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南洋女子中學校
Nanyang Girls' High School

End-of-Year Examination 2016 Secondary Three

Advanced Literature (HP)

2 hours
0845 - 1045 hrs

Friday 7th October 2016

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

1. Write your name on your answer script.
2. Use **dark blue or black ink**.
3. Do not use correction fluid / tape.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

1. Answer **one** question from **Section A** and **one** question from **Section B**.
2. Begin your answer to Section B on a **fresh** sheet of paper.
3. Number your answers clearly.
4. You are reminded of the need for good English and legible handwriting.

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This document consists of 9 printed pages,
including this cover page.

[Turn over]

SECTION A: SET TEXT

Answer ONE question from this section

A Streetcar Named Desire – Tennessee Williams

1. Although Tennessee Williams exposes Blanche for her self-deception and dishonesty, he once wrote that he originally intended for her to be the most sympathetic character in the play.

How far do you think Williams has changed or kept to his original intention for Blanche?

[30]

OR

The Turn of the Screw – Henry James

2. Read the extract below and answer the question that follows.

'I simply make it out. The four, depend upon it, perpetually meet. If on either of these last nights you had been with either child you'd clearly have understood. The more I've watched and waited the more I've felt that if there were nothing else to make it sure it would be made so by the systematic silence of each. *Never*, by a slip of the tongue, have they so much as alluded to either of their old friends, any more than Miles has alluded to his expulsion. Oh yes, we may sit here and look at them, and they may show off to us there to their fill; but even while they pretend to be lost in their fairy-tale they're steeped in their vision of the dead restored to them. He's not reading to her,' I declared; 'they're talking of *them* – they're talking horrors! I go on, I know, as if I were crazy, and it's a wonder I'm not. What I've seen would have made *you* so; but it has only made me more lucid, made me get hold of still other things.'

My lucidity must have seemed awful, but the charming creatures who were victims of it, passing and repassing in their interlocked sweetness, gave my colleague something to hold on by; and I felt how tight she held as, without

stirring in the breath of my passion, she covered them still with her eyes. 'Of what other things you got hold?'

'Why of the very things that have delighted, fascinated and yet, at bottom, as I now so strangely see, mystified and troubled me. Their more than earthly beauty, their absolutely unnatural goodness. It's a game, I went on; it's a policy and a fraud!'

'On the part of little darlings—?'

'As yet mere lovely babies? Yes, mad as that seems!' The very act of bringing it out really helped me to trace it – follow it all up and piece it all together. 'They haven't been good – they've only been absent. It has been easy to live with them because they're simply leading a life of their own. They're not mine – they're not ours. They're his and they're hers!'

'Quint's and that woman's?'

'Quint's and that woman's. They want to get to them.'

Oh how, at this, poor Mrs Grose appeared to study them! 'But for what?'

'For the love of all the evil that, in those dreadful days, the pair put into them. And to ply them with that evil still, to keep up the work of demons, is what brings the others back.'

'They *were* rascals! But what can they do now?' she pursued.

'Do?' I echoed so loud that Miles and Flora, as they passed at their distance, paused an instant in their walk and looked at us. 'Don't they do enough?' I demanded in a lower tone, while the children, having smiled and nodded and kissed hands to us, resumed their exhibition. We were held by it a minute; then I answered: 'They can destroy them!' At this my companion did turn, but the appeal she launched was a silent one, the effect of which was to make me more explicit. 'They don't know as yet quite how – but they're trying hard. They're seen only across, as it were, and beyond – in strange places and on high places, the top of towers, the roof of houses, the outside of windows, the further edge of pools; but there's a deep design, on either side, to shorten the distance and overcome the obstacle.'

'For the children to come?'

'And perish in the attempt!' Mrs Grose slowly got up, and I scrupulously added: 'Unless, of course, we can prevent!'

Standing before me while I kept my seat she visibly turned things over. 'Their uncle must do the preventing. He must take them away.'

'And who's to make him?'

She had been scanning the distance, but she now dropped on me a foolish face. 'You, Miss.'

'By writing to him that his house is poisoned and his little nephew and niece mad?'

'And if I am myself, you mean? That's charming news to be sent him by a person enjoying his confidence and whose prime understanding was to give him no worry.'

Mrs Grose considered, following the children again. 'Yes, he do hate worry. That was the great reason—'

'Why those fiends took him in so long? No doubt, though his indifference

must have been awful. As I'm not a fiend, at any rate, I shouldn't take him in.'

My companion, after an instant and for all answer, sat down again and grasped my arm. 'Make him at any rate come to you.'

I stared. 'To *me*?' I had a sudden fear of what she might do. "'Him"?"

'He ought to *be* here – he ought to help.'

