



**HWA CHONG INSTITUTION**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination**  
**Higher 2**

**CANDIDATE  
NAME**

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**CT GROUP**

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**CENTRE  
NUMBER**

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**INDEX  
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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**9748/01**

**14 September 2015**

**3 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

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**READSTHESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging in texts (e.g. use of post-its tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

Write your name and class 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.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together and submit your answer to each question **SEPARATELY.**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

## 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 each poet's portrayal of money.

**A AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS**

Compiling this landmark anthology of poetry in English  
about dogs and musical instruments is like swimming through bricks.  
To date, I have only, "On the Death of Mrs. McTuesday's Pug,  
Killed by a Falling Piano," a somewhat obvious choice.  
True, an Aeolian\* harp whispers alluringly 5  
in the background of the anonymous sonnet, "The Huntsman's  
Hound,"  
but beyond that — silence.

I should resist this degrading donkey-work in favour of my own  
writing, 10  
wherein contentment surely lies.  
But A. Smith\* stares smugly from the reverse of the twenty pound  
note,  
and when my bank manager guffaws,  
small particles of saliva stream like a meteor shower 15  
through the infinity of dark space  
between his world and mine.

Simon Armitage

**B MONEY**

Quarterly, is it, money reproaches me:  
'Why do you let me lie here wastefully?  
I am all you never had of goods and sex,  
You could get them still by writing a few cheques.'  
  
So I look at others, what they do with theirs: 5  
They certainly don't keep it upstairs.  
By now they've a second house and car and wife:  
Clearly money has something to do with life  
  
- In fact, they've a lot in common, if you enquire: 10  
You can't put off being young until you retire,  
And however you bank your screw, the money you save  
Won't in the end buy you more than a shave.  
  
I listen to money singing. It's like looking down  
From long French windows at a provincial town,  
The slums, the canal, the churches ornate and mad 15  
In the evening sun. It is intensely sad.

Philip Larkin

\*Aeolian: moaning or sighing sound relating to or arising from the action of the wind

\*A. Smith: Adam Smith (1723 - 1790) is one of the fathers of modern economics

- Or (b) Compare and contrast the following poems, considering in detail the ways in which each poet uses language, style and form to present the feelings of grief.

A

## ANNIVERSARIES

Day by nomadic day  
 Our anniversaries go by,  
 Dates anchored in an inner sky,  
 To utmost ground, interior clay.  
 It was September blue 5  
 When I walked with you first, my love,  
 In Roukenglen and Kelvingrove\*,  
 Inchinnan's\* beech-wood avenue.  
 That day will still exist  
 Long after I have joined you where 10  
 Rings radiate the dusty air  
 And bangles bind each powdered wrist.  
 Here comes that day again.  
 What shall I do? Instruct me, dear,  
 Longanimous encourager, 15  
 Sweet soul in the athletic rain  
 And wife now to the weather.

Douglas Dunn

B

## LONG DISTANCE II

Though my mother was already two years dead  
 Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,  
 put hot water bottles her side of the bed  
 and still went to renew her transport pass.  
 You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone. 5  
 He'd put you off an hour to give him time  
 to clear away her things and look alone  
 as though his still raw love were such a crime.  
 He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief  
 though sure that very soon he'd hear her key 10  
 scrape in the rusted lock and end his grief.  
 He knew she'd just popped out to get the tea.  
 I believe life ends with death, and that is all.  
 You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,  
 in my new black leather phone book there's your name 15  
 and the disconnected number I still call.

Tony Harrison

\* **Rouken Glen** and **Kelvin Grove**: parks in East Renfrewshire, Scotland

\***Inchinnan** is a small village in Renfrewshire, Scotland

## Section B

Edith Wharton: *The Age of Innocence*

2

**Either (a)** Consider the role and significance of the author's personal voice in the novel.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, considering Wharton's presentation of family loyalty here and elsewhere in the novel.

"Our family," she corrected herself; and Archer coloured. "For you'll be my cousin soon," she continued gently.

"I hope so."

"And you take their view?"

He stood up at this, wandered across the room, stared with void eyes at one of the pictures against the old red damask, and came back irresolutely to her side. How could he say: "Yes, if what your husband hints is true, or if you've no way of disproving it?"

"Sincerely—" she interjected, as he was about to speak.

He looked down into the fire. "Sincerely, then—what should you gain that would compensate for the possibility—the certainty—of a lot of beastly talk?"

"But my freedom—is that nothing?"

It flashed across him at that instant that the charge in the letter was true, and that she hoped to marry the partner of her guilt. How was he to tell her that, if she really cherished such a plan, the laws of the State were inexorably opposed to it? The mere suspicion that the thought was in her mind made him feel harshly and impatiently toward her. "But aren't you as free as air as it is?" he returned. "Who can touch you? Mr. Letterblair tells me the financial question has been settled—"

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently.

"Well, then: is it worth while to risk what may be infinitely disagreeable and painful? Think of the newspapers—their vileness! It's all stupid and narrow and unjust—but one can't make over society."

"No," she acquiesced; and her tone was so faint and desolate that he felt a sudden remorse for his own hard thoughts.

