

Class	Register Number	Name
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南洋女子中学校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

End of Year Examination 2019
Secondary 3

ADVANCED LITERATURE HP

2 hours

Thursday

10 Oct 2019

1145 - 1345

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

1. Write your name, register number and class on all the work you hand in.
2. Answer both **Section A and Section B**.
3. Write in dark blue or black ink on both sides of the paper.
4. Do not use staples, paper clips, glue or correction fluid/tape. You may use highlighters on the questions or text(s), but not on your answers.
5. Begin your **answer to Section B** on a **fresh sheet** of paper. It will be collected **SEPARATELY**.
6. At the end of the examination, fasten your work securely together according to instructions.
7. The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
8. The total number of marks for this paper is 60.

Setter: Wong Wen Pu, Shanni G Kaur	This document consists of 7 printed pages, including this cover page. NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL	[Turn over]
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SECTION A: SET TEXT

Select ONE question in this section

Either

Question 1

Death of a Salesman – Arthur Miller

After devoting thirty-four years of loyal service to his company, Willy Loman finds himself unceremoniously fired. “You can’t eat the orange and throw the peel away — a man is not a piece of fruit!” he exclaims in despair. How is Willy Loman’s situation a critique of the American Dream?

[30m]

OR

Question 2

Great Expectations – Charles Dickens

Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow.

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to heaven from her mother’s side.

5

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

10

“O!” she cried, despairingly. “What have I done! What have I done!”

“If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances. Is she married?”

15

“Yes.”

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

“What have I done! What have I done!” She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. “What have I done!”

20

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing

influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker, I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world? 25 30

“Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!” And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done! 35

“Miss Havisham,” I said, when her cry had died away, “you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.” 40

“Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my dear!” There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. “My dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first, I meant no more.”

“Well, well!” said I. “I hope so.” 45

“But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away, and put ice in its place.”

“Better,” I could not help saying, “to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken.” 50

With that, Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while, and then burst out again, What had she done!

“If you knew all my story,” she pleaded, “you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me.” 55

“Miss Havisham,” I answered, as delicately as I could, “I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. 60

Extract from Chapter XLIX, *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens

(a) How does Dickens present Miss Havisham in a sympathetic light in this extract?

(b) *Great Expectations* is often described as a bildungsroman. How does Dickens present Pip's growth, in this extract, and elsewhere in the novel?

[30m]

SECTION B: COMPARATIVE LITERARY RESPONSE

Select ONE question in this section

Either

Question 3 - Prose

Read the two extracts below and answer the question that follows.

(a)

Before going over to see Kemmerich we pack up his things: he will need them on the way back.

In the dressing station there is great activity: it reeks as ever of carbolic, pus, and sweat. We are accustomed to a good deal in the billets, but this makes us feel faint. We ask for Kemmerich. He lies in a large room and receives us with feeble expressions of joy and helpless agitation. While he was unconscious someone had stolen his watch.

5

Müller shakes his head: "I always told you that nobody should carry as good a watch as that."

Müller is rather crude and tactless, otherwise he would hold his tongue, for anybody can see that Kemmerich will never come out of this place again. Whether he finds his watch or not will make no difference, at the most one will only be able to send it to his people.

10

"How goes it, Franz?" asks Kropp.

Kemmerich's head sinks.

15

"Not so bad... but I have such a damned pain in my foot."

We look at his bed covering. His leg lies under a wire basket. The bed covering arches over it. I kick Müller on the shin, for he is just about to tell Kemmerich what the orderlies told us outside: that Kemmerich has lost his foot. The leg is amputated. He looks ghastly, yellow and wan. In his face there are already the strained lines that we know so well, we have seen them now hundreds of times. They are not so much lines as marks. Under the skin the life no longer pulses, it has already pressed out the boundaries of the body. Death is working through from within. It already has command in the eyes. Here lies our comrade, Kemmerich, who a little while ago was roasting horse flesh with us and squatting in the shell-holes. He is still and yet it is not he any longer. His features have become uncertain and faint, like a photographic plate from which two pictures have been taken. Even his voice sounds like ashes.

