



**Høgskolen i Telemark**

Slutteksamen

60% av emnet i

**2001-002 INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES**

10 studiepoeng

**1. desember 2009**

**Sydney, Australia**

Tidsrom: 9:00 – 13:00

Målform: Engelsk

Sidetal: 4 medrekna framside

Antall oppgaver: 1 oppgave

**Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjorde på StudentWeb via [www.hit.no](http://www.hit.no).  
Kom i hug studentnummer og kandidatnummer for kvar eksamen.**



**Avdeling for allmennvitenskaplege fag.**



**FINAL EXAMINATION**  
**ENGLISH I – INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH STUDIES (2001)**

Gateway College, Sydney  
1/12/2009

Time: 4 hours  
Language: English

Candidates are allowed to bring dictionaries. Please note that only English-English dictionaries are permitted, not English-Norwegian/Norwegian-English.

This exam counts 60% towards the final mark in 2001 Introduction to British Studies.

Please write your answers on the ordinary answer paper, and arrange your papers so that your answers appear in the same order as the questions. Make sure to fill in your candidate number (student number) at the top of each page!



**EXAM QUESTIONS:**

Choose ONE of the following questions:

- 1) Discuss the title and the importance of class played in John Braine's *Room at the Top*.
- 2) In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* the party slogan is "Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past." Write an essay where you examine Winston Smith's fascination with history.
- 3) Give an interpretation of Seamus Heaney's poem "Digging" (appendix).



## Appendix

### "Digging"

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; as snug as a gun.

Under my window a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade,  
Just like his old man.

My grandfather could cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, digging down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.