



**ANDERSON JUNIOR COLLEGE**  
**JC2 Preliminary Examination 2016**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**Higher 1**

**8811/01**

**Paper 1 Reading Literature**

**16 September 2016**  
**3 hours**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your name, class and subject tutor's 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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**NAME** : \_\_\_\_\_

**PDG** : \_\_\_\_\_

**SUBJECT TUTOR:** \_\_\_\_\_

<b>Question No.</b>	<b>Marks</b>
Question *1a / 1b	
Question *2a / 2b	
Question *3a / 3b	

*\*Please delete accordingly.*

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## Section A

- 1 **Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's form, style and language.

**POEM IN MEMORY**

Everyday you will not  
 come home to gift me with cigarettes  
 wine, flowers and apples, a book  
 or a chicken leg on a stick  
 to soften life's hard edges. 5

Every night you will not  
 wake me in our thunderous  
 warrior way driving quiescent dreams  
 with wondrous waterfalls of your presence

Everyday I will not 10  
 peer out the front window blindly to see  
 if you are finished digging out the roots  
 of the dead tree, and leveled the ground  
 for the grass to grow

Every afternoon you will not be 15  
 playing with the dogs in the front porch  
 they have been confined to the back porch  
 sometimes no one remembers to feed them  
 They howl at the moon looking for you

I cannot pass the sea without looking 20  
 perchance you are having a swim or gathering  
 seashells and driftwood. Or walking a new  
 girl home.

The days are steaming and unhappy  
 The nights are freezing, barren like arctic country 25

A big brilliant star has appeared in the east  
 bright as a hundred watt bulb. And I know  
 you are no longer thinking of me.

Tita Ayala (b. 1931)

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

**YOU, LETTING THE TREES STAND AS MY BETRAYER**

You replaced the Douglas firs<sup>1</sup>  
that reached  
like mechanics' hands  
outside my windows

trying to understand the glass 5  
with furry, needle-tipped noses

You,  
who understood me  
in the rain

or at least 10  
accepted me.

The trees never left  
my windows  
even when they put on gloves  
for age: 15  
they had married the glass  
with the thud of falling cones.  
They remembered my name  
on windy nights.

But you 20  
are my betrayer  
who tried to frighten me with trees one night.  
Then chopped them down  
outside my windows  
the next day 25

You ride a motorcycle  
past wintry trees  
and summer trees  
and never once  
think of me. 30

But my friends are  
the falling branches  
that will tilt you  
and snap your neck one day.  
I dream of your thick body 35  
uprooted  
and torn by a storm  
on a motorcycle track.

You chopped down my trees –  
they were my legs – 40  
and unlike George Washington you did tell

many lies.

You are my betrayer,  
you woodsman,  
the man who stomps into the heart of this  
forest.

45

Diane Wakoski (b. 1937)

1. An evergreen conifer species native to western North America

## Section B

IAN MCEWAN: *ATONEMENT*

2

**Either (a)** 'Briony believes that "with her absolute power of deciding outcomes, she is also God."

To what extent is this true of fiction writing in *Atonement*?

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

The very complexity of her feelings confirmed Briony in her view that she was entering an arena of adult emotion and dissembling from which her writing was bound to benefit. What fairy tale ever held so much by way of contradiction? A savage and thoughtless curiosity prompted her to rip the letter from its envelope—she read it in the hall after Polly had let her in—and though the shock of the message vindicated her completely, this did not prevent her from feeling guilty. It was wrong to open people's letters, but it was right, it was essential, for her to know everything. She had been delighted to see her brother again, but that did not prevent her from exaggerating her feelings to avoid her sister's accusing question. And afterward she had only pretended to be eagerly obedient to her mother's command by running up to her room; as well as wanting to escape Cecilia, she needed to be alone to consider Robbie afresh, and to frame the opening paragraph of a story shot through with real life. No more princesses! The scene by the fountain, its air of ugly threat, and at the end, when both had gone their separate ways, the luminous absence shimmering above the wetness on the gravel—all this would have to be reconsidered. With the letter, something elemental, brutal, perhaps even criminal had been introduced, some principle of darkness, and even in her excitement over the possibilities, she did not doubt that her sister was in some way threatened and would need her help. 5

