

**ST ANDREW'S JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**ENGLISH DEPARTMENT**  
JC2 Preliminary Examinations  
HIGHER 2

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
Paper 3: The Individual and Society

**9748/03**

Thursday, 17 September 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 pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, class and index number on all the work you hand in.  
Indent your paragraphs and write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
The use of liquid paper or correction tape is not allowed.

Answer **three** questions, one from each section.  
Indicate the question you attempt.

Start each question on a fresh sheet of paper. Submit your answers to each question separately.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Each question in this paper carries 50 marks. You are advised to manage your time well.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.

## Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

**Either (a)** The following extract is taken from Toni Cade Bambara's short story, "The Lesson" (1972). In it, college-educated Miss Moore takes a group of ghetto kids to an expensive toy store.

Write a critical appreciation of the passage, relating its themes and style to the topic of the individual and society.

"Let's go in," she say like she got something up her sleeve. Only she don't lead the way. So me and Sugar turn the corner to where the entrance is, but when we get there I kinda hang back. Not that I'm scared, what's there to be afraid of, just a toy store. But I feel funny, shame. But what I got to be shamed about? Got as much right to go in as anybody. But somehow I can't seem to get hold of the door, so I step away for Sugar to lead. But she hangs back too. And I look at her and she looks at me and this is ridiculous. I mean, damn, I have never ever been shy about doing nothing or going nowhere. But then Mercedes steps up and then Rosie Giraffe and Big Butt crowd in behind and shove, and next thing we all stuffed into the doorway with only Mercedes squeezing past us, smoothing out her jumper and walking right down the aisle. Then the rest of us tumble in like a glued-together jigsaw done all wrong. And people looking at us. And it's like the time me and Sugar crashed into the Catholic church on a dare. But once we got in there and everything so hushed and holy and the candles and the bowin and the handkerchiefs on all the drooping heads, I just couldn't go through with the plan. Which was for me to run up to the altar and do a tap dance while Sugar played the nose flute and messed around in the holy water. And Sugar kept giving me the elbow. Then later teased me so bad I tied her up in the shower and turned it on and locked her in. And she'd be there till this day if Aunt Gretchen hadn't finally figured I was lyin about the boarder takin a shower. 5 10 15

Same thing in the store. We all walkin on tiptoe and hardly touchin the games and puzzles and things. And I watched Miss Moore who is steady watchin us like she waitin for a sign. Like Mama Drewery watches the sky and sniffs the air and takes note of just how much slant is in the bird formation. Then me and Sugar bump smack into each other, so busy gazing at the toys, 'specially the sailboat. But we don't laugh and go into our fat-lady bump-stomach routine. We just stare at that price tag. Then Sugar run a finger over the whole boat. And I'm jealous and want to hit her. Maybe not her, but I sure want to punch somebody in the mouth. 20 25

"Whatcha bring us here for, Miss Moore?"

"You sound angry, Sylvia. Are you mad about something?" Givin me one of them grins like she tellin a jump-up joke that never turns out to be funny. And she's lookin very closely at me like maybe she planning to do my portrait from memory. I'm mad, but I won't give her that satisfaction. So I slouch around the store bein very bored and say, "Let's go." 30

Me and Sugar at the back of the train watchin the tracks whizzing by large then small then getting gobbled up in the dark. I'm thinkin about this tricky toy I saw in the store. A clown that somersaults on a bar then does chin-ups just cause you yank lightly at his leg. Cost \$35. I could see me askin my mother for a \$35 birthday clown. "You wanna who that costs what?" she'd say, cocking her head to the side to get a better view of the hole in my head. Thirty-five dollars could buy new bunk beds for Junior and Gretchen's boy. Thirty-five dollars and the whole household could go visit Granddaddy Nelson in the country. Thirty-five dollars would pay for the rent and the piano bill too. Who are those people that spend that much for performing clowns and \$1000 for toy sailboats? What kinda work they do and how they live and how come we ain't in on it? 35 40

Where we are is who we are, Miss Moore always pointin out. But it don't necessarily  
 have to be that way, she always adds then waits for somebody to say that poor people 45  
 have to wake up and demand their share of the pie and don't none of us know what kind  
 of pie she talkin about in the first damn place. But she ain't so smart cause I still got her  
 four dollars from the taxi and she sure ain't getting it. Messin up my day with this shit.  
 Sugar nudges me in my pocket an winks.

