



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

20 August 2015

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.



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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 the poet's presentation of childhood.

A

WALKING AWAY

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –
A sunny day with leaves just turning,
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away 5

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see
You walking away from me towards the school
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free
Into a wilderness, the gait of one
Who finds no path where the path should be. 10

That hesitant figure, eddying away
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,
Has something I never quite grasp to convey
About nature's give-and-take – the small, the scorching
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay. 15

I have had worse partings, but none that so
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –
How selfhood begins with a walking away,
And love is proved in the letting go. 20

Cecil Day-Lewis (1904 - 1972)

B

CINDERS

After the pantomime, carrying you back to the car
On the coldest night of the year
My coat, black leather, cracking in the wind.

Through the darkness we are guided by a star
It is the one the Good Fairy gave you
You clutch it tightly, your magic wand.

5

And I clutch you tightly for fear you blow away
For fear you grow up too soon and - suddenly,
I almost slip, so take it steady down the hill.

Hunched against the wind and hobbling
I could be mistaken for your grandfather
And sensing this, I hold you tighter still.

10

Knowing that I will never see you dressed for the Ball
Be on hand to warn you against Prince Charmings
And the happy ever afters of pantomime.

15

On reaching the car I put you into the baby seat
And fumble with straps I have yet to master
Thinking, if only there were more time. More time.

You are crying now. Where is your wand?
Oh no. I can't face going back for it
Let some kid find it in tomorrow's snow.

20

Waiting in the wings, the witching hour.
Already the car is changing. Smells sweet
Of ripening seed. We must go. Must go.

Roger McGough (1937 -)

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

A THE TREES

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The recent buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again 5
And we grow old? No, they die too,
Their yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh 10
In fullgrown thickness every May.
Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

B THE INSTINCT OF HOPE

Is there another world for this frail dust
To warm with life and be itself again?
Something about me daily speaks there must,
And why should instinct nourish hopes in vain? 5
'Tis nature's prophesy that such will be,
And everything seems struggling to explain
The close sealed volume of its mystery.
Time wandering onward keeps its usual pace
As seeming anxious of eternity,
To meet that calm and find a resting place. 10
E'en the small violet feels a future power
And waits each year renewing blooms to bring,
And surely man is no inferior flower
To die unworthy of a second spring?

John Clare (1793 –1864)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

- Either (a)** 'One memory in particular has preoccupied me all morning – or rather, a fragment of a memory, a moment that has for some reason remained with me vividly through the years.' (Day Four – Afternoon)

Discuss the significance of memory in *The Remains of the Day*.

- Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on the presentation of service and loyalty here and elsewhere in the novel.

'Stevens, do you know what is happening at this very moment as we sit here talking? What's happening just several yards from us? Over in that room - and I don't need you to confirm it - there is gathered at this moment the British Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the German Ambassador. His lordship has worked wonders to bring this meeting about, and he believes - faithfully believes - he's doing something good and honourable. Do you know why his lordship has brought these gentlemen here tonight? Do you know, Stevens, what is going on here?' 5

'I'm afraid not, sir.'

'You're afraid not. Tell me, Stevens, don't you care at all? Aren't you curious? Good God, man, something very crucial is going on in this house. Aren't you at all curious?' 10

'It is not my place to be curious about such matters, sir.'

'But you care about his lordship. You care deeply, you just told me that. If you care about his lordship, shouldn't you be concerned? At least a little curious? The British Prime Minister and the German Ambassador are brought together by your employer for secret talks in the night, and you're not even curious?' 15

'I would not say I am not curious, sir. However, it is not my position to display curiosity about such matters.' 20

'It's not your position? Ah, I suppose you believe that to be loyalty. Do you? Do you think that's being loyal? To his lordship? Or to the Crown, come to that?'

'I'm sorry, sir, I fail to see what it is you are proposing.'

Mr Cardinal sighed again and shook his head. 25

'I'm not proposing anything, Stevens. Quite frankly, I don't know what's to be done. But you might at least be curious.'

He was silent for a moment, during which time he seemed to be gazing emptily at the area of carpet around my feet.

'Sure you won't join me in a drink, Stevens?' he said eventually. 30

'No, thank you, sir.'

'I'll tell you this, Stevens. His lordship is being made a fool of. I've done a lot of investigating, I know the situation in Germany now as well as anyone in this country, and I tell you, his lordship is being made a fool of.'

I gave no reply, and Mr Cardinal went on gazing emptily at the floor. After a while, he continued: 35

'His lordship is a dear, dear man. But the fact is, he is out of his depth. He is being manoeuvred. The Nazis are manoeuvring him like a pawn. Have you noticed this, Stevens? Have you noticed this is what has been happening for the last three or four years at least?' 40

'I'm sorry, sir, I have failed to notice any such development.'

'Haven't you even had a suspicion? The smallest suspicion that Herr Hitler, through our dear friend Herr Ribbentrop, has been manoeuvring his lordship like a pawn, just as easily as he manoeuvres any of his other pawns back in Berlin?'

45

'I'm sorry, sir, I'm afraid I have not noticed any such development.'

'But I suppose you wouldn't, Stevens, because you're not curious. You just let all this go on before you and you never think to look at it for what it is.'

Mr Cardinal adjusted his position in the armchair so that he was a little more upright, and for a moment he seemed to be contemplating his unfinished work on the desk near by. Then he said:

50

'His lordship is a gentleman. That's what's at the root of it. He's a gentleman, and he fought a war with the Germans, and it's his instinct to offer generosity and friendship to a defeated foe. It's his instinct. Because he's a gentleman, a true old English gentleman. And you must have seen it, Stevens. How could you not have seen it? The way they've used it, manipulated it, turned something fine and noble into something else - something they can use for their own foul ends? You must have seen it, Stevens.'

55

Day Four – Afternoon
Little Compton, Cornwall

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

3

Either (a) 'Twelfth Night is a play where the boundaries of reason are clearly demarcated.'

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, commenting on the dramatic function of disguise here and elsewhere in the play.

- Olivia:* Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit, 5
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 10
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
- Viola:* I pity you.
- Olivia:* That's a degree to love.
- Viola:* No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof 15
That very oft we pity enemies.
- Olivia:* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 20
(Clock strikes)
- The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man. 25
There lies your way, due west.
- Viola:* Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
- Olivia:* Stay! 30
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.
- Viola:* That you do think you are not what you are.
- Olivia:* If I think so, I think the same of you.
- Viola:* Then think you right: I am not what I am.
- Olivia:* I would you were as I would have you be. 35
- Viola:* Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
- Olivia:* [Aside] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon 40
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

8

	By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything, I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride, Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.	45
	Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause; But rather reason thus with reason fetter: Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.	
<i>Viola:</i>	By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, And that no woman has; nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone. And so adieu, good madam; never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore.	50
<i>Olivia:</i>	Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move That heart which now abhors to like his love.	55

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1