



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
2016**

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Literature

9748/01

Wednesday, 14 Sep 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 pages in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your CT 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.

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

Please begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work according to sections.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

SECTION A

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of flowers.

A	THE FLOWER OF MENDING (To Eudora, after I had had certain dire adventures.)	
	When Dragon-fly would fix his wings, When Snail would patch his house, When moths have marred the overcoat Of tender Mister Mouse,	
	The pretty creatures go with haste To the sunlit blue-grass hills Where the Flower of Mending yields the wax And webs to help their ills.	5
	The hour the coats are waxed and webbed They fall into a dream, And when they wake the ragged robes Are joined without a seam.	10
	My heart is but a dragon-fly, My heart is but a mouse, My heart is but a haughty snail In a little stony house.	15
	Your hand was honey-comb to heal, Your voice a web to bind. You were a Mending Flower to me To cure my heart and mind.	20

Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)

B

Pluck not the wayside flower, It is the traveller's dower; ¹	
A thousand passers-by Its beauties may espy,	
May win a touch of blessing	5
From Nature's mild caressing.	
The sad of heart perceives A violet under leaves	
Like sonic fresh-budding hope;	
The primrose on the slope	10
A spot of sunshine dwells, And cheerful message tells	
Of kind renewing power;	
The nodding bluebell's dye	
Is drawn from happy sky.	15
Then spare the wayside flower! It is the traveller's dower.	

William Allingham (1824-1889)

¹ dower: another way of saying dowry; a natural endowment or gift

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's depiction of reflection.

A LOVE AFTER LOVE

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome, 5

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored 10
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life. 15

Derek Walcott (born 1930)

B IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO

One face looks out from all his canvases,
One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:
We found her hidden just behind those screens,
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
A queen in opal or in ruby dress, 5
A nameless girl in freshest summer greens,
A saint, an angel—every canvas means
The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him, 10
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan² with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
No as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

² wan: pale

SECTION B

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

2

Either (a) "Marriage is a form of imprisonment in *Mansfield Park*."

How far do you agree with this comment?

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

While this was passing, the rest of the party being scattered about the chapel, Julia called Mr. Crawford's attention to her sister, by saying, "Do look at Mr. Rushworth and Maria, standing side by side, exactly as if the ceremony were going to be performed. Have not they completely the air of it?"

5

Mr. Crawford smiled his acquiescence, and stepping forward to Maria, said, in a voice which she only could hear, "I do not like to see Miss Bertram so near the altar."

Starting, the lady instinctively moved a step or two, but recovering herself in a moment, affected to laugh, and asked him, in a tone not much louder, "If he would give her away?"

10

"I am afraid I should do it very awkwardly," was his reply, with a look of meaning.

Julia, joining them at the moment, carried on the joke.

"Upon my word, it is really a pity that it should not take place directly, if we had but a proper licence, for here we are altogether, and nothing in the world could be more snug and pleasant." And she talked and laughed about it with so little caution as to catch the comprehension of Mr. Rushworth and his mother, and expose her sister to the whispered gallantries of her lover, while Mrs. Rushworth spoke with proper smiles and dignity of its being a most happy event to her whenever it took place.

15

20

"If Edmund were but in orders!" cried Julia, and running to where he stood with Miss Crawford and Fanny: "My dear Edmund, if you were but in orders now, you might perform the ceremony directly. How unlucky that you are not ordained; Mr. Rushworth and Maria are quite ready."

25

Miss Crawford's countenance, as Julia spoke, might have amused a disinterested observer. She looked almost aghast under the new idea she was receiving. Fanny pitied her. "How distressed she will be at what she said just now," passed across her mind.

"Ordained!" said Miss Crawford; "what, are you to be a clergyman?"

30

"Yes; I shall take orders soon after my father's return—probably at Christmas."

Miss Crawford, rallying her spirits, and recovering her complexion, replied only, "If I had known this before, I would have spoken of the cloth with more respect," and turned the subject.

35

The chapel was soon afterwards left to the silence and stillness which reigned in it, with few interruptions, throughout the year. Miss Bertram, displeased with her sister, led the way, and all seemed to feel that they had been there long enough.

The lower part of the house had been now entirely shewn, and Mrs. Rushworth, never weary in the cause, would have proceeded towards the principal staircase, and taken them through all the rooms above, if her son had not interposed with a doubt of there being time enough. "For if," said he,

40

with the sort of self-evident proposition which many a clearer head does not always avoid, "we are too long going over the house, we shall not have time for what is to be done out of doors. It is past two, and we are to dine at five." 45

Mrs. Rushworth submitted; and the question of surveying the grounds, with the who and the how, was likely to be more fully agitated, and Mrs. Norris was beginning to arrange by what junction of carriages and horses most could be done, when the young people, meeting with an outward door, temptingly open on a flight of steps which led immediately to turf and shrubs, and all the sweets of pleasure-grounds, as by one impulse, one wish for air and liberty, all walked out. 50

"Suppose we turn down here for the present," said Mrs. Rushworth, civilly taking the hint and following them. "Here are the greatest number of our plants, and here are the curious pheasants." 55

"Query," said Mr. Crawford, looking round him, "whether we may not find something to employ us here before we go farther? I see walls of great promise. Mr. Rushworth, shall we summon a council on this lawn?"

"James," said Mrs. Rushworth to her son, "I believe the wilderness will be new to all the party. The Miss Bertrams have never seen the wilderness yet." 60

No objection was made, but for some time there seemed no inclination to move in any plan, or to any distance. All were attracted at first by the plants or the pheasants, and all dispersed about in happy independence. Mr. Crawford was the first to move forward to examine the capabilities of that end of the house. The lawn, bounded on each side by a high wall, contained beyond the first planted area a bowling-green, and beyond the bowling-green a long terrace walk, backed by iron palisades, and commanding a view over them into the tops of the trees of the wilderness immediately adjoining. It was a good spot for fault-finding. 70

Chapter 9

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of melancholy, here and elsewhere in the play.

Hamlet: O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable 5
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead—nay not so much, not two— 10
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him 15
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet within a month —
Let me not think on't; frailty, thy name is woman —
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body, 20
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she—
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules; within a month, 25
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good. 30
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo

Horatio: Hail to your lordship.
Hamlet: I am glad to see you well.
 Horatio—or I do forget myself.
Horatio: The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Hamlet: Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you. 35
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
 Marcellus.
Marcellus: My good lord.

<i>Hamlet:</i>	I am very glad to see you. (<i>To Barnardo</i>) Good even, sir.— But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?	40
<i>Horatio:</i>	A truant disposition, good my lord.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	I would not hear your enemy say so, Nor shall you do my ear that violence To make it truster of your own report Against yourself. I know you are no truant.	45
	But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.	
<i>Horatio:</i>	My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.	50
<i>Horatio:</i>	Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Ere I had seen that day, Horatio.	55
	My father—methinks I see my father— O where, my lord?	
<i>Horatio:</i>		
<i>Hamlet:</i>	In my mind's eye, Horatio.	
<i>Horatio:</i>	I saw him once. He was a goodly king.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	He was a man. Take him for all in all. I shall not look upon his like again.	60
<i>Horatio:</i>	My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	Saw? who?	
<i>Horatio:</i>	My lord, the King your father.	
<i>Hamlet:</i>	The King my father?	65
<i>Horatio:</i>	Season your admiration for a while With an attent ear till I may deliver, Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.	

Act 1, Scene 2

END OF PAPER