



RIVER VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL
ADVANCED LEVEL
YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS 2
HIGHER 1

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8811/1
19 Sep
Band Rm
3 hours

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. Only underlining, highlighting or the use of vertical lines in the margins is permitted. Nothing else should be written in the texts. Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is also not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, index no. and class on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **THREE** questions, **one** from **each** section.

Start each answer on a fresh piece of paper.

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 carry equal marks

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

[Turn over

SECTION A
Answer one question from this section.

1 Either

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

Metho Drinker

Under the death of winter's leaves he lies
who cried to Nothing and the terrible night
to be his home and bread. "O take from me
the weight and waterfall of ceaseless Time
that batters down my weakness; the knives of light 5
whose thrust I cannot turn; the cruelty
of human eyes that dare not touch nor pity. "
Under the worn leaves of the winter city
safe in the house of Nothing now he lies.

His white and burning girl, his woman of fire, 10
creeps to his heart and sets a candle there
to eat the nerve that tethers him in Time.
He will lie warm until the bone is bare
and on a dead dark moon he wakes alone.
It was for Death he took her; death is but this; 15
and yet he is uneasy under her kiss
and winces from that acid of her desire.

Judith Wright (1915-2000)

Or

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

Piano and Drums

When at break of day at a riverside I hear jungle drums telegraphing the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw like bleeding flesh, speaking of primal youth and the beginning,	5
I see the panther ready to pounce, the leopard snarling about to leap and the hunters crouch with spears poised;	
And my blood rippled, turns torren, topples the years and at once I'm in my mother's laps a suckling;	10
at once I'm walking simple paths with no innovations, rugged, fashioned with the naked warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts	15
in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.	
Then I hear a wailing piano solo speaking of complex ways in tear-furrowed concerto of far away lands	20
and new horizons with coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint, crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth of its complexities, it ends in the middle of a phrase at a daggerpoint	25

Gabriel Okara (1921 -)

SECTION B
Answer one question from this section.

Edith Wharton: *The Age of Innocence*

2 Either

- a) "Oh, my dear - where is that country? Have you ever been there?" (Chap 29)

Discuss the theme of expectations and reality in the light of the statement above.

Or

- b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage paying particular attention to the portrayal of Newland Archer and Ellen Olenska, here and elsewhere in the novel.

She had grown tired of what people called "society"; New York was kind, it was almost oppressively hospitable; she should never forget the way in which it had welcomed her back; but after the first flush of novelty she had found herself, as she phrased it, too "different" to care for the things it cared about—and so she had decided to try Washington, where one was supposed to meet more varieties of people and of opinion. And on the whole she should probably settle 5
down in Washington, and make a home there for poor Medora, who had worn out the patience of all her other relations just at the time when she most needed looking after and protecting from matrimonial perils.

"But Dr. Carver—aren't you afraid of Dr. Carver? I hear he's been staying with you at the Blenkers'." 10

She smiled. "Oh, the Carver danger is over. Dr. Carver is a very clever man. He wants a rich wife to finance his plans, and Medora is simply a good advertisement as a convert."

"A convert to what?"

"To all sorts of new and crazy social schemes. But, do you know, they interest me more than the blind conformity to tradition—somebody else's tradition—that I see among our own friends. It 15
seems stupid to have discovered America only to make it into a copy of another country." She smiled across the table. "Do you suppose Christopher Columbus would have taken all that trouble just to go to the Opera with the Selfridge Merrys?"

Archer changed colour. "And Beaufort—do you say these things to Beaufort?" he asked abruptly.

"I haven't seen him for a long time. But I used to; and he understands." 20

"Ah, it's what I've always told you; you don't like us. And you like Beaufort because he's so unlike us." He looked about the bare room and out at the bare beach and the row of stark white village houses strung along the shore. "We're damnably dull. We've no character, no colour, no variety.—I wonder," he broke out, "why you don't go back?"

Her eyes darkened, and he expected an indignant rejoinder. But she sat silent, as if thinking over 25
what he had said, and he grew frightened lest she should answer that she wondered too.

At length she said: "I believe it's because of you."

It was impossible to make the confession more dispassionately, or in a tone less encouraging to the vanity of the person addressed. Archer reddened to the temples, but dared not move or speak: it was as if her words had been some rare butterfly that the least motion might drive off on startled wings, but that might gather a flock about it if it were left undisturbed. 30

"At least," she continued, "it was you who made me understand that under the dullness there are things so fine and sensitive and delicate that even those I most cared for in my other life look cheap in comparison. I don't know how to explain myself"—she drew together her troubled brows—"but it seems as if I'd never before understood with how much that is hard and shabby and base the most exquisite pleasures may be paid." 35

"Exquisite pleasures—it's something to have had them!" he felt like retorting; but the appeal in her eyes kept him silent.

