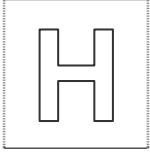


2018

JC2 H1 Literature In English

1.	ACJC	
2.	AJC	
3.	CJC	
4.	DHS	
5.	HCI	
6.	IJC	
7.	JJC	
8.	MI	
9.	MJC	
10.	NYJC	
11.	PJC	
12.	RI	
13.	SAJC	
14.	SRJC	
15.	TJC	
16.	VJC	



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Aug 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, index number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B and one question from Section C.

Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, tie each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in details ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Grandfather

I remember His sparse white hair and lean face... Creased eyes that twinkled when he laughed And the sea-worn skin Patterned to a latticework of lines.	5
I remember His blue-veined, calloused hands. Long gnarled fingers Stretching out towards the fire – Three fingers missing – Yet he was able to make model yachts And weave baskets. Each bronzed Autumn He would gather berries Each breathing Spring His hands were filled with flowers.	10 15
I remember Worshipping his fisherman's yarns. Watching his absorbed expression As he solved the daily crossword With the slim cigarette, hand rolled, Placed between his lips.	20
I remember The snowdrops The impersonal hospital bed, The reek of antiseptic.	25
I remember, too, The weeping child And wilting daffodils Laid upon his grave.	30

by Susan Hrynkow

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in details ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

The @ Generation

*"Starting today you are a brand... you're every bit as much a brand as Nike, Coke, Pepsi, or the Body Shop... writing your own Mission Statement to guide you as CEO of Me, Inc."
~Tom Peters, Fast Company*

My mobile phone generation,
In contact but beyond reach,
A hunger gnaws between their narrowed eyes
Offering regular joss-sticks of time and pay,
Before the altar of sodium-lit brand-names. 5
Survivors of the struggle for status,
Only ever lived in a garden city of peace and plenty
Surrounded by neutral jungle country.
Never seen the Merlion roar,
Seduced by slick images of war 10
Projected on giant multiplex screens.

My generation of math and science prodigies
Excel early in memorising and mesmerising
But wane in their twilight twenties
With unimaginative excuses for their uncreativity. 15

My generation has not Acquired Immunity to Desire and Sex,
From the lure of younger sisters
Sporting kamasutra¹ crop-tops
Showing off smooth, flat stomachs
And the dimple of a pierced belly-button, 20
Encouraging the navel-gazing
Of a whole generation of men.

My shopping, job-hopping, clubbing, hubbing, hot-mailing²
Futures-trading, techno, web-surfing @ nowhere generation
Could be dying of the wrong lifestyle 25
But will wear the right brand to the fat-free end.

By Umej Singh Bhatia (b. 1970)

¹ An ancient Hindu text about human sexual behaviour.

² Refers to Hotmail, the first widely available web-based email service

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

- 2 Either (a) 'All the major characters are victims of the society in which the novel is set.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of *The Great Gatsby*?

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways in which it is a fitting conclusion to the concerns of the novel.

"Tom," I inquired, "what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?" He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

"I told him the truth," he said. "He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house –" He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car." 5 10

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering – look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful –" 15

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy – they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made... 20

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace – or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons – rid of my provincial squeamishness forever. 25

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left – the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train. 30

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over. 35

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 40

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 45 50 55

And as I sat there brooding the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 60

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter – tomorrow we will run faster, stretch our arms farther... And one fine morning –

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

(Chapter 9)

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 Either (a) 'Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!'

With this quote in mind, discuss the presentation of knowledge of self and others in the play.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of human nature, here and elsewhere in the play.

ISABELLA:	There spake my brother, there my father's grave Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i'th'head and follies doth enew As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil: His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.	5
CLAUDIO:	The prenzie Angelo?	10
ISABELLA:	Oh 'tis the cunning livery of hell The damned'st body to invest and cover In prenzie guards. Dost thou think, Claudio, If I would yield him my virginity Thou might'st be freed!	15
CLAUDIO:	Oh, heavens, it cannot be!	
ISABELLA:	Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence So to offend him still. This night's the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou diest tomorrow.	20
CLAUDIO:	Thou shalt not do't.	
ISABELLA:	Oh, were it but my life I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.	
CLAUDIO:	Thanks, dear Isabel.	25
ISABELLA:	Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.	
CLAUDIO:	Yes. Has he affections in him, That thus can make him bite the law by th'nose When he would force it? Sure it is no sin, Or of the deadly seven it is the least.	30
ISABELLA:	Which is the least?	
CLAUDIO:	If it were damnable, he, being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fined? Oh Isabel!	
ISABELLA:	What says my brother?	35
CLAUDIO:	Death is a fearful thing.	
ISABELLA:	And shamèd life a hateful.	

CLAUDIO:	Ay, but to die and go we know not where, To lie in cold obstruction and to rot, This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods or to reside In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice, To be imprisoned in the viewless winds And blown with restless violence round about The pendent world, or to be worse than worst Of those that lawless and incertain thought Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible. The weariest and most loathed worldly life That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death.	40
ISABELLA:	Alas, alas.	
CLAUDIO:	Sweet sister, let me live. What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far That it becomes a virtue.	55
ISABELLA:	Oh, you beast! Oh faithless coward, oh dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? Is't not a kind of incest to take life From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? Heaven shield my mother played my father fair, For such a warpèd slip of wilderness Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance, Die, perish. Might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed. I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, No word to save thee.	60
CLAUDIO:	Nay hear me, Isabel.	70
ISABELLA:	Oh, fie, fie, fie! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd, 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.	
CLAUDIO:	Oh hear me, Isabella.	75

(Act 3, Scene 1)



ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 Preliminary Examination 2018

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH
Higher 1
Paper 1 Reading Literature

8832/01
10 September 2018
3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, class and subject tutor's name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or **correction fluid**.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

Attach the Cover Sheet to your work.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages.

[Turn over]

Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Sungei Kallang Afternoons At St Andrew's School

Rivers seldom look their years:
 Your concrete sides, Kallang, withstood
 Time's careless wash. I remember, ginger-foot
 clambering, into the flowing tides of your much
 earlier self we dipped, to rescue
 footballs over-kicked to touch
 on drenched days of boyhood strife.
 These days, such bravado would seem undue, 5
 unbecoming perhaps, among new peers
 in new stations of this ever-shifting life.
 Young adults sometimes try to look their years.

One heightened afternoon, it was here too,
 a new game in hand, we staged maiden runs 10
 for our art class handiwork
 of diamond-shaped rice-paper and bamboo.
 I remember my kite touched the clouds but once,
 zigzagged like a sniped bomber, perked,
 then disappeared, left me forever, 15
 into the village, now flattened, yonder
 and was it you, uncharted moat, perchance,
 who conspired in that loss? The lesson to ponder
 was well-learnt: Life has its ups and downs too.

It could well be that the kampong lad,
 roused from the lakeside reverie by 20
 that plummeting godsend, now lives sky-high
 in a Potong Pasir river-view flat.
 And fitting, also, if from his window he sees me pace
 or dash goalwards today, with strength renewed
 after fifteen years, and if, across that space,
 he mistakes my age, my stance, and feels anew
 his own delight that day, when strangely blessed,
 you sent a gift from the other side. I guess
 I will ever only know this side of you.

Koh Buck Song (b. 1963)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Girls Are Coming Out Of The Woods

Girls are coming out of the woods,
 wrapped in cloaks and hoods,
 carrying iron bars and candles
 and a multitude of scars, collected 5
 on acres of premature grass and city
 buses, in temples and bars. Girls
 are coming out of the woods
 with panties tied around their lips,
 making such a noise, it's impossible 10
 to hear. Is the world speaking too?
 Is it really asking, *What does it mean*
to give someone a proper resting? Girls are
 coming out of the woods, lifting 15
 their broken legs high, leaking secrets
 from unfastened thighs, all the lies
 whispered by strangers and swimming
 coaches, and uncles, especially uncles, 20
 who said spreading would be light
 and easy, who put bullets in their chests
 and fed their pretty faces to fire,
 who sucked the mud clean
 off their ribs, and decorated 25
 their coffins with brier. Girls are coming
 out of the woods, clearing the ground
 to scatter their stories. Even those girls
 found naked in ditches and wells, 30
 those forgotten in neglected attics,
 and buried in river beds like sediments
 from a different century. They've crawled
 their way out from behind curtains
 of childhood, the silver-pink weight 35
 of their bodies pushing against water,
 against the sad, feathered tarnish
 of remembrance. Girls are coming out
 of the woods the way birds arrive 40
 at morning windows – pecking
 and humming, until all you can hear
 is the smash of their miniscule hearts
 against glass, the bright desperation 45
 of sound – bashing, disappearing.
 Girls are coming out of the woods.
 They're coming. They're coming.

Tishani Doshi (b.1975)

Section B

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

2

- Either** (a) 'Gatsby's power to dream lifts him above the meaningless pleasure-seeking of New York society.' How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary of the following passage, relating it to Gatsby's wish to recover the past, here and elsewhere in the novel.

The dilatory limousine came rolling up the drive.

"Good night, Nick," said Daisy.

Her glance left me and sought the lighted top of the steps, where "*Three O'clock in the Morning*", a neat, sad little waltz of that year, was drifting out the open door. After all, in the very casualness of Gatsby's party there were romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. What was it up there in the song that seemed to be calling her back inside? What would happen now in the dim, incalculable hours? Perhaps some unbelievable guest would arrive, a person infinitely rare and to be marvelled at, some authentically radiant young girl who with one fresh glance at Gatsby, one moment of magical encounter, would blot out those five years of unwavering devotion. 5 10

I stayed late that night, Gatsby asked me to wait until he was free, and I lingered in the garden until the inevitable swimming party had run up, chilled and exalted, from the black beach, until the lights were extinguished in the guest-rooms overhead. When he came down the steps at last the tanned skin was drawn unusually tight on his face, and his eyes were bright and tired. 15

"She didn't like it," he said immediately.

"Of course she did."

"She didn't like it," he insisted. "She didn't have a good time."

He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression. 20

"I feel far away from her," he said. "It's hard to make her understand."

"You mean about the dance?"

"The dance?" He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. "Old sport, the dance is unimportant." 25

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: "I never loved you." After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house — just as if it were five years ago. 30

"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours —"

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.

"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past."

"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!" 35

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."

He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life 40

had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was. . . .

. . . One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees — he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something — an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago. For a moment a phrase tried to take shape in my mouth and my lips parted like a dumb man's, as though there was more struggling upon them than a wisp of startled air. But they made no sound, and what I had almost remembered was uncommunicable forever.

(Chapter 6)

Section C

ARTHER MILLER: *Playing For Time*

3

Either
(a)

"...there is life or death in this place. There's no room for anything else whatever."

Comment on the ways in which this view is examined in the course of the play.

Or (b)

Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to how Miller presents hope and despair, here and elsewhere in the play.

- Katrina.* (with a sneer). Now you do her laundry...the contessa?
FANIA takes the bra and stockings to PAULETTE's bunk and hangs them there to dry. PAULETTE is lying awake, but weak, on the bunk.
- Fania.* I washed your things, Paulette.
- Paulette.* Thank you. 5
FANIA climbs into her own bunk and lies there, open-eyed. Some of the other women are asleep, some awake. LOTTE's head appears at the edge of her bunk. FANIA turns to her.
- Lotte.* May I slide in with you for a moment?
- Fania.* Come. 10
She slides over to make room. LOTTE lies down beside her.
- Lotte.* I'm troubled...whether Paulette should have warned the other patients about what's going to happen. What good would it do them to know the audience is going to the gas?
- Fania.* (shakes her head and shrugging). I have no answers anymore, Lotte. I'm living from one minute to the next. My heart beats, so I'm alive, but I'm filling up with dust. 15
- Voices.* Shut up, will you? Trying to sleep! Ssh!
- Fania.* Better go to sleep.
- Lotte.* (with a certain urgency). I just wanted to ask you...about Helene. 20
Her eyes meet FANIA's. FANIA is surprised, curious. LOTTE is innocently fascinated, openly in love but totally unaware of it.
- Lotte.* What do you know about her? I see you talking together sometimes.
- Fania.* Helene? Well...she's a militant Communist...sort of engaged to be married; the kind that has everything planned in life. Why? 25
- Lotte.* I don't know! She just seems so different from the others... so full of courage. I love how she always stands up for herself to the SS.
- Fania.* (after a slight pause, knowing now that she is cementing an affair). That's what she says about you.
- Lotte.* (surprised, excited). She's spoken about me? 30
- Fania.* Quite often. She especially admires your courage. (A slight pause.) And your beauty.
LOTTE looks across the aisle and sees HELENE, who is asleep.
- Lotte.* She's so beautiful, don't you think? I love her face.
- Fania.* It would be quicker if you told me what you don't like about her. 35
- Lotte.* (shyly laughing). I don't understand what is happening to me, Fania. Just knowing that she's nearby, that she'll be there tomorrow when I awake...I think of her all day. I just adore everything she says and does.

<i>Fania.</i>	No. you love her, Lotte.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	You mean...	40
<i>Fania.</i>	Why not? She is lovely.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	(<i>staring at HELENE</i>). I feel...I don't know what it is.	
<i>Fania.</i>	(<i>laughing softly, shaking her head</i>). Oh, the human race!	
<i>Lotte.</i>	Are you laughing at me?	
<i>Fania.</i>	After all you've seen and been through here, you're worried by a thing like that?	45
<i>Lotte.</i>	How stupid I am. I never thought of it as...	
<i>Fania.</i>	Better you can still feel at all. It's a blessing.	
<i>Lotte.</i>	Do you ever have such...feelings?	
<i>Fania.</i>	(<i>shaking her head</i>). I have nothing. Nothing at all, anymore. Go now, sleep.	
	<i>LOTTE starts to slide out of the bunk, then turns back and looks gratefully at FANIA. She reaches out her hand and grasps FANIA's arm, a touch of affection.</i>	50
<i>Fania.</i>	What a proper young lady you must have been!	
	<i>LOTTE smiles, moved, then shyly grins as if confessing this. She moves away then pauses as she starts to pass HELENE. HELENE opens her eyes and she and LOTTE stare at each other in silence. They really look inward, astonished at themselves. LOTTE extends her hand and HELENE touches it. FANIA lies back and closes her eye. There is the drone of bombers in the distance. FANIA slowly opens her eyes, turns on her back, and listens. LOTTE, HELENE, PAULETTE, LIESLE, ETALINA and the others look upward, listening and trying to figure out the nationality of the planes. The POLISH BLOCKAWAS do the same. FANIA gets out of her bunk and goes as though to a window to look out into the 'street'. The bombers continue to drone. FANIA turns from the window and momentarily faces the apprehensive, questioning stares of the others. As FANIA moves toward her bunk, VARYA reaches out and grasps her wrist.</i>	55
<i>Varya.</i>	(<i>pointing upward</i>). American? English?	60
	<i>FANIA shrugs. VARYA releases her.</i>	
<i>Varya.</i>	Too late for you, anyway.	
	<i>FANIA's face is totally expressionless, yet in this impacted look is torment that another human could do this.</i>	
<i>Fania.</i>	Maybe it is too late for the whole human race, Varya.	70

(Act 2)

END OF PAPER



Catholic Junior College

JC2 Preliminary Examinations

Higher 1

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

17 Aug 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Set Texts

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Write your answer to each question on a fresh sheet of paper.
Do not use paper clips, highlighters, glue, or correction fluid on your work.

