



**INNOVA JUNIOR COLLEGE**

**JC2 PRELIM 2016**

in preparation for General Certificate of Education Advanced Level  
Higher 1

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## **LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8811/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**22 August 2016**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**3 hours**

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.

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### **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 **3** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Innova Junior College

**[Turn over]**

## Section A

1

- Either (a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, 'My Father's Garden' by David Wagoner (born 1926), paying close attention to the poet's use of language, form and style in portraying the father who works in a scrapyard.

**My Father's Garden**

On his way to the open hearth where white-hot steel  
 Boiled against furnace walls in wait for his lance  
 To pierce the fireclay and set loose demons  
 And dragons in molten tons, blazing  
 Down to the huge satanic caldrons,  
 Each day he would pass the scrapyard, his kind of garden. 5

In rusty rockeries <sup>1</sup> of stoves and brake drums,  
 In grottoes <sup>2</sup> of sewing machines and refrigerators,  
 He would pick flowers for us: small gears and cogwheels  
 With teeth like petals, with holes for anthers,  
 Long stalks of lead to be poured into toy soldiers,  
 Ball bearings as big as grapes to knock them down. 10

He was called a melter. He tried to keep his brain  
 From melting in those tyger-mouthed mills  
 Where the same steel reappeared over and over  
 To be reborn in the fire as something better  
 Or worse: cannons or cars, needles or girders,  
 Flagpoles, swords, or plowshares. 15

But it melted. His classical learning ran  
 Down and away from him, not burning bright. 20  
 His fingers culled a few cold scraps of Latin  
 And Greek, *magna sine laude* <sup>3</sup> for crosswords  
 And brought home lumps of tin and sewer grills  
 As if they were his ripe prize vegetables.

<sup>1</sup> A rockery is a raised part of a garden which is built of rocks and soil and on which small plants are grown.

<sup>2</sup> A grotto is a small cave with coloured or attractively shaped rocks.

<sup>3</sup> Without great distinction, a reversal of the usual *magna cum laude*.

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem 'IF' by Rudyard Kipling (1865 -1936), paying close attention to the poet's use of language, form and style.

### IF

<p>If you can keep your head when all about you          Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,          If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you          But make allowance for their doubting too,          If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,          Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,          Or being hated, don't give way to hating,          And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:</p>	5
<p>If you can dream--and not make dreams your master,          If you can think--and not make thoughts your aim;          If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster          And treat those two impostors just the same;          If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken          Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,          Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,          And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:</p>	10  15
<p>If you can make one heap of all your winnings          And risk it all on one turn of pitch-and-toss,          And lose, and start again at your beginnings          And never breath a word about your loss;          If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew          To serve your turn long after they are gone,          And so hold on when there is nothing in you          Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"</p>	20
<p>If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,          Or walk with kings--nor lose the common touch,          If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;          If all men count with you, but none too much,          If you can fill the unforgiving minute          With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,          Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,          And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!</p>	25  30

## Section B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either (a)** 'Ultimately, his narrative efforts cannot undo the fact that he played a minor role in another man's dark biography.'

How far do you agree with this comment?

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, focusing on Ishiguro's presentation of Stevens's beliefs and values here and elsewhere in the novel.

"I'll say. Look at Germany and Italy, Stevens. See what strong leadership 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 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? 5

It occurs to me in recalling these words that, of course, many of Lord Darlington's ideas will seem today rather odd - even, at times, unattractive. But surely it cannot be denied that there is an important element of truth in these things he said to me that morning in the billiard room. Of course, it is quite absurd to expect any butler to be in a position to answer authoritatively questions of the sort Mr Spencer had put to me that night, and the claim of people like Mr Harry Smith that one's 'dignity' is conditional on being able to do so can be seen for the nonsense it is. Let us establish this quite clearly: a butler's duty is to provide good service. It is not to meddle in the great affairs of the nation. The fact is, such great affairs will always be beyond the understanding of those such as you and I, and those of us who wish to make our mark must realize that we best do so by concentrating on what *is* within our realm; that is to say, by devoting our attention to providing the best possible service to those great gentlemen in whose hands the destiny of civilization truly lies. This may seem obvious, but then one can immediately think of too many instances of butlers who, for a time anyway, thought quite differently. Indeed, Mr Harry Smith's words tonight remind me very much of the sort of misguided idealism which beset significant sections of our generation throughout the twenties and thirties. I refer to that strand of opinion in the profession which suggested that any butler with serious aspirations should make it his business to be forever reappraising his employer - scrutinizing the latter's motives, analysing the implications of his views.' Only in this way, so the argument ran, could one be sure one's skills were being employed to a desirable end. Although one sympathizes to some extent with the idealism contained in such an argument, there can be little doubt that it is the result, like Mr Smith's sentiments tonight, of misguided thinking. One need only look at the butlers who attempted to put such an approach into practice, and one will see that their careers - and in some cases they were highly promising careers - came to nothing as a direct consequence. I personally knew at least two professionals, both of some ability, who went from one employer to the next, forever dissatisfied, never settling anywhere, until they drifted from view altogether. That this should happen is not in the least surprising. For it is, in practice, simply not possible to adopt such a critical attitude towards an employer and at the same time provide good service. It is not simply that one is unlikely to be able to meet the many demands of service at the higher levels while one's attentions are being diverted by such matters; more fundamentally, a butler who is forever attempting to formulate his own 'strong opinions' on his employer's affairs is bound to lack one quality essential in all good professionals: namely, loyalty. Please do not misunderstand me here; I do not refer to the mindless sort of 'loyalty' that mediocre employers bemoan the lack of when they find themselves unable to retain the services of high-calibre professionals. Indeed, I would be among the last to advocate bestowing one's 40