"I want," she went on, "to be perfectly honest with you—and with myself. For a long time I've hoped this chance would come: that I might tell you how you've helped me, what you've made of me—" 40

Archer sat staring beneath frowning brows. He interrupted her with a laugh. "And what do you make out that you've made of me?"

She paled a little. "Of you?"

"Yes: for I'm of your making much more than you ever were of mine. I'm the man who married one woman because another one told him to." 45

Her paleness turned to a fugitive flush. "I thought— you promised—you were not to say such things today."

"Ah—how like a woman! None of you will ever see a bad business through!"

She lowered her voice. "IS it a bad business—for May?" 50

He stood in the window, drumming against the raised sash, and feeling in every fibre the wistful tenderness with which she had spoken her cousin's name.

"For that's the thing we've always got to think of— haven't we—by your own showing?" she insisted.

"My own showing?" he echoed, his blank eyes still on the sea. 55

"Or if not," she continued, pursuing her own thought with a painful application, "if it's not worthwhile to have given up, to have missed things, so that others may be saved from disillusionment and misery—then everything I came home for, everything that made my other life seem by contrast so bare and so poor because no one there took account of them—all these things are a sham or a dream—" 60

SECTION C

Answer one question from this section.

Arthur Miller: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) "In the play, time is an enemy and a moral force". Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, highlighting its significance to the play as a whole.

Chris: I know all about the world. I know the whole crap story. Now listen to this, and tell me what a man's got to be! (Reads:) "My dear Ann: ...", you listening? He wrote this the day he died. Listen, don't cry.... Listen! "My Dear Ann: it is impossible to put down the things I feel. But I've got to tell you something. Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the States and I read about Dad and your father being convicted. I can't express myself. I can't tell you how I feel... I can't bear to live any more. Last night I circled the base for twenty minutes before I could bring myself in. How could he have done that? Every day three or four men never come back and he sits back there doing 'business'.... I don't know how to tell you what I feel.... I can't face anybody... I'm going out on a mission in a few minutes. They'll probably report me as missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn't wait for me. I tell you, Ann, if I had him there now I could kill him..." (Keller grabs the letter from Chris's hand and reads it. After a long pause) Now blame the world. Do you understand that letter? 5

Keller: (speaking almost inaudibly) I think I do. Get the car. I'll put on my jacket. (he turns and starts slowly for the house. Mother rushes to intercept him) 20

Mother: Why are you going? You'll sleep, why are you going?

Keller: I can't sleep here. I'll feel better if I go.

Mother: You're so foolish. Larry was your son too, wasn't he? You know he'd never tell you to do this.

Keller: (looking at letter in his hand) Then what is this if it isn't telling me? Sure, he was my son. But I think to him they were all my sons. And I guess they were, I guess they were. I'll be right down. (exits into house) 25

Mother: (to Chris, with determination) You're not going to take him!

Chris: I'm taking him. 30

Mother: It's up to you, if you tell him to stay he'll stay. Go and tell him!

Chris: Nobody could stop him now.

Mother: You'll stop him! How long will he live in prison? Are you trying to kill him?

Chris: (holding out letter) I thought you read this! 35

Mother: (of Larry, the letter) The war is over! Didn't you hear? It's over!

Chris: Then what was Larry to you? A stone that fell into the water? It's not enough for him to be sorry. Larry didn't kill himself to make you and Dad sorry.

Mother: What more can we be! 40

Chris: You can be better! Once and for all you can know there's a universe of people outside and you're responsible to it, and unless you know that, you threw away your son because that's why he died.
A shot is heard in the house. They stand frozen for a brief second. Chris starts for porch, pauses at step, turns to Ann. 45

Chris: Find Jim! (He goes on into the house and Ann runs up driveway. Mother stands alone, transfixed.

Mother: (softly, almost moaning) Joe... Joe... Joe... Joe... (Chris comes out of house, down to Mother's arms.)

Chris: (almost crying) Mother, I didn't mean to... 50

Mother: Don't dear. Don't take it on yourself. Forget now. Live.
Chris stirs as if to answer. Shhh.... She puts his arms down gently and moves toward porch. Shhh... As she reaches porch steps she begins sobbing.
CURTAIN

END OF PAPER