



INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 Prelim 2

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

31 Aug 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 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.

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

At the end of the examination, submit Section A separately.

Sections B and C should be tied together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

This document consists of 6 printed pages and 0 blank page.



Section A

1

Either (a) Critically compare the following two poems, paying close attention to their respective poets' presentation of the solitude.

A

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, 5
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness 10
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward, 15
And the woman calling.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

B

The Call

All these years and I still don't understand
how it works, how the signal gets through
the bones of my hand, the bricks of this house,
the bank building opposite, and across

miles of suburb and field, pylons and roads, 5
hills and four rivers to precisely you,
in another city, another house, another room,
hunched by the bath with your phone in your hand,

sobbing. You can't bear to feel so split,
you gasp. Downstairs you hear 10
a chair scrape, a man's voice.
He laughs, in dialogue with a ghost.

But I understand how light works.
Earlier your back gleamed like a guitar.
The last leaves on the sycamore 15
Flickered like a school of mackerel.

Later I will go out in a leopard-coat of light
without you: just me and the trees baring themselves
for winter, and the marbled paving stones,
and my empty hand shining. 20

Henry Shukman (1962-)

OR (b) Critically compare the following two poems, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

A

Insomnia

The moon in the bureau mirror
looks out a million miles
(and perhaps with pride, at herself,
but she never, never smiles)
far and away beyond sleep, or
perhaps she's a daytime sleeper.

5

By the Universe deserted
she'd tell it to go to hell,
and she'd find a body of water,
or a mirror, on which to dwell.
So wrap up care in a cobweb
and drop it down the well

10

into that world inverted
where left is always right,
where the shadows are really the body,
where we stay awake all night,
where the heavens are shallow as the sea
is now deep, and you love me.

15

Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979)

Insomniac's Moon

B

Insomniac's moon,
mineral and organic,
with its phosphorescent
mushroom-punky glow,
its halo of acid orange
rim of gassy blue

5

the blue and orange
that flash from a prism
or the bevelled facets
stabbing that image
into sleepless eyes
from a mirror's edge,

10

like a drop of milk
pearling from the breast
of the harsh moon-mother
which I try to catch
between parted lips
before it dissolves

15

with other ancient dreams
of love and sleep,
or the blue and orange
of fading bruises,
into the oceanic dark
circling the universe.

20

Ruth Fainlight (1931-)

Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

- Either (a) Discuss the significance of memory in *The Remains of the Day*.
- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the wider concerns of the novel.

For a little while after that, I recall, Miss Kenton went on talking more generally about her husband, who is to retire soon, a little early on account of poor health, and of her daughter, who is now married and expecting a child in the autumn. In fact, Miss Kenton gave me her daughter's address in Dorset, and I must say, I was rather flattered to see how keen she was that I call in on my return journey. Although I explained that it was unlikely I would pass through that part of Dorset, Miss Kenton continued to press me, saying: "Catherine's heard all about you, Mr Stevens. She'd be so thrilled to meet you."

5

10

For my own part, I tried to describe to her as best as I could the Darlington Hall of today. I attempted to convey to her what a genial employer Mr Farraday is; and I described the changes to the house itself, the alterations and the dust-sheetings, as well as the present staffing arrangements. Miss Kenton, I thought, became visibly happier when I talked about the house and soon we were recollecting together various old memories, frequently laughing over them.

15

Only once do I recall our touching upon Lord Darlington. We had been enjoying some recollection or other concerning the young Mr Cardinal, so that I was then obliged to go on to inform Miss Kenton of the gentleman's being killed in Belgium during the war. And I had gone on to say: "Of course, his lordship was very fond of Mr Cardinal and took it very badly."

20

I did not wish to spoil the pleasant atmosphere with unhappy talk, so tried to leave the topic again almost immediately. But as I had feared, Miss Kenton had read of the unsuccessful libel action, and inevitably, took the opportunity to probe me a little. As I recall, I rather resisted being drawn in, though in the end I did say to her:

25

"The fact is Mrs Benn, throughout the war, some truly terrible things had been said about his lordship- and by *that* newspaper in particular. He bore it all while the country remained in peril, but once the war was over, and the insinuations simply continued, well, his lordship saw no reason to go on suffering in silence. It's easy enough to see now, perhaps, all the dangers of going to court just at that time, what with the climate as it was. But there you are. His lordship sincerely believed he would get justice. Instead, of course, the newspaper simply increased its circulation. And his lordship's good name was destroyed for ever. Really, Mrs Benn, afterwards, well, his lordship was virtually an invalid. And the house became so quiet. I would take him tea in the drawing room and, well... It really was most tragic to see."