Miss Moore lines us up in front of the mailbox where we started from, seem like 50  
 years ago, and I got a headache for thinkin so hard. And we lean all over each other so  
 we can hold up under the draggy-ass lecture she always finishes off with at the end  
 before we thank her for borin us to tears. But she just looks at us like she readin tea  
 leaves. Finally she say, "Well, what did you think of F. A. O. Schwartz?"

Rosie Giraffe mumbles, "White folks crazy." 55

"I'd like to go there again when I get my birthday money," says Mercedes, and  
 we shove her out the pack so she has to lean on the mailbox by herself.

"I'd like a shower. Tiring day," say Flyboy.

Then Sugar surprises me by sayin, "You know, Miss Moore, I don't think all of us  
 here put together eat in a year what that sailboat costs." And Miss Moore lights up like 60  
 somebody goosed her. "And?" she say, urging Sugar on. Only I'm standin on her foot so  
 she don't continue.

"Imagine for a minute what kind of society it is in which some people can spend  
 on a toy what it would cost to feed a family of six or seven. What do you think?

"I think," say Sugar pushin me off her feet like she never done before, cause I 65  
 whip her ass in a minute, "that this is not much of a democracy if you ask me. Equal  
 chance to pursue happiness means an equal crack at the dough, don't it?" Miss Moore  
 is besides herself and I am disgusted with Sugar's treachery. So I stand on her foot one  
 more time to see if she'll shove e. She shuts up, and Miss Moore looks at me,  
 sorrowfully I'm thinkin. And something weird is goin on, I can feel it in my chest. 70

- Or (b) The following extract is taken from Alice Childress' play, "Florence" (1950), set in 1940s America. The characters are in a Southern railway station waiting room, divided into two sections, marked by a railing and signs, 'Colored' and 'White'. In this extract, Mrs Carter is telling Mama about a book her brother has written.

Write a critical appreciation of the extract, paying particular attention to the ways in which the relationship between the individual and society is presented.

<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Leaning on railing.)</i> Well... she's almost white, see? Really you can't tell except in small ways. She wants to be a lawyer... and... well, there she is full of complexes and this deep shame you know.	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Excitedly but with curiosity.)</i> Do tell! What shame has she got?	
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Takes off her fur neckpiece and places it on bench with night bag.)</i> It's obvious! This lovely creature... intelligent, ambitious, and well... she's a Negro!	5
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Waiting eagerly.)</i> Yes'm, you said that...	
<b>CARTER</b>	Surely you understand? She's constantly heating herself. Just before she dies she says it! ... Right on the bridge...	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Genuinely moved.)</i> How sad. Ain't it a shame she had to die?	10
<b>CARTER</b>	It was inevitable... couldn't be any other way!	
<b>MAMA</b>	What did she say on the bridge?	
<b>CARTER</b>	Well... just before she jumped...	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Slowly straightening.)</i> You mean she killed herself?	
<b>CARTER</b>	Of course. Close your eyes and picture it!	15
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Turns front and closes her eyes tightly with enthusiasm.)</i> Yes'm.	
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Centre stage of white side)</i> Now...! She's standing on the bridge in the moonlight... Out of her shabby purse she takes a mirror... and by the light of the moon she looks at her reflection in the glass.	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Clasps her hands together gently.)</i> I can see her just as plain.	20
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Sincerely.)</i> Tears roll down her cheeks as she says... almost! almost white... but I'm black! I'm a Negro! And then... <i>(Turns to Mama.)</i> she jumps and drowns herself!	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Opens her eyes. Speaks quietly.)</i> Why?	
<b>CARTER</b>	She can't face it! Living in a world where she almost belongs but not quite. <i>(Drifts upstage.)</i> Oh it's so... so... tragic.	25
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Carried away by her convictions... not anger... she feels challenged. She rises.)</i> That ain't so! Not one bit it ain't!	
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Surprised.)</i> But it is!	
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(During the following she works her way around the railing until she crosses about one foot over to the white side and is face to face with CARTER.)</i> I know it ain't! Don't my friend Essie Kitredge daughter look just like a German or something'? She didn't kill herself! She's teachin' the third grade in the colored school right here. Even the bus drivers ask her to sit in the front seats cause they think she's white! ... an'... an'... she says just as clear as you please... "I'm sittin' where my people got to sit by law. I'm a Negro woman!"	30
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Uncomfortable but not knowing why.)</i> ... But there you have it. The exception makes the rule. That's proof!	35
<b>MAMA</b>	No such thing! My cousin Hemsly's as white as you! ... an'... an' he never...	
<b>CARTER</b>	<i>(Flushed with anger... yet lost... because she doesn't know why.)</i> Are you losing your temper? <i>(Weakly)</i> Are you angry with me?	40
<b>MAMA</b>	<i>(Stands silently trembling as she looks down and notices she is on the wrong side of the railing. She looks up at the 'White Ladies Room' sign and slowly makes her way back to the 'Colored' side. She feels completely lost.)</i> No, mam. Excuse me please. <i>(With bitterness)</i> I just meant Hemsly works in the colored section of the shoe store... He never once wanted to kill his self! <i>(She sits down on the bench and fumbles for her newspaper.)</i>	45

