

RAFFLES INSTITUTION
2017 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Tuesday 12 September 2017

**3 hours
1330 – 1630**

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

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and CT group 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 tie your answer sheets to each section securely.
Hand in your answers separately.
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 parting.

A LOVE, WE MUST PART NOW

Love, we must part now: do not let it be
 Calamitous and bitter. In the past
 There has been too much moonlight and self-pity:
 Let us have done with it: for now at last
 Never has sun more boldly paced the sky, 5
 Never were hearts more eager to be free,
 To kick down worlds, lash forests; you and I
 No longer hold them; we are husks, that see
 The grain going forward to a different use.

There is regret. Always, there is regret. 10
 But it is better that our lives unloose,
 As two tall ships, wind-mastered, wet with light,
 Break from an estuary with their courses set,
 And waving part, and waving drop from sight.

Philip Larkin (1922 - 1985)

**B LOVE ME NO MORE, NOW LET THE GOD DEPART
 (Sonnet XXXIX)**

Love me no more, now let the god depart,
 If love be grown so bitter to your tongue!
 Here is my hand; I bid you from my heart
 Fare well, fare very well, be always young.
 As for myself, mine was a deeper drouth: 5
 I drank and thirsted still; but I surmise
 My kisses now are sand against your mouth,
 Teeth in your palm and pennies on your eyes.
 Speak but one cruel word, to shame my tears;
 Go, but in going, stiffen up my back 10
 To meet the yelping of the mustering years —
 Dim, trotting shapes that seldom will attack
 Two with a light who match their steps and sing:
 To one alone and lost, another thing.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 - 1950)

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 tensions in a relationship.

A

QUICKDRAW

I wear the two, the mobile and the landline phones,
like guns, slung from the pockets on my hips. I'm all
alone. You ring, quickdraw, your voice a pellet
in my ear, and hear me groan.

You've wounded me.
Next time, you speak after the tone. I twirl the phone,
then squeeze the trigger of my tongue, wide of the mark.
You choose your spot, then blast me

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through the heart.
And this is love, high noon, calamity, hard liquor
in the old Last Chance saloon. I show the mobile
to the sheriff; in my boot, another one's

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concealed. You text them both at once. I reel.
Down on my knees, I fumble for the phone,
read the silver bullets of your kiss. Take this ...
and this ... and this ... and this ... and this ...

15

Carol Ann Duffy (1955 -)

B

THE MANHUNT

After the first phase,
after passionate nights and intimate days,
only then would he let me trace
the frozen river which ran through his face,
only then would he let me explore
the blown hinge of his lower jaw,
and handle and hold
the damaged, porcelain collar-bone,
and mind and attend the fractured rudder of shoulder-blade,
and finger and thumb the parachute silk of his punctured lung.
Only then could I bind the struts
and climb the rungs of his broken ribs,
and feel the hurt
of his grazed heart.
Skirting along,
only then could I picture the scan,
the fetus of metal beneath his chest
where the bullet had finally come to rest.
Then I widened the search,
traced the scarring back to its source
to a sweating, unexploded mine
buried deep in his mind,
around which every nerve in his body had tightened and closed.
Then, and only then, did I come close.

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Simon Armitage (1963 -)

Turn over

Section B

IAN MCEWAN: *ATONEMENT*

2

- Either (a)** “Now that I’ve broken away, I’m beginning to understand the snobbery that lay behind their stupidity. My mother never forgave you your first.”

Consider the presentation of social class and its influence on the events of *Atonement*.