The word: she tried to prevent it sounding in her thoughts, and yet it danced through them obscenely, a typographical demon, juggling vague, insinuating anagrams—an uncle and a nut, the Latin for next, an Old English king attempting to turn back the tide. Rhyming words took their form from children's books—the smallest pig in the litter, the hounds pursuing the fox, the flat-bottomed boats on the Cam by Grantchester meadow. Naturally, she had never heard the word spoken, or seen it in print, or come across it in asterisks. No one in her presence had ever referred to the word's existence, and what was more, no one, not even her mother, had ever referred to the existence of that part of her to which—Briony was certain—the word referred. She had no doubt that that was what it was. The context helped, but more than that, the word was at one with its meaning, and was almost onomatopoeic. The smooth-hollowed, partly enclosed forms of its first three letters were as clear as a set of anatomical drawings. Three figures huddling at the foot of the cross. That the word had been written by a man confessing to an image in his mind, confiding a lonely preoccupation, disgusted her profoundly. She had read the note standing shamelessly in the center of the entrance hall, immediately sensing the danger contained by such crudity. Something irreducibly human, or male, threatened the order of their household, and Briony knew that unless she helped her sister, they would all suffer. It was also clear that she would have to be helped in a delicate, tactful manner. Otherwise, as Briony knew from experience, Cecilia would turn on her. 20

These thoughts preoccupied her as she washed her hands and face and chose a clean dress. The socks she wanted to wear were not to be found, but she wasted no time in hunting. She put on some others, strapped on her shoes and sat at her desk. Downstairs, they were drinking cocktails and she would have at least twenty minutes to herself. She could brush her hair on the way out. Outside her open window a cricket was singing. A sheaf of foolscap from her father's office was before her, the desk light threw down its comforting yellow patch, the fountain pen was in her hand. The orderly troupe of farm animals lined along the windowsill and the straitlaced dolls poised in the various rooms of their open-sided mansion waited for the gem of her first sentence. At that moment, the urge to be writing was stronger than any notion she had of what she might write. What she wanted was to be lost to the unfolding of an irresistible 25 30 35 40

idea, to see the black thread spooling out from the end of her scratchy silver nib and coiling into words. But how to do justice to the changes that had made her into a real writer at last, and to her chaotic swarm of impressions, and to the disgust and fascination she felt? Order must be imposed. She should begin, as she had decided earlier, with a simple account of what she had seen at the fountain. But that episode in the sunlight was not quite so interesting as the dusk, the idle minutes on the bridge lost to daydreaming, and then Robbie appearing in the semidarkness, calling to her, holding in his hand the little white square that contained the letter that contained the word. And what did the word contain? 45 50

She wrote, "There was an old lady who swallowed a fly."

Surely it was not too childish to say there had to be a story; and this was the story of a man whom everybody liked, but about whom the heroine always had her doubts, and finally she was able to reveal that he was the incarnation of evil. But wasn't she—that was, Briony the writer—supposed to be so worldly now as to be above such nursery-tale ideas as good and evil? There must be some lofty, godlike place from which all people could be judged alike, not pitted against each other, as in some lifelong hockey match, but seen noisily jostling together in all their glorious imperfection. If such a place existed, she was not worthy of it. She could never forgive Robbie his disgusting mind. 55 60

Trapped between the urge to write a simple diary account of her day's experiences and the ambition to make something greater of them that would be polished, self-contained and obscure, she sat for many minutes frowning at her sheet of paper and its infantile quotation and did not write another word. Actions she thought she could describe well enough, and she had the hang of dialogue. She could do the woods in winter, and the grimness of a castle wall. But how to do feelings? All very well to write, She felt sad, or describe what a sad person might do, but what of sadness itself, how was that put across so it could be felt in all its lowering immediacy? Even harder was the threat, or the confusion of feeling contradictory things. Pen in hand, she stared across the room toward her hard-faced dolls, the estranged companions of a childhood she considered closed. It was a chilly sensation, growing up. She would never sit on Emily's or Cecilia's lap again, or only as a joke. Two summers ago, on her eleventh birthday, her parents, brother and sister and a fifth person she could not remember had taken her out onto the lawn and tossed her in a blanket eleven times, and then once for luck. Could she trust it now, the hilarious freedom of the upward flight, the blind trust in the kindly grip of adult wrists, when the fifth person could so easily have been Robbie? 65 70 75

(Part 1, Chapter 10)

