



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2015**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

9748/01

**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.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your CT 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.

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

Please begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work according to sections.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

SECTION A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of people.

A I AM THE PEOPLE, THE MOB

I am the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass.
Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me?
I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the world's food and clothes.
I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the
Lincolns. They die. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns. 5
I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms
pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I forget. Everything
but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget.
Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember.
Then—I forget. 10
When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of
yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool
then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: "The People," with any
fleck of a sneer in his voice or any far-off smile of derision.
The mob—the crowd—the mass—will arrive then. 15

Carl Sandburg (1878 – 1967)

B SOME PEOPLE

some people never go crazy.
me, sometimes I'll lie down behind the couch
for 3 or 4 days.
they'll find me there.
it's Cherub¹, they'll say, and 5
they pour wine down my throat
rub my chest
sprinkle me with oils.
then, I'll rise with a roar,
rant, rage - 10
curse them and the universe
as I send them scattering over the
lawn.
I'll feel much better,
sit down to toast and eggs, 15
hum a little tune,
suddenly become as lovable as a
pink
overfed whale.
some people never go crazy. 20
what truly horrible lives
they must lead.

Charles Bukowski (1920-1994)

¹ An angel, commonly depicted as male babies in Renaissance paintings

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying close attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of the sea.

A

PEOPLE WHO LIVE

People who live by the sea
understand eternity.
They copy the curves of the waves,
their hearts beat with the tides,
& the saltiness of their blood
corresponds with the sea. 5

They know that the house of flesh
is only a sandcastle
built on the shore,
that skin breaks
under the waves 10
like sand under the soles
of the first walker on the beach
when the tide recedes.

Each of us walks there once, 15
watching the bubbles
rise up through the sand
like ascending souls,
tracing the line of the foam,
drawing our index fingers 20
along the horizon
pointing home.

Erica Jong (born 1942)

B

THE SEA TO THE SHORE

Lo, I have loved thee long, long have I yearned and entreated!
Tell me how I may win thee, tell me how I must woo.
Shall I creep to thy white feet, in guise of a humble lover?
Shall I croon in mild petition, murmuring vows anew?

Shall I stretch my arms unto thee, bidding thy maiden coyness, 5
Under the silver of morning, under the purple of night?
Taming my ancient rudeness, checking my heady clamor
Thus, is it thus I must woo thee, oh, my delight?

Nay, 'tis no way of the sea thus to be meekly suitor
I shall storm thee away with laughter wrapped in my beard of snow, 10
With the wildest of billows for chords I shall harp thee a song for thy bridal,
A mighty lyric of love that feared not nor would forego!

With a red-gold wedding ring, mined from the caves of sunset,
Fast shall I bind thy faith to my faith evermore,
And the stars will wait on our pleasure, the great north wind will trumpet 15
A thunderous marriage march for the nuptials of sea and shore.

Lucy Maud Montgomery (1874-1942)

SECTION B

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

2

Either (a) "Marriage needs to be socially endorsed in order to be successful in *Mansfield Park*."

How far would you agree with this comment?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the significance of elevation, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"The nonsense and folly of people's stepping out of their rank and trying to appear above themselves, makes me think it right to give you a hint, Fanny, now that you are going into company without any of us; and I do beseech and intreat you not to be putting yourself forward, and talking and giving your opinion as if you were one of your cousins—as if you were dear Mrs. Rushworth or Julia. *That* will never do, believe me. Remember, wherever you are, you must be the lowest and last; and though Miss Crawford is in a manner at home, at the Parsonage, you are not to be taking place of her. And as to coming away at night, you are to stay just as long as Edmund chuses. Leave him to settle *that*." 5

"Yes, ma'am, I should not think of any thing else." 10

"And if it should rain, which I think exceedingly likely, for I never saw it more threatening for a wet evening in my life—you must manage as well as you can, and not be expecting the carriage to be sent for you. I certainly do not go home to night, and, therefore, the carriage will not be out on my account; so you must make up your mind to what may happen, and take your things accordingly." 15

Her niece thought it perfectly reasonable. She rated her own claims to comfort as low even as Mrs. Norris could; and when Sir Thomas, soon afterwards, just opening the door, said, "Fanny, at what time would you have the carriage come round?" she felt a degree of astonishment which made it impossible for her to speak.

"My dear Sir Thomas!" cried Mrs. Norris, red with anger, "Fanny can walk." 20

"Walk!" repeated Sir Thomas, in a tone of most unanswerable dignity, and coming farther into the room—"My niece walk to a dinner engagement at this time of the year! Will twenty minutes after four suit you?"

"Yes, sir," was Fanny's humble answer, given with the feelings almost of a criminal towards Mrs. Norris; and not bearing to remain with her in what might seem a state of triumph, she followed her uncle out of the room, having staid behind him only long enough to hear these words spoken in angry agitation: 25

"Quite unnecessary!—a great deal too kind! But Edmund goes;—true—it is upon Edmund's account. I observed he was hoarse on Thursday night."

But this could not impose on Fanny. She felt that the carriage was for herself and herself alone; and her uncle's consideration of her, coming immediately after such representations from her aunt, cost her some tears of gratitude when she was alone. 30

The coachman drove round to a minute; another minute brought down the gentleman, and as the lady had, with a most scrupulous fear of being late, been many minutes seated in the drawing-room, Sir Thomas saw them off in as good time as his own correctly punctual habits required. 35

"Now I must look at you, Fanny," said Edmund, with the kind smile of an affectionate brother, "and tell you how I like you; and as well as I can judge by this light, you look very nicely indeed. What have you got on?" 40

"The new dress that my uncle was so good as to give me on my cousin's marriage. I hope it is not too fine; but I thought I ought to wear it as soon as I could,

and that I might not have such another opportunity all the winter. I hope you do not think me too fine."

"A woman can never be too fine while she is all in white. No, I see no finery about you; nothing but what is perfectly proper. Your gown seems very pretty. I like these glossy spots. Has not Miss Crawford a gown something the same?" 45

Chapter 23

SECTION C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

3

Either (a) Discuss the presentation of melancholy in *Twelfth Night*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of discovery, here and elsewhere in the play.

Enter MALVOLIO and FABIAN

Duke: Is this the madman?

Olivia: Ay, my lord, this same.

Malvolio: How now, Malvolio?

Malvolio: Madam, you have done me wrong, 5

Notorious wrong.

Olivia: Have I, Malvolio? No.

Malvolio: [showing a letter]

Lady, you have, pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand. 10

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me in the modesty of honour

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, 15

Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,

And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, 20

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention played on? Tell me why?

Olivia: Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though I confess much like the character, 25

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee be content: 30

This practise hath most shrewdly passed upon thee,

But when we know the grounds and authors of it

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge

Of thine own cause.

Fabian: Good madam, hear me speak, 35

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come

Taint the condition of this present hour,

Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess myself and Toby

Set this device against Malvolio here 40

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceived against him: Maria writ

The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,

In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was followed 45

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia: [to MALVOLIO] Alas poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Feste: Why, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, 50
and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one,
sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topaz, sir; but that's all one. 'By
the Lord, fool, I am not mad'—but do you remember,
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal, an you
smile not, he's gagged'—and thus the whirligig of time 55
brings in his revenges.

Malvolio: I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Act 5, Scene 1

END OF PAPER