

RAFFLES INSTITUTION

2022 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

HIGHER 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9509/01

Paper 1 Reading Literature

Tuesday 13 September 2022

3 hours
1330-1630

No Additional Materials are required.

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

Writing paper will be provided. If you need additional paper ask the invigilator.
Write your name and CT group on all the work you hand in.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section 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.

This document consists of **9** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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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 the parent-child relationship.

A

FOR A FIVE-YEAR-OLD

A snail is climbing up the window-sill
 into your room, after a night of rain.
 You call me in to see and I explain
 that it would be unkind to leave it there:
 it might crawl to the floor; we must take care 5
 that no one squashes it. You understand,
 and carry it outside, with careful hand,
 to eat a daffodil.

I see, then, that a kind of faith prevails:
 your gentleness is moulded still by words 10
 from me, who have trapped mice and shot wild birds,
 from me, who drowned your kittens, who betrayed
 your closest relatives and who purveyed
 the harshest kind of truth to many another.
 But that is how things are: I am your mother, 15
 And we are kind to snails.

Fleur Adcock (born 1934)

B

LITTLE BOY CRYING

Your mouth contorting in brief spite and hurt,
 your laughter metamorphosed into howls,
 your frame so recently relaxed now tight
 with three year old frustration, your bright eyes
 swimming tears, splashing your bare feet, 5
 you stand there angling for a moment's hint
 of guilt or sorrow for the quick slap struck.

The ogre towers above you, that grim giant,
 empty of feeling, a colossal cruel,
 soon victim of the tale's conclusion, dead 10
 at last. You hate him, you imagine
 chopping clean the tree he's scrambling down
 or plotting deeper pits to trap him in.

You cannot understand, not yet,
 the hurt your easy tears can scald him with, 15
 nor guess the wavering hidden behind that mask.
 This fierce man longs to lift you, curb your sadness
 with piggy-back or bull fight, anything,
 but dare not ruin the lessons you should learn.

You must not make a plaything of the rain. 20

Mervyn Morris (born 1937)

- 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 interpersonal tensions.

A A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears, 5
Night and morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night. 10
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see; 15
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

William Blake (1757–1827)

B OFFERINGS

I came to you at sunrise
With silvery dew on sleeping lotus
Sparkling in my gay hands;
You put my flowers in the sun.

I danced to you at midday 5
With bright raintree blooms
Flaming in my arms;
You dropped my blossoms in the pond.

I crept to you at sunset 10
With pale lilac orchids
Trembling on my uncertain lips;
You shredded my petals in the sand.

I strode to you at midnight 15
With gravel hard and cold
Clenched in my bitter fists;
You offered me your hybrid orchids,

And I crushed them in my despair.

Hilary Tham (1946–2005)

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

- Either (a)** 'The importance of money in *Pride and Prejudice* often renders women to be seen as little more than commodities.'

Discuss Jane Austen's portrayal of marriage in the light of this quotation.

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

Their visitors were not to remain above ten days with them. Mr. Wickham had received his commission before he left London, and he was to join his regiment at the end of a fortnight.

No one but Mrs. Bennet, regretted that their stay would be so short; and she made the most of the time, by visiting about with her daughter, and having very frequent parties at home. These parties were acceptable to all; to avoid a family circle was even more desirable to such as did think, than such as did not.

Wickham's affection for Lydia, was just what Elizabeth had expected to find it; not equal to Lydia's for him. She had scarcely needed her present observation to be satisfied, from the reason of things, that their elopement had been brought on by the strength of her love, rather than by his; and she would have wondered why, without violently caring for her, he chose to elope with her at all had she not felt certain that his flight was rendered necessary by distress of circumstances; and if that were the case, he was not the young man to resist an opportunity of having a companion.

Lydia was exceedingly fond of him. He was her dear Wickham on every occasion; no one was to be put in competition with him. He did every thing best in the world; and she was sure he would kill more birds on the first of September, than any body else in the country.

One morning, soon after their arrival, as she was sitting with her two elder sisters, she said to Elizabeth,

"Lizzy, I never gave *you* an account of my wedding, I believe. You were not by, when I told mamma, and the others, all about it. Are not you curious to hear how it was managed?"

