



HWA CHONG INSTITUTION
JC2 Preliminary Examination
Higher 2

CANDIDATE
NAME

CT GROUP

CENTRE
NUMBER

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748 / 01

Paper 1

15 September 2014

3 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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** 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 and submit your answer to each question **SEPARATELY**.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poets' portrayal of loneliness.

A

DESERT PLACES

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it - it is theirs. 5
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count;
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is, that loneliness 10
Will be more lonely ere it will be less -
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces 15
Between stars—on stars where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.

Robert Frost

B

SPEAK OF THE NORTH! A LONELY MOOR

Speak of the North! A lonely moor
Silent and dark and tractless swells,
The waves of some wild streamlet pour
Hurriedly through its ferny dells.*

Profoundly still the twilight air, 5
Lifeless the landscape; so we deem
Till like a phantom gliding near
A stag bends down to drink the stream.

And far away a mountain zone, 10
A cold, white waste of snow-drifts lies,
And one star, large and soft and lone,
Silently lights the unclouded skies.

Charlotte Bronte

* dells: glades or clearings

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of loss.

A

ONE ART

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent. 5
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or 10
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent. 15
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Elizabeth Bishop

B

A LOSS OF SOMETHING EVER FELT I

A loss of something ever felt I --
The first that I could recollect
Bereft I was – of what I knew not
Too young that any should suspect

A Mourner walked among the children 5
I notwithstanding went about
As one bemoaning a Dominion
Itself the only Prince cast out –

Elder, Today, a session wiser 10
And fainter, too, as Wiseness is –
I find myself still softly searching
For my Delinquent Palaces –

And a Suspicion, like a Finger 15
Touches my Forehead now and then
That I am looking oppositely
For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven –

Emily Dickinson

Section B

Edith Wharton: *The Age of Innocence*

2

Either (a) To what extent is the title of the novel appropriate for the issues that Wharton explores?

Or (b) Look closely at the presentation of Newland and May's conversation in the following passage. How characteristic of the novel's portrayal of May Welland are the features you notice here?

The door opened and May came in.

"I'm dreadfully late – you weren't worried, were you?" she asked, laying her hand on his shoulder with one of her rare caresses.

He looked up astonished. "Is it late?"

"After seven. I believe you've been asleep!" She laughed, and drawing out her hat pins tossed her velvet hat on the sofa. She looked paler than usual, but sparkling with an unwonted animation.

5

"I went to see Granny, and just as I was going away Ellen came in from a walk; so I stayed and had a long talk with her. It was ages since we'd had a real talk. . . ." She had dropped into her usual armchair, facing him, and was running her fingers through her rumpled hair. He fancied she expected him to speak.

10

"A really good talk," she went on, smiling with what seemed to Archer an unnatural vividness. "She was so dear – just like the old Ellen. I'm afraid I haven't been fair to her lately. I've sometimes thought –"

Archer stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece, out of the radius of the lamp.

15

"Yes, you've thought –?" he echoed as she paused.

"Well, perhaps I haven't judged her fairly. She's so different – at least on the surface. She takes up such odd people – she seems to like to make herself conspicuous. I suppose it's the life she's led in that fast European society; no doubt we seem dreadfully dull to her. But I don't want to judge her unfairly."

20

She paused again, a little breathless with the unwonted length of her speech, and sat with her lips slightly parted and a deep blush on her cheeks.

Archer, as he looked at her, was reminded of the glow which had suffused her face in the Mission Garden at St. Augustine. He became aware of the same obscure effort in her, the same reaching out toward something beyond the usual range of her vision.

25

"She hates Ellen," he thought, "and she's trying to overcome the feeling, and to get me to help her to overcome it."

The thought moved him, and for a moment he was on the point of breaking the silence between them, and throwing himself on her mercy.

"You understand, don't you," she went on, "why the family have sometimes been annoyed? We all did what we could for her at first; but she never seemed to understand. And now this idea of going to see Mrs. Beaufort, of going there in Granny's carriage! I'm afraid she's quite alienated the van der Luydens . . ."

