



Høgskolen i Telemark

Avdeling for allmennvitenskaplege fag

UNDERVEGSEKSAMEN

Emnekode:	2011
Emnenamn:	Essay Writing
Studiepoeng for emnet:	5
Omfang av denne eksamenen i % av heile emnet:	40 %
Eksamensdato:	19. april 2012
Eksamensstad:	Sydney
Lengde/tidsrom:	14 dagers heimeoppgåve: Frå kl 1500, 5. april (finnes på Fronter) til innlevering kl. 15 00, 19. april (innleveringsfrist). NB. Skal leverast på Gateway kontoret i papirformat (maskinskrevet) med underteikna forside. Forsiden får man på kontoret eller: http://www.hit.no/nor/content/view/full/83888
Målform:	Engelsk
Ant. sider inkl. framside	4
Tillatne hjelpemiddel:	
Merknader:	<u>Your essay must not contain other people's work without this being stated; and the bibliography must contain all the literature that is used in the essay, and all the references must refer to the bibliography.</u> For fusk se: http://www.hit.no/nor/content/view/full/83888
Ant. vedlegg:	Sider 3 og 4: "Mandalay"

Eksamensresultat finn du etter sensurfall ved å logge deg inn med brukarnamn og passord på StudentWeb (hit.no)



Essay Writing 2

Write an essay on ONE of the questions below. The essay should be between 1,000 and 2,000 words long.

1. Analyse the poem 'Punishment' by Seamus Heaney. Your essay should focus on the form and content of the poem (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature - The Twentieth Century and After*).
2. Analyse 'Church Going' by Philip Larkin. Your essay should focus on the form and content of the poem (*The Norton Anthology of English Literature – The Sixteenth Century and Early Seventeenth Century*).
3. Give an analysis of Rudyard Kipling's 'Mandalay' (see attachment).



Mandalay¹

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say;
"Come you back, you British Soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles clunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-Yaw-Lat jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud--
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd--
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay ...

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-la-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek again my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.
Elephants a-piling teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay ...

But that's all shove be'ind me -- long ago and fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay ...

¹ "Mandalay" is published in *Barrack Room Ballads*.



I am sick 'o wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and--
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', and it's there that I would be--
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!