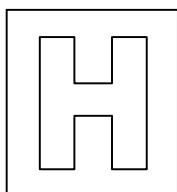


Candidate Name: _____

Class	Adm No



2017 Preliminary Examination II Pre-University 3

**Literature in English
Higher 2**

9748/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

11th Sept 2017

3 hours

Additional Materials: Foolsap 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, class and index number 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**.

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.

This question paper consists of 9 printed pages.

[Turn over

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 death.

A

LITTLE FATHER

I buried my father
in the sky.¹
Since then, the birds
clean and comb him every morning
and pull the blanket up to his chin
every night. 5

I buried my father underground.
Since then, my ladders
only climb down,
and all the earth has become a house 10
whose rooms are the hours, whose doors
stand open at evening, receiving
guest after guest.
Sometimes I see past them
to the tables spread for a wedding feast. 15

I buried my father in my heart.
Now he grows in me, my strange son,
my little root who won't drink milk,
little pale foot sunk in unheard-of night,
little clock spring newly wet 20
in the fire, little grape, parent to the future
wine, a son the fruit of his own son,
little father I ransom with my life.

Li-Young Lee (born 1957)

¹ *in the sky*: sky burial is a Buddhist funeral practice that involves leaving the corpse on a mountaintop, either to decompose naturally or for scavenging birds to eat

B

DIRGE¹ WITHOUT MUSIC

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
 So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:
 Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
 With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you. 5
 Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
 A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
 A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—
 They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled 10
 Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
 More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
 Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
 Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave. 15
 I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Edna St Vincent Millay (born 1892)

[Turn over

¹ *Dirge*: a funeral song or lament that expresses mourning or grief

- 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 portrayal of the soldier.

A THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke (born 1887)

B

ODE TO A DRONE

Hell-raiser, razor-feathered
 riser, windhover¹ over
 Peshawar,²

power's
 joystick-blithe
 thousand-mile scythe, 5

proxy executioner's
 proxy axe
 pinged by a proxy server,

winged victory, 10
 pilot cipher
 unburdened by aught

but fuel and bombs,
 fool of God, savage
 idiot savant 15

sucking your benumbed
 trigger-finger
 gamer's thumb

Amit Majmudar (born 1979)

[Turn over

¹ windhover: another name for the common kestrel, a bird of prey known for its ability to hover mid-air while seeking its prey

² Peshawar: a city in Pakistan

Section B

EDITH WHARTON: *The Age of Innocence*

2

- Either (a)** Discuss how Wharton makes use of architecture in the novel.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the significance of the relationship between Newland Archer and May Welland, here and elsewhere in the novel.

May Welland rose also; as they faced each other she seemed to grow in womanly stature and dignity. Both were silent for a moment, as if dismayed by the unforeseen trend of their words: then she said in a low voice: "If that is it—is there some one else?"

"Some one else—between you and me?" He echoed her words slowly, as though they were only half-intelligible and he wanted time to repeat the question to himself. She seemed to catch the uncertainty of his voice, for she went on in a deepening tone: "Let us talk frankly, Newland. Sometimes I've felt a difference in you; especially since our engagement has been announced."

"Dear—what madness!" he recovered himself to exclaim.

She met his protest with a faint smile. "If it is, it won't hurt us to talk about it." She paused, and added, lifting her head with one of her noble movements: "Or even if it's true: why shouldn't we speak of it? You might so easily have made a mistake."

He lowered his head, staring at the black leaf-pattern on the sunny path at their feet. "Mistakes are always easy to make; but if I had made one of the kind you suggest, is it likely that I should be imploring you to hasten our marriage?"

She looked downward too, disturbing the pattern with the point of her sunshade while she struggled for expression. "Yes," she said at length. "You might want—once for all—to settle the question: it's one way."

Her quiet lucidity startled him, but did not mislead him into thinking her insensible. Under her hat-brim he saw the pallor of her profile, and a slight tremor of the nostril above her resolutely steadied lips.

"Well—?" he questioned, sitting down on the bench, and looking up at her with a frown that he tried to make playful.

She dropped back into her seat and went on: "You mustn't think that a girl knows as little as her parents imagine. One hears and one notices—one has one's feelings and ideas. And of course, long before you told me that you cared for me, I'd known that there was some one else you were interested in; every one was talking about it two years ago at Newport. And once I saw you sitting together on the verandah at a dance—and when she came back into the house her face was sad, and I felt sorry for her; I remembered it afterward, when we were engaged."

