



**NANYANG JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION  
2017**

---

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9748/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Wednesday, 13 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 CT 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.

Please begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

At the end of the examination, fasten your work according to sections.

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 numbers.

### A THE ONE GIRL AT THE BOYS PARTY

When I take my girl to the swimming party  
I set her down among the boys. They tower and  
bristle, she stands there smooth and sleek,  
her math scores unfolding in the air around her.  
They will strip to their suits, her body hard and 5  
indivisible as a prime number,  
they'll plunge into the deep end, she'll subtract  
her height from ten feet, divide it into  
hundreds of gallons of water, the numbers  
bouncing in her mind like molecules of chlorine 10  
in the bright blue pool. When they climb out,  
her ponytail will hang its pencil lead  
down her back, her narrow silk suit  
with hamburgers and french fries printed on it  
will glisten in the brilliant air, and they will' 15  
see her sweet face, solemn and  
sealed, a factor of one, and she will  
see their eyes, two each,  
their legs, two each, and the curves of their sexes,  
one each, and in her head she'll be doing her 20  
wild multiplying, as the drops  
sparkle and fall to the power of a thousand from her body.

Sharon Olds (published 2004)

### B NUMBER SONG

I've multiplied, I'm 2.  
He was part of me  
he came out of me,  
he took a part of me  
He took me apart. 5  
I'm 2, he's my art,  
no, he's separate.  
He art one. I'm not  
done & I'm still one.  
I sing of my son. I've 10  
multiplied. My heart's  
in 2, half to him & half  
to you,  
who are also a part  
of him, & you & he 15  
& I make trio of  
kind congruity.

Anne Waldman (born 1945)

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 love.

A                      THOSE WINTER SUNDAYS

Sundays too my father got up early  
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,  
then with cracked hands that ached  
from labor in the weekday weather made  
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.                      5

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.  
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,  
and slowly I would rise and dress,  
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,                      10  
who had driven out the cold  
and polished my good shoes as well.  
What did I know, what did I know  
of love's austere and lonely offices?

Robert Hayden (1913-1980)

B                      LOVE IS NOT ALL

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;  
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink  
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;  
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,                      5  
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;  
Yet many a man is making friends with death  
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.

It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,                      10  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It may well be. I do not think I would.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950)

## SECTION B

### JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

2

**Either (a)** "Neither woman is perfect; each needs to learn something from the other."  
(Pam Perkins)

How far would you agree with this comment about Mary Crawford and Fanny Price?

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

Happy Julia! Unhappy Maria! The former was on the barouche-box in a moment, the latter took her seat within, in gloom and mortification; and the carriage drove off amid the good wishes of the two remaining ladies, and the barking of Pug in his mistress's arms.

Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. She was not often invited to join in the conversation of the others, nor did she desire it. Her own thoughts and reflections were habitually her best companions; and, in observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. That was the only point of resemblance between her and the lady who sat by her: in everything but a value for Edmund, Miss Crawford was very unlike her. She had none of Fanny's delicacy of taste, of mind, of feeling; she saw Nature, inanimate Nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women, her talents for the light and lively. In looking back after Edmund, however, when there was any stretch of road behind them, or when he gained on them in ascending a considerable hill, they were united, and a "there he is" broke at the same moment from them both, more than once.

For the first seven miles Miss Bertram had very little real comfort: her prospect always ended in Mr. Crawford and her sister sitting side by side, full of conversation and merriment; and to see only his expressive profile as he turned with a smile to Julia, or to catch the laugh of the other, was a perpetual source of irritation, which her own sense of propriety could but just smooth over. When Julia looked back, it was with a countenance of delight, and whenever she spoke to them, it was in the highest spirits: "her view of the country was charming, she wished they could all see it," etc.; but her only offer of exchange was addressed to Miss Crawford, as they gained the summit of a long hill, and was not more inviting than this: "Here is a fine burst of country. I wish you had my seat, but I dare say you will not take it, let me press you ever so much;" and Miss Crawford could hardly answer before they were moving again at a good pace.

