



**DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**  
**Higher 1**

**YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

CANDIDATE  
NAME

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CLASS

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**19 September 2014**

**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.

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**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, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

1

**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.

Final Love Note

For months we've been together, hardly wanton,  
 Never touching. Yet your shade commingled  
 With my clothes strewn on the floor, and your wind  
 Moaned over me at night, never tiring  
 As human lovers do. My lifted garden, 5  
 Pure-green, wooden-hearted, all your leaves moved  
 Summer-long, then suddenly caught fire.  
 In winter I endured your silences,  
 My sight tangled in your black network  
 Which trapped whatever moon was on the rise. 10

This summer, the slugs ate the yellow hearts  
 Right out of my lilies, while you, elm, died on—

Dying as you have for years, leafless branches  
 Subdividing your shade. Slowly the sun  
 Found more of my roof, the attic grew hotter. 15  
 Some nights, the heat would not leave my bed  
 Until two or three, while I tossed and turned  
 In my abandonment.

This morning,  
 I hear the chain saw cry out ecstatically. 20  
 My heart beats. Then a dull thunder shakes the house.  
 Your many arms are falling. And I must live  
 More with sky now, that garish blue stretch  
 Or drafty ceiling harshly lit by stars.

Clare Rossini (written 1997)

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.

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees! 5  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark. 10  
It took the whole of Creation  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly—  
I kill where I please because it is all mine. 15  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads—

The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living. 20  
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep things like this.

Ted Hughes (1930-1998)

## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** “A butler’s duty is to provide good service. It is not to meddle in the great affairs of the nation.”

How far would you agree that Ishiguro’s narrative presents a means of escaping individual responsibility?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Stevens’s depiction of Englishness, here and elsewhere in the novel.

And let me now posit this: ‘dignity’ has to do crucially with a butler’s ability not to abandon the professional being he inhabits. Lesser butlers will abandon their professional being for the private one at the least provocation. For such persons, being a butler is like playing some pantomime role; a small push, a slight stumble, and the façade will drop off to reveal the actor underneath. The great butlers are great by virtue of their ability to inhabit their professional role and inhabit it to the utmost; they will not be shaken out by external events, however surprising, alarming or vexing. They wear their professionalism as a decent gentleman will wear his suit: he will not let ruffians or circumstances tear it off him in the public gaze; he will discard it when, and only when, he wills to do so, and this will invariably be when he is entirely alone. It is, as I say, a matter of ‘dignity’.

It is sometimes said that butlers only truly exist in England. Other countries, whatever title is actually used, have only manservants. I tend to believe this is true. Continentals are unable to be butlers because they are as a breed incapable of the emotional restraint which only the English race are capable of. Continentals – and by and large the Celts, as you will no doubt agree – are as a rule unable to control themselves in moments of strong emotion, and thus unable to maintain a professional demeanour other than in the least challenging of situations. If I may return to my earlier metaphor – you will excuse my putting it so coarsely – they are like a man who will, at the slightest provocation, tear off his suit and his shirt and run about screaming. In a word, ‘dignity’ is beyond such persons. We English have an important advantage over foreigners in this respect and it is for this reason that when you think of a great butler, he is bound, almost by definition, to be an Englishman.

Of course, you may retort, as did Mr Graham whenever I expounded such a line during those enjoyable discussions by the fire, that if I am correct in what I am saying, one could recognize a great butler as such only after one had seen him perform under some severe test. And yet the truth is, we accept persons such as Mr Marshall and Mr Lane to be great, though most of us cannot claim to have ever scrutinized them under such conditions. I have to admit Mr Graham has a point here, but all I can say is that after one has been in the profession as long as one has, one is able to judge intuitively the depth of a man’s professionalism without having to see it under pressure. Indeed, on the occasion one is fortunate enough to meet a great butler, far from experiencing any sceptical urge to demand a ‘test’, one is at a loss to imagine any situation which could ever dislodge a professionalism borne with such authority. In fact, I am sure it was an apprehension of this sort, penetrating even the thick haze created by alcohol, which reduced my father’s passengers into a shamed silence that Sunday afternoon many years ago. It is with such men as it is with the English landscape seen at its best as I did this

morning: when one encounters them, one simply *knows* one is in the presence of greatness. 45

There will always be, I realize, those who would claim that any attempt to analyse greatness as I have been doing is futile. 'You know when somebody's got it and you know when somebody hasn't,' Mr Graham's argument would always be. 'Beyond that there's nothing much you can say.' But I believe we have a duty not to be so defeatist in this matter. It is surely a professional responsibility for all of us to think deeply about these things so that each of us may better strive towards attaining 'dignity' for ourselves. 50

Day One – Evening  
Salisbury

## SECTION C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

3

**Either (a)** 'The play Twelfth Night deals with cruelty and lies but makes them seem harmless.'  
How far do you agree with this comment?

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

<i>Sir Toby</i>	<i>[to Malvolio]</i> : Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?	
<i>Feste</i> :	Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Thou'rt i'th' right. <i>[to Malvolio]</i> Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. – A stoup of wine, Maria.	5
<i>Malvolio</i> :	Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.	
<i>Maria</i> :	Go shake your ears.	10
<i>Sir Andrew</i> :	'Twere as good a deed as to drink when man's a-hungry to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.	
<i>Sir Toby</i>	Do't, knight, I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.	15
<i>Maria</i> :	Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the count's was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, I do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.	20
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.	
<i>Maria</i> :	Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.	
<i>Sir Andrew</i> :	O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?	25
<i>Sir Andrew</i> :	I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.	
<i>Maria</i> :	The devil Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swathes; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him, and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.	30
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	What wilt thou do?	35
<i>Maria</i> :	I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead and complexion he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.	40
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Excellent, I smell a device.	
<i>Sir Andrew</i> :	I have't in my nose too.	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.	45
<i>Maria</i> :	My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.	

*Sir Andrew:* And your horse now would make him an ass.  
*Maria:* As I doubt not.  
*Sir Andrew:* O, t'will be admirable. 50  
*Maria:* Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two – and let the fool make a third – where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed and dream on the event. Farewell.  
*Sir Toby:* Goodnight, Penthesilia. 55  
*Sir Andrew:* Before me, she's a good wench.  
*Sir Toby:* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me. What o'that?  
*Sir Andrew:* I was adored once too.  
*Sir Toby:* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money. 60  
*Sir Andrew:* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.  
*Sir Toby:* Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i'th' end, call me cut.  
*Sir Andrew:* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.  
*Sir Toby:* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; tis' too late to go to bed now. Come, knight, come, knight. [Exit.] 65

Act 2 Scene 3

**END OF PAPER**

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Question 1b © Ted Huges; *Hawk Roosting*.

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