Answer **three** questions: one from Section A, one from Section B, and one from Section C.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten each of your answers **separately**.
Please attach the **cover sheet** to Section A.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages.

[Turn over]

Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's use of language, style and form.

WIND

This house has been far out at sea all night,
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
Winds stampeding the fields under the window
Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky 5
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as 10
The coal-house door. Once I looked up—
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope¹,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap;
The wind flung a magpie² away and a black- 15
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip 20
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
Seeing the window tremble to come in,
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

Ted Hughes (1930-1998)

¹ *guyrope: a rope or line fixed to the ground to secure a tent or other structure.*

² *magpie: a bird with black-and-white plumage and a long tail*

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's use of language, style and form.

BECOMING AGAIN

somewhere in the future: I find myself
walking through parks and wide spaces
waiting for flowers to reappear
watching the birds lift the evening skyline.

when time becomes a pinhole, a simple aperture
that defeats itself, the sky swallowed by concrete
the children have moved away,
spaced like three dim lights. time stands waiting.

5

no nostalgia here. they've figured how to make
HDBs more affordable and now I stay
on the 73rd floor, in the company
of strangers. no mail.

10

though there are new solutions. a cup of liquid
and albums of dust. they heal. silence suffices.
we speak in typography, we never go hungry.
everything is expeditious, monumental

15

and as we reassemble, look and remember:
trust what this hurry disguises, trust that the sun still rises.

Jasmine Goh (b. 1997)

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) 'The title *The Great Gatsby* is misleading.'

How far would you agree with this view of the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the significance of narrative perspective here and elsewhere in the novel.

After two years I remember the rest of that day, and that night and the next day, only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspaper men in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool. Someone with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression "mad man" as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious¹ authority of his voice set the key for the newspaper reports next morning. 5

Most of those reports were a nightmare—grotesque, circumstantial, eager and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy pasquinade²—but Catherine, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it too—looked at the coroner with determined eyes under that corrected brow of hers and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it and cried into her handkerchief as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man "deranged by grief" in order that the case might remain in its simplest form. And it rested there. 10 15

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me. At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak hour upon hour it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested—interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which every one has some vague right at the end. 20 25

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

'Left no address?' 30

'No.'

'Say when they'd be back?'

'No.'

'Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?'

'I don't know. Can't say.'

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: 'I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you—' 35

Meyer Wolfshiem's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway and I called Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five and no one answered the phone. 40

'Will you ring again?'

'I've rung them three times.'

'It's very important.'

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'Sorry. I'm afraid no one's there.'

45

I went back to the drawing room and thought for an instant that they were chance visitors, all these official people who suddenly filled it. But as they drew back the sheet and looked at Gatsby with unmoved eyes, his protest continued in my brain.

'Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me. You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone.'

50

Chapter 9

¹*Adventitious: happening as a result of an external factor or chance rather than design or inherent nature.*

²*Pasquinade: a satire or lampoon, originally one displayed or delivered in a public place.*

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) 'There are no villains in the piece' (George Bernard Shaw).

How far would you agree with this comment on the play as a whole?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the tension created by conflicting perspectives.

<i>The Archbishop:</i>	The voice of God on earth is the voice of the Church Militant; and all the voices that come to you are the echoes of your own wilfulness.	
<i>Joan:</i>	It is not true.	
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	<i>[flushing angrily]</i> You tell the Archbishop in his cathedral that he lies; and yet you say you are not proud and disobedient.	5
<i>Joan:</i>	I never said you lied. It was you that as good as said my voices lied. When have they ever lied? If you will not believe in them: even if they are only the echoes of my own commonsense, are they not always right? and are not your earthly counsels always wrong?	
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	<i>[indignantly]</i> It is waste of time admonishing you.	10
<i>Charles:</i>	It always comes back to the same thing. She is right; and everyone else is wrong.	
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	Take this as your last warning. If you perish through setting your private judgment above the instructions of your spiritual directors, the Church disowns you, and leaves you to whatever fate your presumption may bring upon you. The Bastard has told you that if you persist in setting up your military conceit above the counsels of your commanders—	15
<i>Dunois:</i>	<i>[interposing]</i> To put it quite exactly, if you attempt to relieve the garrison in Compiègne without the same superiority in numbers you had at Orleans—	20
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	The army will disown you, and will not rescue you. And His Majesty the King has told you that the throne has not the means of ransoming you.	
<i>Charles:</i>	Not a penny.	
<i>The Archbishop:</i>	You stand alone: absolutely alone, trusting to your own conceit, your own ignorance, your own headstrong presumption, your own impiety in hiding all these sins under the cloak of a trust in God. When you pass through these doors into the sunlight, the crowd will cheer you. They will bring you their little children and their invalids to heal: they will kiss your hands and feet, and do what they can, poor simple souls, to turn your head, and madden you with the self-confidence that is leading you to your destruction. But you will be none the less alone: they cannot save you. We and we only can stand between you and the stake at which our enemies have burnt that wretched woman in Paris.	25 30
<i>Joan:</i>	<i>[her eyes skyward]</i> I have better friends and better counsel than yours.	

- The Archbishop:* I see that I am speaking in vain to a hardened heart. You reject our protection, and are determined to turn us all against you. In future, then, fend for yourself; and if you fail, God have mercy on your soul. 35
- Dunois:* That is the truth, Joan. Heed it.
- Joan:* Where would you all have been now if I had heeded that sort of truth? There is no help, no counsel, in any of you. Yes: I am alone on earth: I have always been alone. My father told my brothers to drown me if I would not stay to mind his sheep while France was bleeding to death: France might perish if only our lambs were safe. I thought France would have friends at the court of the king of France; and I find only wolves fighting for pieces of her poor torn body. I thought God would have friends everywhere, because He is the friend of everyone; and in my innocence I believed that you who now cast me out would be like strong towers to keep harm from me. But I am wiser now; and nobody is any the worse for being wiser. Do not think you can frighten me by telling me that I am alone. France is alone; and God is alone; and what is my loneliness before the loneliness of my country and my God? I see now that the loneliness of God is His strength: what would He be if He listened to your jealous little counsels? Well, my loneliness shall be my strength too; it is better to be alone with God; His friendship will not fail me, nor His counsel, nor His love. In His strength I will dare, and dare, and dare, until I die. I will go out now to the common people, and let the love in their eyes comfort me for the hate in yours. You will all be glad to see me burnt; but if I go through the fire I shall go through it to their hearts for ever and ever. And so, God be with me! 40 45 50 55
- She goes from them. They stare after her in glum silence for a moment. Then GILLES DE RAIS twirls his beard.* 60
- Bluebeard:* You know, the woman is quite impossible. I don't dislike her, really; but what are you to do with such a character?
- Dunois:* As God is my judge, if she fell into the Loire I would jump in in full armor to fish her out. But if she plays the fool at Compiègne, and gets caught, I must leave her to her doom. 65
- La Hire:* Then you had better chain me up; for I could follow her to hell when the spirit rises in her like that.
- The Archbishop:* She disturbs my judgment too: there is a dangerous power in her outbursts. But the pit is open at her feet; and for good or evil we cannot turn her from it. 70
- Charles:* If only she would keep quiet, or go home!
They follow her dispiritedly.

Scene V

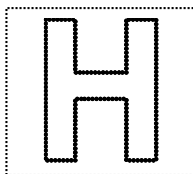
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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

10 September 2018

3 hours

Additional materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips is not permitted).

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your class, index number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, hand in each section separately.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank pages.

SECTION A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, form and style.

SUBURBAN DREAM

Walking the suburbs in the afternoon
 In summer when the idle doors stand open
 And the air flows through the rooms
 Fanning the curtain hems,

You wander through a cool elysium
 Of women, schoolgirls, children, garden talks,
 With a schoolboy here and there
 Conning his history book.

5

The men are all away in offices,
 Committee-rooms, laboratories, banks,
 Or pushing cotton goods
 In Wick or Ilfracombe.

10

The massed unanimous absence liberates
 The light keys of the piano and sets free
 Chopin and everlasting youth,
 Now, with the masters gone.

15

And all things turn to images of peace,
 The boy curled over his book, the young girl poised
 On the path as if beguiled
 By the silence of a wood.

20

It is a child's dream of a grown-up world.
 But soon the brazen evening clocks will bring
 The tramp of feet and brisk
 Fanfare of motor horns
 And the masters come.

25

Edwin Muir (1887-1959)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, form and style.

A Middle-Aged Woman Dissuades a Potential Lover

Three feet away, you lean against your chair:
I tense before the table's curve,
Your eyes raking:

What's become of your liking for opulent women?
Look hard at these wrinkles, freckles, flab, 5
I urge, but love-talk swirls like your cigarette smoke,
Chasing its spiral trail.

I imagine my husband talking
To a younger woman also drinking tea
And wonder about her yes or no. 10

It's not that there's too much to lose
And I'm too young for you.
The feelings I've dissected
Would swim and sink in yours.
In truth the spread of middle age, 15
Jealous of children, spouse, money, work,
Faith, hope and charity,
Fends off more than the love
That time won't bend for.

An affair ends with ashes, 20
As buds and leaves burn dry;
A man returns to his wife,
A woman gives up the lie.

My tender apologies;
You are a friend. 25
For what I lack,
Please don't be sad.

Perhaps we'll meet
In another life
Not half as bad, 30
When I'll be a man,
And you, a wife.

Leong Liew Geok (1947-)

SECTION B

F.SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

- 2 **Either** (a) “The novel does not celebrate progress, only stagnation.” Discuss.
- (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, showing how
 Fitzgerald presents tension here and elsewhere in the novel.

“Remember Biloxi,” Jordan warned her. “Where’d you know him, Tom?”

“Biloxi?” He concentrated with an effort. “I didn’t know him. He was a friend of Daisy’s.”

“He was not,” she denied. “I’d never seen him before. He came down in the private car.” 5

“Well, he said he knew you. He said he was raised in Louisville. Asa Bird brought him around at the last minute and asked if we had room for him.”

Jordan smiled. 10

“He was probably bumming his way home. He told me he was president of your class at Yale.”

Tom and I looked at each other blankly.

“Biloxi?”

“First place, we didn’t have any president ——” 15

Gatsby’s foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.

“By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you’re an Oxford man.”

“Not exactly.”

“Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford.” 20

“Yes — I went there.”

A pause. Then Tom’s voice, incredulous and insulting: “You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven.”

Another pause. A waiter knocked and came in with crushed mint and ice but, the silence was unbroken by his “thank you” and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last. 25

“I told you I went there,” said Gatsby.

“I heard you, but I’d like to know when.”

“It was in nineteen-nineteen, I only stayed five months. That’s why I can’t really call myself an Oxford man.” 30

Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his disbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby.

“It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice,” he continued. “We could go to any of the universities in England or France.” 35

I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I’d experienced before.

Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table.

“Open the whiskey, Tom,” she ordered, “and I’ll make you a mint julep. Then you won’t seem so stupid to yourself. . . . Look at the mint!” 40

“Wait a minute,” snapped Tom, “I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question.”

“Go on,” Gatsby said politely.

“What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?”

They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content. 45

“He isn’t causing a row.” Daisy looked desperately from one to the

other. "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."

"Self-control!" Repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out. . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white." 50

Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.

"We're all white here," murmured Jordan. 55

"I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends — in the modern world."

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete. 60

"I've got something to tell *you*, old sport ——" began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

"Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

"That's a good idea." I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink." 65

"I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me."

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically. 70

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!"

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain — as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions. 75

"Sit down, Daisy," Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it." 80

"I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years — and you didn't know."

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

"You've been seeing this fellow for five years?"

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes." — but there was no laughter in his eyes —— to think that you didn't know." 85

"Oh — that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair. 90

"You're crazy!" he exploded. "I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then — and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now." 95

"No," said Gatsby, shaking his head.

(Chapter 7)

SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 3 Either (a) “For all of Miller’s use of sound and music, it is the silence which is the most deafening.” Comment.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, showing how Miller depicts the experience of being human here and elsewhere in the play.

ALMA: *[from the podium, calmly, sternly, summoning them with the tapping of the baton.]* From the beginning! We have a great deal to do before Sunday!

FANIA: *[unable to hold back the news any longer.]* Madame?

ALMA *is surprised by this unaccustomed interruption.* 5

FANIA: May I talk to you for a moment? It’s important. *[She walks out of the hearing of the orchestra and ALMA meets her.]* There is a very strong rumour that Allied troops have landed in France.

Conflicted, ALMA stiffens. Excitement floods her face, but it is impossible to tell if this is from joy or fear of having been made privy to forbidden news. 10

ALMA: Are you mad, passing on such things?

Her eyes meet FANIA’s for an instant. She breaks off contact, returns to the podium, lifts her baton, and starts Beethoven’s Fifth. There is the sudden sound of sirens as all the lights go out. The sirens die out and bombers take over. The players sit in the dark. Waiting, their eyes turned upwards towards the sound. As the sound rises to a crescendo, ALMA exits into her room. As she is closing the door, she catches FANIA’s eye. FANIA rises and approaches the door. The bombers are fading as ALMA sits in the darkness of her room. 15

ALMA: I will be leaving you after the Sunday concert, Fania. 20

FANIA *alerts, surprised.*

ALMA: They are sending me on a tour to play for the troops. I wanted you to be the first to hear the news. *[There is excitement and pride in ALMA’s expression.]* I am going to be released, Fania! Can you imagine it? I’ll play what I like and as I like. They said ... *[She is elated now, filling herself.]* ... they said a musician of my calibre ought not to be wasted here! What’s the matter? I thought you would be happy for me. 25

FANIA: Well, I am, of course. But you’ll be entertaining men who are fighting to keep us enslaved, won’t you? 30

ALMA: But that is not the point! I ... *[She has an instant’s difficulty.]* ... I will play for the *soldiers*, Fania.

FANIA: *[changing to a hopeless subject.]* And what about us? We’re going to continue, aren’t we?

ALMA: I intend to suggest that you replace me as conductor. 35

FANIA: *[nodding her consent.]* Well... *[she moves to leave.]* ... I hope ... it ends soon for all of us. *[She turns to grasp the doorknob.]*

ALMA: Why are you trying to spoil my happiness?

FANIA *turns to her, trying to plumb her.*

FANIA: Why do you need my approval? If it makes you happy, then enjoy your happiness. 40

ALMA: Not all Germans are Nazis, Fania! You are nothing but a racist if you think so!

