



RIVER VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL

ADVANCED LEVEL

YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY 2

ENGLISH HIGHER 2 PAPER 1 [9748]

READING LITERATURE

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

September 14 2015

2.00 -05.00 pm

THREE HOURS

Band Room

Paper 1 Reading Literature

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 name and class and group on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer THREE questions, one from each section.

Start each answer on a fresh piece of paper.

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 carry equal marks

This document consists of **6** printed pages

[Turn over

SECTION A

POETRY

1

EITHER (a) Compare and contrast 'No sun – no moon' by Thomas Hood (1799-1845) and 'November' by John Clare (1793-1864), making sure to comment on imagery, perspective and the creation of atmosphere, and anything else you may find interesting.

≠ Poem A

≠ fog or mist is an element in both poems.

No sun—no moon
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
 "No go"—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November!

Poem B

The shepherds almost wonder where they dwell,
And the old dog for his right journey stares;
The path leads somewhere; but they cannot tell,
And neighbour meets with neighbour unawares.
The maiden passes close beside her cow,
And wanders on, and thinks her far away;
The ploughman goes unseen behind his plough
And seems to lose his horses half the day.
The lazy mist creeps on in journey slow;
The maidens shout and wonder where they go;
So dull and dark are the November days.
The lazy mist high up the evening curled,
And now the morn quite hides in smoke and haze;
The place we occupy seems all the world.

OR (b)

Compare and contrast Poem A by Arthur Yap with Poem B by Alasdair Macleane and their depiction of family life, making sure to comment on imagery, atmosphere and tone.

Poem A

The Oranges, the Table, and Other Things

The father was disturbed when the end
Of the meal was not accompanied
by a dish of oranges or sighs of satiation:
The family quietly escorted him from the room
with their eyes.

This was new formality:
they believing, at the table, all are equal;
had never paid heed to table refinements
and not unusual, it is: pass this,
give me that. One jolts the table to refill
a glass; another runs to answer the phone.
Now, without such happening
Everyone sat as quietly as
members of a new dumb society
speaking much with frowns and crosses.

The father is lifted out of the range of vision.
The children, grown up and now in-grown
with an astute sense of civility
(yesterday, one made a report of an unlicensed dog)
discussed the heavy debt with the father,
sitting on a chair at some fierce mahjong table,
had accrued. It was referred to, unspoken,
as synonymous with shame and injustice
but related mainly to; who will pay?
The father is now out of his job
but the children are earning
but it was the father who squandered
and the children have to suffer.
Therefore the father, at his game,
had thrown away the son's new car
The daughter's intended trip to Cambodia.
The new car is now in one of the winners'
pockets, the tourist's discovery of Cambodia
belongs to another,
and so there's damn little justice in this world.

Poem B

Among Ourselves

Among ourselves we rarely speak.
Our tongues are thick with custom.
Inside our house, at this time of the year,
There's only the ticking of the clock
And the click of my mother's needles
As she knits herself away from where
She cast on. My father's pages rustle.
He makes himself a nest of newspaper.
I sit in a corner, smoking. Every time
I draw on my cigarette I hear
The tiny hiss of tobacco becoming ash.

SECTION B

THE NOVEL

The Age of Innocence

2

EITHER (a) The only innocent in "*The Age of Innocence*" is Newland. " How helpful is this statement in assessing the portrayal of Newland Archer?

OR (b) Read the following passage carefully and comment carefully on the ways in which Wharton presents contrasting responses to the departure of Ellen Olenska and what they reveal.

The talk swept past Archer like some senseless river running and running because it did not know enough to stop. He saw, on the faces about him, expressions of interest, amusement and even mirth. He listened to the younger men's laughter, and to the praise of the Archer madeira, which Mr. van der Luyden and Mr. Merry were thoughtfully celebrating. Through it all he was dimly aware of a general attitude of friendliness toward himself, as if the guard of the prisoner he felt himself to be were trying to soften his captivity; and the perception increased his passionate determination to be free.

