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南洋女子中學校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
SECONDARY THREE END-OF-YEAR EXAMINATION

9 October 2013

2 hours

Wednesday

Advanced Literature (HP)

1200-1400

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 **two** questions: *one* from Section A and *one* from Section B.
2. You are reminded of the need for good English and legible handwriting.

SECTION A: SET TEXT

Answer either question 1 or 2

Question 1: Death of A Salesman by Arthur Miller

In *Death of A Salesman*, Willy may be seen as a symbol of failure.

Why, in the play, may Willy be seen as a symbol of failure? Remember to make close reference to the text to support your answer.

[30]

Or

Question 2: The Turn of The Screw by Henry James

I got hold of Mrs Grose as soon after this as I could; and I can give no intelligible account of how I fought out the interval. Yet I still hear myself cry as I fairly threw myself into her arms: 'They *know* – it's too monstrous: they know they know!'

'And what on earth -?' I felt incredulity as she held me.

'Why all that *we* know – and heaven knows more besides!'

Then as she released me I made it out to her, made it out perhaps only now with full coherency even to myself. 'Two hours ago, in the garden' – I could scarce articulate – 'Flora saw!'

Mrs Grose took it as she might have taken a blow in the stomach. 'She has told you?' she panted.

'Not a word – that's the horror. She kept it to herself! The child of eight, *that* child!' Unutterable still was the stupefaction of it.

Mrs Grose of course could only gape the wider. 'Then how do you know?'

'I was there – I saw with my eyes: saw she was perfectly aware.'

'Do you mean aware of *him*?'

'No- of her.' I was conscious as I spoke that I looked prodigious things, for I got the slow reflexion of them in my companion's face. 'Another person – this time; but a figure of quite as unmistakeable horror and evil: a woman in black, pale and dreadful – with such an air also, and such a face! – on the other side of the lake. I was there with the child – quiet for the hour; and in the midst of it she came.'

'Came how – from where?'

'From where they come from! She just appeared and stood there – but not so near.'

'And without coming nearer?'

Oh for the effect and the feeling she might have been as close as you!

My friend, with an odd impulse, fell back a step. "Was she someone you've never seen?"

'Never. But someone the child has. Someone *you* have.' Then to show how I had thought it all out: 'My predecessor – the one who died.'

'Miss Jessel?'

'Miss Jessel. You don't believe me? I pressed.

She turned right and left in her distress. 'How can you be sure?'

This drew from me, in the state of my nerves, a flash of impatience. 'Then ask Flora – *she's* sure!' But I had no sooner spoken than I caught myself up. 'No, for God's sake *don't!* She'll say she isn't – she'll lie!'

Mrs Grose was not too bewildered instinctively to protest. 'Ah how *can* you?'

'Because I'm clear. Flora doesn't want me to know.'

'It's only then to spare you.'

'No, no – there are depths, depths! The more I go over it the more I see in it, and the more I see in it the more I fear. I don't know what I *don't* see, what I *don't* fear!'

Mrs Grose tried to keep up with me. 'You mean you're afraid of seeing her again?'

'Oh no; that's nothing – now!' Then I explained. 'It's of *not* seeing her.'

But my companion only looked wan. 'I don't understand.'

'Why, it's that the child may keep it up – and that the child assuredly *will* – without my knowing it.'

Extract from Chapter 7, *Turn of the Screw*

- (a) How does the extract above show the narrator's state of mind?
- (b) The appeal of the novel lies not in its Gothic mood alone but in the hidden menace that is foreshadowed, then sustained. With close reference to the statement, say how this is true for *you, the reader*.

[30]

SECTION B: LITERARY RESPONSE

Answer either question 3 or 4

Question 3

Read the works below and answer the question that follows.