FANIA: Alma ... you are free, you are free... what more do you want? I agree, it is an extraordinary honour. The only Jew to play a violin for the German Army! My head will explode... 45

FANIA *turns to leave just as FRAU SCHMIDT enters.*

ALMA: Why... Frau Schmidt ... come in ... please.

The lights suddenly go on. All glance up, noting this wordlessly.

FRAU: I wanted to extend my congratulations. I have just heard the great news. 50

ALMA: [*ravished.*] Oh, thank you, thank you, Frau Schmidt. This is very moving to me, especially coming from you.

FRAU: Yes, but I have never known how to hide my feelings. I would like you to join me for dinner tonight ... a farewell in your honour? 55

ALMA: I... I am overwhelmed, Frau Schmidt. Of course.

FRAU: In a few minutes, then ... in my quarters.

ALMA: Oh, I'll be there... Thank you, thank you.

FRAU SCHMIDT *exits. Eyes glistening with joy, ALMA turns to FANIA.*

ALMA: Now... now you see! That woman, I can tell you, has tried everything to be transferred ... She is desperate to get out of here, and yet she has the goodness to come and wish me well on my departure. 60

FANIA: [*stunned.*] Well, I certainly never would have expected that of her. But who knows what's in the human heart?

ALMA: You judge people, Fania. You are terribly harsh. [*She spruces herself up for the dinner, brushing her skirt and straightening her blouse.*] 65

FANIA: And Mandel saved that child. Maybe they figure they're losing the war, so...

ALMA: [*at the height of her hopes for herself.*] Why must everything have a worm in it? Why can't you accept the little hope there is in life? [*She puts on her coat.*] 70

FANIA: I'm all mixed up. Schmidt wanting to get out is really unbelievable, Alma. She's gotten rich running the black market. She's robbed every woman who's landed here... every deal in the place has her hand in it... 75

ALMA: [*extending her hand.*] If I don't have another chance to say this, Fania, thank you for your help.

FANIA: [*taking ALMA's hand.*] You are totally wrong about practically everything, Alma... but I must say you probably saved us all. And I thank you from my heart. 80

ALMA: You can thank my refusal to despair, Fania.

FANIA: Yes... I suppose that's true, isn't it.

ALMA: I mustn't be late ... goodbye!

FANIA: Goodbye! 85

ALMA *hurries out as the lights fade.*

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Question 1a: Edwin Muir, *A Suburban Dream*

Question 1b: Leong Liew Geok, *A Middle-Aged Woman Persuades A Potential Lover*, in *Women Without Men* (200)

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

8832/01

30 August 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging in texts (e.g. use of post-its, or paper clips tape flags) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B and one question from Section C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work securely together.

Submit your answer to each question separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

The Hum of the World

is made up of many sounds:

The anger of words as they shriek
like bullets between neighbours.

The creaking murmur of the ground
wearing thin beneath the shuffle of
feet and wheels. 5

The desperate sounds of those scrabbling
for freedom,
turning it over in their hands,
devouring it like bread. 10

The heartbreak of the blind waking up to a dawn
they cannot see, after wandering
the sunlit groves of sleep.

The shattering of puddles on busy roads
after a day's rain. 15

The kicking and screaming of children dragged out
of the warm bed of youth by the horses of time.

The wide-eyed blinking of poor men in their beds,
doomed to interminable nights.

The morning sun whistling its melody
through the leaf-spaces of trees in the city park. 20

The clicking of bones of my mind and fingers
as I take these words one by one, and crunch them
under my teeth until their bodies crack like thunder.

by Aaron Lee (born 1972)

[Turn over

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Lost Tribe

Ants disturbed by every passing tread,
The wandering tribe still scurries round
In search of lost community. Love by rote,
Care by inscription. Incantations without magic.
Straws outstretched to suck at every passing broth, 5
Incessant tongues pretend to a way of thought –
Where language mints are private franchise,
The coins prove counterfeit on open markets.

Hard-sell pharmacies dispense all social ills:
"Have a nice day now." "Touch someone." 10
There's premium on the verb imperative – some
Instant fame psychologist pronounced it on TV-
He's now forgotten like tomorrow's guru,
Instant cult, disposable as paper diaper –
Firm commands denote sincerity; 15
The wish is wishy-washy, lacks "contact
Positive." The waiter barks: "Enjoy your meal,"
Or crisper still: "*Enjoy!*" You feel you'd better!
Buses, subway, park seats push the gospel,
Slogans like tickertapes emblazon foreheads- 20
"Talk it over with someone – now, not later!"
"Take down fences, not mend them."
"Give a nice smile to someone." But a tear-duct
Variant: "Have you hugged your child today?"

by Wole Soyinka (born 1934)

[Turn over

Section B

GRAHAM SWIFT: *Waterland*

- 2 **Either** (a) Consider the ways in which the characteristics of the landscape of *Waterland* contribute its central concerns and ideas.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the ways and means by which the significance of 'reality' is highlighted both here and elsewhere in the novel.

But there's another theory of reality, quite different from that which found its way into my fraught after-school meeting with Lewis. Reality's not strange, not unexpected. Reality doesn't reside in the sudden hallucination of events. Reality is uneventfulness, vacancy, flatness. Reality is that nothing happens. How many of the events of history have occurred, ask yourselves, for this and for that reason, but for no other reason, fundamentally, than the desire to make things happen? I present to you History, the fabrication, the diversion, the reality-obscuring drama. History, and its near relative, Histrionics...

And did I not bid you remember that for each protagonist who once stepped on to the stage of so-called historical events, there were thousands, millions, who never entered the theatre – who never knew that the show was running – who got on with the donkey-work of coping with reality?

True, true. But it doesn't stop there. Because each one of those numberless non-participants was doubtless concerned with raising in the flatness of his own unsung existence his own personal stage, his own props and scenery – for there are very few of us who can be, for any length of time, merely realistic. So there's no escaping it: even if we miss the grand repertoire of history, we yet imitate it in miniature and endorse, in miniature, its longing for presence, for feature, for purpose, for content.

And there's no saying what consequences we won't risk, what reactions to our actions, what repercussions, what brick towers built to be knocked down, what chasings of our own tails, what chaos we won't assent to in order to assure ourselves that, none the less, things are happening. And there's no saying what heady potions we won't concoct, what meanings, myths, manias we won't imbibe in order to convince ourselves that reality is not an empty vessel.

Once upon a time the future Mrs Crick – who was then called Metcalf – as a result of certain events which took place while she was still, like some of you, a schoolgirl, decided to withdraw from the world and devote herself to a life of solitude, atonement and (which was only making a virtue of necessity) celibacy. Not even she has ever said how far God came into this lonely vigil. But three and a half years later she emerged from these self-imposed cloisters to marry a prospective history teacher (an old and once intimate acquaintance), Tom Crick. She put aside her sackcloth and sanctity and revealed in their stead what this now ex-history teacher (who is no longer sure what's real and what isn't) would have called then a capacity for realism. For she never spoke again, at least not for many years, of that temporary communing with On High.

But it must have been always there, lurking, latent, ripening like some dormant, forgotten seed. Because in the year 1979, a woman of fifty-two, she suddenly began looking again for Salvation. She began this love-affair, this liaison – much to the perplexity of her husband (from whom she could not keep it a secret) – with God. And it was when this liaison reached a critical – in the usual run of liaisons not unfamiliar, but in this case quite incredible – pitch, that your astounded and forsaken history

[Turn over]

teacher, prompted as he was by the challenging remarks of a student called Price, ceased to teach history and started to offer you, instead, these fantastic but-true, these believe-it-or-not-but-it-happened Tales of the Fens.

45

Children, women are equipped with a miniature model of reality: an empty but fillable vessel. A vessel in which much can be made to happen, and to issue in consequence. In which dramas can be brewed, things can be hatched out of nothing. And it was Tom Crick, history-teacher-to-be, who, during the middle years of the Second World War, not knowing what repercussions, what reactions, and not without rivals (though none of them was God), was responsible for filling the then avid and receptive vessel of Mary Metcalf, later Mrs Crick.

50

But on the afternoon of July the twenty-sixth, 1943, he was about to know what repercussions.

(Chapter 6)

[Turn over

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

- 3 Either (a) "Daisy exists more powerfully as a dream than as substance." How far do you agree with this comment on Fitzgerald's presentation of Daisy in the novel?
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Nick's understanding of himself and others, here and elsewhere in the novel.

When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction - Gatsby who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the 'creative temperament' - it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and shortwinded elations of men.

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this middle-western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today.

I never saw this great-uncle but I'm supposed to look like him - with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world the Middle-West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe - so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me and finally said, 'Why - ye-es' with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog - at least I had him for a few days until he ran away - and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

'How do you get to West Egg village?' he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder,

[Turn over

an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighbourhood.

45

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees - just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college - one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the 'Yale News' - and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the 'well-rounded man.' This isn't just an epigram - life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

50

55

(Chapter 1)

[Turn over

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 4 **Either** **(a)** The trio of articulate women who dominate *Twelfth Night* transform the conventional Elizabethan ideal of a woman into an elusive fantasy that is freely exploited for their own ends.'

In the light of this quotation, examine the presentation of gender in *Twelfth Night*.

- Or** **(b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Feste here and elsewhere in the play.

Viola: Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Feste: No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola: Art thou a churchman?

Feste: No such matter, sir. I do live by the church for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church. 5

Viola: So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.

Feste: You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rel glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward. 10

Viola: Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Feste: I would, therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola: Why, man? 15

Feste: Why sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Viola: Thy reason, man?

Feste: Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them. 20

Viola: I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Feste: Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible. 25

[Turn over

- Viola:* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
Feste: No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 30
- Viola:* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
- Feste:* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.
- Viola:* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, (*giving money*) there's expenses for thee. 35
- Feste:* Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.
- Viola:* By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on *my* chin. Is thy lady within?
- Feste:* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? 40
- Viola:* Yes, being kept together and put to use.
- Feste:* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
- Viola:* (*Giving money*) I understand you, sir, 'tis well begged. 45
- Feste:* The matter I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say 'element', but the word is over-worn.
- Exit* 50
- Viola:* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
 And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of persons, and the time,
 And like the haggard, check at every feather 55
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice
 As full of labour as a wise man's art,
 For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
 But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

(Act 3, Scene 1)

[Turn over]

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 5 **Either** (a) The play has been described to capture an “extreme expression of a flawed human nature.” Discuss *Playing for Time* in light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the relationship between art and reality in the play, here and elsewhere in the play.

All turn suddenly towards MANDEL as she enters wearing a great black cape, looking ravaged and desolate. She goes to a chair and sits, then unhooks her cape. In one hand is a child's sailor hat, which she holds tenderly on her lap. She seems in a state of near shock, yet there is an air of self-willed determination, despite her staring eyes. OLGA looks to FANIA for what to do. Others glance at her and she comes forward and stands before MANDEL, who comes out of her remoteness to look at her. 5

MANDEL: The duet from *Madame Butterfly*. You and ... the other one.

FANIA *turns to the others.*

ETALINA (*hurrying into the dormitory, calling*): Marianne? Come out here! 10

MANDEL *stands and walks to a window, then looks out. ETALINA takes up her violin to accompany. MARIANNE, half asleep, enters from the dormitory and goes to FANIA. They wait for MANDEL to turn from the window and order them to begin, but she doesn't. FANIA walks across the room to MANDEL. Her eyes travel down to the hat in MANDEL's hand.* 15

FANIA: We are ready to begin, Frau Lagerführerin.

MANDEL *continues to stare, seeming not to have heard.*
FANIA *waits a moment, then speaks.*

FANIA: Is something the matter with the little boy?

MANDEL (*glancing at FANIA, an air of dissociation coming over her face*). It has always been the same...the greatness of a people depends on the sacrifices they are willing to make. 20

FANIA's expression of curiosity collapses. She now knows.

MANDEL: I gave him...back. (*She straightens with an invoked pride before FANIA and stiffens. She still struggles with the ancient instinct within her.*) Come now, play for me. (*She goes to her seat and sits.*) 25

FANIA, *nearly insensible, joins MARIANNE, who greets her with a raised eyebrow, to keep their hostility intact. ETALINA's violin starts off with the duet from Act Two of Madame Butterfly.*

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): It's daylight, Cho-Cho-San. 30

[Turn over

FANIA mimes picking up an infant and cradling it in her arms.

FANIA (*as Butterfly*): He'll come. He'll come. I know he'll come.

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): I pray you go and rest, for you are weary. And I will call you when he arrives.

FANIA (*as Butterfly, to the baby in her arms*): Sweet, thou are sleeping, cradled on my heart. 35

MANDEL is stunned by the music and lyrics but, through her sentimental tears, her fanatic stupidity is emerging.

FANIA: Safe in God's keeping, while I must weep apart. Around thy head the moonbeams dart... (*she rocks the baby.*) Sleep, my beloved. 40

MARIANNE (*as Suzuki*): Poor Madame Butterfly!

MANDEL, fighting for control, stares up at FANIA. FANIA takes on a challenging, protesting tone.

FANIA (*as Butterfly*): Sweet, thou are sleeping, cradled on my heart. Safe in God's keeping, while I must weep apart. 45

There is the sound of bombers coming in fast and sirens. MANDEL comes out of her fog and stands. The girls rush to the windows to look up. The lights go out and the bombers now sound as if they are overhead. There are explosions nearby and screaming confusion in the darkness. MANDEL can just be seen rushing out into the night, a determined look on her face. Bombs crash as a light comes up on FANIA, alone downstage, staring off. 50

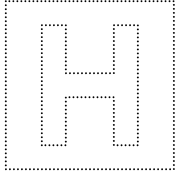
(Act 2)

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INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examinations 2018

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 1

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

24 August 2018

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

Set texts may be taken into the examination room.

They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer 3 questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

At the end of the examination, fasten each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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Innova Junior College

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Section A

Answer one question from this section.

1

- Either** (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Carol Ann Duffy (1955-), considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a mass. 5
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 10
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half formed ghost. He remembers the cries 15
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black-and-white 20
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Cyril Wong (1977-), considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Hotel

In the cupboard, bare hangers are skeletons for future selves; a complimentary bathrobe waits like a new and better, even purer, skin; fresh pillows are the unformed bodies of lovers yet to be born; bedroom slippers	5
become footwear for shuffling up an airy flight of stairs free of this life. Open the fridge, lean past the overpriced chocolate and the smugly settled soft drinks and tune in to voices from the god-realm,	10
where beings reminisce, not unfondly, about past desires and mistaken attachments. On the bed, our bodies stay unentwined in rest because love is in a different room in a faraway country; but beneath us,	15
cowering children press ears to the floor, absorbing the footfalls of fathers retreating, heads lowered in shame or shaking with disgust; these trembling versions of us reach for each other now, smaller hands taking hold.	20
In reality, the air-con sighs as discreetly as possible; behind translucent curtains, night slowly lifts; nobody expects the morning to be spectacular; although my eyes are reluctant to close, still hungry for the ever-new;	25
while another stranger beside me sleeps and sleeps.	