"No really," replied Elizabeth; "I think there cannot be too little said on the subject."

"La! You are so strange! But I must tell you how it went off. We were married you know, at St. Clement's, because Wickham's lodgings were in that parish. And it was settled that we should all be there by eleven o'clock. My uncle and aunt and I were to go together; and the others were to meet us at the church. Well, Monday morning came, and I was in such a fuss! I was so afraid you know that something would happen to put it off, and then I should have gone quite distracted. And there was my aunt, all the time I was dressing, preaching and talking away just as if she was reading a sermon. However, I did not hear above one word in ten, for I was thinking, you may suppose, of my dear Wickham. I longed to know whether he would be married in his blue coat.

"Well, and so we breakfasted at ten as usual; I thought it would never be over; for, by the bye, you are to understand, that my uncle and aunt were horrid unpleasant all the time I was with them. If you'll believe me, I did not

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once put my foot out of doors, though I was there a fortnight. Not one party, or scheme, or any thing. To be sure London was rather thin, but, however, the little Theatre was open. Well, and so just as the carriage came to the door, my uncle was called away upon business to that horrid man Mr. Stone. And then, you know, when once they get together, there is no end of it. Well, I was so frightened I did not know what to do, for my uncle was to give me away; and if we were beyond the hour, we could not be married all day. But, luckily, he came back again in ten minutes time, and then we all set out. However, I recollected afterwards, that if he *had* been prevented going, the wedding need not be put off, for Mr. Darcy might have done as well.” 45 50

“Mr. Darcy!” repeated Elizabeth, in utter amazement.

“Oh, yes!—he was to come there with Wickham, you know. But gracious me! I quite forgot! I ought not to have said a word about it. I promised them so faithfully! What will Wickham say? It was to be such a secret!” 55

“If it was to be secret,” said Jane, “say not another word on the subject. You may depend upon my seeking no further.”

“Oh! certainly,” said Elizabeth, though burning with curiosity; “we will ask you no questions.”

“Thank you,” said Lydia, “for if you did, I should certainly tell you all, and then Wickham would be angry.” 60

On such encouragement to ask, Elizabeth was forced to put it out of her power, by running away.

(Chapter 51)

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

3

- Either** (a) 'It is what Gatsby stands for, what he symbolizes, that is the focus of this American novel.' Discuss.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to the presentation and role of Tom Buchanan, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man."
 "Not exactly."
 "Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford."
 "Yes--I went there."
 A pause. Then Tom's voice, incredulous and insulting: 5
 "You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven."
 Another pause. A waiter knocked and came in with crushed mint and ice but the silence was unbroken by his "thank you" and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last.
 "I told you I went there," said Gatsby. 10
 "I heard you, but I'd like to know when."
 "It was in nineteen-nineteen, I only stayed five months. That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man."
 Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his disbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby. 15
 "It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the armistice," he continued. "We could go to any of the universities in England or France."
 I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I'd experienced before.
 Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table. 20
 "Open the whiskey, Tom," she ordered, "and I'll make you a mint julep. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself. . . . Look at the mint!"
 "Wait a minute," snapped Tom, "I want to ask Mr Gatsby one more question."
 "Go on," Gatsby said politely.
 "What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?" 25
 They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content.
 "He isn't causing a row." Daisy looked desperately from one to the other.
 "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."
 "Self-control!" repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out. . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white." 30
 Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.
 "We're all white here," murmured Jordan. 35
 "I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends--in the modern world."
 Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete. 40
 "I've got something to tell *you*, old sport,--" began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.
 "Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

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| "That's a good idea." I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink." | 45 |
| "I want to know what Mr Gatsby has to tell me." | |
| "Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me." | |
| "You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically. | |
| Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement. | 50 |
| "She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!" | |
| At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain--as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions. | 55 |
| "Sit down, Daisy." Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it." | |
| "I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years--and you didn't know." | 60 |
| Tom turned to Daisy sharply. | |
| "You've been seeing this fellow for five years?" | |
| "Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes--"but there was no laughter in his eyes, "to think that you didn't know." | 65 |
| "Oh--that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair. | |

(Chapter 7)

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Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

4

Either (a) 'What is the good of commonsense?'

Discuss Shaw's presentation of commonsense in the light of Polly's comment.