In the drawing-room, where they presently joined the ladies, he met May's triumphant eyes, and read in them the conviction that everything had "gone off" beautifully. She rose from Madame Olenska's side, and immediately Mrs. van der Luyden beckoned the latter to a seat on the gilt sofa where she throned. Mrs. Selfridge Merry bore across the room to join them, and it became clear to Archer that here also a conspiracy of rehabilitation and obliteration was going on. The silent organisation which held his little world together was determined to put itself on record as never for a moment having questioned the propriety of Madame Olenska's conduct, or the completeness of Archer's domestic felicity. All these amiable and inexorable persons were resolutely engaged in pretending to each other that they had never heard of, suspected, or even conceived possible, the least hint to the contrary; and from this tissue of elaborate mutual dissimulation Archer once more disengaged the fact that New York believed him to be Madame Olenska's lover. He caught the glitter of victory in his wife's eyes, and for the first time understood that she shared the belief. The discovery roused a laughter of inner devils that reverberated through all his efforts to discuss the Martha

Washington ball with Mrs. Reggie Chivers and little Mrs. Newland; and so the evening swept on, running and running like a senseless river that did not know how to stop.

At length he saw that Madame Olenska had risen and was saying good-bye. He understood that in a moment she would be gone, and tried to remember what he had said to her at dinner; but he could not recall a single word they had exchanged.

She went up to May, the rest of the company making a circle about her as she advanced. The two young women clasped hands; then May bent forward and kissed her cousin.

“Certainly our hostess is much the handsomer of the two,” Archer heard Reggie Chivers say in an undertone to young Mrs. Newland; and he remembered Beaufort’s coarse sneer at May’s ineffectual beauty.

A moment later he was in the hall, putting Madame Olenska’s cloak about her shoulders.

Through all his confusion of mind he had held fast to the resolve to say nothing that might startle or disturb her. Convinced that no power could now turn him from his purpose he had found strength to let events shape themselves as they would. But as he followed Madame Olenska into the hall he thought with a sudden hunger of being for a moment alone with her at the door of her carriage.

“Is your carriage here?” he asked; and at that moment Mrs. van der Luyden, who was being majestically inserted into her sables, said gently: “We are driving dear Ellen home.”

Archer’s heart gave a jerk, and Madame Olenska, clasping her cloak and fan with one hand, held out the other to him. “Good-bye,” she said.

“Good-bye -- but I shall see you soon in Paris,” he answered aloud -- it seemed to him that he had shouted it.

“Oh,” she murmured, “if you and May could come -- !”

Mr. van der Luyden advanced to give her his arm, and Archer turned to Mrs. van der Luyden. For a moment, in the billowy darkness inside the big landau, he caught the dim oval of a face, eyes shining steadily -- and she was gone.

SECTION C

DRAMA

All My Sons

3

EITHER (a) Comment on the contribution to the play of the Kellers’ neighbours.

OR (b) Read the following extract carefully and comment in detail on the presentation of psychological tensions and burdens both here and in the rest of the play.

KELLER: (*He takes a breath*) I been thinkin’. Annie...your brother, George. I been thinkin’ about your brother George. When he comes I like you to *brooch* something to him.

CHRIS: Broach.

KELLER: What’s the matter with brooch?

CHRIS: (smiling): It’s not English.

KELLER: When I went to night school it was brooch.

ANN: Well in day school it’s broach.

KELLER: Don’t surround me, will you? Seriously Ann...You say he’s not well. George, I been thinkin’, why should he knock himself out in New York with that cut-throat competition,

when I got so many friends here; I'm very friendly with some big lawyers in town. I could set George up here.

ANN: That's awfully nice of you, Joe.

KELLER: No, kid, it aint nice of me. I want you to understand me. I'm thinking of Chris.

(slight pause) See...this is what I mean. You get older, you want to feel that you- accomplished something. My only accomplishment is my son. I aint brainy. That's all I accomplished. Now, a year, eighteen months your father 'll be a free man. Who is he going to n come to Annie? His baby. You. He'll come, old, mad, into your house.

ANN: That can't matter anymore, Joe.

KELLER: I don't want that to come between us. *(Gestures between Chris and himself)*

ANN: I can only tell you that could never happen.

KELLER: You're in love now, Annie, but believe me, I'm older that you and I know- a daughter is a daughter, and a father is a father. And it could happen. *(He pauses)* I like you and George to go to him in prison and tell him... 'Dad, Joe wants to bring you into the business when you get out.'

ANN: *(surprised even shocked)* You'd have him as partner?

KELLER: No, no partner. A good job. *(Pause. He sees she is shocked, a little mystified. He gets up, speaks more nervously)* I want him to know, Annie...while he's sitting there I want him to know that when he gets out he's got a place waitin' for him. It'll take his bitterness away. To know you got a place...it sweetens you.

ANN: Joe, you owe him nothing.

KELLER: I owe him a good kick in the teeth, but he's your father.

CHRIS: Then kick him in the teeth! I don't want him in the plant, so that's that! You understand? And besides, don't talk about him like that. People misunderstand you.

End of Examination