



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2016**

ENGLISH LITERATURE

**HIGHER 2 9748/01
PAPER 1: READING LITERATURE**

TUESDAY 13 SEPTEMBER 2016 3 HOURS

TIME: 0800 – 1100

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. the use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, civics group on every answer sheet.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

You may use a soft pencil for any diagrams or graphs.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

Answer **three** questions.

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.

This question paper consists of 8 printed pages and 0 blank pages. [Turn over]

Either **(a)** Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail the poets' use of language, style and form.

In a VAD¹ Pantry

Pots in piles of blue and white,
Old in service, cracked and chipped -
While the bare-armed girls tonight
Rinse and dry, with trivial-lipped
Mirth, and jests, and giggling chatter, 5
In this maze of curls and clatter
Is there no one sees in you
More than common white and blue?

When the potter trimmed your clay's
Sodden mass to his desire - 10

Washed you in the viscid glaze
That is clarified by fire -
When he sold your sort in lots,
Reckoning such as common pots -
Did he not at times foresee
Sorrow in your destiny?

Lips of fever, parched for drink
From this vessel seek relief
Ah, so often, that I think
Many a sad Last Supper's grief
Haunts it still - that they who died,
In man's quarrel crucified,
Shed a nimbus strange and pale
Round about this humble Grail².

Alberta Vickridge

¹ VAD - The Voluntary Aid Detachment refers to a voluntary unit providing field nursing services typically during war

² Grail – refers to the cup Jesus Christ drank from during the Last Supper; it is reputed to have miraculous qualities

B

Bayonet Charge

Suddenly he awoke and was running-raw
 In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
 Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
 That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
 Bullets smacking the belly out of the air -
 He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;
 The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye
 Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, -

5

In bewilderment then he almost stopped -
 In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
 Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running
 Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
 Listening between his footfalls for the reason
 Of his still running, and his foot hung like
 Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows
 Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame
 And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide
 Open silent, its eyes standing out.

10

15

Ted Hughes

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail the poets' use of language, style and form.

A Loneliness

Now it is Loneliness who comes at night
 Instead of Sleep, to sit beside my bed.
 Like a tired child I lie and wait her tread,
 I watch her softly blowing out the light.
 Motionless sitting, neither left or right 5
 She turns, and weary, weary droops her head.
 She, too, is old; she, too, has fought the fight.
 So, with the laurel she is garlanded.

Through the sad dark the slowly ebbing tide
 Breaks on a barren shore, unsatisfied. 10
 A strange wind flows... then silence. I am fain
 To turn to Loneliness, to take her hand,
 Cling to her, waiting, till the barren land
 Fills with the dreadful monotone of rain.

Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)

B lonely

lonely in a crowd
 different from the rest
 separate, apart
 because of change,
 experiences they can't understand 5
 choices and experiments taken
 can I fit within their world
 relate on some common level
 when my life and theirs
 exist on different planes 10

8/18/04 23:28

the gulf so wide,
 land so foreign
 in familiar surroundings

8/18/04 23:35 15

miles away
 even at home

8/18/04 23:48

Raymond A. Foss (b. 1960)

Section B: *The Remains of the Day*
Answer one question in this section

2

Either

- (a)** “The professional relationships of the novel are surrogates for denied personal fulfillment.”

How far do you agree with this statement?

Or

- (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Ishiguro’s presentation of self-awareness, here and elsewhere in the novel.

In the drawing room, the air was thick with tobacco smoke. Indeed, the distinguished gentlemen continued to smoke their cigars, solemn expressions on their faces, not uttering a word, while his lordship instructed me to bring up a certain exceptionally fine bottle of port from the cellar.

At such a time of night, one’s footsteps descending the back staircase are bound to be conspicuous and no doubt they were responsible for arousing Miss Kenton. For as I was making my way along the darkness of the corridor, the door to her parlour opened and she appeared at the threshold, illuminated by the light from within. 5

“I am surprised to find you still down here, Miss Kenton,” I said as I approached. 10

“Mr Stevens, I was very foolish earlier on.”

“Excuse me, Miss Kenton, but I have not time to talk just now.”

“Mr Stevens, you mustn’t take anything I said earlier to heart. I was simply being foolish.” 15

“I have not taken anything you have said to heart, Miss Kenton. In fact, I cannot recall what it is you might be referring to. Events of great importance are unfolding upstairs and I can hardly stop to exchange pleasantries with you. I would suggest you retire for the night.”

