

Class	Register Number	Name
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End-of-Year Examination 2018 Secondary Three

Advanced Literature (HP)

2 hours

Wednesday

3 October 2018

0845 hrs – 1045 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**.
Choose **ONE** question from **Section A** and **ONE** question from **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 **7** printed pages,
including this cover page.

[Turn over]

SECTION A: SET TEXTS

Death of a Salesman – Arthur Miller
Great Expectations – Charles Dickens

EITHER

1. Play **or** Novel

The pursuit of happiness can make one selfish and cruel.

With reference to a character in *either* the play or the novel you have read this year, say how far you agree with this statement.

OR

2. Novel: *Great Expectations*

Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow.

For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think, that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I sailed was gone to pieces.

Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all – it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe. 5 10

I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth would have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never, undo what I had done. 15

In every rage of wind and rush of rain, I heard pursuers. Twice I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer door. With these fears upon me, I began to either imagine or recall that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That, for weeks gone by, I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That, these likenesses had grown more numerous, as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That, his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me. 20

Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other 25

convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch, tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire, a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden. 30

He had rolled a handkerchief round his head, and his face was set and lowering in his sleep. But he was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying on the pillow. Assured of this, I softly removed the key to the outside of his door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire.

- extract from Chapter 39, *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens

- (a) How does Dickens present Pip's state of mind?
- (b) "What matters to Dickens is not what one might achieve, but what kind of person one is." How does Dickens convey this through the character, Pip?

[30m]

SECTION B: COMPARATIVE LITERARY RESPONSE

EITHER

Poetry

Read the two poems below and answer the question that follows.

(a)

Journey

Ah, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me – I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following Care along the dusty road, 5
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass 10
And close my eyes.
Yet onwards!
Cat birds call
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills¹ wake and cry, 15
Drawing the twilight close about their throats.
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me;
And bayberry, that through sweet bevvies thread 20
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds.
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All through the dragging day, – sharp underfoot 25
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs –
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road 30
A gateless garden, and an open path:
My feet to follow and my heart to hold.

- Edna St Vincent Millay (1921)

¹ Whip-poor-wills are nocturnal birds in North America

(b)

Journey

One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice –
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
“Mend my life!”
each voice cried. 5
But you didn’t stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried
with its stiff fingers 10
at the very foundations,
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
Enough, and a wild night,
And the road full of fallen
Branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,
the stars began to burn 20
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company 30
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do –
determined to save 35
the only life you could save.

- Mary Oliver, from *Dream Work* (1986)

Both poems have the same title. Compare and contrast the presentation of the two perspectives, paying close attention to the use of language and tone.

OR

4. Prose

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

(a)

In this extract, the writer revisits an old haunt, a favourite camping and picnic site by the lake that he visited each summer with his son and friends. He also describes some changes he notices.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a sedative, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and the twin cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a petulant, irritable sound; at night, in the still evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one's ears like mosquitoes.

We had a good week at the camp. The bass was biting well and the sun shone endlessly, day after day. We would be tired at night and lie down in the accumulated heat of the little bedrooms after the long hot day and the breeze would stir almost imperceptibly outside and the smell of the swamp drift in through the rusty screens. Sleep would come easily and in the morning the red squirrel would be on the roof, tapping out his gay routine. I kept remembering everything, lying in bed in the mornings – the small steamboat that had a rounded stern, and how quietly she ran on the moonlight sails, when the older boys played their mandolins and the girls sang and we ate doughnuts dipped in sugar, and how sweet the music was on the water in the shining night. After breakfast we would go up to the store and the things were in the same place – the minnows in the bottle, the plugs and spinners disarranged. Outside, the road was tarred and cars stood in front of the store. Inside, all was just as it had always been, except there was more Coca Cola and not so much Moxie² and root beer and birch beer.

- adapted from *Once More To The Lake* by E B White

² Moxie - from *Moxie*, the proprietary name of a soft drink in America in the 1930s

(b)

In this extract, the parties gather for a picnic on Box Hill, where Emma intends to encourage a closer acquaintance of Frank Churchill with her friend, Harriet.

They had a very fine day for Box Hill; and all the outward circumstances of arrangement, accommodation, and punctuality, were in favour of a pleasant party. Mr Weston directed the whole, officiating safely between Hartfield and the vicarage and everybody was in good time. Emma and Harriet went together; Miss Bates and her niece, with the Eltons; the gentlemen on horseback. Mrs Weston remained with Mr Woodhouse. Nothing was wanting but to be happy when they got there. Seven miles were travelled in expectation of enjoyment, and everybody had a burst of admiration on first arriving; but in the general amount of the day there was deficiency. There was a languor, a want of spirits, a want of union, which could not be got over. They separated too much into parties. The Eltons walked together; Mr Knightley took charge of Miss Bates and Jane; and Emma and Harriet belonged to Frank Churchill. And Mr Weston tried, in vain, to make them harmonize better. It seemed at first, an accidental division, but it never materially varied. Mr and Mrs Elton, indeed, showed no unwillingness to mix, and be as agreeable as they could; but during the two whole hours that were spent on the hill, there seemed a principle of separation, between the other parties, too strong for any fine prospects, or any cold collation, or any cheerful Mr Weston to remove.

At first it was downright dulness to Emma. She had never seen Frank Churchill so silent and stupid. He said nothing worth hearing – looked without seeing – admired without intelligence – listened without knowing what she said. While he was so dull, it was no wonder that Harriet should be dull likewise, and they were both insufferable.

When they all sat down, it was better; to her taste a great deal better, for Frank Churchill grew talkative and gay, making her his first object. Every distinguishing attention that could be paid, was paid to her. To amuse her, and be agreeable in her eyes, seemed all he cared for – and Emma, glad to be enlivened, not sorry to be flattered, was gay and easy too, and gave him all the friendly encouragement, the admission to be gallant, which she had ever given in the first and most animating period of their acquaintance; but which now, in her own estimation, meant nothing, though in the judgement of most people looking on it must have had such an appearance as no English word but flirtation could very well describe. 'Mr Frank Churchill and Miss Woodhouse flirted together excessively.' They were laying themselves open to that very phrase and to having it sent off in a letter to Maple Grove by one lady, to Ireland by another. Not that Emma was gay and thoughtless from any felicity, it was rather because she felt less happy than she had expected. She laughed because she was disappointed; and though she liked him for his attentions, and thought them all, whether in friendship, admiration, or playfulness, extremely judicious, they were not winning back her heart. She still intended him for her friend.

- from *Emma* by Jane Austen

The two extracts describe picnic experiences. How do the writers describe them?
Compare and contrast how each writer uses language to create mood.

Nanyang Girls' High School

END OF PAPER