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南洋女子中學校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
SECONDARY THREE BLOCK TEST 1

16 APRIL 2010

**7.45am – 8.45am
(1 Hour)**

Friday

Advanced Literature (HP)

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

1. Answer **either** question 1 **or** 2
2. You are reminded of the need for good English and legible handwriting.

Setter: SB

This document consists of **3** printed pages.

NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

[Turn over]

Answer either question 1 or 2

Either:

1. 'The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown. These facts few psychologists will dispute, and this admitted truth must establish for all time the genuineness and dignity of the weirdly horrible tale as a literary form.'

(*Supernatural Horror in Literature*, H.P. Lovecraft)

How far do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with reference to relevant works.

[30m]

Or:

2.

Read the poem below carefully.

How useful is the concept of the Gothic to an understanding of the poem? Support your answer with close reference to the text.

La Belle Dame sans Merci

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 5
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew; 10
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan. 20

I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore; 30
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd 35
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!" 40

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here, 45
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats

[30m]

END OF PAPER