20

25

- Extract from Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*

(b)

After he had made up his mind to spend the rest of the war in the hospital, Yossarian wrote letters to everyone he knew saying that he was in the hospital but never mentioning why. One day he had a better idea. To everyone he knew he wrote that he was going on a very dangerous mission. 'They asked for volunteers. It's very dangerous, but someone has to do it. I'll write you the instant I get back.' And he had not written anyone since.

5

All the officer patients in the ward were forced to censor letters written by all the

enlisted-men patients, who were kept in residence in wards of their own. It was a monotonous job, and Yossarian was disappointed to learn that the lives of enlisted men were only slightly more interesting than the lives of officers. After the first day he had no curiosity at all. To break the monotony he invented games. Death to all modifiers, he declared one day, and out of every letter that passed through his hands went every adverb and every adjective. The next day he made war on articles. He reached a much higher plane of creativity the following day when he blacked out everything in the letters but a, an and the. That erected more dynamic intralinear tensions, he felt, and in just about every case left a message far more universal. Soon he was proscribing parts of salutations and signatures and leaving the text untouched. One time he blacked out all but the salutation 'Dear Mary' from a letter, and at the bottom he wrote, 'I yearn for you tragically. R. O. Shipman, Chaplain, U.S. Army.' R.O. Shipman was the group chaplain's name.

When he had exhausted all possibilities in the letters, he began attacking the names and addresses on the envelopes, obliterating whole homes and streets, annihilating entire metropolises with careless flicks of his wrist as though he were God. Catch-22 required that each censored letter bear the censoring officer's name. Most letters he didn't read at all. On those he didn't read at all he wrote his own name. On those he did read he wrote, 'Washington Irving.' When that grew monotonous he wrote, 'Irving Washington.' Censoring the envelopes had serious repercussions, produced a ripple of anxiety on some ethereal military echelon that floated a C.I.D. man back into the ward posing as a patient. They all knew he was a C.I.D. man because he kept inquiring about an officer named Irving or Washington and because after his first day there he wouldn't censor letters. He found them too monotonous.

Extract from Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*

Both extracts are set in a wartime hospital ward. Compare and contrast how each writer presents the realities of war, paying close attention to form and language.

[30m]

OR

Question 4 – Poetry

Read the two poems below and answer the question that follows.

(a)

City Planners

Cruising these residential Sunday
streets in dry August sunlight:
what offends us is
the sanities:
the houses in pedantic rows, the planted
sanitary trees, assert
levelness of surface like a rebuke
to the dent in our car door. 5
No shouting here, or
shatter of glass; nothing more abrupt
than the rational whine of a power mower
cutting a straight swath in the discouraged grass. 10

But though the driveways neatly
sidestep hysteria
by being even, the roofs all display
the same slant of avoidance to the hot sky,
certain things: 15
the smell of spilled oil a faint
sickness lingering in the garages,
a splash of paint on brick surprising as a bruise,
a plastic hose poised in a vicious
coil; even the too-fixed stare of the wide windows 20

give momentary access to
the landscape behind or under
the future cracks in the plaster
when the houses, capsized, will slide
obliquely into the clay seas, gradual as glaciers 25
that right now nobody notices.

That is where the City Planners
with the insane faces of political conspirators
are scattered over unsurveyed
territories, concealed from each other, 30
each in his own private blizzard;
guessing directions, they sketch
transitory lines rigid as wooden borders
on a wall in the white vanishing air 35

tracing the panic of suburb
order in a bland madness of snows.

- Margaret Atwood

(b)

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,
filled with permutations of possibilities.

The buildings are in alignment with the roads
which meet at desired points
linked by bridges all hang
in the grace of mathematics.

5

They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws,
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.
All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.

10

The country wears perfect rows
of shining teeth.

15

Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.
They have the means.

They have it all so it will not hurt,
so history is new again.

20

The piling will not stop.
The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed
poetry. Not a single drop
to stain the blueprint
of our past's tomorrow.

25

- Boey Kim Cheng

Compare and contrast the two viewpoints towards urban planning. In your answer,
focus on form and language.

[30m]

END OF PAPER

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