

**YISHUN JUNIOR COLLEGE  
2016 JC2 ENGLISH LITERATURE  
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Tuesday 16 August 2016  
0800 – 1100h  
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 CTG 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 section.

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

At the end of the examination, hand in your answer to each question **separately**.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **9** printed pages and 1 blank page.

## SECTION A

1

**Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying close attention to ways in which form, style and language contribute to each poet's portrayal of the subject matter.

**A Question**

Body my house  
my horse my hound  
what will I do  
when you are fallen

Where will I sleep 5  
How will I ride  
What will I hunt

Where can I go  
without my mount  
all eager and quick 10  
How will I know  
in thicket ahead  
is danger or treasure  
when Body my good  
bright dog is dead 15

How will it be  
to lie in the sky  
without roof or door  
and wind for an eye

With cloud for shift 20  
how will I hide?

May Swenson (1913 – 1989)

## **B      Living in the Body**

Body is something you need in order to stay  
on this planet and you only get one.  
And no matter which one you get, it will not  
be satisfactory. It will not be beautiful  
enough, it will not be fast enough, it will  
not keep on for days at a time, but will  
pull you down into a sleepy swamp and  
demand apples and coffee and chocolate cake. 5

Body is a thing you have to carry  
from one day into the next. Always the  
same eyebrows over the same eyes in the same  
skin when you look in the mirror, and the  
same creaky knee when you get up from the  
floor and the same wrist under the watchband.  
The changes you can make are small and  
costly—better to leave it as it is. 10 15

Body is a thing that you have to leave  
eventually. You know that because you have  
seen others do it, others who were once like you,  
living inside their pile of bones and  
flesh, smiling at you, loving you,  
leaning in the doorway, talking to you  
for hours and then one day they  
are gone. No forwarding address. 20

Joyce Sutphen (born 1949)

Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin!

But ranged as infantry, 5  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him and he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

I shot him dead because -  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so - my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

He thought he'd 'list perhaps,  
Off-hand like - just as I -  
Was out of work - had sold his traps -  
No other reason why.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
 You shoot a fellow down  
 You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
 Or help to half-a-crown<sup>2</sup>. 20

<sup>1</sup> Nipperkin: Small cup or vessel used to contain a drink

<sup>2</sup> Crown: An English coin no longer in use today

**B      The People of the Other Village**

hate the people of this village	
and would nail our hats	
to our heads for refusing in their presence to remove them	
or staple our hands to our foreheads	
for refusing to salute them	5
if we did not hurt them first: mail them packages of rats,	
mix their flour at night with broken glass.	
We do this, they do that.	
They peel the larynx from one of our brothers' throats.	
We devein one of their sisters.	10
The quicksand pits they built were good.	
Our amputation teams were better.	
We trained some birds to steal their wheat.	
They sent to us exploding ambassadors of peace.	
They do this, we do that.	15
We canceled our sheep imports.	
They no longer bought our blankets.	
We mocked their greatest poet	
and when that had no effect	
we parodied the way they dance	20
which did cause pain, so they, in turn, said our God	
was leprous, hairless.	
We do this, they do that.	
Ten thousand (10,000) years, ten thousand	
(10,000) brutal, beautiful years.	25

Thomas Lux (born 1946)

## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either a)** "All a child's life depends on the ideal it has of its parents." (E.M. Forster)

Consider Ishiguro's portrayal of the father-son relationship in *The Remains of the Day* in the light of this statement.

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

As I recall, I was rung for late one night - it was past midnight - to the drawing room where his lordship had been entertaining three gentlemen since dinner. I had, naturally, been called to the drawing room several times already that night to replenish refreshments, and had observed on these occasions the gentlemen deep in conversation over weighty issues. When I entered the drawing room on this last occasion, however, all the gentlemen stopped talking and looked at me. Then his lordship said:

5

"Step this way a moment, will you, Stevens? Mr Spencer here wishes a word with you."

The gentleman in question went on gazing at me for a moment without changing the somewhat languid posture he had adopted in his armchair. Then he said:

10

"My good man, I have a question for you. We need your help on a certain matter we've been debating. Tell me, do you suppose the debt situation regarding America is a significant factor in the present low levels of trade? Or do you suppose this is a red herring and that the abandonment of the gold standard is at the root of the matter?"

15

I was naturally a little surprised by this, but then quickly saw the situation for what it was; that is to say, it was clearly expected that I be baffled by the question. Indeed, in the moment or so that it took for me to perceive this and compose a suitable response, I may even have given the outward impression of struggling with the question, for I saw all the gentlemen in the room exchange mirthful smiles.

20

"I'm very sorry, sir," I said, "but I am unable to be of assistance on this matter."

I was by this point well on top of the situation, but the gentlemen went on laughing covertly. Then Mr Spencer said:

"Then perhaps you will help us on another matter. Would you say that the currency problem in Europe would be made better or worse if there were to be an arms agreement between the French and the Bolsheviks?"

25

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I am unable to be of assistance on this matter."

"Oh dear," said Mr Spencer. "So you can't help us here either."