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and she sat clasping and unclasping her hands about the handle of her sunshade. The young man laid his upon them with a gentle pressure; his heart dilated with an inexpressible relief.

"My dear child—was *that* it? If you only knew the truth!"

She raised her head quickly. "Then there is a truth I don't know?"

He kept his hand over hers. "I meant, the truth about the old story you speak of."

"But that's what I want to know, Newland—what I ought to know. I couldn't have my happiness made out of a wrong—an unfairness—to somebody else. And I want to believe that it would be the same with you. What sort of a life could we build on such foundations?" 45

Her face had taken on a look of such tragic courage that he felt like bowing himself down at her feet. "I've wanted to say this for a long time," she went on. "I've wanted to tell you that, when two people really love each other, I understand that there may be situations which make it right that they should—should go against public opinion. And if you feel yourself in any way pledged... pledged to the person we've spoken of... and if there is any way... any way in which you can fulfil your pledge... even by her getting a divorce... Newland, don't give her up because of me!" 50 55

His surprise at discovering that her fears had fastened upon an episode so remote and so completely of the past as his love-affair with Mrs. Thorley Rushworth gave way to wonder at the generosity of her view. There was something superhuman in an attitude so recklessly unorthodox, and if other problems had not pressed on him he would have been lost in wonder at the prodigy of the Wellands' daughter urging him to marry his former mistress. But he was still dizzy with the glimpse of the precipice they had skirted, and full of a new awe at the mystery of young-girlhood. 60

Chapter 16

[Turn over

Section C

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

3

Either (a) 'I mean just try to see it human, see it human.' (Act 1)

In the light of this comment, discuss Miller's presentation of compassion in the play.

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

Chris: It's all mixed up with so many other things... You remember, overseas, I was in command of a company?

Ann: Yeah, sure.

Chris: Well, I lost them.

Ann: How many?

5

Chris: Just about all.

Ann: Oh, gee!

Chris: It takes a little time to toss that off. Because they weren't just men. For instance one time it'd been raining several days and this kid came to me, and gave me his last pair of dry socks. Put them in my pocket. That's only a little thing... but... that's the kind of guys I had. They didn't die; they killed themselves for each other. I mean that exactly; a little more selfish and they'd've been here today. And I got an idea – watching them go down. Everything was being destroyed, see, but it seemed to me that one new thing was made. A kind of... responsibility. Man for man. You understand me? – To show that, to bring that on to the earth again like some kind of a monument and everyone would feel it standing there, behind him, and it would make a difference to him. *[Pause]* And then I came home and it was incredible. I... there was no meaning in it here; the whole thing to them was a kind of a – bus accident. I went to work with Dad and that rat-race again. I felt... what you said... ashamed somehow. Because nobody was changed at all. It seemed to make suckers out of a lot of guys. I felt wrong to be alive, to open the bank-book, to drive the new car, to see the new refrigerator. I mean you can take those things out of a war, but when you drive that car you've got to know that it came out of the love a man can for a man, you've got to be a little better because of that. Otherwise what you have is really loot, and there's blood on it. I didn't want to take any of it. And I guess that included you.

10

15

20

25

30

Ann: And you still feel that way?

Chris: I want you now, Annie.

Ann: Because you mustn't feel that way any more. Because you have a right to whatever you have. Everything, Chris, understand that? To me, too... And the money, there's nothing wrong in your money. Your father put hundreds of planes in the air, you should be proud. A man should be paid for that...

35

Chris: Oh Annie, Annie... I'm going to make a fortune for you!
Keller: [*offstage*]: Hello... Yes. Sure. 40
Ann: [*laughing softly*]: What'll I do with a fortune...? [*They kiss. KELLER enters from house.*]
Keller: [*thumbing towards house*]: Hey, Ann, your brother... [*They step apart shyly. KELLER comes down, and wryly...*] What is this, Labour Day? 45
Chris: [*waving him away, knowing the kidding will be endless*]: All right, all right...
Ann: You shouldn't burst out like that.
Keller: Well, nobody told me it was Labour Day. [*Looks around*] Where's the hot dogs? 50
Chris: [*loving it*]: All right. You've said it once.
Keller: Well, as long as I know it's Labour Day from now on, I'll wear a bell around my neck.
Ann: [*affectionately*]: He's so subtle!
Chris: George Bernard Shaw as an elephant.

Act 1

End of Paper

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