

Class	Register Number	Name
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南洋女子中學校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

**SECONDARY THREE
END-OF-YEAR EXAMINATION 2014**

ADVANCED LITERATURE
Thursday, 2 October

2 hours
08 00 – 10 00

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name and register number on this question booklet and on every sheet of your answer script.

Answer ONE question from Section A, and ONE question from Section B. Answer in total TWO questions.

Label in the margin of the paper: question number and its parts (if relevant).

Start Section B on a fresh sheet of paper. Sections A and B will be collected separately.

Use only dark blue or black ink.

Do not use correction fluid / tape.

Plan and answer the question fully.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Arrange and securely tie your answer scripts.

You are reminded of the need for good handwriting.

Marks will be credited for good use of English.

A total possible mark for this paper is 60.

Setter:
CL / VMH

This paper consists of **8** printed pages,
including this cover page.
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

[Turn over

SECTION A: SET TEXT [30 marks]

William Golding, *Lord of the Flies*

Choose either 1 or 2.

EITHER

1. Professor Lars Gyllensen, at the 1983 Nobel Prize in Literature Ceremony, stated that the Golding's novels are not overwhelmingly "depressing".

Do you agree with Professor Gyllensen? Discuss this in relation to *Lord of the Flies*.

OR,

2. Read the following excerpt and then answer all parts of the question.

Ralph spread his arms.

'All ours.'

They laughed and tumbled and shouted on the mountain.

'I'm hungry.'

5

When Simon mentioned his hunger the others became aware of theirs.

'Come on,' said Ralph. 'We've found out what we wanted to know.'

They scrambled down a rock slope, dropped among flowers and made their way under the trees. Here they paused and examined the bushes around them curiously.

10

Simon spoke first.

'Like candles. Candle bushes. Candle buds.'

The bushes were dark evergreen and aromatic and the many buds were waxen green and folded up against the light. Jack slashed at one with his knife and the scent spilled over them.

15

'Candle buds.'

'You couldn't light them,' said Ralph. 'They just look like candles.'

'Green candles,' said Jack contemptuously, 'we can't eat them. Come on.'

20

They were in the beginnings of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track, when they heard the noises – squeakings – and the hard strike of hoofs on a path. As they pushed forward the squeaking increased till it became a frenzy. They found a piglet caught in a curtain of creepers, throwing itself at the elastic traces in all the madness of extreme terror. Its voice was thin, needle-sharp and insistent. The three boys rushed forward and Jack drew his knife again with a flourish. He raised his arm in the air. There came a pause, a hiatus, the pig continued to scream and the creepers to jerk, and the blade continued to flash at the end of a bony arm. The pause was only long enough for them to understand what an enormity the downward stroke would be. Then the piglet tore loose from the creepers and scurried into the undergrowth. They were left looking at each other and the place of terror. Jack's face was white under the freckles. He noticed that he still held the knife aloft and brought his arm down replacing the blade in the sheath. Then they all three laughed ashamedly and began to climb back to the track.

25

30

35

'I was choosing a place,' said Jack. 'I was just waiting for a moment to decide where to stab him.'

40

'You should stick a pig,' said Ralph fiercely. 'They always talk about

sticking a pig.'

'You cut a pig's throat to let the blood out,' said Jack, 'otherwise you can't eat the meat.' 45

'Why didn't you -?'

They knew very well why he hadn't: because of the enormity of the knife descending and cutting into living flesh; because of the unbearable blood.

'I was going to,' said Jack. He was ahead of them and they could not see his face. 'I was choosing a place. Next time - !' 50

He snatched his knife out of the sheath and slammed it into a tree trunk. Next time there would be no mercy. He looked round fiercely, daring them to contradict. Then they broke out into the sunlight and for a while they were busy finding and devouring food as they moved down the scar towards the platform and the meeting. 55

- (a) In what ways does Golding make this such a significant moment in the novel?
- (b) How does Golding explore the theme of civilization in the rest of the novel?

[TURN OVER]

SECTION B: UNSEEN TEXTS [30 marks]

Choose either 3 or 4.

Please write your answer to this section on a fresh sheet of paper.

EITHER

3. Read this poem carefully and then answer all parts of the question that follow:

“Broken Moon”

For Emma

Twelve, small as six,
strength, movement, hearing
all given in half measure,
my daughter,
child of genetic carelessness, 5
walks uphill, always.

