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南洋女子中學校
NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
End-of-Year Examination 2020
Secondary 3

ADVANCED LITERATURE HP

2 hours

Friday

9 October 2020

0845 – 1045hrs

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 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: Rosalind Yeo	This document consists of 8 printed pages, including this cover page. NANYANG GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL	[Turn over]
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SECTION A: SET TEXT [30 marks]

Answer **one** question from this section

Question 1

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

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- Either (a)** How far do you agree with the view that Pip is more sinned against than sinning?

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

Linda: Why didn't anybody come?
Charley: It was a very nice funeral.
Linda: But where are all the people he knew? Maybe they blame him.
Charley: Naa. It's a rough world, Linda. They wouldn't blame him.
Linda: I can't understand it. At this time especially. First time in thirty- 5
 five years we were just about free and clear. He only needed a
 little salary. He was even finished with the dentist.
Charley: No man only needs a little salary.
Linda: I can't understand it.
Biff: There were a lot of nice days. When he'd come home from a 10
 trip; or on Sundays, making the stoop; finishing the cellar;
 putting on the new porch; when he built the extra bathroom; and
 put up the garage. You know something, Charley, there's more
 of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made.
Charley: Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement. 15
Linda: He was so wonderful with his hands.
Biff: He had the wrong dreams. All, all, wrong.
Happy: [almost ready to fight BIFF] Don't say that!
Biff: He never knew who he was.
Charley: [stopping HAPPY'S movement and reply. To BIFF] Nobody dast 20
 blame this man. You don't understand: Willy was a salesman.
 And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't
 put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine.
 He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a
 shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back – that's an 25
 earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your

	hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.	
Biff:	Charley, the man didn't know who he was.	
Happy:	[<i>infuriated</i>] Don't say that!	30
Biff:	Why don't you come with me, Happy?	
Happy:	I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! [<i>He looks at BIFF, his chin set.</i>] The Loman Brothers!	
Biff:	I know who I am, kid.	35
Happy:	All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have – to come out number-one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him.	
Biff:	[<i>with a hopeless glance at HAPPY, bends toward his mother</i>] Let's go, Mom.	40
Linda:	I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley [<i>He hesitates.</i>] I want to, just for a minute. I never had a chance to say good-bye. [<i>CHARLEY moves away, followed by HAPPY. BIFF remains a slight distance up and left of LINDA. She sits there, summoning herself. The flute begins, not far away, playing behind her speech.</i>]	45
Linda:	Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't know what it is, but I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me, Willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home. [<i>A sob rises in her throat.</i>] We're free and clear. [<i>Sobbing more fully, released.</i>] We're free. [<i>BIFF comes slowly toward her.</i>] We're free . . . We're free . . .	50 55
	[<i>BIFF lifts her to her feet and moves out up right with her in his arms. LINDA sobs quietly. BERNARD and CHARLEY come together and follow them, followed by HAPPY. Only the music of the flute is left on the darkening stage as over the house the hard towers of the apartment buildings rise into sharp focus.</i>]	60

- (i) How does Miller make **this passage** such an effective and sad ending to the play?
- (ii) Explore **one** other moment in the play that Miller makes particularly moving for you.

SECTION B: COMPARATIVE LITERARY RESPONSE [30 marks]

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

Question 2

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

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of abortion.

A**the lost baby poem**

the time i dropped your almost body down
down to meet the waters under the city
and run one with the sewage to the sea
what did i know about waters rushing back
what did i know about drowning
or being drowned

5

you would have been born in winter
in the year of the disconnected gas
and no car we would have made the thin
walk over the genesee* hill into the canada wind
to watch you slip like ice into strangers' hands
you would have fallen naked as snow into winter
if you were here i could tell you these
and some other things

10

if i am ever less than a mountain
for your definite brothers and sisters
let the rivers pour over my head
let the sea take me for a spiller
of seas let black men call me stranger
always for your never named sake

