

Class	Register Number	Name
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Mid-Year Examination 2018 Secondary Three

Advanced Literature (HP)

2 hours

Monday

7 May 2018

1115hrs - 1315 hrs

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 **both Section A and Section B**.
2. Begin your answer to Section B on a **fresh** sheet of paper.
3. Number your answers clearly.
4. You are reminded of the need for good English and legible handwriting.

Setters:
SGK

This document consists of **6** printed pages,
including this cover page.

[Turn over]

SECTION A: SET TEXT

Death of a Salesman – Arthur Miller

1. Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow.

Linda: ...Willy, dear, I got a new kind of American-type cheese today. It's whipped.

Willy: Why do you get American when I like Swiss?

Linda: I just thought you'd like a change –

Willy: I don't want a change! I want Swiss cheese. Why am I always being contradicted?

Linda, with a covering laugh: I thought it would be a surprise.

Willy: Why don't you open a window here, for God's sake?

Linda, with infinite patience: They're all open dear.

Willy: The way they boxed us in here. Bricks and windows, windows and bricks.

Linda: We should've bought the land next door.

Willy: The street is lined with cars. There's not a breath of fresh air in the neighborhood. The grass don't grow anymore, you can't raise a carrot in the backyard. They should've had a law against apartment houses. Remember those two beautiful elm trees out there? When I and Biff hung the swing between them?

Linda: Yeah, like a million miles from the city.

Willy: They should've arrested the builder for cutting those down. They massacred the neighborhood. *Lost:* More and more I think of those days, Linda. This time of year it was lilac and wisteria. And then the peonies would come out, and the daffodils. What fragrance in this room!

Linda: Well, after all, people had to move somewhere.

Willy: No there's more people now.

Linda: I don't think there's more people. I think –

Willy: There's more people! That's what's ruining this country! Population is getting out of control. The competition is maddening! Smell the stink from that apartment house! And another one on the other side... How can they whip cheese?

- Extract from *Act 1, Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller

- 1a. What can you establish about Willy Loman's attitude to the changes in his environment in this extract?
- 1b. How does this extract contribute to your understanding of the theme of transitions and tragedy in the play? Refer to the rest of the play in your answer.

[30]

SECTION B: COMPARATIVE LITERARY RESPONSE

2. Read the two extracts below and answer the question that follows

(a)

The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkempt, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggle cheek by jowl with the beeches, and they had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and there amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and of grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

I turned to the house which stood inviolate, untouched. I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done. The rhododendrons stood fifty feet high, twisted and entwined with bracken, and they had entered into alien marriage with a host of nameless shrubs, poor, bastard things that clung about their roots as though conscious of their spurious origin. A lilac had mated with a copper beech, and to bind them yet more closely to one another the malevolent ivy, always an enemy to grace, had thrown her tendrils about the pair and made them prisoners. Ivy held prior place in this lost garden, the long strand crept across the lawns, and soon would encroach upon the house itself.

Nettles were everywhere, the vanguard of the army. They choked the terrace, they sprawled about the paths, they leant vulgar and lanky, against the very windows of the house. They made indifferent sentinels, for in many places their ranks had been broken by the rhubarb plant, and they lay with crumpled heads and listless stems, making a pathway for the rabbits.

- adapted from *Rebecca* by Daphne Du Maurier

(b)

Step by step, she had come to this, a woman without a will, sitting on an old ruined sofa that smelled of dirt, waiting for the night to come that would finish her.

She lifted her head, with a startled jerk, thinking only that the trees were pressing in around the house, watching, waiting for the night. When she was gone, she thought, this house would be destroyed. It would be killed by the bush, which had always hated it, had always stood around it silently, waiting for the moment when it could advance and cover it, for ever, so that nothing remained. She could see the house, empty, its furnishings rotting. First would come the rats. Already they ran over the rafters at night, their long wiry tails trailing. They would swarm up over the furniture and the walls, gnawing and gutting til nothing was left but brick and iron, and the floors were thick with droppings. And then the beetles: great, black, armored beetles would crawl in from the veld¹ and lodge in the crevasses of the brick. Some were there now, twiddling with their feelers, watching with small painted eyes. And then the rains would break. The sky would lift and clear, and the trees grow lush and distinct, and the air would be shining like water. But at night the rain would drum down on the roof, on and on, endlessly, and the grass would spring up in the space of empty ground about the house, and the bushes would follow, and by the next season creepers would trail over the veranda and pull down the tins of plants, so that they crashed into pullulating masses of wet growth, and geraniums grew side by side with the blackjacks. A branch would nudge through the broken windowpanes, and, slowly, slowly, the shoulders of trees would press against the brick, until at last it leaned and crumbled and fell, a hopeless ruin, with sheets of rusting iron resting on the bushes. Under the tin, toads and long wiry worms like rats' tails and fat white worms, like slugs.

At last the bush would cover the subsiding mass, and there would be nothing left. People would search for the house. They would come across a stone step propped against the trunk of a tree, and say, "This must be the Turners' old house. Funny how quick the bush covers things over once they are left!" A little further on, there would be mound of reddish mud, swathed with rotting thatch like the hair of a dead person, which was all that remained of the Englishman's hut; and beyond that, the heap of rubble that marked the end of the store. The house, the store, the chicken-runs, the hut – all gone, nothing left, the bush grown over all! Her mind was filled with green, wet branches, thick wet grass, and thrusting bushes. It snapped shut: the vision was gone.

- adapted from *The Grass Is Singing* by Doris Lessing

Each extract presents a house and the power of nature. Compare and contrast the two descriptions paying close attention to language and how it contributes to the mood and feeling of each text.

[30m]

¹ open, uncultivated country or grassland in southern Africa

END OF PAPER

Nanyang Girls' High School