When they came within the influence of Sotherton associations, it was better for Miss Bertram, who might be said to have two strings to her bow. She had Rushworth feelings, and Crawford feelings, and in the vicinity of Sotherton the former had considerable effect. Mr. Rushworth's consequence was hers. She could not tell Miss Crawford that "those woods belonged to Sotherton," she could not carelessly observe that "she believed that it was now all Mr. Rushworth's property on each side of the road," without elation of heart; and it was a pleasure to increase with their approach to the capital

freehold mansion, and ancient manorial residence of the family, with all its rights of court-leet and court-baron.

"Now we shall have no more rough road, Miss Crawford; our difficulties are over. The rest of the way is such as it ought to be. Mr. Rushworth has made it since he succeeded to the estate. Here begins the village. Those cottages are really a disgrace. The church spire is reckoned remarkably handsome. I am glad the church is not so close to the great house as often happens in old places. The annoyance of the bells must be terrible. There is the parsonage: a tidy-looking house, and I understand the clergyman and his wife are very decent people. Those are almshouses, built by some of the family. To the right is the steward's house; he is a very respectable man. Now we are coming to the lodge-gates; but we have nearly a mile through the park still. It is not ugly, you see, at this end; there is some fine timber, but the situation of the house is dreadful. We go down hill to it for half a mile, and it is a pity, for it would not be an ill-looking place if it had a better approach."

Miss Crawford was not slow to admire; she pretty well guessed Miss Bertram's feelings, and made it a point of honour to promote her enjoyment to the utmost. Mrs. Norris was all delight and volubility; and even Fanny had something to say in admiration, and might be heard with complacency. Her eye was eagerly taking in everything within her reach; and after being at some pains to get a view of the house, and observing that "it was a sort of building which she could not look at but with respect," she added, "Now, where is the avenue? The house fronts the east, I perceive. The avenue, therefore, must be at the back of it. Mr. Rushworth talked of the west front."

"Yes, it is exactly behind the house; begins at a little distance, and ascends for half a mile to the extremity of the grounds. You may see something of it here—something of the more distant trees. It is oak entirely."

Miss Bertram could now speak with decided information of what she had known nothing about when Mr. Rushworth had asked her opinion; and her spirits were in as happy a flutter as vanity and pride could furnish, when they drove up to the spacious stone steps before the principal entrance.

## Chapter 8

## Section C

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

3

**Either** (a) “There are no heroes in this play, only villains.”

How far do you agree with this comment on *Hamlet*?

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

**GERTRUDE** I will not speak with her.

**HORATIO** She is importunate,  
Indeed distract. Her mood will needs be pitied.

**GERTRUDE** What would she have?

**HORATIO** She speaks much of her father, says she hears 5

There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt  
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing;  
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move

The hearers to collection. They aim at it, 10

And both the words up fit to their own thoughts,  
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

**GERTRUDE** 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew 15

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.  
Let her come in.

*[Horatio moves to the rear of the stage to admit Ophelia]*

(*Aside*) To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing*

**OPHELIA** Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

**GERTRUDE** How now, Ophelia?

**OPHELIA** (*sings*)      How should I your true love know  
  From another one?     25

By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoön.

**GERTRUDE** Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

**OPHELIA** Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

(She sings)

He is dead and gone, lady, 30  
He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

*She sighs*

**GERTRUDE** Nay, but, Ophelia—

**OPHELIA** Pray you, mark. 35  
*(She sings)*  
 White his shroud as the mountain snow—

*Enter Claudius*

**GERTRUDE** Alas, look here, my lord.

**OPHELIA** *(sings)*

Larded with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did not go  
 With true-love showers. 40

**CLAUDIUS** How do you, pretty lady?

**OPHELIA** Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

**CLAUDIUS** Conceit upon her father. 45

**OPHELIA** Pray you let's have no words of this. But when they ask you what it means, say you this:  
*(She sings)*

'Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
 All in the morning betime,  
 And I a maid at your window, 50  
 To be your Valentine.'  
 Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,  
 And dugged the chamber-door;  
 Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more. 55

**CLAUDIUS** Pretty Ophelia—

**OPHELIA** Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.  
*(She sings)*

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,  
 Alack, and fie for shame!  
 Young men will do't, if they come to't, 60  
 By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she 'Before you tumbled me,  
 You promised me to wed.'  
 'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.' 65

**CLAUDIUS** How long hath she been thus?

**OPHELIA** I hope all will be well. We must be patient. But I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground. My brother shall know of it. And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, 70  
 ladies. Good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

Act 4, Scene 5

END OF PAPER