



**DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL**  
**General Certificate of Education Advanced Level**  
**Higher 2**

**YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION**

CANDIDATE  
NAME

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CLASS

6	C		
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INDEX  
NUMBER

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**16 September 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.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

Write your class, 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.

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.

## SECTION A

Answer ONE question in this section.

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 presentation of discovery.

A

## HATCHING

His night has come to an end and now he must break  
 The little sky which shielded him. He taps  
 Once and nothing happens. He tries again  
 And makes a mark like lightning. He must thunder,  
 Storm and shake and break a universe  
 Too small and safe. His daring beak does this.

5

And now he is out in a world of smells and spaces.  
 He shivers. Any air is wind to him.  
 He huddles under wings but does not know  
 He is already shaping features for  
 A lunge into the sky. His solo flight  
 Will bring the sun upon his back. He'll bear it,  
 Carry it, learn the real winds, by instinct  
 Return for food and, larger than his mother,  
 Avid for air, harry her with his hunger.

10

15

Elizabeth Jennings (1926 – 2001)

B

## CLIMBING MY GRANDFATHER

I decided to do it free, without a rope or net.  
 First, the old brogues<sup>1</sup>, dusty and cracked;  
 an easy scramble onto his trousers,  
 pushing into the weave, trying to get a grip.  
 By the overhanging shirt I change 5  
 direction, traverse along his belt  
 to an earth-stained hand. The nails  
 are splintered and give good purchase,  
 the skin of his finger is smooth and thick  
 like warm ice. On his arm I discover 10  
 the glassy ridge of a scar, place my feet  
 gently in the old stitches and move on.  
 At his still firm shoulder, I rest for a while  
 in the shade, not looking down,  
 for climbing has its dangers, then pull 15  
 myself up the loose skin of his neck  
 to a smiling mouth to drink among the teeth.  
 Refreshed, I cross the screed cheek,  
 to stare into his brown eyes, watch a pupil  
 slowly open and close. Then up over 20  
 the forehead, the wrinkles well-spaced  
 and easy, to his thick hair (soft and white  
 at this altitude), reaching for the summit,  
 where gasping for breath I can only lie  
 watching the clouds and birds circle, 25  
 feeling his heat, knowing  
 the slow pulse of his good heart.

Andrew Waterhouse (1958 – 2001)

<sup>1</sup>*brogues*: low-heeled shoe or boot

- 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 presentation of the night.

A

## A LONDON THOROUGHFARE 2.A.M

They have watered the streets, It shines in the glare of lamps, Cold white lamps, And lies Like a slow-moving river, Barred with silver and black. Cabs go down it, One, And then another.	5
Between them I hear the shuffling of feet, Tramps doze on the window-ledges, Night walkers pass along the sidewalks. The city is squalid and sinister, With the silver-barred street in the midst, Slow moving, A river leading nowhere.	10  15
Opposite my window, The moon cuts, Clear and round, Through the plum-coloured night She cannot light the city: It is too bright. It has white lamps, And glitters coldly.	20
I stand in the window and watch the moon. She is thin and lustreless, But I love her. I know this moon, And this is an alien city.	25

Amy Lowell (1874 – 1921)

B

## SAD STEPS

Groping back to bed after a piss  
 I part thick curtains, and am startled by  
 The rapid clouds, the moon's cleanliness.

Four o'clock: wedge-shadowed gardens lie  
 Under a cavernous, a wind-picked sky.  
 There's something laughable about this,

5

The way the moon dashes through clouds that blow  
 Loosely as cannon-smoke to stand apart  
 (Stone-coloured light sharpening the roofs below)

High and preposterous and separate –  
 Lozenge of love! Medallion of art!  
 O wolves of memory! Immensements! No,

10

One shivers slightly, looking up there.  
 The hardness and brightness and the plain  
 Far-reaching singleness of that wide stare

15

Is a reminder of the strength and pain  
 Of being young; that it can't come again,  
 But is for others undiminished somewhere.

Philip Larkin (1922 – 1985)

## SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

**Either** (a) 'A novel obsessed with the notion of time.'

How far would you agree with this comment?

**Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Stevens's expectations of being a butler, here and elsewhere in the novel.

