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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**17 August 2016**

**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 papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

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### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, index number 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.

Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

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

At the end of the examination, tie each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **7** printed pages.



## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical appreciation of the poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the poet's presentation of the war photographer.

## WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

In his dark room he is finally alone  
 with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.  
 The only light is red and softly glows,  
 as though this were a church and he  
 a priest preparing to intone a Mass. 5  
 Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh.<sup>1</sup> All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays  
 beneath his hands, which did not tremble then  
 though seem to now. Rural England. Home again  
 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 10  
 to fields which don't explode beneath the feet  
 of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features  
 faintly start to twist before his eyes,  
 a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries 15  
 of this man's wife, how he sought approval  
 without words to do what someone must  
 and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white  
 from which his editor will pick out five or six 20  
 for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick  
 with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.  
 From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where  
 he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy (b. 1955)

<sup>1</sup> Belfast, Beirut, Phnom Penh: Capitals of Northern Ireland, Lebanon, and Cambodia, all affected by war and terrorism in the 1970s-80s.

- Or (b)** Write a critical comparison of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to the poet's presentation of power.

### THE MOMENT

The moment when, after many years  
of hard work and a long voyage  
you stand in the centre of your room,  
house, half-acre, square mile, island, country,  
knowing at last how you got there, 5  
and say, I own this,

is the same moment when the trees unloose  
their soft arms from around you,  
the birds take back their language,  
the cliffs fissure and collapse, 10  
the air moves back from you like a wave  
and you can't breathe.

No, they whisper. You own nothing.  
You were a visitor, time after time  
climbing the hill, planting the flag, proclaiming. 15  
We never belonged to you.  
You never found us.  
It was always the other way round.

Margaret Atwood (b. 1939)

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'Ishiguro paints a bleak picture of a wasted life.'

How far do you agree with this comment on the novel?

**Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting on the presentation of Lord Darlington and his values here and elsewhere in the novel.

His lordship walked over rather wearily to a leather armchair, seated himself and sighed. From my vantage point up on my ladder, I could see practically the whole of his long figure caught in the winter sunshine pouring in through the french windows and streaking much of the room. It was, as I recall it, one of those moments that brought home how much the pressures of life had taken their toll on his lordship over a relatively small number of years. His frame, always slender, had become alarmingly thin and somewhat misshapen, his hair prematurely white, his face strained and haggard. For a while, he sat gazing out of the french windows towards the downs, then said again:

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'It really was quite dreadful. But you see, Stevens, Mr Spencer had a point to prove to Sir Leonard. In fact, if it's any consolation, you did assist in demonstrating a very important point. Sir Leonard had been talking a lot of that old-fashioned nonsense. About the will of the people being the wisest arbitrator and so on. Would you believe it, Stevens?'

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'Indeed, sir.'

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'We're really so slow in this country to recognize when a thing's outmoded. Other great nations know full well that to meet the challenges of each new age means discarding old, sometimes well-loved methods. Not so here in Britain. There's still so many talking like Sir Leonard last night. That's why Mr Spencer felt the need to demonstrate his point. And I tell you, Stevens, if the likes of Sir Leonard are made to wake up and think a little, then you can take it from me your ordeal last night was not in vain.'

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'Indeed, sir.'

Lord Darlington gave another sigh. 'We're always the last, Stevens. Always the last to be clinging on to outmoded systems. But sooner or later, we'll need to face up to the facts. Democracy is something for a bygone era. The world's far too complicated a place now for universal suffrage and such like. For endless members of parliament debating things to a standstill. All fine a few years ago perhaps, but in today's world? What was it Mr Spencer said last night? He put it rather well.'

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'I believe, sir, he compared the present parliamentary system to a committee of the mothers' union attempting to organize a war campaign.'

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'Exactly, Stevens. We are, quite frankly, behind the times in this country. And it's imperative that all forward-looking people impress this on the likes of Sir Leonard.'

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'Indeed, sir.'

'I ask you, Stevens. Here we are in the midst of a continuing crisis. I've seen it with my own eyes when I went north with Mr Whittaker. People are suffering. Ordinary, decent working people are suffering terribly. Germany and Italy have set their houses in order by acting. And so have the wretched Bolsheviks in their own way, one supposes. Even President Roosevelt, look at him, he's not afraid to take a few bold steps on behalf of his people. But look at us here, Stevens. Year after year goes by, and nothing gets better. All we do is argue and debate and procrastinate. Any decent idea is amended to ineffectuality by the time it's gone half-way through the various committees it's

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obliged to pass through. The few people qualified to know what's what are talked to a standstill by ignorant people all around them. What do you make of it, Stevens?'

'The nation does seem to be in a regrettable condition, sir.'

'I'll say. Look at Germany and Italy, Stevens. See what strong leadership 50  
can do if it's allowed to act. None of this universal suffrage nonsense there. If your house is on fire, you don't call the household into the drawing room and debate the various options for escape for an hour, do you? It may have been all very well once, but the world's a complicated place now. The man in the street can't be expected to know enough about politics, economics, world 55  
commerce and what have you. And why should he? In fact, you made a very good reply last night, Stevens. How did you put it? Something to the effect that it was not in your realm? Well, why should it be?'

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe, near Tavistock, Devon

## Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

**Either (a)** 'It is we who are Prince Hamlet.'With this quote in mind, discuss the presentation of the human condition in *Hamlet*.**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, commenting particularly on the presentation of melancholy here and elsewhere in the play.*Gertrude:* Let her come in.*[Exit Gentlemen]*

*(Aside)* To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.  
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

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*[Enter OPHELIA distracted]**Ophelia:* Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?*Gertrude:* How now Ophelia?*Ophelia:* *[She sings]*

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How should I your true love know  
 From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.

*Gertrude:* Alas sweet lady, what imports this song?

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*Ophelia:* Say you? Nay, pray you mark.He is dead and gone, lady, *[Song]*

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

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Oho!

*Gertrude:* Nay but Ophelia --*Ophelia:* Pray you mark.White his shroud as the mountain snow -- *[Song]**[Enter CLAUDIUS]*

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*Gertrude:* Alas, look here my lord.

*Ophelia:* Larded all with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did not go  
 With true-love showers.

*Claudius:* How do you, pretty lady?

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*Ophelia:* Well good dild you. They say the owl was a baker's  
 daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what  
 we may be. God be at your table.

*Claudius:* Conceit upon her father.

*Ophelia:* Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you  
 what it means, say you this --

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To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, *[Song]*

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

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Then up he rose, and donned his clothes  
 And dugged the chamber-door;  
 Let in the maid that out a maid  
 Never departed more.

*Claudius:* Pretty Ophelia! 45  
*Ophelia:* Indeed I! Without an oath I'll make an end on't.  
 By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
 Alack and fie for shame,  
 Young men will do't if they come to't --  
 By Cock, they are to blame. 50  
 Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,  
 You promised me to wed.'  
 He answers --  
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
 And thou hadst not come to my bed. 55  
*Claudius:* How long hath she been thus?  
*Ophelia:* I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot  
 choose but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold  
 ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for  
 your good counsel. Come, my coach. Good night, ladies, 60  
 good night sweet ladies, good night, good night.  
 [Exit]

Act 4 Scene 5