



PIONEER JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**Higher 2**

**9748/01**  
**3 Hours**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

15 September 2015

Only the set texts *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Age of Innocence* may be taken into the examination room.

It may bear underlining or highlighting.

Any kind of folding or flagging of pages in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Additional materials: Writing Paper

**Candidate's Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **CT Group:** \_\_\_\_\_

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your statutory name and CT group at the top of every sheet of answer paper used.

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

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

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

Answer three questions, one from each of Sections A, B & C.

Begin each section on a fresh page.

At the end of the examination, fasten all answer scripts securely together.

Submit question paper separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This question paper consists of **9** printed pages.

## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Compare and contrast the following poems, 'Requiem' by Abigail Gramig (1930-) and 'Everything Is Going To Be All Right' by Derek Mahon(1941-). Pay close attention to the ways in which each poet's attitude is presented through language and style.

A

## Requiem

Today  
is the  
perfect day

The sky  
just so  
clouds moving  
fast

5

Drops of water  
on leaves  
of Russian sage

10

Dog sitting  
her chin  
on crossed paws

Light streams  
through branches  
of locust tree

15

I sit  
just so  
at the  
small table

20

Everything is  
perfect  
just like this  
you would have said

## B      Everything Is Going To Be All Right

How should I not be glad to contemplate  
the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window  
and a high tide reflected on the ceiling?

There will be dying, there will be dying,  
but there is no need to go into that.

5

The lines flow from the hand unbidden  
and the hidden source is the watchful heart.

The sun rises in spite of everything  
and the far cities are beautiful and bright.

I lie here in a riot of sunlight  
watching the day break and the clouds flying.  
Everything is going to be all right.

10

ITurn over

- Or (b) Compare and contrast the following poems, 'The Case For The Miners' by Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1927) and 'As I Came Home From Labour' by F C Boden (1927-).

A The Case For The Miners

Something goes wrong with my synthetic brain  
 When I defend the Strikers and explain  
 My reasons for not blackguarding the Miners.  
*"What do you know?"* exclaim my fellow diners  
 (Peeling their plovers' eggs or lifting glasses  
 Of mellowed Chateau Rentier from the table),  
*"What do you know about the working classes?"* 5

I strive to hold my own; but I'm unable  
 To state the case succinctly. Indistinctly  
 I mumble about World-Emancipation,  
 Standards of Living, Nationalisation 10  
 Of Industry; until they get me tangled  
 In superficial details; goad me on  
 To unconvincing vagueness. When we've wrangled  
 From soup to savoury, my temper's gone. 15

*"Why should a miner earn six pounds a week?  
 Leisure! They'd only spend it in a bar!  
 Standard of life! You'll never teach them Greek,  
 Or make them more contented than they are!"*  
 That's how my port-flushed friends discuss the Strike. 20  
 And that's the reason why I shout and splutter.  
 And that's the reason why I'd almost like  
 To see them hawking matches in the gutter.

B            As I Came Home From Labour

As I came home from labour  
 So stiff with sweat and pain,  
 I heard two starlings singing  
 Above the long pit lane

Their songs were all of summer,  
 And hope and love lives yet;  
 But I was sick and weary  
 And stiff with pain and sweat.

5

They sing, thought I, of pleasure,  
 And pain is never done;  
 They sing of ease and comfort,  
 And comfort I have none.

10

There's naught for folk who labour  
 But misery and rue;  
 No ease is theirs, no solace,  
 No hope the whole world thro'.

15

And there I lingered grieving,  
 And heard those happy songs,  
 And thought of all who labour  
 And bear their bitter wrongs.

20

## Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either** (a) To what extent would you agree that Wharton's novel is more of a social critique than that of humanistic portrayal?
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying attention to Wharton's use of motifs, in particular imprisonment, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Seeing that he had chosen history she fetched her workbasket, drew up an armchair to the green-shaded student lamp, and uncovered a cushion she was embroidering for his sofa. She was not a clever needle-woman; her large capable hands were made for riding, rowing and open-air activities; but since other wives embroidered cushions for their husbands she did not wish to omit this last link in her devotion. 5

She was so placed that Archer, by merely raising his eyes, could see her bent above her work-frame, her ruffled elbow-sleeves slipping back from her firm round arms, the betrothal sapphire shining on her left hand above her broad gold wedding-ring, and the right hand slowly and laboriously stabbing the canvas. As she sat thus, the lamplight full on her clear brow, he said to himself with a secret dismay that he would always know the thoughts behind it, that never, in all the years to come, would she surprise him by an unexpected mood, by a new idea, a weakness, a cruelty or an emotion. She had spent her poetry and romance on their short courting: the function was exhausted because the need was past. Now she was simply ripening into a copy of her mother, and mysteriously, by the very process, trying to turn him into a Mr. Welland. He laid down his book and stood up impatiently; and at once she raised her head. 10 15 20

"What's the matter?"