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 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. Look at the likes of Mr Marshall, say, or Mr Lane - surely two of the greatest figures in our profession. Can we imagine Mr Marshall arguing with Lord Camberley over the latter's latest dispatch to the Foreign Office? Do we admire Mr Lane any the less because we learn he is not in the habit of challenging Sir Leonard Gray before each speech in the House of Commons? Of course we do not. What is there 'undignified', what is there at all culpable in such an attitude? How can one possibly be held to blame in any sense because, say, the passage of time has shown that Lord Darlington's efforts were misguided, even foolish? Throughout the years I served him, it was he and he alone who weighed up evidence and judged it best to proceed in the way he did, while I simply confined myself, quite properly, to affairs within my own professional realm. And as far as I am concerned, I carried out my duties to the best of my abilities, indeed to a standard which many may consider 'first rate'. It is hardly my fault if his lordship's life and work have turned out today to look, at best, a sad waste - and it is quite illogical that I should feel any regret or shame on my own account.

Day Three - Evening

## SECTION C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

**Either (a)** '...Love mixed with fear is the sweetest...' (Act 3, Scene 2)

With reference to the quote, discuss how love is presented as temptation that leads to ruin in the play.

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

Enter *Julia*, aiming a pistol at *Bosola*

*Julia:* So, sir, you are well met.

*Bosola:* How now?

*Julia:* Nay, the doors are fast enough.

Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

*Bosola:* Treachery? 5

*Julia:* Yes. Confess to me

Which of my women 'twas you hired to put  
Love powder into my drink!

*Bosola:* Love powder?

*Julia:* Yes, 10

When I was at Malfi. Why should I fall in love  
With such a face else? I have already suffered  
For thee so much pain, the only remedy  
To do me good is to kill my longing.

*Bosola:* Sure, your pistol hold nothing but perfumes or  
kissing comfits. 15

Excellent lady, you have a pretty way on't  
To discover your longing! Come, come – I'll disarm you  
And arm you thus. [*Embraces her.*]  
Yet this is wondrous strange - 20

*Julia:* Compare thy form and my eyes together:  
You'll find my love no such great miracle.  
Now you'll say I am wanton. This nice modesty  
In ladies is but a troublesome familiar  
That haunts them. 25

*Bosola:* Know you me? I am a blunt soldier –

*Julia:* The better.

Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks of  
roughness.

*Bosola:* - And I want compliment. 30

*Julia:* Why, ignorance

In courtship cannot make you do amiss  
If you have a heart to do well.

*Bosola:* You are very fair.

*Julia:* Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,  
I must plead unguilty. 35

*Bosola:* Your bright eyes

Carry a quiver of darts in them sharper than  
sunbeams



<i>Julia:</i>	You will mar me with commendation Put yourself to the charge of courting me, Whereas now I woo you.	40
<i>Bosola:</i>	– I have it! I will work upon this creature. – Let us grow amorously familiar. If the great Cardinal now should see me thus, Would he not count me a villain?	45
<i>Julia:</i>	No, he might count me a wanton, Not lay a scruple of offence on you. For if I see and steal a diamond The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thief That purloins it. I am sudden with you: We that are great women of pleasure use To cut off these uncertain wishes and unquiet longing, And in an instant join the sweet delight And the pretty excuse together. Had you been in th' street Under my chamber window, even there I should have courted you.	50 55
<i>Bosola:</i>	Oh, you are an excellent lady!	
<i>Julia:</i>	Bid me do somewhat for you presently To express I love you.	60
<i>Bosola:</i>	I will and, if you love me, Fail not to effect it. The Cardinal is grown Wondrous melancholy. Demand the cause; Let him not put you off with feigned excuse. Discover the main ground on't.	65
<i>Julia:</i>	Why would you know this?	
<i>Bosola:</i>	I have depended on him, and I hear That he is fallen in some disgrace with the emperor. If he be, like the mice that forsake falling houses, I would shift to other dependence.	70
<i>Julia:</i>	You shall not need Follow the wars – I'll be your maintenance.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	And I your loyal servant. But I cannot Leave my calling.	
<i>Julia:</i>	Not leave an ungrateful general For the love of a sweet lady? You are like Some cannot sleep in featherbeds but must have Blocks for their pillows	75
<i>Bosola:</i>	Will you do this?	
<i>Julia:</i>	Cunningly.	80
<i>Bosola:</i>	Tomorrow I'll expect th'intelligence	
<i>Julia:</i>	Tomorrow? Get you into my cabinet. You shall have it with you. Do not delay me, No more than I do you. I am like one That is condemned: I have my pardon promised But I would see it sealed. Go, get you in. You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart Like a skein of silk.	85

(Act 5 Scene 2)

**END OF PAPER**

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Question 1b © Philip Larkin; *Sad Steps*, 1968, from *High Windows*, published by Faber and Faber.

Question 2 © Kazuo Ishiguro; *The Remains of the Day*, Vintage International Edition; 1993.

Question 3 © John Webster; *The Duchess of Malfi*. Cambridge University Press; 2012.



