



DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

CANDIDATE
NAME

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CLASS

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

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.

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 comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of love.

A How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count The Ways

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. 5
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barret Browning (1806-1861)

B What Lips My Lips Have Kissed, And Where, And Why

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
 I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
 Under my head till morning; but the rain
 Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
 Upon the glass and listen for reply, 5
 And in my heart there sits a quiet pain
 For unremembered lads that not again
 Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
 Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
 Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one, 10
 Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
 I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
 I only know that summer sang in me
 A little while, that in me sings no more.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying particular attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of city life.

A London

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man, 5
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry 10
Every black'ning church appalls

And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear 15
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse¹.

William Blake (1757-1827)

1. hearse: a vehicle for conveying a dead person to the place of burial; a triangular frame for holding candles used at the service of Tenebrae in Holy Week; a canopy erected over a tomb

B William Street

The red globes of light, the liquor-green,
The pulsing arrows and the running fire
Spilt on the stones, go deeper than a stream;
You find this ugly, I find it lovely.

Ghosts' trousers, like the dangle of hung men, 5
In pawnshop-windows, bumping knee by knee,
But none inside to suffer or condemn;
You find this ugly, I find it lovely.

Smells rich and rasping, smoke and fat and fish 10
And puffs of paraffin² that crimp the nose,
Or grease that blesses onions with a hiss;
You find it ugly, I find it lovely.

The dips³ and molls⁴, with flip and shiny gaze 15
(Death at their elbows, hunger at their heels)
Ranging the pavements of their pasturage;
You find it ugly, I find it lovely.

Kenneth Slessor (1901-1971)

2. paraffin: kerosene-like substance 3. dips: slang for pickpocket
4. molls: slang for prostitute or female criminal

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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