15

20

Lucille Clifton (1936-2010)

* genesee: located in central Alberta, Canada

B

The Mother

Abortions will not let you forget.
 You remember the children you got that you did not get,
 The damp small pulps with a little or with no hair,
 The singers and workers that never handled the air.
 You will never neglect or beat 5
 Them, or silence or buy with a sweet.
 You will never wind up the sucking-thumb
 Or scuttle off ghosts that come.
 You will never leave them, controlling your luscious sigh,
 Return for a snack of them, with gobbling mother-eye. 10

I have heard in the voices of the wind the voices of my dim killed children.
 I have contracted. I have eased
 My dim dears at the breasts they could never suck.
 I have said, Sweets, if I sinned, if I seized
 Your luck 15
 And your lives from your unfinished reach,
 If I stole your births and your names,
 Your straight baby tears and your games,
 Your stilted or lovely loves, your tumults, your marriages, aches,
 and your deaths, 20
 If I poisoned the beginnings of your breaths,
 Believe that even in my deliberateness I was not deliberate.
 Though why should I whine,
 Whine that the crime was other than mine?--
 Since anyhow you are dead. 25
 Or rather, or instead,
 You were never made.
 But that too, I am afraid,
 Is faulty: oh, what shall I say, how is the truth to be said?
 You were born, you had body, you died. 30
 It is just that you never giggled or planned or cried.

Believe me, I loved you all.
 Believe me, I knew you, though faintly, and I loved, I loved you
 All.

Gwendolyn Brooks (1917-2000)

Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following prose passages, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each writer's portrayal of teachers.

A *Miss Brodie is a teacher at a girls' school, while Miss Mackay is the headmistress. This extract takes place at the beginning of the school year and Miss Brodie has recently returned from a holiday in Italy.*

'Good morning, sit down, girls,' said the headmistress who had entered in a hurry, leaving the door wide open.

Miss Brodie passed behind her with her head up, up, and shut the door with the utmost meaning.

'I have only just looked in,' said Miss Mackay, 'and I have to be off. 5
Well, girls, this is the first day of the new session. Are we downhearted? No. You girls must work hard this year at every subject and pass your qualifying examination with flying colours. Next year you will be in the Senior school, remember. I hope you've all had a nice summer holiday, you all look nice and brown. I hope in due course of time to read your essays 10
on how you spent them.'

When she had gone Miss Brodie looked hard at the door for a long time. A girl, called Judith, giggled. Miss Brodie said to Judith, 'That will do.' She turned to the blackboard and rubbed out with her duster the long division sum she always kept on the blackboard in case of intrusions from 15
outside during any arithmetic periods when Miss Brodie should happen not to be teaching arithmetic. When she had done this she turned back to the class and said, 'Are we downhearted no, are we downhearted no. I shall be able to tell you a great deal this term. As you know, I don't believe in talking down to children, you are capable of grasping more than is generally 20
appreciated by your elders. Qualifying examination or no qualifying examination, you will have the benefit of my experiences in Italy. In Rome I saw the Colosseum where the gladiators died and the slaves were thrown to the lions. A vulgar American remarked to me, "It looks like a mighty fine quarry." They talk nasally. Mary, what does to talk nasally mean?' 25

Mary did not know.

'Stupid as ever,' said Miss Brodie. 'Eunice?'

'Through your nose,' said Eunice.

'Answer in a complete sentence, please,' said Miss Brodie. 'This year I think you must all start answering in complete sentences, I must try to 30
remember this rule. Your correct answer is "To talk nasally means to talk through one's nose". The American said, "It looks like a mighty fine quarry." Ah, it was there the gladiators fought. "Hail Caesar!" they cried. "These about to die salute thee!"'

Miss Brodie stood in her brown dress like a gladiator with raised arm 35
and eyes flashing like a sword. 'Hail Caesar!' she cried again, turning radiantly to the window light, as if Caesar sat there. 'Who opened the window?' said Miss Brodie dropping her arm.