I watch her morning face;
precocious patience as she hooks each sock,
creeps it up her foot,
aims her jersey like a quoit¹. 10
My fingers twitch;
her private frown deters.

Her jokes can sting:
'My life is like dressed crab
--lot of effort, rather little meat.' 15
Yet she delights in seedlings taking root,
finding a fossil,
a surprise dessert.

Chopin will not yield to her stiff touch;
I hear her cursing. 20
She paces Bach exactly,
firm rounding of perfect cadences.
Somewhere inside
she is dancing a courante².

In dreams she skims the sand, 25
curls toes into the ooze of pools,
leaps on to stanchions³.
Awake, her cousins take her hands;
they lean into the waves
stick-child between curved sturdiness. 30

¹ A game where one throws a rubber hoop over and through a spike

² Court dance for couples

³ A sturdy upright structure that provides support

She turns away from stares,
 laughs at the boy who asks
 if she will find a midget husband.
 Ten years ago, cradling her,
 I showed her the slice of silver in the sky. 35
 'Moon broken,' she said.

Carole Satyamurti

- (a) What impression do you have of the speaker's daughter in the first two stanzas (line 1 to 12)?
- (b) Explore the speaker's feelings towards her daughter. Explain the imagery she uses.

OR,

4. Read this extract carefully and then answer all parts of the question that follow:

Above the old man's head was the dovecote, a tall wire-netted shelf
 on tilts, full of strutting, preening birds. The sunlight broke on their grey
 breasts into small rainbows. His ears were lulled by their crooning, his hands
 stretched up towards the favorite, a homing pigeon, a young plump-bodied
 bird which stood still when it saw him and cocked a shrewd bright eye. 5

'Pretty, pretty, pretty,' he said, as he grasped the bird and drew it
 down, feeling the cold coral claws tighten around his finger. Content, he
 rested the bird lightly on his chest, and leaned against a tree, gazing out
 beyond the dovecote into the landscape of a late afternoon. 10

His eyes travelled homewards along the road until he saw his
 granddaughter swinging on the gate underneath a frangipani tree.

His mood shifted. He deliberately held out his wrist for the bird to
 take flight, and caught it again at the moment it spread its wings. He felt the
 plump shape strive and strain under his fingers; and, in a sudden access of
 troubled spite, shut the bird into a small box and fastened the bolt. 'Now you
 stay there,' he muttered; and turned his back on the shelf of birds. He moved
 warily along the hedge, stalking his granddaughter, who was now looped
 over the gate, her head loose on her arms, singing. The light happy sound
 mingled with the crooning of the birds, and his anger mounted. 15

'Hey!' he shouted; saw her jump, look back, and abandon the gate.
 Her eyes veiled themselves, and she said in a pert neutral voice: 'Hullo,
 Granddad.' Politely she moved towards him, after a lingering backward
 glance at the road. 20

'Waiting for Steven, hey?' he said, his fingers curling like claws into
 his palm.

Any objection?' she asked lightly, refusing to look at him. 25

He confronted her, his eyes narrowed, shoulders hunched, tight in a
 hard knot of pain which included the preening birds, the sunlight, the flowers.
 He said: 'Think you're old enough to go courting, hey?'

The girl tossed her head at the old-fashioned phrase and sulked, 30

'Oh, Grandad!'

'Think you want to leave home, hey? Think you can go running around the fields at night?'

Her smile made him see her, as he had every evening of this warm end-of-summer month, swinging hand in hand along the road to the village with that red-handed, redthroated, violent-bodied youth, the son of the postmaster. Misery went to his head and he shouted angrily: 'I'll tell your mother!'

'Tell away!' she said, laughing, and went back to the gate.

'Rubbish,' he shouted. 'Rubbish. Impudent little bit of rubbish!'

Growling under his breath he turned towards the dovecote, which was his refuge from the house he shared with his daughter and her husband and their children. But now the house would be empty. Gone all the young girls with their laughter and their squabbling and their teasing. He would be left, uncherished and alone, with that square-fronted, calm-eyed woman, his daughter.

He stopped, muttering, before the dovecote, resenting the absorbed cooing birds. From the gate the girl shouted: 'Go and tell! Go on, what are you waiting for?'