(a)

The Soul's Expression

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound
And inly answering all the senses round 5
With octaves of a mystic depth and height
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole, 10
And utter all myself into the air:
But if I did it,--as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

(b)

When first I was put into prison some people advised me to try and forget who I was. It was ruinous advice. It is only by realising what I am that I have found comfort of any kind. Now I am advised by others to try on my release to forget that I have ever been in a prison at all. I know that would be equally fatal. It would mean that I would always be 5 haunted by an intolerable sense of disgrace, and that those things that are meant for me as much as for anybody else – the beauty of the sun and moon, the pageant of the seasons, the music of daybreak and the silence of great nights, the rain falling through the leaves, or the dew creeping over the grass and making it silver – would all be tainted for 10 me, and lose their healing power, and their power of communicating joy. To regret one's own experiences is to arrest one's own development. To deny one's own experiences is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life. It is no less than a denial of the soul.

*Extract from **De Profundis** by Oscar Wilde*

How do the writers explore the personal struggle for self expression? Pay close attention to diction and tone.

[30m]

Question 4

Read the texts below and answer the question that follows.

(a)

Metaphor

indeed I do not like to drink instant coffee
pour it into another cup
I want to add honey to the breakfast table
so we'll be protected from diseases and distrust

at dawn, the ustaz on the radio teaches 5
the sufi's most efficacious prayer: sufficient is Allah unto me
I check my jugular vein, feeling His nearness
the distance of a strain of hair, a century is never enough
for me to understand the poetry of Ibn Arabi
on the way to red brimstone 10

why
did you sip the blackness of this morning's coffee
from that transparent cup
as coffee in a cup, there is a hole
impenetrable. this country is silent, you said 15
come let us kneel under the breeze
or at the edge of the coast
catching the fishes' noisy supplications.

By Johar Buang (translated from Malay by Rasiah Halil)

Line 5 - Ustaz: Islamic religious teacher

Line 6 – Sufi: a Muslim ascetic and mystic

Line 7- Jugular vein: from a Quranic verse (paraphrased); 'He (Allah) is nearer to you than your jugular vein'.

Line 9 – Muhyiddin Ibn Arabi: Sufi master, philosopher and poet from Andalusia (Muslim Spain), 1165-1220 CE. Author of several Sufi treatise and poetry. Noted for his doctrine of 'Wahdatul Wujud' (The Oneness of Being).

(b)

This is the art I can enjoy. This is a kind of sorcery in all cooking: in the choosing of ingredients, the process of mixing, grating, melting, infusing and flavouring, the recipes taken from ancient books, the traditional utensils – the pestle and the mortar with which my mother made her incense turned to a more homely purpose, her spices and aromatics giving up their subtleties to a baser, more sensual magic. And it is partly the transience of it that delights me; so much loving preparation, so much art and experience put into a pleasure which can last only a moment, and which only few will ever fully appreciate. 5

I use only the best. The blocks of couverture are slightly larger than house bricks, one box of each per delivery, and I use all three types: the dark, the milk and the white. It has to be tempered to bring it to its crystalline state, ensuring a hard brittle surface and a good shine. Some confectioners buy their supplies already tempered, but I like to do it myself. There is an endless fascination in handling the raw dullish blocks of couverture, in grating them by hand – I never use electric mixers – into the large ceramic pans, then melting, stirring, testing each painstaking step with the sugar thermometer until just the right amount of heat has been applied to make the change. 10 15

There is a kind of alchemy in the transformation of base chocolate into this wise fool's gold, a layman's magic which even my mother might have relishes. As I work I clear my mind, breathing deeply. The windows are open and the through draught would be cold if it were not for the heat of the stoves, the copper pans, the rising vapour from the melting couverture. The mingled scents of chocolate, vanilla, heated copper and cinnamon are intoxicating, powerfully suggestive; the raw and earthy tang of the Americas, the hot and resinous perfume of the rainforest. This is how I travel now, as the Aztecs did in their sacred rituals. The food of the gods, bubbling and frothing in ceremonial goblets. The bitter elixir of life. 20 25

Extract from *Chocolat* by Joanna Harris

Both texts describe personal experience with food. With close reference to diction and symbolism, say which of the two has a greater impact on you, the reader.

30m