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

Impatient to be out, he skipped up the stairs three at a time. Back in his bedroom he finished dressing hurriedly, whistling tunelessly as he stooped to grease and comb his hair before the mirror inside his wardrobe. He had no ear for music at all, and found it impossible to tell if one note was higher or lower than another. Now he was committed to the evening, he felt excited and, strangely, free. It couldn’t be worse than it already was. Methodically, and with pleasure in his own efficiency, as though preparing for some hazardous journey or military exploit, he accomplished the familiar little chores - located his keys, found a ten-shilling note inside his wallet, brushed his teeth, smelled his breath against a cupped hand, from the desk snatched up his letter and folded it into an envelope, loaded his cigarette case and checked his lighter. One last time, he braced himself in front of the mirror. He bared his gums, and turned to present his profile and looked across his shoulder at his image. Finally, he patted his pockets, then loped down the stairs, three at a time again, called a farewell to his mother, and stepped out onto the narrow brick path which led between the flower beds to a gate in the picket fence. 5 10 15

In the years to come he would often think back to this time, when he walked along the footpath that made a shortcut through a corner of the oak woods and joined the main drive where it curved toward the lake and the house. He was not late, and yet he found it difficult to slow his pace. Many immediate and other less proximal pleasures mingled in the richness of these minutes: the fading, reddish dusk, the warm, still air saturated with the scents of dried grasses and baked earth, his limbs loosened by the day’s work in the gardens, his skin smooth from his bath, the feel of his shirt and of this, his only suit. The anticipation and dread he felt at seeing her was also a kind of sensual pleasure, and surrounding it, like an embrace, was a general elation - it might hurt, it was horribly inconvenient, no good might come of it, but he had found out for himself what it was to be in love, and it thrilled him. Other tributaries swelled his happiness; he still derived satisfaction from the thought of his first - the best in his year he was told. And now there was confirmation from Jack Tallis of his continuing support. A fresh adventure ahead, not an exile at all, he was suddenly certain. It was right and good that he should study medicine. He could not have explained his optimism - he was happy and therefore bound to succeed. 20 25 30

One word contained everything he felt, and explained why he was to dwell on this moment later. Freedom. In his life as in his limbs. Long ago, before he had even heard of grammar schools, he was entered for an exam that led him to one. Cambridge, much as he enjoyed it, was the choice of his ambitious headmaster. Even his subject was effectively chosen for him by a charismatic teacher. Now, finally, with the exercise of will, his adult life had begun. There was a story he was plotting with himself as the hero, and already its opening had caused a little shock among his friends. Landscape gardening was no more than a bohemian fantasy, as well as a lame ambition - so he had analysed it with the help of Freud - to replace or surpass his absent father. 35 40

Schoolmastering - in fifteen years' time, Head of English, Mr. R. Turner, MA Cantab - was not in the story either, nor was teaching at a university. Despite his first, the study of English literature seemed in retrospect an absorbing parlour game, and reading books and having opinions about them, the desirable adjunct to a civilised existence. But it was not the core, whatever Dr Leavis said in his lectures. It was not the necessary priesthood, nor the most vital pursuit of an inquiring mind, nor the first and last defence against a barbarian horde, any more than the study of painting or music, history or science. At various talks in his final year Robbie had heard a psychoanalyst, a Communist trade union official and a physicist each declare for his own field as passionately, as convincingly, as Leavis had for his own. Such claims were probably made for medicine, but for Robbie the matter was simpler and more personal: his practical nature and his frustrated scientific aspirations would find an outlet, he would have skills far more elaborate than the ones he had acquired in practical criticism, and above all he would have made his own decision. He would take lodgings in a strange town - and begin.

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Chapter 8

[Turn over

EDITH WHARTON: *THE AGE OF INNOCENCE*

3

- Either (a)** 'He wondered if she did not begin to see what a powerful engine it was, and how nearly it had crushed her.'

In the light of this quotation, consider the significance of social sanction in Old New York.

- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of change and continuity here and elsewhere in the novel.

Chicago rang off, and Archer rose and began to pace up and down the room.

It would be their last time together in this kind of way: the boy was right. They would have lots of other 'times' after Dallas's marriage, his father was sure; for the two were born comrades, and Fanny Beaufort, whatever one might think of her, did not seem likely to interfere with their intimacy. On the contrary, from what he had seen of her, he thought she would be naturally included in it. Still, change was change, and differences were differences, and as much as he felt himself drawn toward his future daughter-in-law, it was tempting to seize this last chance of being alone with his boy. 5 10