There was more suppressed laughter before his lordship said: "Very well, Stevens. That will be all." 30

"Please, Darlington, I have one more question to put to our good man here," Mr Spencer said. "I very much wanted his help on the question presently vexing many of us, and which we all realize is crucial to how we should shape our foreign policy. My good fellow, please come to our assistance. What was M. Laval really intending, by his recent speech on the situation in North Africa? Are you also of the view that it was simply a ruse to scupper the nationalist fringe of his own domestic party?" 35

"I'm sorry, sir, but I am unable to assist in this matter."

"You see, gentlemen," Mr Spencer said, turning to the others, "our man here is unable to assist us in these matters." 40

This brought fresh laughter, now barely suppressed.

"And yet," Mr Spencer went on, "we still persist with the notion that this nation's decisions be left in the hands of our good man here and to the few million others like him. Is it any wonder, saddled as we are with our present parliamentary system, that we are unable to find any solution to our many difficulties? Why, you may as well ask a committee of the mothers' union to organize a war campaign." 45

There was open, hearty laughter at this remark, during which his lordship muttered: "Thank you, Stevens," thus enabling me to take my leave.

While of course this was a slightly uncomfortable situation, it was hardly the most difficult, or even an especially unusual one to encounter in the course of one's duties, and you will no doubt agree that any decent professional should expect to take such events in his stride. I had, then, all but forgotten the episode by the following morning, when Lord Darlington came into the billiard room while I was up on a step-ladder dusting portraits, and said: 50

"Look here, Stevens, it was dreadful. The ordeal we put you through last night." 55

I paused in what I was doing and said: "Not at all, sir. I was only too happy to be of service."

"It was quite dreadful. We'd all had rather too good a dinner, I fancy. Please accept my apologies."

"Thank you, sir. But I am happy to assure you I was not unduly inconvenienced." 60

Day Three – Evening  
Moscombe, Near Trivstock, Devon

## SECTION C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

**Either a)** "The living are haunted by the dead, whom they seek to exorcise with a simple denial of reality."

How far do you agree with this reading of *All My Sons*?

**Or b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to how loyalty is presented, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Chris:* [with admiration] Joe McGuts.

*Keller:* [now with great force] That's the only way you lick'em is guts. [To ANN.] The worst thing you did was to move away from here. You made it tough for your father when he gets out. That's why I tell you, I like to see him move back right on this block. 5

*Mother:* [pained] How could they move back?

*Keller:* It ain't gonna end *till* they move back! [To ANN.] Till people play cards with him again, and talk with him, and smile with him – you play cards with a man you know he can't be a murderer. And the next time you write him I like you to tell him just what I said. [ANN simply stares at him.] You hear me? 10

*Ann:* [surprised] Don't you hold anything against him?

*Keller:* Annie, I never believed in crucifying people.

*Ann:* [mystified] But he was your partner, he dragged you through the mud.

*Keller:* Well, he ain't my sweetheart, but you gotta forgive, don't you? 15

*Ann:* You, either, Kate? Don't you feel any – ?

*Keller:* [to ANN] The next time you write Dad –

*Ann:* I don't write him.

*Keller:* [struck] Well, every now and then you –

*Ann:* [a little shamed, but determined] No, I've *never* written to him. Neither has my brother. [To CHRIS.] Say, do you feel this way, too? 20

*Chris:* He murdered twenty-one pilots.

*Keller:* What the hell kind a talk is that?

*Mother:* That's not a thing to say about a man.

*Ann:* What else can you say? When they took him away I followed him, went to him every visiting day. I was crying all the time. Until the news came about Larry. Then I realized. It's wrong to pity a man like that. Father or no father, there's only one way to look at him. He knowingly shipped out parts that would crash an airplane. And how do you know Larry wasn't one of them? 25

*Mother:* I was waiting for that. [Going to her.] As long as you're here, Annie, I want to ask you to never to say that again. 30

*Ann:* You surprise me. I thought you'd be mad at him.



*Mother:* What your father did had nothing to do with Larry, Nothing.  
*Ann:* But we can't know that.  
*Mother:* [*striving for control*] As long as you're here! 35  
*Ann:* [*perplexed*] But, Kate –  
*Mother:* Put that out of your head!  
*Keller:* Because –  
*Mother:* [*quickly to KELLER*] That's all, that's enough. [*Places her hand on her head.*] Come inside now, and have some tea with me. [*She turns and goes up steps.*] 40  
*Keller:* [*to ANN*] The one thing you –  
*Mother:* [*sharply*] He's not dead, so there's no argument! Now come!  
*Keller:* [*angrily*] In a minute! [*MOTHER turns and goes into house.*] Now look, Annie – 45  
*Chris:* All right, Dad, forget it.  
*Keller:* No, she dasn't feel that way. Annie –  
*Chris:* I'm sick of the whole subject, now cut it out.  
*Keller:* You want her to go on like this? [*To ANN.*] Those cylinder heads went into P-40s only. What's the matter with you? You know Larry never flew a P-40. 50  
*Chris:* So who flew those P-40s, pigs?

Act 1

End of Paper