With that I hurried on, and it was not until I had all but reached the kitchen doors that the darkness falling again in the corridor told me Miss Kenton had closed her parlour door. 20

It did not take me long to locate the bottle in question down in the cellar and to make the necessary preparations for its serving. It was, then, only a few minutes after my short encounter with Miss Kenton that I found myself walking down the corridor again on my return journey, this time bearing a tray. As I approached Miss Kenton’s door, I saw from the light seeping around its edges that she was still within. And that was the moment, I am now sure, that has remained so persistently lodged in my memory – that moment as I paused in the dimness of the corridor, the tray in my hands, an ever-growing conviction mounting within me that just a few yards away, on the other side of that door, Miss Kenton was at that moment crying. As I recall, there was no real evidence to account for this conviction – I had certainly not heard any sounds of crying – and yet I remember being quite certain that were I to knock and enter, I would discover her in tears. I do not know how long I remained standing there; at the time it seemed a significant period, but in reality, I suspect, it was only a matter of seconds. For, of course, I was required to hurry upstairs to serve some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the land and I cannot imagine I would have delayed unduly. 25 30 35

When I returned to the drawing room, I saw that the gentlemen were still in a rather serious mood. Beyond this, however, I had little chance to gain any impression of the atmosphere, for no sooner had I entered than his 40

lordship was taking the tray from me, saying: "Thank you, Stevens, I'll see to it. That'll be all."

Crossing the hall again, I took up my usual position beneath the arch, and 45
 for the next hour or so, until, that is, the gentlemen finally departed, no event
 occurred which obliged me to move from my spot. Nevertheless, that hour I
 spent standing there has stayed very vividly in my mind throughout the years.
 At first, my mood was – I do not mind admitting it – somewhat downcast. But
 then as I continued to stand there, a curious thing began to take place; that is 50
 to say, a deep feeling of triumph started to well up within me. I cannot
 remember to what extent I analysed this feeling at the time, but today, looking
 back on it, it does not seem so difficult to account for. I had, after all, just
 come through an extremely trying evening, throughout which I had managed
 to preserve a 'dignity in keeping with my position' – and had done so, 55
 moreover, in a manner even my father might have been proud of. And there
 across the hall, behind the very doors upon which my gaze was then resting,
 within the very room where I had just executed my duties, the most powerful
 gentlemen of Europe were conferring over the fate of our continent. Who
 would doubt at that moment that I had indeed come as close to the great hub 60
 of things as any butler could wish? I would suppose, then, that as I stood
 there pondering the events of the evening – those that had unfolded and
 those still in the process of doing so – they appeared to me a sort of
 summary of all that I had come to achieve thus far in my life. I can see few
 other explanations for that sense of triumph I came to be uplifted by that
 night.

(Day Four, Afternoon)

Section C: *The Duchess of Malfi*
Answer one question in this section

3

Either **(a)** “*The Duchess of Malfi* illustrates the inevitable triumph of good over evil.” Is this an apt assessment of the play?

Or **(b)** Critically comment on the following passage, relating your discussion on the portrayal of the Duchess here and elsewhere in the play.

ANTONIO	You have made me stark blind.	
DUCHESS	How?	
ANTONIO	There is a saucy and ambitious devil, Is dancing in this circle.	
DUCHESS	Remove him.	5
ANTONIO	How?	
DUCHESS	There needs small conjuration, when your finger May do it, thus - is it fit? <i>She puts the ring on his finger. He kneels</i>	
ANTONIO	What said you?	10
DUCHESS	Sir, this goodly roof of yours, is too low built, I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse, Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself, Or if you please, my hand to help you: so	
ANTONIO	Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness, That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms But in fair lightsome lodgings and is girt With the wild noise of prattling visitants Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure. Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool, That being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'th' fire To warm them.	15
DUCHESS	So now the ground's broke, You may discover what a wealthy mine I make you lord of.	20
ANTONIO	O, my unworthiness!	
DUCHESS	You were ill to sell yourself. This dark'ning of your worth is not like that Which tradesmen use i'th' city: their false lights Are to rid bad wares off. And I must tell you, If you will know where breathes a complete man - I speak it without flattery - turn your eyes, And progress through yourself.	25
ANTONIO	Were there nor heaven nor hell, I should be honest: I have long served virtue, And ne'er ta'en wages of her.	30
DUCHESS	Now she pays it. The misery of us that are born great, We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us: And as a tyrant doubles with his words And fearfully equivocates, so we Are forced to express our violent passions	35
		40

	In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path Of simple virtue, which was never made	45
	To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom, I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble. Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh, To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident,	50
	What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir, 'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man! I do here put off all vain ceremony, And only do appear to you a young widow	55
ANTONIO	That claims you for her husband, and like a widow, I use but half a blush in't. Truth speak for me:	
	I will remain the constant sanctuary Of your good name.	60
DUCHESS	I thank you, gentle love. And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your Quietus est. (<i>She kisses him</i>) This you should have begged now.	65
	I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus, As fearful to devour them too soon.	
ANTONIO	But for your brothers?	
DUCHESS	Do not think of them: All discord without this circumference Is only to be pitied, and not feared.	70
	Yet, should they know it, time will easily Scatter the tempest.	
ANTONIO	These words should be mine, And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it Would not have savour'd flattery.	75
DUCHESS	Kneel.	

Act 1 Scene 1

END OF PAPER