

- a) Explain the concept of suprasegmentals? (5 marks)
- b) Discuss why knowledge of suprasegmentals is important in the study of poetry and drama? (15 marks)

QUESTION FIVE (20 MARKS)

- a) Write an essay entitled "Lexical Variation in Literature", (10 marks)
- b) Present a stylistic analysis of the following poem or land passage.

Nightfall in Soweto
Nightfall
a dreaded disease
Seeping through the pores
of a healthy body
and ravaging it beyond repair.
A murderer's hand
lurking in the shadows,
Clasping the dagger,
strikes down the helpless victim.
I am a victim
~ am slaughtered
every night in the streets
I am cornered by the fear
gnawing at my timid heart
in my helplessness I languish
Man has ceased to be man
Man has become beast
Man has become prey
I am the prey
I am the quarry to be run down
by the marauding being
let loose by cruel nightfall
from his cage of death.

Where is my refuge?
where am I safe?
Not in my matchbox house
where I barricade myself against nightfall.
I tremble at his crunching footsteps,
I quake at his deafening knock at the door.
"Open up!" he barks like a rapid dog
thirsty for my blood.
. Nightfall! Nightfall!
you are my mortal enemy.
But why were you ever created?
Why can't it be daytime?
Daytime forever more?

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