Obstinately he made his way to the house, with quick, pathetic persistent glances of appeal back at her. But she never looked around. Her defiant but anxious young body stung him into love and repentance. He stopped, 'But I never meant...' he muttered, waiting for her to turn and run to him. 'I didn't mean...'

She did not turn. She had forgotten him. Along the road came the young man Steven, with something in his hand. A present for her? The old man stiffened as he watched the gate swing back, and the couple embrace. In the brittle shadows of the frangipani tree his granddaughter, his darling, lay in the arms of the postmaster's son, and her hair flowed back over his shoulder.

'I see you!' shouted the old man spitefully. They did not move. He stumped into the little whitewashed house, hearing the wooden veranda creak angrily under his feet. His daughter was sewing in the front room, threading a needle held to the light.

'Put your birds to bed?' she asked, humouring him.

'Lucy,' he said urgently, 'Lucy...'

'Well, what is it now?'

'She's in the garden with Steven.'

'Now you just sit down and have your tea.'

He stumped his feet alternately, thump, thump, on the hollow wooden floor and shouted: 'She'll marry him. I'm telling you, she'll be marrying him next!'

His daughter rose swiftly, brought him a cup, set him a plate.

'I don't want any tea. I don't want it, I tell you.'

'Now, now,' she crooned. 'What's wrong with it? Why not?'

'She's eighteen. Eighteen!'

'I was married at seventeen and I never regretted it.'

'Liar,' he said. 'Liar. Then you should regret it. Why do you make your girls marry? It's you who do it. What do you do it for? Why?'

'The other three have done fine. They've three fine husbands. Why not Alice?'	95
'She's the last,' he mourned. 'Can't we keep her a bit longer?'	
'Come, now, Dad. She'll be down the road, that's all. She'll be here every day to see you.'	
'But it's not the same.' He thought of the other three girls, transformed inside a few months from charming petulant spoiled children into serious young matrons.	100
'You never did like it when we married,' she said. 'Why not? Every time, it's the same. When I got married you made me feel like it was something wrong. And my girls the same. She'll marry next month. There's no reason to wait.'	105
'You've said they can marry?' he said incredulously.	
'Yes, Dad, why not?' she said coldly, and took up her sewing.	110
His eyes stung, and he went out on to the veranda. Wet spread down over his chin and he took out a handkerchief and mopped his whole face. The garden was empty.	
From around the corner came the young couple; but their faces were no longer set against him. On the wrist of the postmaster's son balanced a young pigeon, the light gleaming on its breast.	115
'For me?' said the old man, letting the drops shake off his chin. 'For me?'	
'Do you like it?' The girl grabbed his hand and swung on it. 'It's for you, Grandad. Steven brought it for you.' They hung about him, affectionate, concerned, trying to charm away his wet eyes and his misery. They took his arms and directed him to the shelf of birds, one on each side, enclosing him, petting him, saying wordlessly that nothing would be changed, nothing could change, and that they would be with him always. The bird was proof of it, they said, from their lying happy eyes, as they thrust it on him. 'There, Grandad, it's yours. It's for you.'	120
They watched him as he held it on his wrist, stroking its soft, sun-warmed back, watching the wings lift and balance.	125
'You must shut it up for a bit', said the girl intimately. 'Until it knows this is its home.'	130
Released by his half-deliberate anger, they fell back, laughing at him. 'We're glad you like it.' They moved off, now serious and full of purpose, to the gate, where they hung, backs to him, talking quietly. More than anything could, their grown-up seriousness shut him out, making him alone; also, it quietened him, took the sting out of their tumbling like puppies on the grass. They had forgotten him again. Well, so they should, the old man reassured himself, feeling his throat clotted with tears, his lips trembling. He held the new bird to his face, for the caress of its silken feathers. Then he shut it in a box and took out his favourite.	135
'Now you can go', he said aloud. He held it poised, ready for flight, while he looked down the garden towards the boy and the girl. Then, clenched in the pain of loss, he lifted the bird on his wrist, and watched it soar. A whirr and a spatter of wings, and a cloud of birds rose into the evening from the dovecote.	140
	145

Adapted from "Flight" by Doris Lessing

- (a) What are your impressions of the old man? Consider his interactions with his daughter and granddaughter.
- (b) The title of this short story is “Flight”. How is this an appropriate title for the story?

[END]