"The individual, in such cases, is nearly always sacrificed to what is supposed to be the collective interest: people cling to any convention that keeps the family together—protects the children, if there are any," he rambled on, pouring out all the stock phrases that rose to his lips in his intense desire to cover over the ugly reality which her silence seemed to have laid bare. Since she would not or could not say the one word that would have cleared the air, his wish was not to let her feel that he was trying to probe into her secret. Better keep on the surface, in the prudent old New York way, than risk uncovering a wound he could not heal.

"It's my business, you know," he went on, "to help you to see these things as the people who are fondest of you see them. The Mingotts, the Wellands, the van der Luydens, all your friends and relations: if I didn't show you honestly how they judge such questions, it wouldn't be fair of me, would it?" He spoke insistently, almost pleading with her in his eagerness to cover up that yawning silence.

She said slowly: "No; it wouldn't be fair."

The fire had crumbled down to greyness, and one of the lamps made a gurgling appeal for attention. Madame Olenska rose, wound it up and returned to the fire, but without resuming her seat.

Her remaining on her feet seemed to signify that there was nothing more for either of them to say, and Archer stood up also.

"Very well; I will do what you wish," she said abruptly. The blood rushed to his forehead; and, taken aback by the suddenness of her surrender, he caught her two hands awkwardly in his.

"I—I do want to help you," he said.

"You do help me. Good night, my cousin."

He bent and laid his lips on her hands, which were cold and lifeless. She drew them away, and he turned to the door, found his coat and hat under the faint gas-light of the hall, and plunged out into the winter night bursting with the belated eloquence of the inarticulate.

50

## Chapter XII

## Section C

Arthur Miller: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) 'Idealism is a strong moral force in the play.'

To what extent is this an accurate assessment of Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, considering the ways in which Miller presents the idea of faith here and elsewhere in the play.

Mother:	She's been in New York three and a half years, why all of a sudden...?	
Keller:	Well, maybe... maybe he just wanted to see her...	
Mother:	Nobody comes seven hundred miles "just to see."	
Keller:	What do you mean? He lived next door to the girl all his life, why shouldn't he want to see her again? [ <i>Mother looks at him critically.</i> ] Don't look at me like that, he didn't tell me any more than he told you.	5
Mother:	[ <i>a warning and a question</i> ] He's not going to marry her.	
Keller:	How do you know he's even thinking of it?	
Mother:	It's got that about it.	
Keller:	[ <i>sharply watching her reaction</i> ] Well? So what?	10
Mother:	[ <i>alarmed</i> ] What's going on here, Joe?	
Keller:	Now listen, kid...	
Mother:	[ <i>avoiding contact with him</i> ] She's not his girl, Joe; she knows she's not.	
Keller:	You can't read her mind.	
Mother:	Then why is she still single? New York is full of men, why isn't she married? [ <i>Pause</i> ] Probably a hundred people told her she's foolish, but she's waited.	15
Keller:	How do you know why she waited?	
Mother:	She knows what I know, that's why. She's faithful as a rock. In my worst moments, I think of her waiting, and I know again that I'm right.	
Keller:	Look, it's a nice day. What are we arguing for?	20
Mother:	[ <i>warningly</i> ] Nobody in this house dast take her faith away, Joe. Strangers might. But not his father, not his brother.	
Keller:	[ <i>exasperated</i> ] What do you want me to do? What do you want?	
Mother:	I want you to act like he's coming back. Both of you. Don't think I haven't noticed you since Chris invited her. I won't stand for any nonsense.	25
Keller:	But, Kate...	
Mother:	Because if he's not coming back, then I'll kill myself! Laugh. Laugh at me. [ <i>She points to tree</i> ] But why did that happen the very night she came back? Laugh, but there are meanings in such things. She goes to sleep in his room and his memorial breaks in pieces. Look at it; look. [ <i>She sits on bench at his L.</i> ] Joe...	30
Keller:	Calm yourself.	
Mother:	Believe with me, Joe. I can't stand all alone.	
Keller:	Calm yourself.	
Mother:	Only last week a man turned up in Detroit, missing longer than Larry. You read it yourself.	35
Keller:	All right, all right, calm yourself.	
Mother:	You above all have got to believe, you...	
Keller:	[ <i>rises</i> ] Why me above all?	
Mother:	... Just don't stop believing...	
Keller:	What does that mean, me above all? [ <i>Bert comes rushing on from L.</i> ]	40
Bert:	Mr. Keller! Say, Mr. Keller... [ <i>Pointing up the driveway</i> ] Tommy just said it again!	
Keller:	[ <i>not remembering any of it</i> ] Said what? ...Who?...	
Bert:	The dirty word.	
Keller:	Oh. Well...	
Bert:	Gee, aren't you going to arrest him? I warned him.	45

Mother: *[with suddenness]* Stop that, Bert. Go home. *[Bert backs up, as she advances.]* There's no jail here.

Keller: *[As though to say, "Oh-what-the-hell-let-him-believe-there-is"]* Kate...

Mother: *[turning on Keller furiously]* There's no jail here! I want you to stop that jail business! *[He turns, shamed, but peeved.]* 50

Bert: *[past her to Keller]* He's right across the street...

Mother: Go home, Bert. *[Bert turns around and goes up driveway. She is shaken. Her speech is bitten off, extremely urgent.]* I want you to stop that, Joe. That whole jail business! 55

Keller: *[alarmed, therefore angered]* Look at you, look at you shaking.

Mother: *[trying to control herself, moving about clasping her hands]* I can't help it.

Act One