Nobody answered.

'Whoever has opened the window has opened it too wide,' said Miss Brodie. 'Six inches is perfectly adequate. More is vulgar. One should have an innate sense of these things. We ought to be doing history at the moment according to the time-table. Get out your history books and prop them up in your hands. I shall tell you a little more about Italy. 40

Keep your books propped up in case we have any further intruders.' She looked disapprovingly towards the door and lifted her fine dark Roman head with dignity. 45

'Next year,' she said, 'you will have the specialists to teach you history and mathematics and languages, a teacher for this and a teacher for that. But in this your last year with me you will receive the fruits of my prime. They will remain with you all your days. First, however, I must mark the register for today before we forget. There are two new girls. Stand up the two new girls.' 50

They stood up with wide eyes while Miss Brodie sat down at her desk.

'You will get used to our ways.' 55

From the novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* by Muriel Spark, 1961

- B** *Paddy Clarke's younger brother Francis is usually called Sinbad and is bullied by Paddy and his gang, including Kevin. After Paddy's father walked out on the family, Paddy feels more defensive towards his brother. 'Henno' or Mr Hennessey is Paddy's form teacher.*

There were two teachers not in because they were sick so Henno had to mind another class. He left us with a load of sums on the board. He left the door open. There wasn't much messing or noise. I liked long division. I used my ruler to make sure that my lines were absolutely straight. I liked guessing if I'd have the answer before I got to the end of the page. There was a screech and laughing. Kevin had leaned over and drawn a squiggly line all over Fergus Shevlin's copy, only he'd used the wrong end of the pen so there was no mark but Fergus Shevlin got a fright. I didn't see it. I was at the top of the second row that week and Kevin was in the middle of the third row. 5 10

You could always tell when Henno came back. Everything in the room went really still for a few seconds. He was in the room; I could tell. I didn't look up. I was near the end of a sum.

He was standing beside me.

He put a copy under my eyes. It was open. It wasn't mine. There were wet streaks in the ink all the way down the pages. They'd made the ink a lighter blue; there were bars of light blue across the page where someone had tried to rub the tears away. 15

I expected to be hit.

I looked up.	20
Henno had Sinbad with him. They were Sinbad's tears; I could tell from his face and the way his breath jumped.	
-Look at that, Henno said to me.	
He meant the copy. I did what I was told.	
-Isn't it disgraceful?	25
I didn't say.	
All that was wrong was the tears. They'd ruined the writing, nothing else. Sinbad's writing wasn't bad. It was big and the lines of his letters swerved a bit like rivers because he wrote very slowly. Some of the turns missed the copy line but not by much. It was just the tears.	30
I waited.-	
You're damn lucky you're not in this class, Mister Clarke Junior, Henno said to Sinbad – Ask your brother.	
I still didn't know what was wrong, why I was supposed to be looking at the copy, why my brother was standing there. He wasn't crying now; his face was the proper way.	35
It was a new feeling: something really unfair was happening; something nearly mad. He'd only cried. Henno didn't know him; he'd just picked on him.	
He spoke to me.	40
-You're to put that copy in your bag and you're to show it to your mother the minute you get home. Let her see what a specimen she has on her hands. Is that clear?	
I wasn't going to do it but I had to say it.	
-Yes, Sir.	45
I wanted to look at Sinbad, to let him know. I wanted to look around at everyone.	
-In your bag now.	
I closed the copy gently. The pages were still a bit wet.	
-Get out of my sight, Henno told Sinbad.	50
Sinbad went. Henno called him back to close the door after him; he asked him was he born in a barn. Then Henno went over and opened the door again, to listen for noise from the other class.	
I gave the copy to Sinbad.	
-I'm not going to show the copy to Ma, I told him.	55
He said nothing.	
-I won't tell her what happened, I said.	
I needed him to know.	

From the novel *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* by Roddy Doyle, 1993

END OF PAPER