Section B

F. Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) “Nick is as much a romantic dreamer as Gatsby.”

How far do you agree?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of mood and atmosphere here and elsewhere in the novel.

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants including an extra gardener toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before. 5 10

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York--every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour, if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another. 15 20

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived--no thin five-piece affair but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors and hair shorn in strange new ways and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside until the air is alive with chatter and laughter and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names. 25

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier, minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath--already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group and then excited with triumph glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light. 30 35

Suddenly one of these gypsies in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and moving her hands like Frisco dances out alone on the canvas

platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies." The party has begun. 40

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited--they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission. 45

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer--the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times and had intended to call on me long before but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it--signed Jay Gatsby in a majestic hand. 50

(Chapter 3)

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 3 (a) "...we know a little something about the human race that we didn't know before. And it's not good news."

Discuss the significance of Fania's insights in relation to the concerns of the play.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following extract paying particular attention to the presentation of the moral dilemma characters face here and elsewhere in the play.

VARYA (*pointing upward*). America? English?

FANIA *shrugs*. VARYA *releases her*.

VARYA. Too late for you, anyway.

FANIA'S *face is totally expressionless, yet in this impacted look is torment that another human could do this.*

5

FANIA. Maybe it is too late for the whole human race, Varya.

The bunk area goes dark as FANIA walks past towards the piano area, which lights up. After a moment, FANIA appears, under a single bulb, alone in the dayroom. Pencil in hand, she writes in her notebook, the sheets of orchestration on her table beside her. She looks off, unable to concentrate, as ELZVIETA appears and sits beside her.

10

ELZVIETA. So it's going to end after all.

FANIA gives her an uncomprehending glance, closes the book, and puts it in her pocket.

ELZVIETA. Everyone tries to tell you their troubles, don't they?

FANIA. I don't know why. I can't help anyone.

15

ELZVIETA. You are someone to trust, Fania...maybe it's that you have no ideology. You're satisfied just to be a person. One senses so much feeling in you.

FANIA. I was that way, yes...but the truth is, Elzvieta, I could drive a nail through my hand, it would hardly matter. I am dying by inches. I know it very well. I've seen too much. (*She tired wipes her eyes.*) Too much and too much and too much... I'm finding it harder to eat anything.

20

ELZVIETA. I'm one of the most successful actresses in Poland.

FANIA looks at her, waiting for the question. ELZVIETA, in contrast to FANIA, has long beautiful hair.

ELZVIETA. My father was a count. I was brought up in a castle. I have a husband, Marok, and my son, who is nine years old. (*A slight pause*) I don't know what will happen to us, Fania....you and I....before the end....

25

FANIA (*with a touch of irony*). Are you saying goodbye to me?

ELZVIETA (*with difficulty*). I only want one Jewish woman to understand....I lie here

wondering if it will be worse to survive than not to. For me, I mean. When I first came here, I was sure the Pope, the Christian leaders, did not know; but when they found out, they would send planes to bomb out the fires here, the rail tracks that bring them everyday. But the trains keep coming, and fires continue burning. Do you understand it? 30

FANIA. Maybe other things are more important to bomb. What are we anyway but a lot of women who can menstruate anymore....and some scarecrow men? 35

ELZVIETA. Oh, Fania....try to forgive me!

FANIA. You! Why? What did you ever do to me? You were in the Resistance, you tried to fight against this. Why should you feel such guilt? It's the other ones who are destroying us....and they feel innocent! It's all a joke, don't you see? It's all meaningless, and I'm afraid you'll never change that, Elzvieta! 40

ELZVIETA gets up, rejected, full of tears.

FANIA. I almost pity a person like you more than us. You will survive, and everyone around you will be innocent, from one end of Europe to the other. Who will you ever be able to talk to?

There are sounds of a train halting, shouts, and debarkation noises. ELZVIETA turns her eyes toward the 'window'. Riven by the sound, she sinks in her knees at a chair and, crossing herself, prays against her despair. FANIA studies her for a moment, then goes back to work on her orchestration, forcing herself to refuse this consolation, this false hope and sentiment. She inscribes notes. Something fails in her and she puts down the pencil. 45

FANIA. My memory is falling apart... I can't even remember if we got our ration last night... Did we? 50

TCHAIKOWSKA appears. She is drinking from a bowl. She walks to the exit door of the dayroom, opens it, and throws out the remainder of the milk in the bowl, wiping the bowl with a rag. ELZVIETA, still on her knees, watches TCHAIKOWSKA returning to the dormitory and tries to speak calmly. 55

ELZVIETA. You throw away milk, Tchaikowska?

TCHAIKOWSKA. It was mine.

ELZVIETA. Even so...

TCHAIKOWSKA. Well, it was. Our farm is ten kilometers from here. They bring it to me, my sisters. 60

ELZVIETA. But even so...to throw it away, when...

TCHAIKOWSKA. *(looking slightly perplexed)* You saying it's not my milk?

ELZVIETA. Never mind.

TCHAIKOWSKA. *(tapping her head)*. You read too many books, makes you crazy. *(She exits.)* 65

ELZVIETA swallows in her hunger and, as FANIA watches her, she bends her head and more fervently, silently prays.



JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC 2 Preliminary Examination 2018

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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General Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H1 8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

28 August 2018

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in the texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, and civics class on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All three questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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SECTION A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

LIGHTS OUT

I have come to the borders of sleep, The unfathomable deep Forest where all must lose Their way, however straight, Or winding, soon or late; They cannot choose.	5
Many a road and track That, since the dawn's first crack, Up to the forest brink, Deceived the travellers, Suddenly now blurs, And in they sink.	10
Here love ends, Despair, ambition ends; All pleasure and all trouble, Although most sweet or bitter, Here ends in sleep that is sweeter Than tasks most noble.	15
There is not any book Or face of dearest look That I would not turn from now To go into the unknown I must enter, and leave, alone, I know not how.	20
The tall forest towers; Its cloudy foliage lowers Ahead, shelf above shelf; Its silence I hear and obey That I may lose my way And myself.	25 30

Edward Thomas (1878 – 1917)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

MARINA BARRAGE

To write about my country
and my people is to unearth a treasure
of contradictions, anathema
to those for whom poetry itself is
troublesome, uncomfortably alien 5
when it should be inspiring and homely.

Yet what is most at home is what's
in us still waiting to be owned: although
its counsel may be too unsettling
for a national song, every song 10
worth singing has its voice.

The other day some friends and I
went to visit an icon, the nation's newest;
pride of place, of function, of design;
even its name was more than apt —the 15
marina's barrage upon our senses was
awesome; a life-support in every sense,
a playground of delight, but its intent
not play-play, as we say.

Led unsuspecting to the icon's heart 20
we came against an overwhelming sign,
a massive structure, hollow yet solidly
proclaiming our folly: trading life for plastic
—it is as casual, common, criminal as that.
Truth can be huge as a mountain 25
of colourless plastic bottles, and as invisible
unless you are willing to see.

My country and my people
are taking a necessary risk
in showcasing that what is beautiful 30
may hold an ugly truth. No time
better than now, before time itself runs out,
to unearth all contradictions, to
face our mountains squarely,
to understand what needs our stoutest will 35
to discern, forgive, resolve, repair, rebuild.

Lee Tzu Peng (b. 1946)

SECTION B

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

2

Either (a) *Frankenstein* complicates the idea of what it means to be human. How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of the pursuer and the pursued, here and elsewhere in the novel.

My life, as it passed thus, was indeed hateful to me, and it was during sleep alone that I could taste joy. O blessed sleep! Often, when most miserable, I sank to repose, and my dreams lulled me even to rapture. The spirits that guarded me had provided these moments, or rather hours, of happiness that I might retain strength to fulfil my pilgrimage. Deprived of this respite, I should have sunk under my hardships. 5
During the day I was sustained and inspirited by the hope of night, for in sleep I saw my friends, my wife, and my beloved country; again I saw the benevolent countenance of my father, heard the silver tones of my Elizabeth's voice, and beheld Clerval enjoying health and youth. Often, when wearied by a toilsome march, I persuaded myself that I was dreaming until night should come and that I should then enjoy reality in the arms of 10
my dearest friends. What agonising fondness did I feel for them! How did I cling to their dear forms, as sometimes they haunted even my waking hours, and persuade myself that they still lived! At such moments vengeance, that burned within me, died in my heart, and I pursued my path towards the destruction of the dæmon more as a task enjoined by heaven, as the mechanical impulse of some power of which I was 15
unconscious, than as the ardent desire of my soul.

What his feelings were whom I pursued I cannot know. Sometimes, indeed, he left marks in writing on the barks of the trees or cut in stone that guided me and instigated my fury. "My reign is not yet over"—these words were legible in one of these inscriptions—"you live, and my power is complete. Follow me; I seek the everlasting 20
ices of the north, where you will feel the misery of cold and frost, to which I am impassive. You will find near this place, if you follow not too tardily, a dead hare; eat and be refreshed. Come on, my enemy; we have yet to wrestle for our lives, but many hard and miserable hours must you endure until that period shall arrive."

Scoffing devil! Again do I vow vengeance; again do I devote thee, miserable 25
fiend, to torture and death. Never will I give up my search until he or I perish; and then with what ecstasy shall I join my Elizabeth and my departed friends, who even now prepare for me the reward of my tedious toil and horrible pilgrimage!

As I still pursued my journey to the northward, the snows thickened and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. The peasants were shut up in their 30
hovels, and only a few of the most hardy ventured forth to seize the animals whom starvation had forced from their hiding-places to seek for prey. The rivers were covered with ice, and no fish could be procured; and thus I was cut off from my chief article of maintenance.

The triumph of my enemy increased with the difficulty of my labours. One 35
inscription that he left was in these words: "Prepare! Your toils only begin; wrap yourself in furs and provide food, for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred."

My courage and perseverance were invigorated by these scoffing words; I resolved not to fail in my purpose, and calling on Heaven to support me, I continued with 40
unabated fervour to traverse immense deserts, until the ocean appeared at a distance and formed the utmost boundary of the horizon. Oh! How unlike it was to the blue seasons of the south! Covered with ice, it was only to be distinguished from land by its superior wildness and ruggedness. The Greeks wept for joy when they beheld the 45
Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, and hailed with rapture the boundary of their toils.

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I did not weep, but I knelt down and with a full heart thanked my guiding spirit for conducting me in safety to the place where I hoped, notwithstanding my adversary's gibe, to meet and grapple with him.

Some weeks before this period I had procured a sledge and dogs and thus traversed the snows with inconceivable speed. I know not whether the fiend possessed the same advantages, but I found that, as before I had daily lost ground in the pursuit, I now gained on him, so much so that when I first saw the ocean he was but one day's journey in advance, and I hoped to intercept him before he should reach the beach. With new courage, therefore, I pressed on, and in two days arrived at a wretched hamlet on the seashore. I inquired of the inhabitants concerning the fiend and gained accurate information. A gigantic monster, they said, had arrived the night before, armed with a gun and many pistols, putting to flight the inhabitants of a solitary cottage through fear of his terrific appearance. He had carried off their store of winter food, and placing it in a sledge, to draw which he had seized on a numerous drove of trained dogs, he had harnessed them, and the same night, to the joy of the horror-struck villagers, had pursued his journey across the sea in a direction that led to no land; and they conjectured that he must speedily be destroyed by the breaking of the ice or frozen by the eternal frosts.

(Vol 3 Chapter 7)

SECTION C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of disguise in the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Shakespeare's presentation of death, here and elsewhere in the play.

Duke:	So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?	
Claudio:	The miserable have no other medicine But only hope:	
	I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.	
Duke:	Be absolute for death; either death or life	5
	Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.	
	If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing	
	That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,	
	Servile to all the skyey influences,	
	That dost this habitation where thou keep'st	10
	Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;	
	For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun	
	And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;	
	For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st	
	Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;	15
	For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork	
	Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,	
	And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st	
	Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;	
	For thou exists on many a thousand grains	20
	That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;	
	For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,	
	And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;	
	For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,	
	After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;	25
	For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows	
	Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,	
	And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;	
	For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,	
	The mere effusion of thy proper loins,	30
	Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,	
	For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,	
	But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,	
	Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth	
	Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms	35
	Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,	
	Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,	
	To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this	
	That bears the name of life? Yet in this life	
	Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear,	40
	That makes these odds all even.	

Claudio: I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Act 3 Scene 1

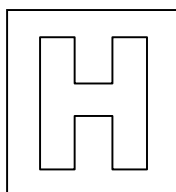
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Candidate Name: _____

Class

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2018 End-of-Year Exams Pre-University 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH Higher 1

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

13 September 2018

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, class and index number on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
At the end of the examination, please fasten all sections securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page.

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Section A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail, ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Animal Farm

We live in a chicken coop:
just enough holes to see the light,
just enough room to make us stay
within prison walls—no real windows—
all too high up, all too small. 5

Through one I see a portion
branch, twigs, leaves and pretty all,
and I believe it belongs to a large tree,
craggy with age, each groove telling a story. 10
How it stretches to spread its arms, trapping
wind which breaks off the brittle veins. As they
fall gently to moist soil, the branches
wave to the eyes inside this
chicken coop. The wires strangle

though they don't even touch our 15
numb and thickened skins. We can
hardly breathe. Punishment on our
backsides—they ache upon the
chocolate coloured chairs that never change,
even with time. The rusty legs with 20
missing rubber hoofs: a dying horse
with a wounded leg, breathing its last....

Who screams? Not the tables, not
the chairs, not even living things
surrounding inanimate objects. 25
Intangible souls of tangible bodies—
they pray for the coop to crumble.

by Sherrie Lee (published in 1995)

- 1 Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail, ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

*Epilogue to 'Death of a Hero'*¹

Eleven years after the fall of Troy²,
We, the old men – some of us nearly forty –
Met and talked on the sunny rampart
Over our wine, while the lizards scuttled
In dusty grass, and the crickets chirred. 5

Some bared their wounds;
Some spoke of the thirst, dry in the throat,
And the heart-beat, in the din of battle;
Some spoke of intolerable sufferings,
The brightness gone from their eyes 10
And the grey already thick in their hair.

And I sat a little apart
From the garrulous talk and old memories,
And I heard a boy of twenty
Say petulantly to a girl, seizing her arm: 15
'Oh, come away, why do you stand there
Listening open-mouthed to the talk of old men?
Haven't you heard enough of Troy and Achilles?'³
Why should they bore us for ever
With an old quarrel and the names of dead men 20
We never knew, and dull forgotten battles?'

And he drew her away,
And she looked back and laughed
As he spoke more contempt of us,
Being now out of hearing. 25

And I thought of the graves by desolate Troy
And the beauty of many young men now dust,
And the long agony, and how useless it all was.
And the talk still clashed about me
Like the meeting of blade and blade. 30

And as they two moved further away
He put an arm about her, and kissed her;
And afterwards I heard their gay distant laughter.

