



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

29 August 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 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 from each of Sections A, B and 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.

This document consists of **8** printed pages.



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 the ant.

A

ANTS (FROM *DRYADES*)

Ants prudent bite the ends of hoarded wheat,
Lest growing seeds their future hopes defeat;
And when they conscious scent the gathering rains,
Draw down their windy eggs and pilfered grains;
With summer's toil and ready viands¹ fill
The deepest caverns of their puny hill;
There lie secure, and hug the treasured goods,
And safe in laboured cells they mock the coming floods.

A thousand kinds unknown in forests breed,
And bite the leaves, and notch the growing weed; 10
Have each their several laws, and settled states,
And constant sympathies, and constant hates.
Their changing forms no artful verse describes,
Or how fierce war destroys the wandering tribes.
How prudent Nature feeds her various young, 15
Has been, if not untold, at least unsung.
To th'insect race the Muse² her pain denies,
While prouder men the little ant despise.

William Diaper (1685–1717)

¹ *viands: supplies of food*

² *the Muse: poetry*

B THE ANT OR EMMET

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
 Without our regard or concern:
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool, 5
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores:
 They manage their work in such regular forms, 10
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time: 15
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I rifle away all their prime?

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
 Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall come, 20
 And pray that my sins be forgiven:
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

Isaac Watts (1674 –1748)

- 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 death.

A DEATH, BE NOT PROUD

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be, 5
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell, 10
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then;
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

John Donne (1572 - 1631)

B A FRAGMENT OF SENECA TRANSLATED

After Death nothing is, and nothing Death;
The utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath.
Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside
His Hope of Heav'n; (whose Faith is but his Pride)
Let slavish Souls lay by their Fear, 5
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this Life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;
And to that Mass of Matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept; 10
Devouring Time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.
For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery Goals,
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools, 15
With his grim grisly Dog that keeps the Door,
Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

John Wilmot (1647 - 1680)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) 'The real story here is that of a man destroyed by the ideas upon which he has built his life.'

How far do you agree with this view of *The Remains of the Day*?

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on how far and how effectively it concludes the presentation of the relationship between Stevens and Miss Kenton in the novel.

I simply wondered if you were being ill-treated in some way. Forgive me, but as I say, it is something that has worried me for some time. I would feel foolish had I come all this way and seen you and not at least asked you.'

'Mr Stevens, there's no need to be so embarrassed. We're old friends, after all, are we not? In fact, I'm very touched you should be so concerned. And I can put your mind at rest on this matter absolutely. My husband does not mistreat me at all in any way. He is not in the least a cruel or ill-tempered man.'

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'I must say, Mrs Benn, that does take a load from my mind.'

I leaned forward into the rain, looking for signs of the bus.

'I can see you are not very satisfied, Mr Stevens,' Miss Kenton said. 'Do you not believe me?'

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'Oh, it's not that, Mrs Benn, not that at all. It's just that the fact remains, you do not seem to have been happy over the years. That is to say – forgive me – you have taken it on yourself to leave your husband on a number of occasions. If he does not mistreat you, then, well... one is rather mystified as to the cause of your unhappiness.'

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I looked out into the drizzle again. Eventually, I heard Miss Kenton say behind me: 'Mr Stevens, how can I explain? I hardly know myself why I do such things. But it's true, I've left three times now.' She paused a moment, during which time I continued to gaze out towards the fields on the other side of the road. Then she said: 'I suppose, Mr Stevens, you're asking whether or not I love my husband.'

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'Really, Mrs Benn, I would hardly presume...'

'I feel I should answer you, Mr Stevens. As you say, we may not meet again for many years. Yes, I do love my husband. I didn't at first. I didn't at first for a long time. When I left Darlington Hall all those years ago, I never realised I was really, truly leaving. I believe I thought of it as simply another ruse, Mr Stevens, to annoy you. It was a shock to come out here and find myself married. For a long time, I was very unhappy, very unhappy indeed. But then year after year went by, there was the war, Catherine grew up, and one day I realised I loved my husband. You spend so much time with someone, you find you get used to him. He's a kind, steady man, and yes, Mr Stevens, I've grown to love him.'

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Miss Kenton fell silent again for a moment. Then she went on:

'But that doesn't mean to say, of course, there aren't occasions now and then – extremely desolate occasions – when you think to yourself: "What a terrible mistake I've made with my life." And you get to thinking about a different life, a *better* life you might have had. For instance, I get to thinking about a life I might have had with you, Mr Stevens. And I suppose that's when I get angry over some trivial little thing and leave. But each time I do so, I realise before long – my rightful place is with my husband. After all, there's no turning back the

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40

clock now. One can't be forever dwelling on what might have been. One should realise one has as good as most, perhaps better, and be grateful.'

I do not think I responded immediately, for it took me a moment or two to fully digest these words of Miss Kenton. Moreover, as you might appreciate, their implications were such as to provoke a certain degree of sorrow within me. Indeed – why should I not admit it? – at that moment, my heart was breaking.

45

Day Six – Evening
Weymouth

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

3

Either (a) 'The title *Twelfth Night* indicates that revelry is in the foreground of the play.'How far do you agree with this view of *Twelfth Night* as a comedy?**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, commenting on the dramatic function of humour here and elsewhere in the play.*Feste:* Would you have a love song or a song of good life?*Sir Toby:* A love song, a love song.*Sir Andrew:* Ay, ay. I care not for good life.*(Clown [Feste] sings)*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 5

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know. 10

Sir Andrew: Excellent good, i'faith.*Sir Toby:* Good, good.*Feste:* [Sings]

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure. 15

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew: A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.*Sir Toby:* A contagious breath. 20*Sir Andrew:* Very sweet, and contagious, i'faith.*Sir Toby:* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?*Sir Andrew:* And you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch. 25*Feste:* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.*Sir Andrew:* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave'.*Feste:* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave', knight? I shall constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.*Sir Andrew:* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. 30
Begin, fool. It begins, 'Hold thy peace.'*Feste:* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.*Sir Andrew:* Good, i'faith. Come, begin.*[Catch sung]**Enter MARIA* 35*Maria:* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.*Sir Toby:* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [Sings] 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I 40
consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly vally! 'Lady!' [Sings]
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.'

Feste: Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
Sir Andrew: Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I, too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 45
Sir Toby: [*Sings*] O'the twelfth day of December –
Maria: For the love o'God, peace!
Enter MALVOLIO
Malvolio: My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catchers without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 50
Sir Toby: We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up! 55
Malvolio: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 60
Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.
Maria: Nay, good Sir Toby.
Feste: [*Sings*] His eyes do show his days are almost done.
Malvolio: Is't even so? 65
Sir Toby: [*Sings*] But I will never die.
Feste: [*Sings*] Sir Toby, there you lie.
Malvolio: This is much credit to you.
Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Shall I bid him go?
Feste: [*Sings*] What and if you do? 70
Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Feste: [*Sings*] O no, no, no, no, you dare not.
Sir Toby: Out o'time, sir? Ye lie! Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? 75
Feste: Yes, by St Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'th'mouth too. [*Exit*]
Sir Toby: Th'art i'th'right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!
Malvolio: 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. 80

[*Exit*]

Act 2 Scene 3