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

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| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | Oh! you are an Englishman, are you? | |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | Certainly not, my lord: I am a gentleman. Still, like your lordship, I was born in England; and it makes a difference. | |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | You are attached to the soil, eh? | |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | It pleases your lordship to be satirical at my expense: your greatness privileges you to be so with impunity. But your lordship knows very well that I am not attached to the soil in a vulgar manner, like a serf. Still, I have a feeling about it; [with growing agitation] and I am not ashamed of it; and [rising wildly] by God, if this goes on any longer I will fling my cassock to the devil, and take arms myself, and strangle the accursed witch with my own hands. | 5 10 |
| <i>The Nobleman</i> | [laughing at him goodnaturedly]: So you shall, chaplain: so you shall, if we can do nothing better. But not yet, not quite yet. | 15 |
| | THE CHAPLAIN resumes his seat very sulkily. | |
| <i>The Nobleman</i> | [airily]: I should not care very much about the witch — you see, I have made my pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and the Heavenly Powers, for their own credit, can hardly allow me to be worsted by a village sorceress — but the Bastard of Orleans is a harder nut to crack; and as he has been to the Holy Land too, honors are easy between us as far as that goes. | 20 |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | He is only a Frenchman, my lord. | |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | A Frenchman! Where did you pick up that expression? Are these Burgundians and Bretons and Picards and Gascons beginning to call themselves Frenchmen, just as our fellows are beginning to call themselves Englishmen? They actually talk of France and England as their countries. <i>Theirs</i> , if you please! What is to become of me and you if that way of thinking comes into fashion? | 25 30 |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | Why, my lord? Can it hurt us? | |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | Men cannot serve two masters. If this cant of serving their country once takes hold of them, goodbye to the authority of their feudal lords, and goodbye to the authority of the Church. That is, goodbye to you and me. | 35 |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | I hope I am a faithful servant of the Church; and there are only six cousins between me and the barony of Stogumber, which was created by the Conqueror. But is that any reason why I should stand by and see Englishmen beaten by a French bastard and a witch from Lousy Champagne? | 40 |

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| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | Easy, man, easy: we shall burn the witch and beat the bastard all in good time. Indeed I am waiting at present for the Bishop of Beauvais, to arrange the burning with him. He has been turned out of his diocese by her faction. | 45 |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | You have first to catch her, my lord. | |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | Or buy her. I will offer a king's ransom. | |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | A king's ransom! For that slut! | |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | One has to leave a margin. Some of Charles's people will sell her to the Burgundians; the Burgundians will sell her to us; and there will probably be three or four middlemen who will expect their little commissions. | 50 |
| <i>The Chaplain:</i> | Monstrous. It is all those scoundrels of Jews: they get in every time money changes hands. I would not leave a Jew alive in Christendom if I had my way. | 55 |
| <i>The Nobleman:</i> | Why not? The Jews generally give value. They make you pay; but they deliver the goods. In my experience the men who want something for nothing are invariably Christians. | |
| | A PAGE appears. | |
| <i>The Page:</i> | The Right Reverend the Bishop of Beauvais: Monseigneur Cauchon. | 60 |
| | CAUCHON, <i>aged about 60, comes in.</i> THE PAGE <i>withdraws.</i> | |
| | <i>The two Englishmen rise.</i> | |
| <i>The Nobleman</i> | [<i>with effusive courtesy</i>]: My dear Bishop, how good of you to come! Allow me to introduce myself: Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, at your service. | 65 |
| <i>Cauchon:</i> | Your lordship's fame is well known to me. | |
| <i>Warwick:</i> | This reverend cleric is Master John de Stogumber. | |
| <i>The Chaplain</i> | [<i>glibly</i>]: John Bowyer Spenser Neville de Stogumber, at your service, my lord: Bachelor of Theology, and Keeper of the Private Seal to His Eminence the Cardinal of Winchester. | 70 |
| <i>Warwick</i> | [<i>to CAUCHON</i>]: You call him the Cardinal of England, I believe. Our king's uncle. | |
| <i>Cauchon:</i> | Messire John de Stogumber: I am always the very good friend of His Eminence. [<i>He extends his hand to THE CHAPLAIN who kisses his ring</i>]. | 75 |

(Scene 4)

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