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *ALL MY SONS*

3

- Either (a)** “The play demonstrates that justice will ultimately be served.”  
In light of this statement, examine the presentation of justice in *All My Sons*.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Jim’s role, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Two o'clock the following morning, Mother is discovered on the rise, rocking ceaselessly in a chair, staring at her thoughts. It is an intense, slight, sort of rocking. A light shows from upstairs bedroom, lower floor windows being dark. The moon is strong and casts its bluish light.*

*Presently Jim, dressed in jacket and hat, appears, and seeing her, goes up beside her.*

<i>Jim</i>	Any news?	5
<i>Mother</i>	No news	
<i>Jim</i>	( <i>gently</i> ) You can't sit up all night, dear, why don't you go to bed?	
<i>Mother</i>	I'm waiting for Chris. Don't worry about me, Jim, I'm perfectly all right.	
<i>Jim</i>	But it's almost two o'clock	
<i>Mother</i>	I can't sleep. ( <i>Slight pause.</i> ) You had an emergency?	10
<i>Jim</i>	( <i>tiredly</i> ) Somebody had a headache and thought he was dying. ( <i>Slight pause.</i> ) Half of my patients are quite mad. Nobody realizes how many people are walking around loose, and they're cracked as coconuts. Money. Money – money — money — money. You say it long enough and it doesn't mean anything. ( <i>She smiles, makes a silent laugh.</i> ) Oh, how I'd love to be around when that happens!	15
<i>Mother</i>	( <i>Shaking her head</i> ) You're so childish, Jim! Sometimes you are.	
<i>Jim</i>	( <i>looks at her a moment</i> ) Kate. ( <i>Pause.</i> ) What happened?	
<i>Mother</i>	I told you. He had an argument with Joe. Then he got in the car and drove away.	
<i>Jim</i>	What kind of an argument?	
<i>Mother</i>	An argument, Joe...He was crying like a child, before.	20
<i>Jim</i>	They argued about Ann?	
<i>Mother</i>	( <i>after slight hesitation</i> ) No, not Ann. Imagine? ( <i>Indicates lighted window above.</i> ) She hasn't come out of that room since he left. All night in that room.	
<i>Jim</i>	( <i>looks in the window, then at her</i> ) What'd Joe do, tell him?	
<i>Mother</i>	( <i>Stops rocking</i> ) Tell him what?	25
<i>Jim</i>	Don't be afraid, Kate, I know. I've always known.	
<i>Mother</i>	How?	
<i>Jim</i>	It occurred to me a long time ago.	
<i>Mother</i>	I always had the feeling that in the back of his head, Chris...almost knew. I didn't think it would be such a shock.	30
<i>Jim</i>	( <i>gets up</i> ) Chris would never know how to live with a thing like that. It takes a certain talent — for lying. You have it, and I do. But not him.	
<i>Mother</i>	What do you mean...He's not coming back?	
<i>Jim</i>	Oh, no, he'll come back. We all come back, Kate. These private little revolutions	35

always die. The compromise is always made. In a peculiar way, Frank is right — every man does have a star. The star of one's honesty. And you spend your life groping for it, but once it's out it never lights again. I don't think he went very far. He probably just wanted to be alone to watch his star go out.

- Mother* Just as long as he comes back. 40
- Jim* I wish he wouldn't, Kate. One year I simply took off, went to New Orleans; for two months I lived on bananas and milk, and studied a certain disease. It was beautiful. And then she came, and she cried. And I went back home with her. And now I live in the usual darkness; I can't find myself; it's even hard sometimes to remember the kind of man I wanted to be. I'm a good husband; Chris is a good son — he'll come back. 45
- Keller** *comes out on porch in dressing gown and slippers. He goes upstage—to alley. Jim goes to him.*
- Jim* I have a feeling he's in the park. I'll look around for him. Put her to bed, Joe; this is no good for what she's got. (**Jim** exists up driveway.) 50
- Keller* (*Coming down*) What does he want here?
- Mother* His friend is not home.
- Keller* (*comes down to her. His voice is husky.*) I don't like him mixing in so much.
- Mother* It's too late, Joe. He knows.
- Keller* (*apprehensively*) How does he know? 55
- Mother* He guessed a long time ago.
- Keller* I don't like that.
- Mother* (*laughs dangerously, quietly into the line*) What you don't like.

(Act 3)

**END OF PAPER**