

# RAFFLES INSTITUTION

## 2020 YEAR 6 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

### HIGHER 2

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#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**9509/01**

Paper 1 Reading Literature

**Tuesday 15 September 2020**

**3 hours  
0800 – 1100**

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.

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#### **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, 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 the farm worker.

A

## THE PLOUGHMAN

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's<sup>1</sup> gleam!  
 Lo! On he comes, behind his smoking team,  
 With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,  
 The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!  
 First in the field before the reddening sun, 5  
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,  
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;  
 Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,  
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide; 10  
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;  
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train  
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain;  
 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay, 15  
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way;  
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
 The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,  
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers. 20

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)

B

## CYNDDYLAN ON A TRACTOR

Ah, you should see Cynddylan on a tractor.  
 Gone the old look that yoked him to the soil,  
 He's a new man now, part of the machine,  
 His nerves of metal and his blood oil.  
 The clutch curses, but the gears obey 5  
 His least bidding, and lo, he's away  
 Out of the farmyard, scattering hens.  
 Riding to work now as a great man should,  
 He is the knight at arms breaking the fields'  
 Mirror of silence, emptying the wood 10  
 Of foxes and squirrels and bright jays.  
 The sun comes over the tall trees  
 Kindling all the hedges, but not for him  
 Who runs his engine on a different fuel.  
 And all the birds are singing, bills wide in vain,  
 As Cynddylan passes proudly up the lane. 15

R S Thomas (1913-2000)

<sup>1</sup> *coulter* - a vertical cutting blade fixed in front of a ploughshare.

- 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 punishment.

A AN AFTERNOON NAP

the ambitious mother across the road  
is at it again. proclaiming her goodness  
she beats the boy. shouting out his wrongs, with raps  
she begins with his mediocre report-book grades.

she strikes chords for the afternoon piano lesson, 5  
her voice stridently imitates 2nd. lang. tuition,  
all the while circling the cowering boy  
in a manner apt for the most strenuous p.e. ploy.

swift are all her contorted movements,  
ape for every need; no soft gradient 10  
of a consonant-vowel figure, she lumbers  
& shrieks, a hit for every two notes missed.

his tears are dear. each monday,  
wednesday, friday, miss low & madam lim  
appear and take away \$90 from the kitty 15  
leaving him an adagio, clause-analysis, little pocket-money.

the embittered boy across the road  
is at it again. proclaiming his bewilderment  
he yells at her. shouting out her wrongs, with tears  
he begins with her expensive taste for education. 20

Arthur Yap (1943-2006)

B THE WHIPPING

The old woman across the way  
is whipping the boy again  
and shouting to the neighbourhood  
her goodness and his wrongs.

Wildly he crashes through elephant ears,\*  
pleads in dusty zinnias,\* \*plants 5  
while she in spite of crippling fat  
pursues and corners him.

She strikes and strikes the shrilly circling  
boy till the stick breaks 10  
in her hand. His tears are rainy weather  
to woundlike memories:

My head gripped in bony vice  
of knees, the writhing struggle  
to wrench free, the blows, the fear 15  
worse than blows that hateful

Words could bring, the face that I  
no longer knew or loved . . .  
Well, it is over now, it is over,  
and the boy sobs in his room, 20

And the woman leans muttering against  
a tree, exhausted, purged —  
avenged in part for lifelong hidings  
she has had to bear.

Robert Hayden (1913-1980)

[Turn over

## Section B

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

2

Either (a) 'She only smiles, I laugh.'

Discuss Jane Austen's treatment of happiness in *Pride and Prejudice*.

