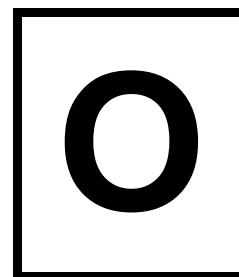




NAVAL BASE SECONDARY SCHOOL PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION, 2020



Name _____ ()

Class _____

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

2274/02

Additional Materials: Writing papers

14 September 2020
1 hour 40 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, class and index number at the top of the page.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

For Examiner's Use

Parent's/Guardian's Signature

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section (25 marks)

Bradbury, Ray: *Fahrenheit 451*

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the text.

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Clarisse illustrates everything that's wrong with *Fahrenheit 451*'.
How far do you agree with this statement?
- Or** (b) Explore the ways authority is portrayed in the novel.
- Or** (c) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it.

Mrs. Phelps was crying.

The others in the middle of the desert watched her crying grow very loud as her face squeezed itself out of shape. They sat, not touching her, bewildered by her display. She sobbed uncontrollably. Montag himself was stunned and shaken.

5

"Sh, sh," said Mildred. "You're all right, Clara, now, Clara, snap out of it! Clara, what's wrong?"

"I-I," sobbed Mrs. Phelps, "don't know, don't know, I just don't know, oh oh..."

Mrs. Bowles stood up and glared at Montag. "You see? I knew it, that's what I wanted to prove! I knew it would happen! I've always said, poetry and tears, poetry and suicide and crying and awful feelings, poetry and sickness; all that mush! Now I've had it proved to me. You're nasty, Mr. Montag, you're nasty! "

10

Faber said, "Now..."

Montag felt himself turn and walk to the wall-slot and drop the book in through the brass notch to the waiting flames.

15

"Silly words, silly words, silly awful hurting words," said Mrs. Bowles. "Why do people want to hurt people? Not enough hurt in the world, you've got to tease people with stuff like that! "

"Clara, now, Clara," begged Mildred, pulling her arm. "Come on, let's be cheery, you turn the 'family' on, now. Go ahead. Let's laugh and be happy, now, stop crying, we'll have a party!"

20

"No," said Mrs. Bowles. "I'm trotting right straight home. You want to visit my house and 'family,' well and good. But I won't come in this fireman's crazy house again in my lifetime! "

"Go home." Montag fixed his eyes upon her, quietly. "Go home and think of your first husband divorced and your second husband killed in a jet and your third husband blowing his brains out, go home and think of the dozen abortions you've had, go home and think of that and your damn Caesarian sections, too, and your children who hate your guts! Go home and think how it all happened and what did you ever do to stop it? Go home, go home!" he yelled. "Before I knock you down and kick you out of the door!"

25

30

Doors slammed and the house was empty. Montag stood alone in the winter weather, with the parlour walls the colour of dirty snow.

In the bathroom, water ran. He heard Mildred shake the sleeping tablets into her hand.

35

"Fool, Montag, fool, fool, oh God you silly fool..."

"Shut up!" He pulled the green bullet from his ear and jammed it into his pocket.

It sizzled faintly. "... fool ... fool ..."

He searched the house and found the books where Mildred had stacked them behind the refrigerator. Some were missing and he knew that she had started on her own slow process of dispersing the dynamite in her house, stick by stick. But he was not angry now, only exhausted and bewildered with himself. He carried the books into the backyard and hid them in the bushes near the alley fence. For tonight only, he thought, in case she decides to do any more burning. 40 45

He went back through the house. "Mildred?" He called at the door of the darkened bedroom.

There was no sound.

- (i) How does Bradbury create a tense atmosphere in **this passage**?
- (ii) In what ways is this scene so significant in the novel? Support your ideas with details from **the rest of the novel**.

SECTION B

Answer **either** Question 2 **or** Question 3 (25 marks)

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the poem.

Either

- 2** Read this poem carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it.

Telephone Conversation

The price seemed reasonable, location
Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
Off premises. Nothing remained
But self-confession. "Madam", I warned,
"I hate a wasted journey - I am African." 5
Silence. Silenced transmission of pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.
"HOW DARK?"...I had not misheard...."ARE YOU LIGHT OR VERY DARK?" Button B. Button A. Stench 10
Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered
Omnibus squelching tar.
It was real! Shamed
By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15
Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.
Considerate she was, varying the emphasis-
"ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT" Revelation came
"You mean- like plain or milk chocolate?"
Her accent was clinical, crushing in its light
Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted 20
I chose. "West African sepia" _ and as afterthought.
"Down in my passport." Silence for spectroscopic
Flight of fancy, till truthfulness changed her accent
Hard on the mouthpiece "WHAT'S THAT?" conceding
"DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS." "Like brunette." 25
"THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?" "Not altogether.
Facially, I am brunette, but madam you should see
the rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet.
Are a peroxide blonde. Friction, caused-
Foolishly madam- by sitting down, has turned 30
My bottom raven black- One moment madam! - sensing
Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
About my ears- "Madam," I pleaded, "wouldn't you rather
See for yourself?"

(By Wole Soyinka)

- (i) What are your impressions of the landlady in this poem?
- (ii) How does the poet strikingly portray the racism prevalent in society?

Or

- 3 Read this poem carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it.

My City, My Canvas

How do I colour my city with creatures busy in living? Do I walk along as if on an errand seeking a lotus pond afloat with enlightenment? Do I go in search of orchid petals to unfurl whorls for hybrid pollens? Do I hurry along street plans and measure landuse to draw lines and shapes for my canvas?	5
My city has no mountain ranges to be unscrolled broadened brownness, neither has she bushfires nor epic tragedies but her sky can be as dry and distant as a desert's. My city has campaigns, policies and long-term planning, has a reputation for drivenness of a small country, has shopping malls and more...	10 15
Is my canvas a surrealscape of a slim city slowly coated with melting cheese where there are clowns with broken legs, jugglers balancing on shaky stakes, children spinning on top of whales growing up to be adults with briefcases on top of flying clocks?	20
I want to hiss a snake out of a kettle, drink it like coffee as the steam scatters, that I may frame with passing beatitude and mosaic wisdom, my city, my canvas.	25

(by *Heng Siok Tian*)

- (i) What vivid impressions do you form of the speaker's city in this poem?
- (ii) Explore the ways in which the poet strikingly uses imagery in lines 18-29.

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