30

"Ah," said Archer with an impatient laugh. The open door had closed between them again.

"It's time to dress; we're dining out, aren't we?" he asked, moving from the fire.

35

She rose also, but lingered near the hearth. As he walked past her she moved forward impulsively, as though to detain him: their eyes met and he saw that hers were of the same swimming blue as when he had left her to drive to Jersey City.

Chapter 31

Section C

Arthur Miller: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) “She bears no responsibility for the tragic consequences that emerge.”

To what extent is this an accurate judgement on Miller's portrayal of Ann Deever?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Miller's dramatic portrayal of the hidden emotional pressures of the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

Ann: George is coming from Dad, and I don't think it's with a blessing.
 Chris: He's welcome here. You've got nothing to fear from George.
 Ann: Tell me that . . . Just tell me that.
 Chris: The man is innocent, Ann. Remember he was falsely accused once and it put him through hell. How would you behave if you were faced with the same thing again? Annie believe me, there's nothing wrong for you here, believe me, kid. 5

Anne: All right, Chris, all right. [*They embrace as Keller appears quietly on the porch. Ann simply studies him.*]
 Keller: Every time I come out here it looks like Playland! [*They break and laugh in embarrassment.*] 10

Chris: I thought you were going to shave?
 Keller: [*sitting on bench*] In a minute. I just woke up, I can't see nothin'.
 Ann: You look shaved.
 Keller: Oh, no. [*Massages his jaw.*] Gotta be extra special tonight. Big night, Annie. 15
 So how's it feel to be a married woman?

Ann: [*laughs*] I don't know, yet.
 Keller: [*to Chris*] What's the matter, you slippin'? [*He takes a little box of apples from under the bench as they talk.*]

Chris: The great roué! 20
 Keller: What is that, roué?
 Chris: It's French.
 Keller: Don't talk dirty. [*They laugh.*]
 Chris: [*to Ann*] You ever meet a bigger ignoramus?
 Keller: Well, somebody's got to make a living. 25
 Ann: [*as they laugh*] That's telling him.
 Keller: I don't know, everybody's gettin' so goddam educated in this country there'll be nobody to take away the garbage. [*They laugh.*] It's gettin' so the only dumb ones left are the bosses.

Ann: You're not so dumb, Joe. 30
 Keller: I know, but you go into our plant, for instance. I got so many lieutenants, majors and colonels that I'm ashamed to ask somebody to sweep the floor. I gotta be careful I'll insult somebody. No kiddin'. It's a tragedy: you stand on the street today and spit, you're gonna hit a college man.

Chris: Well, don't spit. 35

- Keller: [*breaks apple in half, passing it to Ann and Chris*] I mean to say, it's comin' to a pass. [*He takes a breath.*] I been thinkin', Annie ... your brother, George. I been thinkin' about your brother, George. When he comes I like you to brooch something to him.
- Chris: Brooch. 40
- Keller: What's the matter with brooch?
- Chris: [*smiling*] It's not English.
- Keller: When I went to night school it was brooch.
- Ann: [*laughing*] Well, in day school it's broach.
- Keller: Don't surround me, will you? Seriously, Ann ... You say he's not well. George, 45
I been thinkin', why should he knock himself out in New York with that cut-throat competition, when I got so many friends here; I'm very friendly with some big lawyers in town. I could set George up here.
- Ann: That's awfully nice of you, Joe.
- Keller: No, kid, it ain't nice of me. I want you to understand me. I'm thinking of Chris. 50
[*Slight pause.*] See ... this is what I mean. You get older, you want to feel that you – accomplished something. My only accomplishment is my son. I ain't brainy. That's all I accomplished. Now, a year, eighteen months, your father'll be a free man. Who is he going to come to, Annie? His baby.
- You. He'll come, old, mad, into your house. 55
- Ann: That can't matter any more Joe.

Act two

