

Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following passage carefully. Then in a well-organized essay show how the author reveals the diversity of feelings that Carrie experiences as a newly-wed bride relocating to her husband's town. In your analysis you may wish to consider such things as diction, tone, figurative language, and syntax.

- “The Clarks have invited some folks to their house to meet us, tonight,” said Kennicott, as he unpacked his suit-case.
- (5) “Oh, that is nice of them!”
- “You bet. I told you you’d like ‘em. Squarest people on earth. Uh, Carrie—Would you mind if I sneaked down to the office for an hour, just to see how things are?”
- (10) “Why, no. Of course not. I know you’re keen to get back to work.”
- “Sure you don’t mind?”
- “Not a bit. Out of my way. Let me unpack.”
- But the advocate of freedom in marriage was as much disappointed as a drooping bride at the alacrity with which he took that freedom and escaped to the world of men’s affairs. She gazed about their bedroom, and its full dismalness crawled over her: the awkward knuckly L-shape of it; the black walnut bed with apples and spotty pears carved on the headboard; the imitation maple bureau, with pink-daubed scent bottles and a petticoated pin-cushion on a marble slab uncomfortably like a gravestone; the plain pine washstand and the garlanded water-pitcher and bowl. The scent was of horsehair and plush and Florida Water.
- (15) “How could people ever live with things like this?” she shuddered. She saw the furniture as a circle of elderly judges, condemning her to death by smothering. The tottering brocade chair squeaked, “Choke her—choke her—smother her.” The old linen smelled of the tomb. She was alone in this house, among the shadows of dead thoughts and haunting repressions. “I hate it! I hate it!” she panted. “Why did I ever—”
- (20) She remembered that Kennicott’s mother had brought these family relics from the old home in Lac-qui-Meurt. “Stop it! They’re perfectly comfortable things. They’re—comfortable.
- (40) Besides—Oh, they’re horrible! We’ll change them, right away!”
- Then, “But of course he has to see how things are at the office—”
- (45) She made a pretense of busying herself with unpacking. The chintz-lined, silver-fitted bag which had seemed so desirable a luxury in St. Paul was an extravagant vanity here. The daring black chemise of frail chiffon and lace was a hussy at which the deep-bosomed bed stiffened in disgust, and she hurled it into a bureau drawer, hid it beneath a sensible linen blouse.
- (50) She gave up unpacking. She went to the window, with a purely literary thought of village charm—hollyhocks and lanes and apple-cheeked cottagers. What she saw was the side of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church—a plain clapboard wall of a sour liver color; the ash-pile back of the church; an unpainted stable; and an alley in which a Ford delivery-wagon had been stranded. This was the terraced garden below her boudoir; this was to be her scenery for—
- (55) “I mustn’t! I mustn’t! I’m nervous this afternoon. Am I sick?...Good Lord, I hope it isn’t that? Not now!...Please, dear nebulous Lord, not now!...”.
- (60) (65)