There was no reason why he should not seize it, except the profound one that he had lost the habit of travel. May had disliked to move except for valid reasons, such as taking the children to the sea or in the mountains: she could imagine no other motive for leaving the house in Thirty-ninth Street or their comfortable quarters at the Wellands' in Newport. After Dallas had taken his degree she had thought it her duty to travel for six months; and the whole family had made the old-fashioned tour through England, Switzerland and Italy. Their time being limited (no one knew why) they had omitted France. Archer remembered Dallas's wrath at being asked to contemplate Mont Blanc instead of Rheims and Chartres. But Mary and Bill wanted mountain-climbing, and had already yawned their way in Dallas's wake through the English cathedrals; and May, always fair to her children, had insisted on holding the balance evenly between their athletic and artistic proclivities. She had indeed proposed that her husband should go to Paris for a fortnight, and join then on the Italian Lakes after they had 'done' Switzerland; but Archer had declined. 'We'll stick together,' he said; and May's face had brightened at his setting such a good example to Dallas. 15 20 25

Since her death, nearly two years before, there had been no reason for his continuing in the same routine. His children had urged him to travel: Mary Chivers had felt sure it would do him good to go abroad and 'see the galleries.' The very mysteriousness of such a cure made her the more confident of its efficacy. But Archer had found himself held fast by habit, by memories, by a sudden shrinking from new things. 30

Now, as he reviewed his past, he saw into what a deep rut he had sunk. The worst of doing one's duty was that it apparently unfitted one for doing anything else. At least that was the view that the men of his generation had taken. The trenchant divisions between right and wrong, honest and dishonest, respectable and the reverse, had left so little scope for the unforeseen. There are moments when a man's imagination, so easily subdued to what it lives in, suddenly rises above its daily level, and surveys the long windings of destiny. Archer hung there and wondered.... 35 40

What was left of the little world that he had grown up in, and whose standards had bent and bound him? He remembered a sneering prophecy

of poor Lawrence Lefferts's, uttered years ago in that very room: 'If things go on at this rate, our children will be marrying Beaufort's bastards.' 45

It was just what Archer's eldest son, the pride of his life, was doing; and nobody wondered or reproved. Even the boy's Aunt Janey, who still looked so exactly as she used to in her elderly youth, had taken her mother's emeralds and seed-pearls out of their pink cotton-wool, and carried them with her own twitching hands to the future bride; and Fanny Beaufort, instead of looking disappointed at not receiving a 'set' from a Paris jeweler, had exclaimed at their old-fashioned beauty, and declared that when she wore them she should feel like an Isabey miniature. 50

Fanny Beaufort, who had appeared in New York at eighteen, after the death of her parents, had won its heart much as Madame Olenska had won it thirty years earlier; only instead of being distrustful and afraid of her, society took her joyfully for granted. She was pretty, amusing and accomplished: what more did any one want? Nobody was narrow - minded enough to rake up against her the half-forgotten facts of her father's past and her own origin. 55

Chapter 34

[Turn over

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *HAMLET*

4

- Either (a)** “*Hamlet’s* world is pre-eminently in the interrogative mood. It reverberates with questions...it is a world of riddles.” Discuss.
- Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of Claudius and Hamlet’s relationship at this point in the play.

King: Now Hamlet, where’s Polonius?
Hamlet: At supper.
King: At supper? Where?
Hamlet: Not where he eats, but where ‘a is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e’en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table - that’s the end. 5

King: Alas, alas!
Hamlet: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 10

King: What dost thou mean by this?
Hamlet: Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King: Where is Polonius? 15
Hamlet: In heaven. Send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i’ th’ other place yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King: Go seek him there. [To some ATTENDANTS 20
Hamlet: ‘A will stay till you come.

[Exeunt ATTENDANTS

King: Hamlet, this deed, for thine special safety –
 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
 For that which thou hast done – must send thee hence 25
 With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.
 The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
 Th’ associates tend, and every thing is bent
 For England.