"The room is stifling: I want a little air."

He had insisted that the library curtains should draw backward and forward on a rod, so that they might be closed in the evening, instead of remaining nailed to a gilt cornice, and immovably looped up over layers of lace, as in the drawing-room; and he pulled them back and pushed up the sash, leaning out into the icy night. The mere fact of not looking at May, seated beside his table, under his lamp, the fact of seeing other houses, roofs, chimneys, of getting the sense of other lives outside his own, other cities beyond New York, and a whole world beyond his world, cleared his brain and made it easier to breathe. 25 30

After he had leaned out into the darkness for a few minutes he heard her say: "Newland! Do shut the window. You'll catch your death." He pulled the sash down and turned back. "Catch my death!" he echoed; and he felt like adding: "But I've caught it already. I am dead--I've been dead for months and months." 35

And suddenly the play of the word flashed up a wild suggestion.

What if it were she who was dead! If she were going to die--to die soon-- and leave him free! The sensation of standing there, in that warm familiar room, and looking at her, and wishing her dead, was so strange, so fascinating and overmastering, that its enormity did not immediately strike him. He simply felt that chance had given him a new possibility to which his sick soul might cling. Yes, May might die-- people did: young people, healthy people like herself: she might die, and set him suddenly free. 40

She glanced up, and he saw by her widening eyes that there must be something strange in his own. 45

"Newland! Are you ill?"

He shook his head and turned toward his arm-chair. She bent over her work-frame, and as he passed he laid his hand on her hair. "Poor May!" he said. 50

"Poor? Why poor?" she echoed with a strained laugh.

"Because I shall never be able to open a window without worrying you," he rejoined, laughing also.

For a moment she was silent; then she said very low, her head bowed over her work: "I shall never worry if you're happy." 55

"Ah, my dear; and I shall never be happy unless I can open the windows!"

"In this weather?" she remonstrated; and with a sigh he buried his head in his book.

Book 2, Chapter 30

## Section C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

- Either (a)** How far would you agree that the macabre is a critical tool employed by Webster to drive home the play's central concerns?
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Webster's treatment of minor characters in driving the play's central concerns.

PESCARA	How now, my lord!	
MALATESTES	O sad disaster.	
RODERIGO	How comes this?	
BOSOLA	Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi, murdered By th' Aragonian brethren; for Antonio Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia, Poisoned by this man; and lastly, for myself, That was an actor in the main of all, Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' th' end Neglected.	5       10
CARDINAL	Look to my brother: He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling Here i' th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me Be laid by and never thought of. [Dies.]	     15
PESCARA	How fatally, it seems, he did withstand His own rescue!	
MALATESTES	Thou wretched thing of blood, How came Antonio by his death?	20
BOSOLA	In a mist; I know not how; Such a mistake as I have often seen In a play. O, I am gone. We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves, That, ruin'd, yield no echo. Fare you well. It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world! In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness, Doth womanish and fearful mankind live! Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust To suffer death or shame for what is just. Mine is another voyage. [Dies.]	           25       30
PESCARA	The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace, Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me A pretty gentleman, his son and heir. [Enter DELIO with ANTONIO'S son]	35



MALATESTA	O sir, you come too late.	
DELIO	I heard so, and	40
	Was arm'd for 't, ere I came. Let us make noble use	
	Of this great ruin; and join all our force	
	To establish this young hopeful gentleman	
	In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things	
	Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one	45
	Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;	
	As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,	
	Both form and matter. I have ever thought	
	Nature doth nothing so great for great men	50
	As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth:	
	Integrity of life is fame's best friend,	
	Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.	
	[ <i>Exeunt.</i> ]	

Act 5 Scene 5

**END OF PAPER**