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| Class | Register Number | Name |
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南洋女子中學校

Nanyang Girls' High School

**End-of-Year Examination 2022  
Secondary 3**

**ADVANCED LITERATURE**

**Monday 10 October**

**2 hours  
0845 – 1045**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

1. Write your name, register number and class on all the work you hand in.
2. Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
3. Write the number of the question you are attempting in the margin.
4. Begin your **answer to Section B** on a **fresh sheet** of paper.
5. Write in dark blue or black ink on both sides of the paper.
6. 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.
7. At the end of the examination, fasten your work securely together according to instructions.
8. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
9. The total number of marks for this paper is 50; 25 marks for Section A and 25 marks for Section B.

This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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## SECTION A: SET TEXT

Answer **either** Question 1(a) **or** Question 1(b).

## Question 1

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the text.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*  
&  
JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

**Either (a)** “A novel of liberation.”

Discuss how the text exemplifies, or subverts, the central concern encapsulated in the above quotation.

Your answer should reference EITHER Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* OR Jean Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea*, paying close attention to the writer's use of language and narrative craft.

DAVID AUBURN: *Proof*

Or (b) Read the extract carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it:

HAL: You'll have to deal with it eventually, you know. You can't ignore it, you'll have to get it published. You'll have to talk to someone. Take it, at least. Then I'll go. Here.

CATHERINE: I don't want it.

HAL: Come on, Catherine. I'm trying to correct things.

5

CATHERINE: You CAN'T. Do you hear me?

You think you've figured something out? You run over here so pleased with yourself because you changed your mind. Now you're certain. You're so... sloppy. You don't know anything. The book, the math, the dates, the writing, all that stuff you decided with your buddies, it's just evidence. It doesn't finish the job. It doesn't prove anything.

10

HAL: Okay, what would?

CATHERINE: NOTHING.

You should have trusted me. *(beat)*

HAL: I know.

15

*[Beat. CATHERINE gathers her things.]*

So Claire sold the house?

CATHERINE: Yes.

HAL: Stay in Chicago. You're an adult.

CATHERINE: She wants me in New York. She wants to look after me.

HAL: Do you need looking after?

20

CATHERINE: She thinks I do.

HAL: You looked after your dad for five years.

CATHERINE: So maybe it's my turn.

I kick and scream but I don't know. Being taken care of, it doesn't sound so bad. I'm tired.

25

And the house is a wreck, let's face it. It was my dad's house. I don't think I should spend another winter here.

HAL: There's nothing wrong with you.

CATHERINE: I think I'm like my dad.

HAL: I think you are too.

30

CATHERINE: I'm... afraid to me like my dad.

HAL: You're not him.

CAHTERINE: Maybe I will be.

HAL: Maybe. Maybe you'll be better.

*[Pause. He offers her the book. This time she takes it. She looks down at the book, runs her fingers over the cover.]*

CATHERINE: It didn't feel "amazing" or – what word did you use? 35

HAL: Yeah, amazing.

CATHERINE: Yeah. It was just connecting the dots.  
Some nights I could connect three or four. Some nights they'd be really far apart, I'd have no idea how to get to the next one, if there was a next one.

HAL: He never really knew? 40

CATHERINE: No. I worked after midnight. He was usually in bed.

HAL: Every night?

CATHERINE: No. When I got stuck I watched TV. Sometimes if he couldn't sleep he'd come downstairs, sit with me. We'd talk. Not about math, he couldn't. About the movie we were watching. I'd explain the stories. 45  
Or about fixing the heat. Decide we didn't want to. We liked the radiators even though they clanked in the middle of the night, make the air dry. Or we'd plan breakfast, talk about what we were gonna eat together in the morning.  
Those nights were usually pretty good. 50  
I know... it works... But all I can see are the compromises, the approximations, places where it's stitched together. It's lumpy. Dad's stuff was way more elegant. When he was young. *(beat)*

HAL: Talk me through it? Whatever's bothering you. Maybe you'll improve it.

CATHERINE: I don't know... 55

HAL: Pick anything. Give it a shot? Maybe you'll discover something elegant.

*[A moment. HAL sits next to her. Eventually she opens the book, turns the pages slowly, locates a section. She looks at him.]*

CATHERINE: Here: *(she begins to speak)*

*[Curtain.]*

*(Act 2 Scene 5)*

(a) In this extract, examine Auburn's use of dramatic form and language in the portrayal of Catherine.

(b) Discuss how Auburn sets up the preceding scenes to bring the play to a fitting close. Your answer should reference specific moment(s) elsewhere in the text.

## SECTION B: POETRY

Answer **either** Question 2(a) **or** Question 2(b).

## Question 2

**Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the text.**

**Either (a)** Write a critical comparison of poems A and B, considering the poets' perspective on beauty. Your answer should involve an examination of poetic form and language.

A

*Human Beauty*

If you write a poem about love . . .  
the love is a bird,

the poem is an origami bird.  
If you write a poem about death . . .

the death is a terrible fire,  
the poem is an offering of paper cut-out flames.

5

you feed to the fire.  
We can see, in these, the space between

our gestures and the power they address  
– an insufficiency. And yet a kind of beauty,

10

a distinctly human beauty. When a winter storm  
from out of nowhere hit New York on night

in 1982, the crew at a theatre was caught  
unloading props: a box

of paper snow for the Christmas scene got dropped  
and broke open, and that flash of white

15

confetti was lost  
inside what it was a praise of.

(by Albert Goldbarth)

B

*Still will I harvest beauty where it grows*

Still will I harvest beauty where it grows:  
In coloured fungus and the spotted fog  
Surprised on foods forgotten; in ditch and bog  
Filmed brilliant with irregular rainbows  
Of rust and oil, where half a city throws  
Its empty tins; and in some spongy log  
Whence headlong leaps the oozy emerald frog . . .  
And a black pupil in the green scum shows.  
Her the inhabiter of divers places  
Surmising at all doors, I push them all.  
Oh, you that fearful of a creaking hinge  
Turn back now forevermore with craven faces,  
I tell you Beauty bears an ultra fringe  
Ungessed of you upon her gossamer shawl!

5

10

(by Edna St. Vincent Millay)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of poems C and D, considering how the poets effectively use the moon to convey human experience. Your answer should involve an examination of poetic form and language.

C

*History as Crescent Moon*

The horns  
of a bull  
who was placed  
before a mirror at the beginning  
of human time; 5  
in his fury  
at the challenge of his double,  
he has, from  
that time to this,  
been throwing himself against 10  
the mirror, until  
by now it is  
shivered into millions of pieces –  
here an eye, there  
a hoof or a tuft 15  
of hair; here a small wet shard made  
entirely of tears.  
And up there, below the spilt milk of  
the stars, one  
silver splinter – 20  
parenthesis at the close of a long sentence,  
new crescent,  
beside it, red  
asterisk of  
Mars 25

(by Eleanor Wilner)

D

*The Moon is Compared to a City*

The moon's a perfect city, with  
Curved walls encompassed round;  
With yellow places upreared  
Upon a glittering ground.  
  
Sometimes a disk, a planet dead; 5  
But on this splendid night,  
When all the sky is shining clear,  
When my whole heart is light,  
  
I think it is a place for friends.  
My soul is there with mirth, 10  
With golden-robed good-citizens,  
Far from the dusty earth.  
  
Hail to the perfect city then!  
I love your doors and domes,  
Your turrets and your places, 15  
Your terraces, your homes.

(by Vachel Lindsay)

**END OF PAPER**

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