

2202441 British Fiction from the Twentieth Century to the Present
Semester II, 2021
Thursday, May 5, 2022
Test 2

(online, open-book; 1 hour for writing and 15 minutes for thought and proofreading)

Write a unified essay that discusses a common topic or characteristic among **three quotes** in **one set** of the following six sets of quotes. How do the works approach the same subject or utilize the same characteristic? How does the different take on the subject shape other aspects of the narrative and the language? What effect does the characteristic or feature have and why is it meaningful in the context of the work? In your analysis, feel free to refer to relevant textual evidence in the same works to illustrate and support your argument.

Set 1

- “Sine,” he repeated after me, as if he wanted to taste the sound of the word in his mouth. It is our word for gift.
“Sine,” I replied.
- The field was so flooded that the water came ankle height up my wellingtons and I had to carry Daisy right up to the front door.
As I was putting the key in the lock, my mother came to her front door and said, “I saw you staggering up the drive—is she drunk again?”
Daisy slid off my back and said, “Again, Pauline? Again? I can’t remember the last time I was drunk!”
- He selected some music and thought that he would dance, but he failed. Instead he turned up the music until it smothered the sound of the dead woman weeping in his heart.
- “You’ve lost your hair,” she said.
“It happens. At least it shows I’m not an alcoholic.”
“I didn’t say you were. We’ll sit on one of those benches.”

Set 2

- The kid says, ‘Nice to meet you, Nathan,’ like he’s a teacher or something. Bet he goes to a posh school, being the son of a Lord and Lady.
- When his DES grant ran out, Val became the breadwinner, whilst he finished his PhD.
- when you all make the same errors, communication becomes flawless
- I’m not very interested in my schooldays, and don’t feel any nostalgia for them. But school is where it all began, so I need to return briefly to a few incidents that have grown into anecdotes, to some approximate memories which time has deformed into certainty.
- They said many things; mainly bitterly complaining about their lack of inheritance, violation of their rights and the complete injustice of the situation.

Set 3

- A man is the history of his breaths and thoughts, acts, atoms and wounds, love, indifference and dislike; also of his race and nation, the soil that fed him and his forebears, the stones and sands of his familiar places, long-silenced battles and struggles of conscience, of the smiles of girls and the slow utterance of old women, of accidents and the gradual action of inexorable law, of all this and something else too, a single flame which in every way obeys the laws that pertain to Fire itself, and yet is lit and put out from one moment to the next, and can never be relumed in the whole waste of time to come.
- Is the application of logic to the human condition in and of itself self-defeating?
- People owned the narrative of their own lives, it did not belong to the professionals.

Set 4

- ABBOT GODFRIED: What be this foul place called?
YOKEL JOHN: 'Taint got no name, 'tis just an 'ill an' a few fields and an 'ovel or two.
ABBOT GODFRIED: In a storm a hovel is as meritorious as a palace, yokel. [16]
- *A moment later there came the crack of gunfire, a shout and a laugh. An animal of some kind sprang forward and bolted the line of the fence until it disappeared through a hole in the wire. 'What was that?' Attila asked the aide.
'Fox. Somebody used to give food before. Now comes here looking. First one shoots it wins.'*
'Wins what?'
The aide shrugged. 'Wins bet.'
- What a waste of time. I could be at home, playing 'Germans versus British' on my desert battleground. Rommel's tanks are cornered.
- "I *hate* the way the English have of not being serious about being serious. I really *hate* it."

Set 5

- Leaves blow down from an overhanging branch. There's more leaves off than there are leaves left. October. The clocks go back tonight.
- 6. My daughter, Gracie, showing alarming Stalinist traits. Is this normal behavior for the under-fives?
- There had been a memorial for Rosie, not at forty days, which had been Attila's first instinct. The centre director, whose name he had discovered to be Mrs. White, had told him that none of them could rely on the residents' ability to remember Rosie, or even to still be alive. He laughed at himself, the absurdity of imagining otherwise.
- It was more unsettling because it looked and felt quietly wrong, as if some small lever of the universe had been pressed, and here, just for these minutes, nature was reversed, and time with it. And to see this phenomenon after dark made it the more mysterious, the more otherworldly.

Set 6

- I understand. That was my soul. My soul. It's gone. Valium. Bad Valium. Bad Valium. Bad –
- And beyond these, there is unrest. There is great unrest.
- That was not your Daddy after all. I found out the best way. I got him to tell me himself. Maybe you will find the real Daddy one day. Maybe not. But in the meantime, you can be happy again.
- In two days, less, he will deliver the letter to her himself.