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

Their sister's wedding day arrived; and Jane and Elizabeth felt for her probably more than she felt for herself. The carriage was sent to meet them at —, and they were to return, in it by dinner-time. Their arrival was dreaded by the elder Miss Bennets; and Jane more especially, who gave Lydia the feelings which would have attended herself, had *she* been the culprit, and was wretched in the thought of what her sister must endure. 5

They came. The family were assembled in the breakfast room, to receive them. Smiles decked the face of Mrs. Bennet, as the carriage drove up to the door; her husband looked impenetrably grave; her daughters, alarmed, anxious, uneasy. 10

Lydia's voice was heard in the vestibule; the door was thrown open, and she ran into the room. Her mother stepped forwards, embraced her, and welcomed her with rapture; gave her hand with an affectionate smile to Wickham, who followed his lady, and wished them both joy, with an alacrity which shewed no doubt of their happiness. 15

Their reception from Mr. Bennet, to whom they then turned, was not quite so cordial. His countenance rather gained in austerity; and he scarcely opened his lips. The easy assurance of the young couple, indeed, was enough to provoke him. Elizabeth was disgusted, and even Miss Bennet was shocked. Lydia was Lydia still; untamed, unabashed, wild, noisy, and fearless. She turned from sister to sister, demanding their congratulations, and when at length they all sat down, looked eagerly round the room, took notice of some little alteration in it, and observed, with a laugh, that it was a great while since she had been there. 20

Wickham was not at all more distressed than herself, but his manners were always so pleasing, that had his character and his marriage been exactly what they ought, his smiles and his easy address, while he claimed their relationship, would have delighted them all. Elizabeth had not before believed him quite equal to such assurance; but she sat down, resolving within herself, to draw no limits in future to the impudence of an impudent man. *She* blushed, and Jane blushed; but the cheeks of the two who caused their confusion, suffered no variation of colour. 25 30

There was no want of discourse. The bride and her mother could neither of them talk fast enough; and Wickham, who happened to sit near Elizabeth, began enquiring after his acquaintance in that neighbourhood, with a good humoured ease, which she felt very unable to equal in her replies. They seemed each of them to have the happiest memories in the world. Nothing of the past was recollected with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects, which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world. 35

"Only think of its being three months," she cried, "since I went away; it seems but a fortnight I declare; and yet there have been things enough happened in the time. Good gracious! when I went away, I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be very good fun if I was." 40

Her father lifted up his eyes. Jane was distressed. Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never heard nor saw anything of which she chose to be insensible, gaily continued, "Oh! mamma, do the people hereabouts know I am married today? I was afraid they might not; and we overtook William Goulding in his curricle, so I was determined he should know it, and so I let down the side glass next to him, and took off my glove, and let my hand just rest upon the window frame, so that he might see the ring, and then I bowed and smiled like anything." 45

Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up, and ran out of the room; and returned no more, till she heard them passing through the hall to the dining parlour. She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia, with anxious parade, walk up to her mother's right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister, "Ah! Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman." 50 55

It was not to be supposed that time would give Lydia that embarrassment, from which she had been so wholly free at first. Her ease and good spirits increased. She longed to see Mrs. Phillips, the Lucasses, and all their other neighbours, and to hear herself called "Mrs. Wickham," by each of them; and in the mean time, she went after dinner to shew her ring and boast of being married, to Mrs. Hill and the two housemaids. 60

(Chapter 51)

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

3

**Either (a)** "Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once."

Discuss the portrayal of violence in *The Great Gatsby*.

**Or (b)** Write a close critical commentary on the following passage, focusing on the portrayal of Gatsby here and elsewhere in the novel.

She turned her head as there was a light dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.

With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire, and disappeared into the living-room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door to against the increasing rain. 5

For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living-room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh, followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note:

"I certainly am awfully glad to see you again."

A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall, so I went into the room. 10

Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned back so far that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock, and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy, who was sitting, frightened but graceful, on the edge of a stiff chair.

"We've met before," muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me, and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon he turned and caught it with trembling fingers, and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand. 15

"I'm sorry about the clock," he said. 20

My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

"It's an old clock," I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

"We haven't met for many years," said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be. 25

"Five years next November."

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray. 30

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and, while Daisy and I talked, looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense, unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself, I made an excuse at the first possible moment, and got to my feet. 35

"Where are you going?" demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

"I'll be back."

"I've got to speak to you about something before you go."

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door, and whispered: "Oh, God!" in a miserable way. 40

"What's the matter?"

"This is a terrible mistake," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "a terrible, terrible mistake."

"You're just embarrassed, that's all," and luckily I added: "Daisy's embarrassed too."

"She's embarrassed?" he repeated incredulously.

45

"Just as much as you are."