loyalty carelessly on any lady or gentleman who happens to employ one for a time. However, if a butler is to be of any worth to anything or anybody in life, there must surely come a time when he ceases his searching; a time when he must say to himself: 'This employer embodies all that I find noble and admirable. I will hereafter devote myself to serving him.' This is loyalty intelligently bestowed. What is there 'undignified' in this? One is simply accepting an inescapable truth: that the likes of you and I will never be in a position to comprehend the great affairs of today's world, and our best course will always be to put our trust in an employer we judge to be wise and honourable, and to devote our energies to the task of serving him to the best of our ability. 45

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe

## Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either (a)** 'The tragic force of the play is embodied in Arthur Miller's underlying message that money is likely to triumph over decency.'

Discuss the play in light of this comment.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, focusing on Miller's presentation of the psychology of self-preservation here and elsewhere in the play.

**Mother:** Joe, Joe...It don't excuse it that you did it for the family.

**Joe:** It's got to excuse it!

**Mother:** There's something bigger than the family to him.

**Keller:** Nothin' is bigger!

**Mother:** There is to him.

5

**Keller:** There's nothin' he could do that I wouldn't forgive. Because he's my son. Because I'm his father and he's my son.

**Mother:** Joe, I tell you -

**Keller:** Nothin's bigger than that. And you're going to tell him, you understand? I'm his father and he's my son, and if there's something bigger than that I'll put a 10  
bullet in my head!

**Mother:** You stop that!

**Keller:** You heard me. Now you know what to tell him. *(Pause. He moves from her – halts.)* But he wouldn't put me away though ...He wouldn't do that...Would he? 15

**Mother:** He loved you, Joe, you broke his heart.

**Keller:** But to put me away...

**Mother:** I don't know. I'm beginning to think we don't really know him. They say in the war he was such a killer. Here he was always afraid of mice. I don't know him. I don't know what he'll do. 20

**Keller:** Goddam, if Larry was alive he wouldn't act like this. He understood the way the world is made. He listened to me. To him the world had a forty-foot front, it ended at the building line. This one, everything bothers him. You make a deal, overcharge two cents, and his hair falls out. He don't understand money. Too easy, it came too easy. Yes, sir. Larry. That was the boy we lost. Larry. Larry. 25  
*(He slumps on chair in front of her.)* What am I gonna do, Kate?

**Mother:** Joe, Joe, please...You'll be all right, nothing is going to happen.

**Keller:** *(desperately, lost)* For you, Kate, for both of you, that's all I ever lived for ...

**Mother:** I know darling, I know. *(Ann enters from house. They say nothing, waiting for her to speak.)* 30

**Ann:** Why do you stay up? I'll tell you when he comes.

**Keller:** *(rises, goes to her.)* You didn't eat supper did you? *(To Mother)* Why don't you make her something?

**Mother:** Sure, I'll -

**Ann:** Nevermind, Kate, I'm all right. *(They are unable to speak to each other.)* 35  
There's something I want to tell you. *(She starts, then halts.)* I'm not going to do anything about it.

**Mother:** She's a good girl! *(To Keller.)* You see? She's a -

**Ann:** I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. (*Directly to Mother.*) You made Chris feel guilty with me. Whether you wanted to or not, you've crippled him in front of me. I'd like you to tell him that Larry is dead and that you know it. You understand me? I'm not going out of here alone. There's no life for me that way. I want you to set him free. And then I promise you, everything will end, and we'll go away, and that's all. 40

**Keller:** You'll do that. You'll tell him. 45

**Ann:** I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.

**Keller:** You'll tell him.

**Ann:** And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it.

**Mother:** My dear, if the boy was dead, it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris know it...The night he gets into your bed, his heart will dry up. Because he knows and you know. To his dying day he'll wait for his brother! No, my dear, no such thing. You're going in the morning, and you're going alone. That's your life, that's your lonely life. (*She goes to the porch, and starts in.*) 50

**Ann:** Larry is dead, Kate.

**Mother:** (*She stops*) Don't speak to me. 55

**Ann:** I said he's dead. I know! He crashed off the coast of China November twenty-fifth! His engine didn't fail him. But he died. I know...

**Mother:** How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die?

**Ann:** I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't sure? That's enough for you. 60

**Mother:** (*moving on her*) What's enough for me? What're you talking about? (*She grasps Ann's wrists.*)

**Ann:** You're hurting my wrists.

**Mother:** What are you talking about! (*Pause. She stares at Ann a moment, then turns and goes to Keller.*) 65

**Ann:** Joe, go in the house.

**Keller:** Why should I -

**Ann:** Please go.

ACT 3

End of Paper