And I looked at the hollow cheeks
And the weary eyes and the grey-streaked heads 35
Of the old men – nearly forty - about me;
And I too walked away
In an agony of helpless grief and pity.

by Richard Aldington (1892-1962)

¹'Death of a Hero': Death of a Hero is a World War I anti-war novel by Richard Aldington.

²Troy: In Greek mythology, the city of Troy fell in the Trojan War.

³Achilles: Achilles was a Greek hero of the Trojan War.

[Turn over

Section B

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

- 2 Either (a) To what extent do you agree that *Frankenstein* is a novel that champions the oppressed?
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the effects of observing the cottagers on the monster, here and elsewhere in the play.

'This day was passed in the same routine as that which preceded it. The young man was constantly employed out of doors, and the girl in various laborious occupations within. The old man, whom I soon perceived to be blind, employed his leisure hours on his instrument or in contemplation. Nothing could exceed the love and respect which the younger cottagers exhibited towards their venerable companion. They performed towards him every little office of affection and duty with gentleness, and he rewarded them by his benevolent smiles. 5

'They were not entirely happy. The young man and his companion often went apart and appeared to weep. I saw no cause for their unhappiness; but I was deeply affected by it. If such lovely creatures were miserable, it was less strange that I, an imperfect and solitary being, should be wretched. Yet why were these gentle beings unhappy? They possessed a delightful house (for such it was in my eyes) and every luxury; they had a fire to warm them when chill, and delicious viands when hungry; they were dressed in excellent clothes; and, still more, they enjoyed one another's company and speech, interchanging each day looks of affection and kindness. What did their tears imply? Did they really express pain? I was at first unable to solve these questions, but perpetual attention and time explained to me many appearances which were at first enigmatic. 10 15 20

'A considerable period elapsed before I discovered one of the causes of the uneasiness of this amiable family: it was poverty, and they suffered that evil in a very distressing degree. Their nourishment consisted entirely of the vegetables of their garden and the milk of one cow, which gave very little during the winter, when its masters could scarcely procure food to support it. They often, I believe, suffered the pangs of hunger very poignantly, especially the two younger cottagers; for several times they placed food before the old man when they reserved none for themselves. 25 30

'This trait of kindness moved me sensibly. I had been accustomed, during the night, to steal a part of their store for my own consumption, but when I found that in doing this I inflicted pain on the cottagers, I abstained, and satisfied myself with berries, nuts, and roots, which I gathered from a neighbouring wood. 35

'I discovered also another means through which I was enabled to assist their labours. I found that the youth spent a great part of each day in collecting wood for the family fire; and during the night I often took his tools, the use of which I quickly discovered, and brought home firing sufficient for the consumption of several days. 40

'I remember, the first time that I did this, the young woman, when she opened the door in the morning, appeared greatly astonished on seeing

a great pile of wood on the outside. She uttered some words in a loud voice, and the youth joined her, who also expressed surprise. I observed, with pleasure, that he did not go to the forest that day, but spent it in repairing the cottage and cultivating the garden. 45

'By degrees I made a discovery of still greater moment. I found that these people possessed a method of communicating their experience and feelings to one another by articulate sounds. I perceived that the words they spoke sometimes produced pleasure or pain, smiles or sadness, in the minds and countenances of the hearers. This was indeed a godlike science, and I ardently desired to become acquainted with it. But I was baffled in every attempt I made for this purpose. Their pronunciation was quick; and the words they uttered, not having any apparent connection with visible objects, I was unable to discover any clue by which I could unravel the mystery of their reference. By great application, however, and after having remained during the space of several revolutions of the moon in my hovel, I discovered the names that were given to some of the most familiar objects of discourse; I learned and applied the words, "fire", "milk", "bread", and "wood". I learned also the names of the cottagers themselves. The youth and his companion had each of them several names, but the old man had only one, which was "father". The girl was called "sister" or "Agatha", and the youth "Felix", "brother", or "son". I cannot describe the delight I felt when I learned the ideas appropriated to each of these sounds and was able to pronounce them. I distinguished several other words without being able as yet to understand or apply them, such as "good", "dearest", "unhappy". 50 55 60 65

'I spent the winter in this manner. The gentle manners and beauty of the cottagers greatly endeared them to me: when they were unhappy, I felt depressed; when they rejoiced, I sympathised in their joys. I saw few human beings besides them, and if any other happened to enter the cottage, their harsh manners and rude gait only enhanced to me the superior accomplishments of my friends. The old man, I could perceive, often endeavoured to encourage his children, as sometimes I found that he called them, to cast off their melancholy. He would talk in a cheerful accent, with an expression of goodness that bestowed pleasure even upon me. Agatha listened with respect, her eyes sometimes filled with tears, which she endeavoured to wipe away unperceived; but I generally found that her countenance and tone were more cheerful after having listened to the exhortations of her father. It was not thus with Felix. He was always the saddest of the group, and even to my unpractised senses, he appeared to have suffered more deeply than his friends. But if his countenance was more sorrowful, his voice was more cheerful than that of his sister, especially when he addressed the old man. 70 75 80 85

(Volume 2, Chapter 4)

[Turn over

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

- 3 Either (a) “*Playing for Time* is a play in which there is no hope to be found.”

How far do you agree with this comment on the play?

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the characters’ attempts to rationalise their perspectives and actions, here and elsewhere in the play.

MANDEL:	Did you ever hear anything more touching. Herr Commandant?	
COMMANDANT KRAMER:	Fantastic. <i>[To Mengele.]</i> But Doctor Mengele’s musical opinions are more expert, of course.	
	<i>[Fania stares at the ultimate horror – their love for her music.]</i>	5
DOCTOR MENGELE:	I have rarely felt so totally . . . moved. <i>[He appears, in fact, to have been deeply stirred.]</i>	
ALMA:	You might thank the commandant, Fania.	
	<i>[Fania tries to speak, but can’t, and nods instead, gratefully.]</i>	
FANIA	<i>[finally, in a stage whisper]:</i> Thank you, Herr Commandant.	10
COMMANDANT KRAMER:	You must learn to sing German songs.	
ALMA:	I will see that she starts immediately, Herr Commandant.	
COMMANDANT KRAMER:	Originally, I opposed this idea of an orchestra. But I must say now that with singing of your quality, it is a consolation that feeds the spirit. It strengthens us for this difficult work of ours. Very good. <i>[He turns and goes out, followed by Doctor Mengele and the other Nazis. The orchestra is aware that Fania has helped them remain in favour and thus alive.]</i>	15 20
MANDEL	<i>[turning suddenly at the edge of the stage]:</i> Oh, I forgot! <i>[She takes a toothbrush out of her pocket and holds it up like bait. Fania crosses to get it lowering her eyes to avoid the pleasure in Mandel’s eyes. With high self-satisfaction, she exits, never losing her military bearing.]</i>	25
MARIANNE	<i>[immediately coming over to Fania]:</i> Can I see? <i>[She takes the toothbrush from Fania’s hand.]</i> Looks almost new. <i>[She offers it back to Fania.]</i> Nothing like having important friends, right?	30
	<i>[Fania’s hand stops in mid-air as she realizes MARIANNE’s jibe. Then she takes the toothbrush and forces herself to look directly into MARIANNE’s eyes.]</i>	
FANIA:	What is it, Marianne? What have you got against me?	35
MARIANNE:	Nothing. I just don’t think anyone has the right to act superior, especially not in this place.	
FANIA:	You want my congratulations on some of the things	

you're doing these days? 40
MARIANNE: What *I'm* doing?
[The others take an interest in the argument. Marianne glances at them, wanting to win them. Fania sees that it is to become a public fight.]
FANIA: Let's forget it . . . 45
MARIANNE: Okay, but personally I feel a lot safer now that Mandel's so hot for you. Although I wouldn't envy anybody waking up next to that Nazi's mug.
FANIA: There's no danger of that, Marianne.
MARIANNE: Never know . . . Life doesn't always leave a girl much choice. 50
[Tchaikowska and the other Poles hoot in laughter at this.]
ETALINA: There couldn't have been any choice at all, considering the company *you've* been keeping.
[All hoot and laugh.] 55
MARIANNE: Listen to skin-and-bones here!
ETALINA: Maybe I am, but I'd sooner wake up next to Mandel than a lard like you, kid.
ESTHER: That's disgusting, Etalina! Mandel's nothing but a killer! 60
ETALINA: She's still beautiful, Esther. I'm sorry.
ESTHER: If you had an ounce of Jewish pride, you couldn't call that monster beautiful.
FANIA *[overriding]*: Don't try to make her ugly, Esther. She's beautiful and human. What disgusts me is that a woman so beautiful can do what she is doing. We are the same species. And that is what's so hopeless about this whole thing. 65
HÉLÈNE: There's still hope because when the war is over, Europe will be Communist and for that I want to live.
ESTHER: No. To see Palestine, that's why you have to live. To bring forth Jewish children in Palestine. You have no identity, Fania, and that's why you can call such a monster human and beautiful. 70
FANIA: I envy you both. You don't feel you have to solve the problem. 75
ESTHER *[anxiously, aggressively]*: What problem? I don't see a problem!
FANIA: She *is* human, Esther. *[After a slight pause, she looks directly into Esther's eyes.]* Like you. And me. 80
You don't think that's a problem?
[The lights fade to blackout.]

(Act 1)

END OF PAPER

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H1 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

12 Sep 2018

3 Hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer three questions, one from each of Section A, B, and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages.

Candidates must fill in this section		Examiner's Use only	
Name		Question No.	Total Score
		1 ()	25
Registration No.	Class	2 ()	25
		3 ()	25
		TOTAL:	75

SECTION A

Answer one question in this section.

1

Either

(a) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

THE PARTY

You throw a war and hope people will come.
 They do, and they bring signs, they bring rifles,
 They make speeches, they build bombs, 5
 And they fight the last war, or protest its arrival.
 But this is now. One myth of war is that it takes
 A lot of careful planning. Bunk. All you need is a cake
 With a roll of film inside, or a briefcase full of germs.
 Another myth stars Vulcan the smith,
 Limping husband of Venus, mistress of Mars, 15
 Who says: The bully broke my nose and what was I
 To do, cry in the corner and ask him why
 He didn't like me, or punch him back harder than he
 Hit me? The war was not a play, not a movie but a mess;
 Not a work of art; and if a game of chess, blind chess.

David Lehman (1948 -)

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

A COMPLETELY SAFE, GOOD POEM

It is about nothing you love, hate or desire.	
It avoids sex, God and politics.	
The line breaks are unadventurous	
And the shape of the poem is prudent.	
The words do not take up arms,	5
Tear down walls or otherwise conspire.	
As you put them down on paper,	
They neither protest nor demonstrate	
But merely compose themselves	
With a careful, calculated blankness.	10
They will do exactly as they are told,	
And nothing more. One late night	
When sleep evades and the questions burn	
You return here to your own words	
To find the answers to yourself.	15
And it is too late. The words fold their arms	
And smile in silence. They take no risks.	
They know what they know, but they	
Will tell you nothing.	

Gilbert Koh (1973 -)

Section B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Answer one question in this section.

2

- Either (a) 'The tragedy of *The Great Gatsby* is that nobody gets what they deserve.'

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of futility here and elsewhere in the novel.

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering--look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful---"

5

I couldn't forgive him or like him but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy--they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made. . . .

10

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace--or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons--rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.

15

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left--the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

20

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter faint and incessant from his garden and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

25

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the

white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 30

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes--a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 35 40

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 45

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter--tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning---- 50

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Chapter 8

SECTION C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

Answer one question in this section.

3

Either (a) "Set free, child, after such wickedness as yours! What are you dreaming of?"
Discuss the role and importance of freedom in *Saint Joan*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, examining the portrayal of conscience, here and elsewhere in the play.

THE CHAPLAIN. I did not know what I was doing. I am a hotheaded fool; and I shall be damned to all eternity for it. 1

WARWICK. Nonsense! Very distressing, no doubt; but it was not your doing.

THE CHAPLAIN *[lamentably]* I let them do it. If I had known, I would have torn her from their hands. You don't know: you havnt seen: it is so easy to talk when you dont know. You madden yourself with words: you damn yourself because it feels grand to throw oil on the flaming hell of your own temper. But when it is brought home to you; when you see the thing you have done; when it is blinding your eyes, stifling your nostrils, tearing your heart, then--then--*[Falling on his knees]* O God, take away this sight from me! O Christ, deliver me from this fire that is consuming me! She cried to Thee in the midst of it: Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! She is in Thy bosom; and I am in hell for evermore. 5 10

WARWICK. *[summarily hauling him to his feet]* Come come, man! you must pull yourself together. We shall have the whole town talking of this. *[He throws him not too gently into a chair at the table]* If you have not the nerve to see these things, why do you not do as I do, and stay away? 15

THE CHAPLAIN *[bewildered and submissive]* She asked for a cross. A soldier gave her two sticks tied together. Thank God he was an Englishman! I might have done it; but I did not: I am a coward, a mad dog, a fool. But he was an Englishman too. 20

WARWICK. The fool! they will burn him too if the priests get hold of him.

THE CHAPLAIN *[shaken with a convulsion]* Some of the people laughed at her. They would have laughed at Christ. They were French people, my lord: I know they were French. 25

WARWICK. Hush! someone is coming. Control yourself.

Ladvenu comes back through the courtyard to Warwick's right hand, carrying a bishop's cross which he has taken from a church. He is very grave and composed. 30

WARWICK. I am informed that it is all over, Brother Martin.

LADVENU. *[enigmatically]* We do not know, my lord. It may have only just begun.

WARWICK. What does that mean, exactly? 35

LADVENU. I took this cross from the church for her that she might see it to the last: she had only two sticks that she put into her bosom. When the fire crept round us, and she saw that if I held the cross before her I should be burnt myself, she warned me to get down and save myself. My lord: a girl who could think of another's danger in such a moment was not inspired by the devil. When I had to snatch the cross from her sight, she looked up to heaven. And I do not believe that the heavens were empty. I firmly believe that her Savior appeared to her then in His tenderest glory. She called to Him and died. This is not the end for her, but the beginning. 40 45

WARWICK. I am afraid it will have a bad effect on the people.

LADVENU. It had, my lord, on some of them. I heard laughter. Forgive me for saying that I hope and believe it was English laughter.

THE CHAPLAIN *[rising frantically]* No: it was not. There was only one Englishman there that disgraced his country; and that was the mad dog, de Stogumber. *[He rushes wildly out, shrieking]* Let them torture him. Let them burn him. I will go pray among her ashes. I am no better than Judas: I will hang myself. 50

WARWICK. Quick, Brother Martin: follow him: he will do himself some mischief. After him, quick. 55

Ladvenu hurries out, Warwick urging him. The Executioner comes in by the door behind the judges' chairs; and Warwick, returning, finds himself face to face with him.

