



# JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

## JC 2 PRELIMINARY EXAMS 2015

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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### General Certificate of Education

#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9748/03

#### Paper 3 Individual and Society

14 September 2015

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in the texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, civics 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.

### ANSWER ALL THREE QUESTIONS

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 the questions in this paper carry equal marks.

### EXAMINER'S USE

Section A	/ 25	Comments:
Section B	/ 25	
Section C	/ 25	
Total	/ 75	

## SECTION A

## Answer one question in this section

1. Either

- (a) The following extract from The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood is narrated by the protagonist who belongs to the class of Handmaids, fertile women made to bear children for the elite, barren couples. The names of the Handmaids show which Commander owns them through the use of "Of". The setting is the Republic of Gilead, a totalitarian and theocratic state that has replaced the United States of America.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, relating it to the theme the individual and society in literature.

I remember the rules, rules that were never spelled out but that every woman knew: Don't open your door to a stranger, even if he says he is the police. Make him slide his ID under the door. Don't stop on the road to help a motorist pretending to be in trouble. Keep the locks on and keep going. If anyone whistles, don't turn to look. Don't go into a laundromat, by yourself, at night. 5

I think about laundromats. What I wore to them: shorts, jeans, jogging pants. What I put into them: my own clothes, my own soap, my own money, money I had earned myself. I think about having such control. Now we walk along the same street, in red pairs, and no man shouts obscenities at us, speaks to us, touches us. No one whistles. 10

There is more than one kind of freedom, said Aunt Lydia. Freedom to and freedom from. In the days of anarchy, it was freedom to. Now you are being given freedom from. Don't underrate it. 15

In front of us, to the right, is the store where we order dresses. Sonic people call them habits, a good word for them. Habits are hard to break. The store has a huge wooden sign outside it, in the shape of a golden lily; Lilies of the Field, it's called. You can see the place, under the lily, where the lettering was painted out, when they decided that even the names of shops were too much temptation for us. Now places are known by their signs alone. 20

Lilies used to be a movie theatre, before. Students went there a lot; every spring they had a Humphrey Bogart festival, with Lauren Bacall or Katharine Hepburn, women on their own, making up their minds. They wore blouses with buttons down the front that suggested the possibilities of the word undone. These women could be undone; or not. They seemed to be able to choose. We seemed to be able to choose, then. We were a society dying, said Aunt Lydia, of too much choice. 25

I don't know when they stopped having the festival. I must have been grown up. So I didn't notice. 30

We don't go into Lilies, but across the road and along a side street. Our first stop is at a store with another wooden sign: three eggs, a bee, a cow. Milk and Honey. There's a line, and we wait our turn, two by two. I see they have oranges today. Ever since Central America was lost to the Libertheos, oranges have been hard to get: sometimes they are there, sometimes not. The war interferes with the oranges from California, and even Florida isn't 35

40

dependable, when there are roadblocks or when the train tracks have been blown up. I look at the oranges, longing for one. But I haven't brought any coupons for oranges. I'll go back and tell Rita about them, I think. She'll be pleased. It will be something, a small achievement, to have made oranges happen. 45

Those who've reached the counter hand their tokens across it, to the two men in Guardian uniforms who stand on the other side. Nobody talks much, though there is a rustling, and the women's heads move furtively from side to side: here, shopping, is where you might see someone you know, someone you've known in the time before, or at the Red Center. Just to catch sight of a face like that is an encouragement. If I could see Moira, just see her, know she still exists. It's hard to imagine now, having a friend. 50

But Ofglen, beside me, isn't looking, Maybe she doesn't know anyone anymore. Maybe they have all vanished, the women she knew. Or maybe she doesn't want to be seen. She stands in silence head down. 55

As we wait in our double line, the door opens and two more women come in, both in the red dresses and white wings of the Handmaids. One of them is vastly pregnant; her belly, under her loose garment, swells triumphantly. There is a shifting in the room, a murmur, an escape of breath; despite ourselves we turn our heads, blatantly, to see better; our fingers itch to touch her. She's a magic presence to us, an object of envy and desire, we covet her. She's a flag on a hilltop, showing us what can still be done: we too can be saved. 60

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem "Tomcat" (1960) by James K Baxter (1926-1972), relating it to the theme of the individual and society.

<p>This tomcat cuts across          zones of the respectable          through fences, walls, following          other routes, his own. I see          the sad whiskered skull-mouth fall          wide, complainingly, asking</p>	5
<p>to be picked up and fed, when          I thump up the steps through bush          at 4tm. He has no          dignity, thank God! Has grown          older, scruffier, the ash-          black coat sporting one or two</p>	10
<p>flowers like round stars, badges          of bouts and fights. The snake head          is seamed on top with rough scars:          old Samurai! He lodges          in cellars, and the tight furred          scrotum drives him into wars</p>	15
<p>As if mad, yet tumbling on          the rug looks female, Turkish-          Trousered. His bagpipe shriek at          Sluggish dawn dragged me out in          Pyjamas to comb the bush          (he being under the vet</p>	20
<p>for septic bites). The old fool          stood, body hard as a board,          heart thudding, hair on end, at          the house corner, terrible,          yelling at something. They said          'Get him doctored.' I think not.</p>	25
	30

**SECTION B**

**Answer one question in this section, using two texts that you have studied.  
The texts used in this section cannot be used in Section C.**

**2**

- Either**    **a)** Compare ways in which authors of two texts use language in order to explore relationship between the individual and society.
- Or**        **b)** Comment critically on the presentation and significance of power in the societies of two texts you have studied for the topic of the individual and society in literature.

**SECTION C**

**Boey Kim Cheng: *Another Place***

**3**

- Either**    **a)** With reference to “Past Midnight” and other poems of your choice, explore the key concerns Boey presents in his poems in relation to the individual and society.
- Or**
- b)** With close reference to two or more poems, discuss the significance of settings in Another Place.