



JURONG JUNIOR COLLEGE

JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2017

CANDIDATE NAME		CLASS	
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General Certificate of Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

H2 9748/1

Paper 1 Reading Literature

28 August 2017

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

3 hours

Set text may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in the text (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, civics class 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 BOTH QUESTIONS

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

Answer one question from each section.

At the end of the examination, fasten your responses and hand in Section 1, 2, 3 and the question paper together.

All the questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section 1	/25	<u>Examiner's Remarks:</u>
Section 2	/25	
Section 3	/25	
Total	/75	

SECTION 1

- 1) Write a critical comparison of both poems, paying close attention to ways in which form, style and language contribute to each poet's portrayal of old age.

A**WARNING**

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
 With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
 And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
 And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
 I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
 And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
 And run my stick along the public railings
 And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
 I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
 And pick flowers in other people's gardens
 And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
 And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
 Or only bread and pickle for a week
 And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
 And pay our rent and not swear in the street
 And set a good example for the children.
 We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
 So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
 When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph (1932 -)

B**WHEN YOU ARE OLD**

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

William Butler Yeats (1865 – 1939)

SECTION 2

John Webster: *The Duchess of Malfi*

Answer one of the following questions.

2a) “The tragedy of a virtuous woman who achieves heroism through her death.” To what extent is this comment applicable to the play, *The Duchess of Malfi*?

2b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the portrayal of The Duchess, here and elsewhere in the play.

DUCHESS. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:

A many hungry guests have fed upon me;

Thine will be a poor reversion.

CARIOLA. I will die with her.

DUCHESS. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.]

Now what you please:

What death?

BOSOLA. Strangling; here are your executioners.

DUCHESS. I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,

Would do as much as they do.

BOSOLA. Doth not death fright you?

DUCHESS. Who would be afraid on 't,

Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world?

BOSOLA. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you:

This cord should terrify you.

DUCHESS. Not a whit:

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered
 With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
 I know death hath ten thousand several doors
 For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
 They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
 You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven-sake,
 So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
 That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
 Best gift is they can give or I can take.
 I would fain put off my last woman's-fault,
 I 'd not be tedious to you.

FIRST EXECUTIONER. We are ready.

DUCHESS. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
 Bestow upon my women, will you?

FIRST EXECUTIONER. Yes.

DUCHESS. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
 Must pull down heaven upon me:--
 Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
 As princes' palaces; they that enter there
 Must go upon their knees [Kneels].--Come, violent death,
 Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!--
 Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
 They then may feed in quiet.
 [They strangle her.]

Act IV, Scene I

SECTION 3

Kazuo Ishiguro: *The Remains of the Day*

Answer one of the following questions.

- 3a) "The real story here is that of a man destroyed by the ideas upon which he has built his life." How applicable is this statement to the rest of the novel, *The Remains of the Day*?
- 3b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the presentation of dignity, here and elsewhere in the novel.

That's right, sir,' Mr Harry Smith said, 'You could tell just watching him he was no gentleman. All right, he had a fine house and good suits, but somehow you just knew. And so it proved in good time.'

There was a murmur of agreement, and for a moment all present seemed to be considering whether or not it would be proper to divulge to me the tale concerning this local personage. Then Mr Taylor broke the silence by saying: That's true what Harry says. You can tell a true gentleman from a false one that's just dressed in finery. Take yourself, sir. It's not just the cut of your clothes, nor is it even the fine way you've got of speaking. There's something else that marks you out as a gentleman. Hard to put your finger on it, but it's plain for all to see that's got eyes.'

This brought more sounds of agreement around the table.

'Dr Carlisle's got it too,' Mr Taylor said. 'He's got it. He's a true gent, that one.'

Mr Morgan, who had said little since his arrival, bent forward and said to me:

'What do you suppose it is, sir? Maybe one that's got it can say better what it is. Here we are all talking about who's got it and who hasn't, and we're none the wiser about what we're talking about. Perhaps you could enlighten us a bit, sir.'

A silence fell around the table and I could sense all the faces turn to me. I gave a small cough and said:

'It is hardly for me to pronounce upon qualities I may or may not possess.

However, as far as this particular question is concerned, one would suspect that the quality being referred to might be most usefully termed "dignity".'

I saw little point in attempting to explain this statement further. Indeed, I had merely given voice to the thoughts running through my mind while listening to the preceding talk and it is doubtful I would have said such a thing had the situation not suddenly demanded it of me. My response, however, seemed to cause much satisfaction.

There's a lot of truth in what you say there, sir,' Mr Andrews said, nodding, and a number of other voices echoed this.

'That Mr Lindsay could certainly have done with a little more dignity,' Mrs Taylor said. 'The trouble with his sort is they mistake acting high and mighty for dignity.'

'Mind you,' put in Mr Harry Smith, 'with all respect for what you say, sir, it ought to be said. Dignity isn't just something gentlemen have. Dignity's something every man and woman in this country can strive for and get. 'You'll excuse me, sir, but like I said before, we don't stand on ceremony here when it comes to expressing opinions. And that's my opinion for what it's worth. Dignity's not just something for gentlemen.'

Day Three – Evening

Moscombe, near Tavistock, Devon