WARWICK. Well, fellow: who are you? 60

THE EXECUTIONER *[with dignity]* I am not addressed as fellow, my lord. I am the Master Executioner of Rouen: it is a highly skilled mystery. I am come to tell your lordship that your orders have been obeyed.

(Scene 6)



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2018**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Tuesday, 11 September 2018
3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your CT and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Please begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work according to sections.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form

A BALL IS FOR THROWING

See it, the beautiful ball Poised in the toyshop window, Rounder than sun or moon. Is it red? is it blue? is it violet? It is everything we desire, And it does not exist at all.	5
Non-existent and beautiful? Quite. In the rounding leap of our hands, In the longing hush of air, We know what that ball could be How its blues and reds could spin To a headier violet.	10
Beautiful in the mind, Like a word we are waiting to hear, That ball is construed, but lives Only in flash of flight, From the instant of release To the catch in another's hand.	15
And the toy withheld is a token Of all who refrain from play— The shopkeepers, the collectors Like Queen Victoria, in whose adorable doll's house Nothing was ever broken.	20

Adrienne Rich (1929 – 2012)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

A LETTER TO MY UNBORN SON

My imagination alone brought you to life.
Today I wonder if your life is better than mine,
If the years between us have been (will be) kind.

Are you the same boy I was long ago?
Do you hear, as I did, the sounds
of passing birds on your way home from school?
Will you ever know that a man who yearns
to return to his past has never left his boyhood behind?

5

I should tell you that I always saw myself as lost.
I often flung myself into the abyss
between joy and despair,
hoping to recover for myself
some hope for the future.

10

If you could only see me now,
You would know I am stronger
For having penned this letter.
It is the only way I could reach you;
it is all I could manage.

15

How strange that sons and fathers
can be bound forever.
The blame is all mine, and my fault
I freely give to you. Perhaps you have longed
for my love. Why would you shun it now?
Here is a seeming kiss. Burn it if you wish.
Take this apology as kindling for your fury.

20

25

Aaron Lee (born 1972)

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) ‘*Pride and Prejudice* is not so much about an individual but rather more about a community.’

How far do you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of sibling relationships, here and elsewhere in the novel.

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, the former, who had been cautious in her praise of Mr. Bingley before, expressed to her sister just how very much she admired him.

“He is just what a young man ought to be,” said she, “sensible, good-humoured, lively; and I never saw such happy manners!—so much ease, with such perfect good breeding!” 5

“He is also handsome,” replied Elizabeth, “which a young man ought likewise to be, if he possibly can. His character is thereby complete.”

“I was very much flattered by his asking me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.” 10

“Did not you? I did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always take you by surprise, and me never. What could be more natural than his asking you again? He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room. No thanks to his gallantry for that. Well, he certainly is very agreeable, and I give you leave to like him. You have liked many a stupider person.” 15

“Dear Lizzy!”

“Oh! you are a great deal too apt, you know, to like people in general. You never see a fault in anybody. All the world are good and agreeable in your eyes. I never heard you speak ill of a human being in your life.” 20

“I would not wish to be hasty in censuring anyone; but I always speak what I think.”

“I know you do; and it is that which makes the wonder. With your good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others! Affectation of candour is common enough—one meets with it everywhere. But to be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good of everybody’s character and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad—belongs to you alone. And so you like this man’s sisters, too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his.” 25

“Certainly not—at first. But they are very pleasing women when you converse with them. Miss Bingley is to live with her brother, and keep his house; and I am much mistaken if we shall not find a very charming neighbour in her.” 30

Elizabeth listened in silence, but was not convinced; their behaviour at the assembly had not been calculated to please in general; and with more quickness of observation and less pliancy of temper than her sister, and with a judgement too unassailed by any attention to herself, she was very little disposed to approve them. They were in fact very fine ladies; not deficient in good humour when they were pleased, nor in the power of making themselves agreeable when they chose it, but proud and conceited. 40

They were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private seminaries in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, were in the habit of spending more than they ought, and of associating with people of rank, and were therefore in every respect entitled to think well of themselves, and meanly of others. They were of a respectable family in the north of England; a circumstance more deeply impressed on their memories than that their brother's fortune and their own had been acquired by trade. 45

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds from his father, who had intended to purchase an estate, but did not live to do it. Mr. Bingley intended it likewise, and sometimes made choice of his county; but as he was now provided with a good house and the liberty of a manor, it was doubtful to many of those who best knew the easiness of his temper, whether he might not spend the remainder of his days at Netherfield, and leave the next generation to purchase. 50

His sisters were anxious for his having an estate of his own; but, though he was now only established as a tenant, Miss Bingley was by no means unwilling to preside at his table—nor was Mrs. Hurst, who had married a man of more fashion than fortune, less disposed to consider his house as her home when it suited her. Mr. Bingley had not been of age two years, when he was tempted by an accidental recommendation to look at Netherfield House. He did look at it, and into it for half-an-hour—was pleased with the situation and the principal rooms, satisfied with what the owner said in its praise, and took it immediately. 55 60

Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of great opposition of character. Bingley was endeared to Darcy by the easiness, openness, and ductility of his temper, though no disposition could offer a greater contrast to his own, and though with his own he never appeared dissatisfied. On the strength of Darcy's regard, Bingley had the firmest reliance, and of his judgement the highest opinion. In understanding, Darcy was the superior. Bingley was by no means deficient, but Darcy was clever. He was at the same time haughty, reserved, and fastidious, and his manners, though well-bred, were not inviting. In that respect his friend had greatly the advantage. Bingley was sure of being liked wherever he appeared, Darcy was continually giving offense. 65 70

Chapter 4

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

3

Either (a) 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon and never think of it. (Act 2, Scene 1)

To what extent do the above lines reveal Angelo's central flaw?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of Lucio's role, here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Lucio:</i>	Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you. Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Woe me, for what?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	For that which, if myself might be his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath got his friend with child.	5
<i>Isabella:</i>	Sir, make me not your story.	
<i>Lucio:</i>	'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest, Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so. I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted, By your renouncement an immortal spirit, And to be talked with in sincerity, As with a saint.	10
<i>Isabella:</i>	You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embraced. As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.	20
<i>Isabella:</i>	Someone with child by him? My cousin Juliet?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Is she your cousin?	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names By vain though apt affection.	25
<i>Lucio:</i>	She it is.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O let him marry her!	
<i>Lucio:</i>	This is the point. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn, By those that know the very nerves of state, His givings-out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place And with full line of his authority Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood Is very snow-broth, one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense,	30
		35

	But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. He, to give fear to use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law As mice by lions, hath picked out an act Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it, And follows close the rigour of the statute To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business 'Twixt you and your poor brother.	40 50
<i>Isabella:</i>	Doth he so Seek his life?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Has censured him already, And as I hear the provost hath a warrant For's execution.	55
<i>Isabella:</i>	Alas, what poor ability's in me To do him good?	
<i>Lucio:</i>	Assay the power you have.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	My power, alas, I doubt.	60
<i>Lucio:</i>	Our doubts are traitors And make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo, And let him learn to know, when maidens sue Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.	65
<i>Isabella:</i>	I'll see what I can do.	

Act 1, Scene 4

END OF PAPER



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Higher 1

Paper 1 Reading Literature

11 Sept 2018

Only the set texts *Frankenstein* and *Saint Joan* may be taken into the examination room.
It may bear underlining or highlighting.
Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

3 Hours

Candidate's Name: _____ **CT Group:** _____

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C.
Begin each section on a fresh sheet of paper.
At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together.
Submit question paper separately.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This question paper consists of **7** printed pages and 1 blank page.

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Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form

Please send us postcards of the sky
and tell us if it's really blue.
Your father says, don't touch the sun.
Your gran knits sweaters one by one.
Your sister has your room. Each night
she crouches at your windowsill
and watches out for you. But still
no word? Is airmail postage much too steep?
What classes are you taking now?
And are you getting enough sleep?
Can you keep warm? Do wear a scarf.
But I shan't nag - you're old enough
To take care of yourself. We miss you lots.
The budgies have stopped singing, and their shelf
Is strewn with fallen feathers. Once you'd flown
We lit a candle for you, and it drips
and flickers - oh, I'm just being glum.
It'll get you down. You've left the nest
Empty, but it's for the best.
How thrilling for you it must be
to finally study overseas!
Icarus, our darling boy,
we're proud of you. Do send word home
and send us postcards of the sky.
— Love, Mum.

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- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying close attention to ways in which your response is shaped by the poet's language, style and form.

B ANYONE LIVED IN A PRETTY HOW TOWN

anyone lived in a pretty how town (with up so floating many bells down) spring summer autumn winter he sang his didn't he danced his did.	
Women and men(both little and small) cared for anyone not at all they sowed their isn't they reaped their same sun moon stars rain	5
children guessed(but only a few and down they forgot as up they grew autumn winter spring summer) that noone loved him more by more	10
when by now and tree by leaf she laughed his joy she cried his grief bird by snow and stir by still anyone's any was all to her	15
someones married their everyones laughed their cryings and did their dance (sleep wake hope and then)they said their nevers they slept their dream	20
stars rain sun moon (and only the snow can begin to explain how children are apt to forget to remember with up so floating many bells down)	
one day anyone died i guess (and noone stooped to kiss his face) busy folk buried them side by side little by little and was by was	25
all by all and deep by deep and more by more they dream their sleep noone and anyone earth by april wish by spirit and if by yes.	30
Women and men(both dong and ding) summer autumn winter spring reaped their sowing and went their came sun moon stars rain	35

e. e. cummings (1894 – 1962)

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Section B

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

2

Either (a) “Beware; for I am fearless, and therefore powerful.”

How far does this hold true in the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to Shelley’s presentation of torment here and elsewhere in the novel.

Nothing is more painful to the human mind than, after the feelings have been worked up by a quick succession of events, the dead calmness of inaction and certainty which follows and deprives the soul both of hope and fear. Justine died, she rested, and I was alive. The blood flowed freely in my veins, but a weight of despair and remorse pressed on my heart which nothing could remove. Sleep fled from my eyes; I wandered like an evil spirit, for I had committed deeds of mischief beyond description horrible, and more, much more (I persuaded myself) was yet behind. Yet my heart overflowed with kindness and the love of virtue. I had begun life with benevolent intentions and thirsted for the moment when I should put them in practice and make myself useful to my fellow beings. Now all was blasted; instead of that serenity of conscience which allowed me to look back upon the past with self-satisfaction, and from thence to gather promise of new hopes, I was seized by remorse and the sense of guilt, which hurried me away to a hell of intense tortures such as no language can describe. 5 10

This state of mind preyed upon my health, which had perhaps never entirely recovered from the first shock it had sustained. I shunned the face of man; all sound of joy or complacency was torture to me; solitude was my only consolation—deep, dark, deathlike solitude. 15

My father observed with pain the alteration perceptible in my disposition and habits and endeavoured by arguments deduced from the feelings of his serene conscience and guiltless life to inspire me with fortitude and awaken in me the courage to dispel the dark cloud which brooded over me. “Do you think, Victor,” said he, “that I do not suffer also? No one could love a child more than I loved your brother”—tears came into his eyes as he spoke—“but is it not a duty to the survivors that we should refrain from augmenting their unhappiness by an appearance of immoderate grief? It is also a duty owed to yourself, for excessive sorrow prevents improvement or enjoyment, or even the discharge of daily usefulness, without which no man is fit for society.” 20 25

This advice, although good, was totally inapplicable to my case; I should have been the first to hide my grief and console my friends if remorse had not mingled its bitterness, and terror its alarm, with my other sensations. Now I could only answer my father with a look of despair and endeavour to hide myself from his view. 30

About this time we retired to our house at Belrive. This change was particularly

agreeable to me. The shutting of the gates regularly at ten o'clock and the impossibility of remaining on the lake after that hour had rendered our residence within the walls of Geneva very irksome to me. I was now free. Often, after the rest of the family had retired for the night, I took the boat and passed many hours upon the water. Sometimes, with my sails set, I was carried by the wind; and sometimes, after rowing into the middle of the lake, I left the boat to pursue its own course and gave way to my own miserable reflections. I was often tempted, when all was at peace around me, and I the only unquiet thing that wandered restless in a scene so beautiful and heavenly—if I except some bat, or the frogs, whose harsh and interrupted croaking was heard only when I approached the shore—often, I say, I was tempted to plunge into the silent lake, that the waters might close over me and my calamities for ever. But I was restrained, when I thought of the heroic and suffering Elizabeth, whom I tenderly loved, and whose existence was bound up in mine. I thought also of my father and surviving brother; should I by my base desertion leave them exposed and unprotected to the malice of the fiend whom I had let loose among them?

At these moments I wept bitterly and wished that peace would revisit my mind only that I might afford them consolation and happiness. But that could not be. Remorse extinguished every hope. I had been the author of unalterable evils, and I lived in daily fear lest the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that all was not over and that he would still commit some signal crime, which by its enormity should almost efface the recollection of the past. There was always scope for fear so long as anything I loved remained behind. My abhorrence of this fiend cannot be conceived. When I thought of him I gnashed my teeth, my eyes became inflamed, and I ardently wished to extinguish that life which I had so thoughtlessly bestowed. When I reflected on his crimes and malice, my hatred and revenge burst all bounds of moderation. I would have made a pilgrimage to the highest peak of the Andes, could I, when there, have precipitated him to their base. I wished to see him again, that I might wreak the utmost extent of abhorrence on his head and avenge the deaths of William and Justine.

Book 1, Chapter IX

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) “The truth sticks in our throats with all the sauces it is served with: it will never go down until we take it without any sauce at all.”

How far is this true of Shaw’s intentions in the play?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, examining Shaw’s use of titles here and elsewhere in the play.

- THE CHAPLAIN The matter, my lord, is that we English have been defeated.
- THE NOBLEMAN That happens, you know. It is only in history books and ballads that the enemy is always defeated.
- THE CHAPLAIN But we are being defeated over and over again. First, Orleans--
- THE NOBLEMAN *[poohpoohing]* Oh, Orleans! 5
- THE CHAPLAIN I know what you are going to say, my lord: that was a clear case of witchcraft and sorcery. But we are still being defeated. Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency, just like Orleans. And now we have been butchered at Patay, and Sir John Talbot taken prisoner. *[He throws down his pen, almost in tears]* I feel it, my lord: I feel it very deeply. I cannot bear to see my countrymen defeated by a parcel of foreigners. 10
- THE NOBLEMAN Oh! you are an Englishman, are you?
- THE CHAPLAIN Certainly not, my lord: I am a gentleman. Still, like your lordship, I was born in England; and it makes a difference. 15
- THE NOBLEMAN You are attached to the soil, eh?
- THE CHAPLAIN It pleases your lordship to be satirical at my expense: your greatness privileges you to be so with impunity. But your lordship knows very well that I am not attached to the soil in a vulgar manner, like a serf. Still, I have a feeling about it; *[with growing agitation]* and I am not ashamed of it; and *[rising wildly]* by God, if this goes on any longer I will fling my cassock to the devil, and take arms myself, and strangle the accursed witch with my own hands. 20
- THE NOBLEMAN *[laughing at him goodnaturedly]* So you shall, chaplain: so you shall, if we can do nothing better. But not yet, not quite yet. 25
[The Chaplain resumes his seat very sulkily.]
- THE NOBLEMAN *[airily]* I should not care very much about the witch--you see, I have made my pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and the Heavenly Powers, for their own credit, can hardly allow me to be worsted by a village

sorceress--but the Bastard of Orleans is a harder nut to crack; and as he has been to the Holy Land too, honors are easy between us as far as that goes. 30

THE CHAPLAIN He is only a Frenchman, my lord.

