

**UNIVERSITY OF SWAZILAND**

**FACULTY OF HUMANITIES**

**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH**

**SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION PAPER, JULY 2007**

<b>TITLE OF PAPER</b>	<b>:</b>	<b>ENGLISH GRAMMAR III - ENGLISH COMPOSITION, WRITING AND STYLISTICS</b>
<b>COURSE CODE:</b>	<b>:</b>	<b>ENG 302</b>
<b>TIME ALLOWED</b>	<b>:</b>	<b>TWO (2) HOURS</b>
<b>INSTRUCTIONS</b>	<b>:</b>	<b>ANSWER ANY THREE QUESTIONS OF YOUR CHOICE.</b>

**THIS PAPER IS NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL PERMISSION IS GIVEN BY THE  
INVIGILATOR.**

**QUESTION 1**

Discuss the following as situational constraints on language use:

- (a) Individuality
- (b) Dialects
- (c) Status
- (d) Province

**QUESTION 2**

As the oldest member of a child headed family of six children, write a letter to a charity organization calling their attention to your economic predicament. The body of the letter should be about 250 words.

**QUESTION 3**

Style has been seen and even defined as a grammar of possibilities. Illustrate this with examples from your readings in literary and non-literary texts.

**QUESTION 4**

What do you understand as the dyatipic nature of language. Use examples to illustrate the characteristics of the different types you have discussed.

**QUESTION 5**

“The writer does the most who gives the reader most information and takes from him the least time”. Discuss the relevance of this statement in relation to characteristics that readers share.

**QUESTION 6**

Discuss how the metaphors and similes have been used in this extract to sharpen the images portrayed.

Consider the following passage from Mahlangu, the sugar daddy who wrote a letter to this young girlfriend:

My dear Cabangile, listen to the bleeding heart of a man who is your father's age. I am old, but I am respectable. I also read the bible and donate blood once in six months. You know that I am now a fool in a wet paper bag because of you. You need to take me out of this situation. I am a lost star that is floating in a misty cloud looking for the lost mermaid. You are my mermaid. Will I ever find you? My heart bleeds as if it was pierced with a cruel knife each time I think of you. I lie awake at night like a rock on the Sinceni mountains. I look at the valleys and hope you will come to me wearing your uniform and your youth will turn me into a new radio. You my Eveready battery. Please charge some virility into me. As each day passes I fee like a cadaver on the slaughter table of love. Please free me from my misery. I will be waiting to give you E1000.00 today at the Coronation Park. I like the look of your beautiful thighs in that short uniform. I need to tell you more this very afternoon, my dear ....