



DUNMAN HIGH SCHOOL
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

CANDIDATE
NAME

--

CLASS

6	C		
---	---	--	--

INDEX
NUMBER

0	0		
---	---	--	--

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

15 September 2017

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 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 children.

A

AUTOMATIC DOORS

When I see some kids springing the gallery doors
I lament the great revolvers. As we enter
a new era of doors, I can remember
the thrill involved, the stately, dumb inertia

at first, before they'd give, a slow surrender 5
to four heaving kids, storing our power,
a glass and darkwood turbine, now whatever
effort we put in, the doors would answer

as they gathered speed, until only a shoulder 10
nudge was needed (and though no passengers
were carried, now and then I'd grab the bar
and dangle in my quadrant). We spin for hours

and so it seems: we were time travellers
fast-forwarding ourselves into the future 15
before we were thrown out, into an era
of never even having to lift a finger.

Paul Farley (1965 –)

B

PORTRIAT OF A CHILD

Unconscious of amused and tolerant eyes,
He sits among his scattered dreams, and plays.
True to no one thing long; running for praise
With something less than half begun. He tries 5
To build his blocks against the furthest skies.
They fall; his soldiers stumble; bet he stays
And plans and struts and laughs at fresh dismay --
Too confident and busy to be wise.

His toys are towns and temples: his commands 10
Bring forth vast armies trembling at his nod.
He shapes and shatters with impartial hands...
And, in his crude and tireless play, I see
The savage, the creator, and the god --
All that man was and all he hopes to be.

Louis Untermeyer (1885 – 1977)

- 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 nature.

A

STORM ON THE ISLAND

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
The wizened earth had never troubled us
With hay, so as you can see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees 5
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and branches
Can raise a chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear 10
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat 15
Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.
We are bombarded by the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013)

B

PATROLLING BARNEGAT

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing,
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering, 5
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,
Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm advancing,
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)

Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight wending, 10
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching.

Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892)

SECTION B

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *The Remains of the Day*

2

Either (a) 'For a novel on gentlemanly behaviour, there is actually very little of it displayed.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Stevens's sense of purpose and resolve, here and elsewhere in the novel.

I suppose I should add a few words here concerning the matter of the actual volume around which this small episode revolved. The book was, true enough, what might be described as a 'sentimental romance' - one of a number kept in the library, and also in several of the guest bedrooms, for the entertainment of lady visitors. There was a simple reason for my having taken 5
to perusing such works; it was an extremely efficient way to maintain and develop one's command of the English language. It is my view - I do not know if you will agree - that in so far as our generation is concerned, there has been too much stress placed on the professional desirability of good accent and command of language; that is to say, these elements have been stressed 10
sometimes at the cost of more important professional qualities. For all that, it has never been my position that good accent and command of language are not attractive attributes, and I always considered it my duty to develop them as best I could. One straightforward means of going about this is simply to read a few pages of a well-written book during odd spare moments one may have. 15
This had been my own policy for some years, and I often tended to choose the sort of volume Miss Kenton had found me reading that evening simply because such works tend to be written in good English, with plenty of elegant dialogue of much practical value to me. A weightier book - a scholarly study, say - while it might have been more generally improving would have tended to be couched 20
in terms likely to be of more limited use in the course of one's normal intercourse with ladies and gentlemen.

I rarely had the time or the desire to read any of these romances cover to cover, but so far as I could tell, their plots were invariably absurd - indeed, sentimental - and I would not have wasted one moment on them were it not for these aforementioned benefits. Having said that, however, I do not mind confessing today - and I see nothing to be ashamed of in this - that I did at times gain a sort of incidental enjoyment from these stories. I did not perhaps acknowledge this to myself at the time, but as I say, what shame is there in it? Why should one not enjoy in a light-hearted sort of way stories of ladies and gentlemen who fall in love and express their feelings for each other, often in the most elegant phrases? 25
30