Hamlet: For England. 30
King: Ay Hamlet.
Hamlet: Good.
King: So it is if thou knew’st our purposes.
Hamlet: I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for England. Farewell dear mother. 35

King: Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Hamlet: My mother – father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[Exit

King: Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard, 40
 Delay it not; I'll have him hence tonight.
 Away, for every thing is sealed and done
 That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt ROSECRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

And England, if my love thou hold'st aught – 45
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us – thou mayst not coldly set
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full, 50
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit*]

Act 4, Scene 3

[Turn over]

ARTHUR MILLER: *ALL MY SONS*

5

Either (a) 'The play evokes despair but is nevertheless grounded in hope.'

Discuss this statement in the light of your reading of the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, highlighting in particular the tensions arising from the desire for control.

KELLER: Say, I ain't got time to get sick.
MOTHER: He hasn't been laid up in fifteen years.
KELLER: Except my flu during the war.
MOTHER: Huhh?
KELLER: My flu, when I was sick during...the war. 5
MOTHER: Well, sure... (*To George.*) I mean except for that flu. (*George stands perfectly still.*) Well, It slipped my mind. Don't look at me that way. He wanted to go to the shop but he couldn't lift himself off the bed. I thought he had pneumonia.
GEORGE: Why did you say he's never-? 10
KELLER: I know how you feel, kid. I'll never forgive myself. If I could've gone in that day I'd never allow Dad to touch those heads.
GEORGE: She said you've never been sick.
MOTHER: I said he was sick, George.
GEORGE (*going to Ann*): Ann, didn't you hear her say-? 15
MOTHER: Do you remember every time you were sick?
GEORGE: I'd remember pneumonia. Especially if I got it just the day my partner was going to patch up cylinder heads...What happened that day, Joe?
FRANK enters briskly from driveway, holding Larry's horoscope in his hand. He comes to Kate.
FRANK: Kate! Kate! 20
MOTHER: Frank, did you see George?
FRANK (*extending his hand*): Lydia told me, I'm glad to...you'll have to pardon me. (*Pulling Mother over*) I've got something amazing for you, Kate, I finished Larry's horoscope.
MOTHER: You'd be interested in this, George. It's wonderful the way 25
 he can understand the -
CHRIS (*entering from house*): George, the girl's on the phone -
MOTHER (*desperately*): He finished Larry's horoscope!
CHRIS: Frank, can't you pick a better time than this?
FRANK: The greatest men who ever lived believed in the stars! 30
CHRIS: Stop filling her head with that junk!
FRANK: Is it junk to feel that there's a greater power than ourselves? I've studied the stars of his life! I won't argue with you, I'm telling you. Somewhere in this world your brother is alive!
MOTHER (*instantly to Chris*): Why isn't it possible? 35
CHRIS: Because it's insane.
FRANK: Just a minute now. I'll tell you something and you can do as you please. Just let me say it. He was supposed to have died on November twenty-fifth. But November twenty-fifth was his favourable day. 40
CHRIS: Mother!
MOTHER: Listen to him!
FRANK: It was a day everything good was shining on him, the kind of day he should've married on. You can laugh at a lot of it. I

can understand you laughing. But the odds are a million to one that a man won't die on his favourable day. That's known, that's known, Chris! 45

MOTHER: Why isn't it possible, why isn't it possible, Chris!

GEORGE (*To Ann*): Don't you understand what she's saying? She just told you to go. What are you waiting for now? 50

CHRIS: Nobody can tell her to go. (*A car horn is heard.*)

MOTHER (*To Frank*): Thank you, darling, for your trouble. Will you tell him to wait, Frank?

FRANK (*As he goes*): Sure thing.

MOTHER (*Calling out*): They'll be right out, driver! 55

CHRIS: She is not leaving, Mother.

GEORGE: You hear her say it, he's never been sick!

MOTHER: He misunderstood me, Chris! (*CHRIS looks at her, struck*)

GEORGE (*To Ann*): He simply told your father to kill pilots, and covered himself in bed! 60

CHRIS: You'd better answer him, Annie. Answer him.

MOTHER: I packed your bag, darling.

CHRIS: What?

MOTHER: I packed your bag. All you've got to do is close it.

ANN: I am not closing anything. He asked me here and I am staying till he tells me to go. (*To George.*) Till Chris tells me! 65

CHRIS: That's all! Now get out of here, George!

Act Two