THE NOBLEMAN A Frenchman! Where did you pick up that expression? Are these Burgundians and Bretons and Picards and Gascons beginning to call themselves Frenchmen, just as our fellows are beginning to call themselves Englishmen? They actually talk of France and England as their countries. Theirs, if you please! What is to become of me and you if that way of thinking comes into fashion? 35

THE CHAPLAIN Why, my lord? Can it hurt us? 40

THE NOBLEMAN Men cannot serve two masters. If this can't of serving their country once takes hold of them, goodbye to the authority of their feudal lords, and goodbye to the authority of the Church. That is, goodbye to you and me.

THE CHAPLAIN I hope I am a faithful servant of the Church; and there are only six cousins between me and the barony of Stogumber, which was created by the Conqueror. But is that any reason why I should stand by and see Englishmen beaten by a French bastard and a witch from Lousy Champagne? 45

THE NOBLEMAN Easy, man, easy: we shall burn the witch and beat the bastard all in good time. Indeed I am waiting at present for the Bishop of Beauvais, to arrange the burning with him. He has been turned out of his diocese by her faction. 50

THE CHAPLAIN You have first to catch her, my lord.

THE NOBLEMAN Or buy her. I will offer a king's ransom. 55

THE CHAPLAIN A king's ransom! For that slut!

THE NOBLEMAN One has to leave a margin. Some of Charles's people will sell her to the Burgundians; the Burgundians will sell her to us; and there will probably be three or four middlemen who will expect their little commissions. 60

THE CHAPLAIN Monstrous. It is all those scoundrels of Jews: they get in every time money changes hands. I would not leave a Jew alive in Christendom if I had my way.

THE NOBLEMAN Why not? The Jews generally give value. They make you pay; but they deliver the goods. In my experience the men who want something for nothing are invariably Christians. 65

Scene IV

END OF PAPER

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ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Preliminary Examination

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Higher 1

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Wed, 12 Sep 2018

3 hours

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, index number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, submit each section separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 8 printed pages.

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Section A

- 1 Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Sarah Arvio (b. 1954) , paying close attention to how language, sound and style are used to create meaning in the poem.

Flying

One said to me tonight or was it day
or was it the passage between the two,
“It’s hard to remember, crossing time zones,

the structure of the hours you left behind.
Are they sleeping or are they eating sweets, **5**
and are they wanting me to phone them now?”

“In the face of technological fact,
even the most seasoned traveler feels
the baffled sense that nowhere else exists.”

“It’s the moving resistance of the air **10**
as you hurtle too fast against the hours
that stuns the cells and tissues of the brain.”

“The dry cabin air, the cramped rows of seats,
the steward passing pillows, pouring drinks,
and the sudden ridges of turbulence. . .” **15**

“Oh yes, the crossing is always a trial,
despite precautions: drink water, don’t smoke,
and take measured doses of midday sun,

whether an ordinary business flight
or a prayer at a pleasure altar. . . **20**
for moments or hours the earth out of sight,

the white cumuli dreaming there below,
warm fronts and cold fronts streaming through
the sky,
the mesmerizing rose-and-purple glow.” **25**

“So did you leave your home à contrecœur¹?
Did you leave a life? Did you leave a love?
Are you out here looking for another?

Some want so much to cross, to go away,
somewhere anywhere & begin again, **30**
others can’t endure the separation. . .”

One night, the skyline as I left New York
was a garden of neon flowerbursts--
the celebration of a history.

¹ a contrecœur: unwillingly; reluctantly

Or (b)

Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Darren Siau (b.1971), paying close attention to how language, sound and form are used to create meaning in the poem.

Four Seasons

we will never know Winter in Singapore; of waking to find our shallow hopes iced over in public pools and ashen cars at the foot of our block lying defiant like frost-bitten toes while the Padang pales with each whip of wind	5
or Autumn, when the flames in our forests flicker and fall lining our lorongs ¹ with orange embers, hinting at pilgrimages	10
or Summer, when all the island is a kiln and we return to vessels, our mouths open like parched pots, the pavements simmering each time our buried dragons sigh	15
we will never know the seasons—not even Spring, the joy as our bougainvilleas ² bud and burgeon on quiet verandahs and ixoras ³ flow again with secret nectar, as silent geckos, roused from rest, appear once more to clutch at our familiar corners;	20
we will never understand the seasons though we glimpse at them with our first-class tickets and listen to them unfolding, like leaves, in Vivaldi ⁴ 's concertos until then we will breathe our sea-laden air and every little cough of clouds and slight heave of heat will gnaw at our heads like a fever in our temples	25 30

¹ Lorong: A Malay word for lane

² Bougainvillea: A type of flower

³ Ixora: A type of flower

⁴ Vivaldi: A famous composer

Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 2 Either (a) "Darcy is confident with everyone but Elizabeth." How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of consideration for others, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"MY DEAR HARRIET,

"You will laugh when you know where I am gone, and I cannot help laughing myself at your surprise to-morrow morning, as soon as I am missed. I am going to Gretna Green, and if you cannot guess with who, I shall think you a simpleton, for there is but one man in the world I love, and he is an angel. I should never be happy without him, so think it no harm to be off. You need not send them word at Longbourn of my going, if you do not like it, for it will make the surprise the greater, when I write to them and sign my name 'Lydia Wickham.' What a good joke it will be! I can hardly write for laughing. Pray make my excuses to Pratt for not keeping my engagement, and dancing with him to-night. Tell him I hope he will excuse me when he knows all; and tell him I will dance with him at the next ball we meet, with great pleasure. I shall send for my clothes when I get to Longbourn; but I wish you would tell Sally to mend a great slit in my worked muslin gown before they are packed up. Good-bye. Give my love to Colonel Forster. I hope you will drink to our good journey.

"Your affectionate friend,

"LYDIA BENNET."

"Oh! thoughtless, thoughtless Lydia!" cried Elizabeth when she had finished it. "What a letter is this, to be written at such a moment! But at least it shows that *she* was serious on the subject of their journey. Whatever he might afterwards persuade her to, it was not on her side a *scheme* of infamy. My poor father! how he must have felt it!"

"I never saw anyone so shocked. He could not speak a word for full ten minutes. My mother was taken ill immediately, and the whole house in such confusion!"

"Oh! Jane," cried Elizabeth, "was there a servant belonging to it who did not know the whole story before the end of the day?"

"I do not know. I hope there was. But to be guarded at such a time is very difficult. My mother was in hysterics, and though I endeavoured to give her every assistance in my power, I am afraid I did not do so much as I might have done! But the horror of what might possibly happen almost took from me my faculties."

"Your attendance upon her has been too much for you. You do not look well. Oh that I had been with you, you have had

every care and anxiety upon yourself alone." 45

"Mary and Kitty have been very kind, and would have shared in every fatigue, I am sure; but I did not think it right for either of them. Kitty is slight and delicate; and Mary studies so much, that her hours of repose should not be broken in on. My aunt Phillips came to Longbourn on Tuesday, after my father went away; and was so good as to stay till Thursday with me. She was of great use and comfort to us all. And Lady Lucas has been very kind; she walked here on Wednesday morning to condole with us, and offered her services, or any of her daughters, if they should be of use to us." 50 55

"She had better have stayed at home," cried Elizabeth; "perhaps she *meant* well, but, under such a misfortune as this, one cannot see too little of one's neighbours. Assistance is impossible; condolence insufferable. Let them triumph over us at a distance, and be satisfied." 60

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 Either (a)** 'Humanity helplessly prone to evil and error.' How far do you agree with this response to the play?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of beliefs, here and elsewhere in the play.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO

O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE VINCENTIO

'Tis not possible.

LUCIO

Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

5

DUKE VINCENTIO

You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

10

DUKE VINCENTIO

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

15

DUKE VINCENTIO

Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier.

20

Therefore you speak unskillfully: or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

25

LUCIO

Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

30

LUCIO

Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

35

LUCIO

Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

DUKE VINCENTIO

He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

40

LUCIO

I fear you not.

DUKE VINCENTIO

O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO

I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

45

DUKE VINCENTIO

Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO

Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: the ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned!

50

Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.

55

Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

60

Exit

DUKE VINCENTIO

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

65

(Act 3 Scene 2)



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

**HIGHER 1 8832/01
PAPER 1: READING LITERATURE**

TUESDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 2018 3 HOURS

TIME: 1300 – 1600

Additional materials: Answer paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. the use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, civics group on every answer sheet.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

You may use a soft pencil for any diagrams or graphs.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

Answer **three** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 6 printed pages and 0 blank pages. [Turn over]

Section A
Answer one question in this section

1

Either

- (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's choices of language, style and form.

First Home

I wake up in the place where I used to live.
 A kitchen table emerges quietly, blatantly

dreamlike, watched by dazed, closed-mouthed cupboards
 and chairs with arms tied behind their backs.

On the floor, no one watches a pair of clogs
 lean toward each other; kiss redly. 5

This sofa where I spend afternoons
 waiting for my parents to come back from work,

reading in bed, or sitting at the table,
 as grandpa meditates over a glass of Guinness, 10

a single egg-yolk rising and falling within it
 like the sun in viscous night,

the present swimming right through me.

I am a child again standing at this balcony,
 succumbing to a solitude I knew then how to love, 15

a row of potted plants humming to a day's luminosity,
 while those clouds are the vast sails of ships

billowing with the future's
 unstoppable gale.

Cyril Wong (1977 -)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's choices of language, style and form.

Background Material

My writing desk. Two photos, mam and dad.
A birthday, him. Their ruby wedding, her.
Neither one a couple and both bad.
I make out what's behind them from the blur.

Dad's in our favourite pub, now gone for good. 5
My father and his background are both gone,
but hers has my Welsh cottage and a wood
that still shows those same greens eight summers on,
though only the greenness of it 's stayed the same.

Though one of them 's in colour and one 's not, 10
the two are joined, apart from their shared frame,
by what, for photographers, would mar each shot:

in his, if you look close, the gleam, the light,
me in his blind right eye, but minute size –

in hers, as though just cast from where I write, 15
a shadow holding something to its eyes.

Tony Harrison (1937 -)

Section B: *Pride and Prejudice*

Answer one question in this section.

2

Either

- (a) “Without experience, no reason; without impressions, no experience.”

In the light of this statement, comment on the importance of experience and reason in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or

- (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the presentation of Elizabeth Bennet’s state of mind and its significance at this point in the novel.

As for Elizabeth her thoughts were at Pemberley this evening more than the last, and the evening, though as it passed it seemed long, was not long enough to determine her feelings towards *one* in that mansion; and she lay awake two whole hours, endeavouring to make them out. She certainly did not hate him. No, hatred had vanished long ago, and she had almost as long been ashamed of ever feeling a dislike against him, that could be so 5 called. The respect created by the conviction of his valuable qualities, though at first unwillingly admitted, had for some time ceased to be repugnant to her feelings; and it was now heightened into somewhat of a friendlier nature, by the testimony so highly in his favour, and bringing forward his disposition in so amiable a light, which yesterday had produced. 10 But above all, above respect and esteem, there was a motive within her of good will which could not be overlooked. It was gratitude.—Gratitude, not merely for having once loved her, but for loving her still well enough, to forgive all the petulance and acrimony of her manner in rejecting him, and all the unjust accusations accompanying her rejection. He who, she had 15 been persuaded, would avoid her as his greatest enemy, seemed, on this accidental meeting, most eager to preserve the acquaintance, and without any indelicate display of regard, or any peculiarity of manner, where their two selves only were concerned, was soliciting the good opinion of her friends, and bent on making her known to his sister. Such a change in a 20 man of so much pride, excited not only astonishment but gratitude – for to love, ardent love, it must be attributed; and as such its impression on her was of a sort to be encouraged, as by no means unpleasing, though it could be exactly defined. She respected, she esteemed, she was grateful to him, she felt a real interest in his welfare; and she only wanted to know how far 25 she wished that welfare to depend upon herself, and how far it would be for the happiness of both that she should employ the power, which her fancy told her she still possessed, of bringing on the renewal of his addresses.

(Volume 3, Chapter 2)

Section C: Measure for Measure
Answer one question in this section.

3

Either **(a)** "All that glitters is not gold."

In light of the above statement, comment on the presentation of appearance versus reality in the play, *Measure for Measure*.

Or **(b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the depiction of human nature.

ANGELO	We are all frail.	
ISABELLA	Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness.	
ANGELO	Nay, women are frail too.	
ISABELLA	Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women? - Help heaven! Men their creation mar In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail; For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.	5 10
ANGELO	I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex - Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames - let me be bold; I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none. If you be one - as you are well expressed By all external warrants - show it now, By putting on the destined livery.	 15
ISABELLA	I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language.	20
ANGELO	Plainly conceive, I love you.	
ISABELLA	My brother did love Juliet, And you tell me that he shall die for't.	
ANGELO	He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.	25
ISABELLA	I know your virtue hath a licence in't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.	
ANGELO	Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.	30
ISABELLA	Ha? Little honour, to be much believed, And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't. Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud What man thou art.	 35
ANGELO	Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state,	

Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and proluxious blushes,
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit

ISABELLA	To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me? O perilous mouths, That bear in them one and the self-same tongue, Either of condemnation or approof; Bidding the law make curtesy to their will: Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother: Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour. That, had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhorred pollution. Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. <i>[Exit</i>	60 65 70 75
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(Act 2 Scene 4)

END OF PAPER

**TEMASEK JUNIOR COLLEGE
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
JC 2**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

8832/01

Higher 1

28 August 2018

Paper 1: Reading Literature

3 hours

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and class on all the work that you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Begin each question on a fresh piece of paper and submit your answer to each question separately.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue, correction fluid or correction tape.

Answer **one** question from each section.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
You are advised to spend an hour on each question.

This paper consists of **7** printed pages.

SECTION A

1.

- Either (a) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

WEIGHING IN

What the scale tells you is how much the earth has missed you, body, how it wants you back again after you leave it to go forth	
into the light. Do you remember how earth hardly noticed you then? Others would rock you in their arms, warm in the flow	5
that fed you, coaxed you upright. Then earth began to claim you with spots and fevers, began to lick at you with a bruised knee, a bloody shin,	
and finally to stoke you, body, drumming intimate coded messaged through music you danced to unawares, there in your dreaming	10
and your poems and your obedient blood. Body, how useful you became, how lucky, heavy with news and breakage, rich, and sad,	15
sometimes, imagining that greedy zero you must have been, that promising empty sack of possibilities, never-to-come tomorrow.	
But look at you now, body, soft old shoe that love wears when it's stirring, look down, look how earth wants what you weigh, needs what you know.	20

by Rhina P. Espaillat (1932 -)

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

We will wake at dawn. You will fumble
for the car keys under your pillow.