30

35

"I'm very sorry, Mr Stevens. I had no idea things had been so bad."

40

"Oh yes, Mrs Benn. But enough of this. I know you remember Darlington Hall in the days when there were great gatherings, when it was filled with distinguished visitors. Now that's the way his lordship deserves to be remembered."

45

Day Six- Evening
Weymouth

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

- Either (a)** Discuss the significance of secrets and lies in the world of the play.
- Or (b)** Write a detailed critical appreciation on the following passage, paying particular attention to how the ending contributes to the larger concerns of the play.

Chris	I know all about the world. I know the whole crap story. Now listen to this, and tell me what a man's got to be! <i>(Reads)</i> "My dear Ann: ...", you listening? He wrote this the day he died. Listen, don't cry.... Listen! "My Dear Ann: it is impossible to put down the things I feel. But I've got to tell you something. Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the States and I read about Dad and your father being convicted. I can't express myself. I can't tell you how I feel — I can't bear to live any more. Last night I circled the base for twenty minutes before I could bring myself in. How could he have done that? Every day three or four men never come back and he sits back there doing business.... I don't know how to tell you what I feel.... I can't face anybody... I'm going out on a mission in a few minutes. They'll probably report me as missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn't wait for me. I tell you, Ann, if I had him there now I could kill him..." <i>(Keller grabs the letter from Chris's hand and reads it. After a long pause)</i> Now blame the world. Do you understand that letter?	5
Keller	<i>(speaking almost inaudibly)</i> I think I do. Get the car. I'll put on my jacket. <i>(He turns and starts slowly for the house. Mother rushes to intercept him)</i>	10
Mother	Why are you going? You'll sleep, why are you going?	
Keller	I can't sleep here. I'll feel better if I go.	
Mother	You're so foolish. Larry was your son too, wasn't he? You know he'd never tell you to do this.	
Keller	<i>(looking at letter in his hand)</i> Then what is this if it isn't telling me? Sure, he was my son. But I think to him they were all my sons. And I guess they were, I guess they were. I'll be right down. <i>(Exits into house)</i>	15
Mother	<i>(to Chris, with determination)</i> You're not going to take him!	
Chris	I'm taking him.	20
Mother	It's up to you, if you tell him to stay he'll stay. Go and tell him!	
Chris	Nobody could stop him now.	
Mother	You'll stop him! How long will he live in prison? Are you trying to kill him?	
Chris	<i>(holding out letter)</i> I thought you read this!	25
Mother	<i>(of Larry, the letter)</i> The war is over! Didn't you hear? It's over!	
Chris	Then what was Larry to you? A stone that fell into the water? It's not enough for him to be sorry. Larry didn't kill himself to make you and Dad sorry.	30
Mother	What more can we be!	
Chris	You can be better! Once and for all you can know there's a universe of people outside and you're responsible to it, and unless you know that, you threw away your son because that's why he died. <i>A shot is heard in the house. They stand frozen for a brief second. Chris starts for porch, pauses at step, turns to Ann.</i>	35
Chris	Find Jim!	
	<i>(He goes on into the house and Ann runs up driveway. Mother stands alone, transfixed.)</i>	40
Mother	<i>(softly, almost moaning)</i> Joe... Joe... Joe... Joe... <i>(Chris comes out</i>	45

Chris *of house, down to Mother's arms.)* 50
Mother *(almost crying)* Mother, I didn't mean to —
Don't dear. Don't take it on yourself. Forget now. Live. *(Chris stirs as if to answer.)* Shhh.... *(She puts his arms down gently and moves toward porch.)* Shhh... *(As she reaches porch steps she begins sobbing.)* 55
Curtain

Act Three

End of Paper