I quickly rose and I think I must have shown her a queerer face than ever yet. 'You see me asking him for a visit?' No, with her eyes on my face, she evidently couldn't. Instead of it even – as a woman reads another – she could see what I myself saw: his derision, his amusement, his contempt for the breakdown of my resignation at being left alone and for the fine machinery I had set in motion to attract his attention to my slighted charms. She didn't know – no one knew – how proud I had been to serve him and to stick to our terms; yet she none the less took the measure, I think, of the warning I now gave her. 'If you should so lose your head as to appeal to him for me—'

She was really frightened. 'Yes, Miss?'

'I would leave, on the spot, both him and you.'

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Extract adapted from *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James

- a. Examine the extract carefully and describe your impression of the Governess.
- b. How does the extract give rise to a sense of tension and prepare the reader for the dire consequences in the rest of the novel?

[30]

SECTION B: LITERARY RESPONSE

Answer either question 3 or 4

Question 3

Read the texts below and answer the question that follows.

(i) ONE ART by Elizabeth Bishop (1979)

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practise losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

(ii) THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF

The night I lost you
someone pointed me towards
the Five Stages of Grief.
Go that way, they said,
it's easy, like learning to climb
stairs after the amputation.
And so I climbed.
Denial was first.
I sat down at breakfast
carefully setting the table
for two. I passed you the toast—
you sat there. I passed
you the paper—you hid
behind it.
Anger seemed more familiar.
I burned the toast, snatched
the paper and read the headlines myself.
But they mentioned your departure,
and so I moved on to
Bargaining. What could I exchange
for you? The silence
after storms? My typing fingers?
Before I could decide, *Depression*
came puffing up, a poor relation
its suitcase tied together
with string. In the suitcase
were bandages for the eyes
and bottles of sleep. I slid
all the way down the stairs
feeling nothing.
And all the time Hope
flashed on and off
in defective neon.
Hope was my uncle's middle name,
he died of it.

by Linda Pastan (1978)

After a year I am still climbing,
though my feet slip
on your stone face.
The treeline
has long since disappeared;
green is a color
I have forgotten.
But now I see what I am climbing
towards; *Acceptance*,
written in capital letters,
a special headline:
Acceptance
its name is in lights.
I struggle on,
waving and shouting.
Below, my whole life spreads
its surf,
all the landscapes I've ever known
or dreamed of. Below
a fish jumps: the pulse
in your neck.
Acceptance. I finally
reach it.
But something is wrong.
Grief is a circular staircase.
I have lost you.

3. Compare how the two poets describe the experience of loss, paying close attention to imagery, development, and tone.

[30]

OR

Question 4

Read the texts below and answer the question that follows.

- (i) SETTLING IN by Jenny Factor (2014)

How I loved
each bare floor, each
naked wall, the shadows on

newly empty halls.
By day, my head humming
to itself of dreams, I cleaned and

scrubbed
to make life
new; dislodging from the corner,

the old
moths and cicadas
pinned to the screen, the carcasses

of grasshoppers
dangling from beams,
and each windowsill's clutter of

dried beetles
and dead bees. But,
through each opening, each closing door,

the old life
returns on six legs, or
spins a musty web as it roosts over

a poison pot, or
descends from above
to drink blood in. This is how it

happens; the
settling in—the press
of wilderness returns to carved-out space, to skin.

(ii)

Used to be a dairy farm, George said, already in love with the place. The house is nice, don't you think?

To Catherine it seemed dreary and old. She supposed with some paint it could be nice. It has good bones, she said. That's the important thing.

The sky went dark suddenly and snow swept in like confetti. This weather, she said, shuddering.

Let's go in. George took her hand.

The house looked sad, Catherine thought. Battered. But the windows were lovely.

Those are original, Mary Lawton, the realtor, remarked, noting Catherine's interest. That's a real bonus. The light here, the views. You just don't find that.

Mary led them through the first floor—a dining room, a living room and a bedroom, what could be a small study—where a gloom languished like a misbehaving guest. The bulbs in the overhead fixtures flickered, and the wind thrummed against the windowpanes like a neglected child having a tantrum. In one spot, she had a feeling that someone was standing right beside her in a cold little pocket of air. She shook her head, folding her arms across her chest. Strange, she said aloud. I thought I...

Like conspirers, the Lawton woman and George exchanged a look.

What? George asked.

Nothing. Catherine shook off a chill.

Old houses, the realtor said. They've got aches and pains just like we do.

The three of them stood there for a moment in silence.

Later, she led them out, into the white snowy light. Catherine wrapped the scarf around her head under the blowing snow. They walked down a muddy path into the field, then up a hill. Wait till you see the view, Lawton said. You two go on ahead.

They walked up through the wind without talking. At the top they looked down on the farm and stood there respectfully, like a couple in church. The land was like an ocean, she thought, the house a lonesome island in the middle of it.

All Things Cease to Appear – Elizabeth Brundage (2016)

4. Factor and Brundage both explore the idea of new owners moving into old places. Which portrayal do you find more effective? Answer with reference to imagery, mood and form.

[30]

END OF PAPER