(Silence.)

**CARTER** *(Caught between anger and reason... she laughs nervously.)* Well! Let's not be upset by this. It's entirely my fault you know. This whole thing is a completely controversial subject. *(Silence.)* If it's too much for Jeff... well naturally I shouldn't discuss it with you. *(Approaching railing)* I'm sorry. Let me apologize. 50

**MAMA** *(Keeps her eyes on the paper.)* No need for that, mam.

(Silence.)

**CARTER** *(Painfully uncomfortable.)* I've drifted away from... What started all this? 55

**MAMA** *(No comedy intended or allowed on this line.)* Your brother, mam.

**CARTER** *(Trying valiantly to brush away the tension.)* Yes... Well I had to come down and sort of hold his hand over the reviews. He just thinks too much... and studies. He knows the Negro so well that sometimes our friends tease him and say he almost seems like... well you know... 60

**MAMA** *(Tightly.)* Yes'm.

**CARTER** *(Slowly walks over to the colored side near the top of the rail.)* You know I try but it's really difficult to understand you people. However... I keep trying.

**MAMA** *(Still tight.)* Thank you, mam.

**CARTER** *(Retreats back to white side and begins to prove herself.)* Last week... Why do you know what I did? I sent a thousand dollars to a Negro college for scholarships. 65

**MAMA** That was right kind of you.

**CARTER** *(Almost pleading.)* I know what's going on in your mind... and what you're thinking is wrong. I've... I've... eaten with Negroes. 70

**MAMA** Yes mam.

**CARTER** *(Trying to find a straw.)* ... And there's Malcom! If it weren't for the guidance of Jeff he'd never written his poems. Malcom is a negro.

**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)** With reference to any two texts that you have studied, discuss the ways in which writers present individual protest against society, and how it informs your understanding of the topic of the individual and society.
- Or (b)** With reference to any two texts that you have studied, discuss the ways in which writers present the redemption of the individual, and how this informs your understanding of the topic of the individual and society.

### Section C

**Answer one question in this section, using one text that you have studied.  
The text used in this section cannot be used in Section B.**

#### William Shakespeare : *Othello*

3

- Either (a)** “An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.” (Act 5, Scene 2)

Discuss the relationship between honour and individuals’ actions in the play, and its significance to the topic of the individual and society.

- Or (b)** “I see sir, you are eaten up with passion.” (Act 3, Scene 3)

Discuss the presentation of passion in the play, and its significance to the topic of the individual and society.

#### Maxine Hong Kingston: *The Woman Warrior*

4

- Either (a)** Comment on the humour with which Maxine reflects upon Chinese-American life in the novel and how it contributes to your understanding of the topic of the individual and society.

- Or (b)** “For women brought up in the old Chinese tradition, writing was an act of rebellion.”

Comment on the way writing is used to push boundaries in the novel and how it contributes to your understanding of the topic of the individual and society.

#### Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5

- Either (a)** “Such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since then! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have got to make *grow!* And *cling* to, and hold as our flag!”

In light of the quote, examine the concept of humanity in the social world of the play and its impact on the relationships between individuals and society.

- Or (b)** Examine the relationship between self-perception and place as seen in the play, and its significance to the topic of the individual and society.

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**THIS IS THE LAST PAGE OF THE EXAMINATION PAPER.**