But when I say this, I do not mean to imply the stance I took over the matter of the book that evening was somehow unwarranted. For you must understand, there was an important principle at issue. The fact was, I had been 'off duty' at that moment Miss Kenton had come marching into my pantry. And of course, any butler who regards his vocation with pride, any butler who 35

aspires at all to a 'dignity in keeping with his position', as the Hayes Society once put it, should never allow himself to be 'off duty' in the presence of others. It really was immaterial whether it was Miss Kenton or a complete stranger who had walked in at that moment. A butler of any quality must be seen to *inhabit* his role, utterly and fully; he cannot be seen casting it aside one moment simply to don it again the next as though it were nothing more than a pantomime costume. There is one situation and one situation only in which a butler who cares about his dignity may feel free to unburden himself of his role; that is to say, when he is entirely alone. You will appreciate then that in the event of Miss Kenton bursting in at a time when I had presumed, not unreasonably, that I was to be alone, it came to be a crucial matter of principle, a matter indeed of dignity, that I did not appear in anything less than my full and proper role.

However, it had not been my intention to analyse here the various facets of this small episode from years ago. The main point about it was that it alerted me to the fact that things between Miss Kenton and myself had reached - no doubt after a gradual process of many months - an inappropriate footing. The fact that she could behave as she had done that evening was rather alarming, and after I had seen her out of my pantry, and had had a chance to gather my thoughts a little, I recall resolving to set about re-establishing our professional relationship on a more proper basis.

Day Three – Evening
Moscombe, Near Tavistock, Devon

SECTION C

JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi*

3

Either (a) 'It is the presence of the women in the play which exposes the baser nature of the male characters.'

How far would you agree with this comment on the play?

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

Duchess: I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.

2 Officer: He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping.
I thought your grace would find him a Jew.

3 Officer: I would you had been his officer, for your own sake. 5

4 Officer: You would have had more money.

1 Officer: He stopped his ears with black wool and, to
Those came to him for money, said he was thick of
hearing.

2 Officer: Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could not
abide a woman. 10

4 Officer: How scurvy proud he would look when the treasury was
full! Well, let him go.

1 Officer: Yes, and the chippings of the butterfly fly after him to
scour his gold chain! 15

Duchess: Leave us.
[*Exeunt Officers.*]

Bosola: What do you think of these?
That these are rogues that in's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses 20
And followed after's mule, like a bear in a ring;
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust,
Made their first-born intelligencers,
Thought none happy but such as were born
Under his blest planet and wore his livery. 25
And do these lice drop off now?
Well, never look to have the like again.
He hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him;
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices, 30
And they dissemble their lies. That's justice.
Alas, poor gentleman!

Duchess: Poor? He hath amply filled his coffers!

Bosola: Sure, he was too honest! Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man, 35
He goes limping to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly. But when he's
sent
On the devil's errand he rides post and comes in by
scuttles. 40
Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,

To bless the man shall find him:
 He was an excellent courtier, and most faithful;
 A soldier that thought it as beastly to know his own value 45
 Too little as devilish to acknowledge it too much.
 Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune;
 His discourse rather delighted to judge itself
 Than show itself:
 His breast was filled with all perfection, 50
 And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,
 It made so little noise of 't.
Duchess: But he was basely descended.
Bosola: Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
 Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues? 55
 You shall want him.
 For know, an honest statesman to a prince
 Is like a cedar planted by a spring:
 The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
 Rewards it with his shadow: You have not done so. 60
 I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on two
 politicians' rotten bladders, tied together with an
 intelligencer's heart-string than depend on so changeable
 a prince's favour. – Fare thee well, Antonio! Since the
 malice of the world would needs down with thee, it 65
 cannot be said yet that any ill happened unto thee,
 considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

Act 3, Scene 2

END OF PAPER*Copyright Acknowledgements*

Question 1a © Paul Farley; *Automatic Doors*, in *Tramp in Flames*; Picador; 2006

Question 1a © Louis Untermeyer; *Portrait of a Child*, in *Selected Poems and Parodies of Louis Untermeyer*; Harcourt, Brace; 1935

Question 1b © Seamus Heaney; *Storm on the Island*, in *Death of a Naturalist*; Faber & Faber; 2006

Question 1b © Walt Whitman; *Patrolling Barnegat*, in *Leaves of Green*; Self-published; 1855

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.