"Don't talk so loud."

"You're acting like a little boy," I broke out impatiently. "Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone."

He raised his hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach, and, 50  
opening the door cautiously, went back into the other room.

I walked out the back way--just as Gatsby had when he had made his nervous circuit of the house half an hour before--and ran for a huge black knotted tree, whose massed leaves made a fabric against the rain. Once more it was pouring, and my irregular lawn, well-shaved by Gatsby's gardener, abounded in small muddy swamps and prehistoric marshes. 55  
There was nothing to look at from under the tree except Gatsby's enormous house, so I stared at it, like Kant at his church steeple, for half an hour. A brewer had built it early in the "period" craze, a decade before, and there was a story that he'd agreed to pay five years' taxes on all the neighboring cottages if the owners would have their roofs thatched with straw. Perhaps their refusal took the heart out of his plan to Found a Family--he went 60  
into an immediate decline. His children sold his house with the black wreath still on the door. Americans, while willing, even eager, to be serfs, have always been obstinate about being peasantry.

(Chapter 5)

**[Turn over**

## Section C

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Saint Joan*

4

**Either (a)** 'We want some mad people now. See where the sane ones have landed us!'

Discuss the presentation of madness and sanity in *Saint Joan*.

**Or (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following passage, examining the portrayal of vision, here and elsewhere in the play.

*Joan:* Woe unto me when all men praise me! I bid you remember that I am a saint, and that saints can work miracles. And now tell me: shall I rise from the dead, and come back to you a living woman?

*A sudden darkness blots out the walls of the room as they all spring to their feet in consternation. Only the figures and the bed remain visible.*

5

*Joan:* What! Must I burn again? Are none of you ready to receive me?

*Cauchon:* The heretic is always better dead. And mortal eyes cannot distinguish the saint from the heretic. Spare them. [*He goes out as he came*].

10

*Dunois:* Forgive us, Joan: we are not yet good enough for you. I shall go back to my bed. [*He also goes*].

*Warwick:* We sincerely regret our little mistake; but political necessities, though occasionally erroneous, are still imperative; so if you will be good enough to excuse me — [*He steals discreetly away*].

15

*The Archbishop:* Your return would not make me the man you once thought me. The utmost I can say is that though I dare not bless you, I hope I may one day enter into your blessedness. Meanwhile, however — [*He goes*]

*The Inquisitor:* I who am of the dead, testified that day that you were innocent. But I do not see how The Inquisition could possibly be dispensed with under existing circumstances. Therefore — [*He goes*].

20

*De Stogumber:* Oh, do not come back: you must not come back. I must die in peace.

Give us peace in our time, O Lord! [*He goes*].

*The Gentleman:* The possibility of your resurrection was not contemplated in the recent proceedings for your canonization. I must return to Rome for fresh instructions. [*He bows formally, and withdraws*].

25

*The Executioner:* As a master in my profession I have to consider its interests. And, after all, my first duty is to my wife and children. I must have time to think over this. [*He goes*].

30

*Charles:* Poor old Joan! They have all run away from you except this blackguard who has to go back to hell at twelve o'clock. And what can I do but follow Jack Dunois' example, and go back to bed too? [*He does so*].

*Joan:* [*sadly*] Goodnight, Charlie.

35

*Charles:* [*mumbling in his pillows*] Goo ni. [*He sleeps. The darkness envelops the bed*].

*Joan:* [*to the soldier*] And you, my one faithful? What comfort have you for Saint Joan?



*The Soldier:* Well, what do they all amount to, these kings and captains and 40  
 bishops and lawyers and such like? They just leave you in the ditch  
 to bleed to death; and the next thing is, you meet them down there,  
 for all the airs they give themselves. What I say is, you have as good  
 a right to your notions as they have to theirs, and perhaps better.  
 [Settling himself for a lecture on the subject] You see, it's like this. If 45  
 —[the first stroke of midnight is heard softly from a distant bell].  
 Excuse me: a pressing appointment —[He goes on tiptoe].

*The last remaining rays of light gather into a white radiance  
 descending on Joan. The hour continues to strike.*

*Joan:* O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to 50  
 receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?

(Epilogue)

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