The engine quivering: another kind of dawn.
I wind down the windows and a breeze

steals in to unfasten our smiles. 5
Each traffic light stands ceremonial.

Each blush of green approves of us
stealing away like this, with suitcases,

and enough memories to stay awake in motels
while I watch you sleeping on your side 10

and vice-versa. The radio plays our songs.
We only know the words to the choruses

but that is enough for now. My elbow
leans out from the window-edge

and picks up fresh gossip from the wind. 15
A secret dialogue, punctuated with caresses.

In the rear-view mirror our eyes search each other.
Who will we blame on the day we awake

to discover we had left something behind?
Who will we blame for what sneaked in 20

behind us in the car, that never aged,
to remind us of the time when we were young

and believed that love was a hermit whose cottage
we would find at the absolute end of the road,

at the end of the world where that question will sting 25
our severed lips: I am here now. Where are you?

by Alfian Sa'at (1977 -)

SECTION B

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2.

Either (a) “Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!”

Discuss the significance of this line from the epigraph in relation to the presentation of the American Dream.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to the narrative perspective of Nick Carraway here and elsewhere in the novel.

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left—the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train. 5

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over. 10

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 15

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 20 25 30

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have

seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 35

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. 40

(Chapter 9)

SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *Playing for Time*

3.

Either (a) “For the dead and the living, we must bear witness.”

Discuss the significance of this statement in relation to *Playing for Time*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, commenting on the portrayal of the orchestra’s predicament, here and elsewhere in the play.

[The lights come up on the dayroom. Etalina is being coached by a Cellist. Most of the orchestra watches them avidly. They are actually watching him standing around in groups at a respectful distance. The Poles watch, too. The Cellist’s hands are sensuous and alive, male. Fania tears her gaze from the Cellist and tries to work on her 5 orchestrations on a table.]

ETALINA Fania ... it’s ridiculous ... I can’t learn this damned instrument by Sunday.

FANIA Don’t ask me ...

ETALINA And Beethoven yet! 10

[The Cellist silently demonstrates a tremolo. Etalina painfully tries, but she is awkward with the unfamiliar instrument. He adjusts her arm position, and the touch of his hand stops her breath. The others look on in fascination at their physical contact.]

Paulette suddenly enters from outside. She is barely strong enough to stand. Fania sees her and leaps up to go to her. Elzvieta and Etalina also jump up and go to her.] 15

ETALINA Paulette! Thank God I don’t have to learn this damned instrument!

[She and Elzvieta help Paulette to a chair. All gather around her, hugging her.] 20

ELZVIETA Was it typhus or what?

ETALINA She still looks terrible.

FANIA Sssh! Paulette? What is it?

[Paulette tries to speak, but hardly has enough strength to do so. All are silent, awaiting her words.] 25

PAULETTE You’re to play on Sunday ...

ETALINA In the hospital, yes, we know.

FANIA You don’t look to me like you should be walking around, Paulette. 30

[stubbornly, gallantly, gripping Fania’s hand to silence her]

PAULETTE They plan ... to gas ... all the patients ... after ... the concert.

[There is stunned silence.]

FANIA How do you know? 35

PAULETTE One of the SS women ... warned me ... I knew her once.
She used to be ... one of the chambermaids in our house.
So I got out.

[Alma enters from her room, sees the gathering, then sees Paulette.]

ALMA Paulette, how wonderful! Are you all better now? We're 40
desperate for you! We're doing the Beethoven Fifth on
Sunday!

[Paulette gets to her feet and wobbles like a mast being raised.]

FANIA She's had to walk from the hospital, madame. Could she 45
lie down for a bit?

PAULETTE No! I ... I can.

[She goes to the cello and sits as though the room is whirling around for her. Etalina rushes and hands her the bow. The orchestra quickly sit in their places.]

ALMA *[going to the podium taking charge].* From the beginning. 50
Go on with the orchestration, Fania.

[The music begins. Paulette, on the verge of pitching forward, plays the cello. The Cellist waits, looking on. The pall of fear is upon them.

*Fania resumes her place at the table and bends over her orchestrations, shielding her eyes, a pencil in hand. Conducting the orchestra, Alma is 55
full of joyful tension and pride. She waves her arms, snaps her head in
rhythm, and hums the tune loudly, oblivious to everything else. Paulette
is feverishly trying to stay with the music. Her desperation is the dilemma
of rehearsing to play for the doomed. There is a blackout. From the
darkness outside comes the sound of the coupling of freight cars and a 60
surge of fierce dogs barking. There are shouts.]*

(Act 2)

END OF PAPER



VICTORIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2018
HIGHER 1

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8832/01

Paper 1

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your class and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten the essays separately and label them accurately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **8** printed pages

[Turn over

Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Social Life

After the party ends another party begins
and the survivors of the first party climb
into the second one as if it were a lifeboat
to carry them away from their slowly sinking ship.

Behind me now my friend Richard 5
is getting a fresh drink, putting on more music
moving from group to group – smiles and
jokes, laughter, kissy-kiss –

It is not given to me to understand 10
the social pleasures of my species, but I think
what he gets from these affairs
is what bees get from flowers – a nudging of the stamen,

a sprinkle of pollen
about the head and shoulders –

whereas I prefer the feeling of going away, going away, 15
stretching out my distance from the voices and the lights
until the tether breaks and I

am in the wild sweet dark
where the sea breeze sizzles in the hedgetop
and the big weed heads whose names I never learned 20
lift and nod upon their stalks.

What I like about the trees is how
they do not talk about the failure of their parents
and what I like about the grasses is that
they are not grasses in recovery 25

and what I like about the flowers is
that they are not flowers in need of
empowerment or validation. They sway

upon their thorny stems
as if whatever was about to happen next tonight 30
was sure to be completely interesting –

the moon rising like an ivory tusk,
a few funky molecules of skunk
strolling through the air
to mingle with the aura of a honeysuckle bush, 35

and when they bump together in my nose,
I want to raise my head and sing,
I'm a child in paradise again
when you touch me like that, baby,

but instead, I stand still and listen 40
to the breeze departing from the upper story of a tree
and the hum of insects in the field,
letting everything else have a word, and then another word,

because silence is always good manners
and often a clever thing to say 45
when you are at a party.

Tony Hoagland (b. 1953)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Notes from a Colonialist, 2065

After the Seas drained, the Island
uncovered itself – a godless ark held
aloft by three cenotaphs¹, a thousand
last breaths frosting the windows.
A thousand necks cocked, aghast at
the coming of the Waves. A whole city, 5

metal and glass, prostrating before
the Bay, flogged by chastising currents.
Between buckled knees of buildings, earth
cleaves like knifed butter. Underground, 10
arteries clogged with consumerism – recurring
shop signs blare at every turn, the same sodden

bakeries with east-west confections, murky bubble
tea shops. Still, the air is hungry with ghosts –
strike a match and watch it swallowed whole. 15
Everywhere, signs of a Country screaming
against its own obituary – *We are a Nation
of implausible origin. A Nation built on*

SURVIVAL. A People with RESILIENCE
coursing through iron veins. The dead 20
clench merlion amulets in fists, lips
pruning around emptied oxygen tanks.
The desperate have slit their cheeks with gills,
spliced spines to flaccid fins. Pillars of

sea salt turn crumbling backs to carrion. 25
At the Island's heart, its only legacy – freshwater
reservoirs churn bullishly under glass domes.
Trees nest within trees, noises within noises.
Last night, I heard the mangroves murmur. I slipped
off my boots and felt soil curl awake – a sure sign 30

Life shall again, sustain itself. The harbour
here is sheltered and deep. Send ships.

Amanda Chong (b. 1989)

¹ cenotaphs: monuments to someone buried elsewhere, especially those commemorating people who died in a war

Section B

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

2

Either (a) 'As a romantic idealist, Gatsby is destined to be disappointed.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the presentation of Jay Gatsby in the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of social exclusion, here and elsewhere in the novel.

They were a party of three on horseback — Tom and a man named Sloane and a pretty woman in a brown riding-habit, who had been there previously.

'I'm delighted to see you,' said Gatsby, standing on his porch. 'I'm delighted that you dropped in.'

As though they cared!

5

'Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar.' He walked around the room quickly, ringing bells. 'I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute.'

He was profoundly affected by the fact that Tom was there. But he would be uneasy anyhow until he had given them something, realizing in a vague way that that was all they came for. Mr Sloane wanted nothing. A lemonade? No, thanks. A little champagne? Nothing at all, thanks . . . I'm sorry —

10

'Did you have a nice ride?'

'Very good roads around here.'

'I suppose the automobiles —'

'Yeah.'

15

Moved by an irresistible impulse, Gatsby turned to Tom, who had accepted the introduction as a stranger.

'I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr Buchanan.'

'Oh, yes,' said Tom, gruffly polite, but obviously not remembering. 'So we did. I remember very well.'

20

'About two weeks ago.'

'That's right. You were with Nick here.'

'I know your wife,' continued Gatsby, almost aggressively.

'That so?'

Tom turned to me.

25

'You live near here, Nick?'

'Next door.'

'That so?'

Mr Sloane didn't enter into the conversation, but lounged back haughtily in his chair; the woman said nothing either — until unexpectedly, after two highballs, she became cordial.

30

'We'll all come over to your next party, Mr Gatsby,' she suggested. 'What do you say?'

'Certainly; I'd be delighted to have you.'

'Be ver' nice,' said Mr Sloane, without gratitude. 'Well — think ought to be starting home.'

'Please don't hurry,' Gatsby urged them. He had control of himself now, and he wanted to see more of Tom. 'Why don't you — why don't you stay for supper? I wouldn't be surprised if some other people dropped in from New York.'

35

'You come to supper with me,' said the lady enthusiastically. 'Both of you.'

This included me. Mr Sloane got to his feet.

‘Come along,’ he said — but to her only.

‘I mean it,’ she insisted. ‘I’d love to have you. Lots of room.’ 40

Gatsby looked at me questioningly. He wanted to go and he didn’t see that Mr Sloane had determined he shouldn’t.

‘I’m afraid I won’t be able to,’ I said.

‘Well, you come,’ she urged, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr Sloane murmured something close to her ear. 45

‘We won’t be late if we start now,’ she insisted aloud.

‘I haven’t got a horse,’ said Gatsby. ‘I used to ride in the army, but I’ve never bought a horse. I’ll have to follow you in my car. Excuse me for just a minute.’

The rest of us walked out on the porch, where Sloane and the lady began an impassioned conversation aside. 50

‘My God, I believe the man’s coming,’ said Tom. ‘Doesn’t he know she doesn’t want him?’

‘She says she does want him.’

‘She has a big dinner party and he won’t know a soul there.’ He frowned. ‘I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy. By God, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish.’ 55

Suddenly Mr Sloane and the lady walked down the steps and mounted their horses.

‘Come on,’ said Mr Sloane to Tom, ‘we’re late. We’ve got to go.’ And then to me: ‘Tell him we couldn’t wait, will you?’

Tom and I shook hands, the rest of us exchanged a cool nod, and they trotted quickly down the drive, disappearing under the August foliage just as Gatsby, with hat and light overcoat in hand, came out the front door. 60

Chapter 6

Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

3

Either (a) 'Saint Joan is a tragedy without villains, for all believe they are acting for the good.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of faith, here and elsewhere in the play.

Ladvenu: Is the stake ready?
The Executioner: It is. In the market-place. The English have built it too high for me to get near her and make the death easier. It will be a cruel death.
Joan [horried]: But you are not going to burn me now?
The Inquisitor: You realize it at last. 5
Ladvenu: There are eight hundred English soldiers waiting to take you to the market-place the moment the sentence of excommunication has passed the lips of your judges. You are within a few short moments of that doom.
Joan [looking round desperately for rescue]: Oh God!
Ladvenu: Do not despair, Joan. The Church is merciful. You can save yourself. 10
Joan [hopefully]: Yes, my voices promised me I should not be burnt. St Catherine bade me be bold.
Cauchon: Woman: are you quite mad? Do you not yet see that your voices have deceived you? 15
Joan: Oh no: that is impossible.
Cauchon: Impossible! They have led you straight to your excommunication, and to the stake which is there waiting for you.
Ladvenu [pressing the point hard]: Have they kept a single promise to you since you were taken at Compiègne? The devil has betrayed you. The Church holds out its arms to you. 20
Joan [despairing]: Oh, it is true: it is true: my voices have deceived me. I have been mocked by devils: my faith is broken. I have dared and dared; but only a fool will walk into a fire: God, who gave me my commonsense, cannot will me to do that. 25
Ladvenu: Now God be praised that He has saved you at the eleventh hour! [*He hurries to the vacant seat at the scribes' table, and snatches a sheet of paper, on which he sets to work writing eagerly.*]
Cauchon: Amen!
Joan: What must I do? 30
Cauchon: You must sign a solemn recantation of your heresy.
Joan: Sign? That means to write my name. I cannot write.
Cauchon: You have signed many letters before.
Joan: Yes; but someone held my hand and guided the pen. I can make my mark. 35
The Chaplain [who has been listening with growing alarm and indignation]: My lord: do you mean that you are going to allow this woman to escape us?
The Inquisitor: The law must take its course, Master de Stogumber. And you know the law.

The Chaplain [rising, purple with fury]: I know that there is no faith in a Frenchman. *[Tumult, which he shouts down].* I know what my lord the Cardinal of Winchester will say when he hears of this. I know what the Earl of Warwick will do when he learns that you intend to betray him. There are eight hundred men at the gate who will see that this abominable witch is burnt in spite of your teeth. 40

The Assessors [meanwhile]: What is this? What did he say? He accuses us of treachery! This is past bearing. No faith in a Frenchman! Did you hear that? This is an intolerable fellow. Who is he? Is this what English Churchmen are like? He must be mad or drunk, etc., etc. 45

The Inquisitor [rising]: Silence, pray! Gentlemen: pray silence! Master Chaplain: bethink you a moment of your holy office: of what you are, and where you are. I direct you to sit down. 50

The Chaplain [folding his arms doggedly, his face working convulsively]: I will NOT sit down.

Cauchon: Master Inquisitor: this man has called me a traitor to my face before now. 55

The Chaplain: So you are a traitor. You are all traitors. You have been doing nothing but begging this damnable witch on your knees to recant all through this trial.

The Inquisitor [placidly resuming his seat]: If you will not sit, you must stand: that is all. 60

The Chaplain: I will NOT stand *[he flings himself back into his chair].*

Ladvenu [rising with the paper in his hand]: My lord: here is the form of recantation for The Maid to sign.

Cauchon: Read it to her. 65

Joan: Do not trouble. I will sign it.

Scene 6

END OF PAPER