



Catholic Junior College
JC2 Preliminary Examinations
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9539/01

Paper 1: Reading Literature

03 September 2025

3 hours

Additional Materials: Set Texts

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Pages can be flagged with paper clips or by folding the page corners.

Page numbers can be highlighted, underlined or marked out with vertical lines.

Any other kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (for example use of sticky notes or tape flags) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet will be provided with this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **three** questions: one from Section A, one from Section B, and one from Section C. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

Section A

1

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 separation.

A

BOATS

You and your photographs of boats;
that repeated metaphor for departure,

or simply the possibility of a voyage?
What you cannot tell me you tell me

with a vessel and its single passenger, 5
eyes fixed on some skylit conclusion.

Set apart and starkly upon a canvas
of tractable waves, brought to still

by the trigger-click of your camera, 10
like the sound a key makes when it

releases the lock. Your heart became
that lock; these images how you have

always articulated distance, a withdrawal.
Darling, there are just as many ways

of saying goodbye as there are ways 15
of letting you go. The boat is narrow

like the width of my heart after
impossible loss, cruel resignation;

this heart you ride in. Love, if this is how 20
you choose to leave me let me let you.

Cyril Wong (Published 2007)

B LOVE, WE MUST PART NOW

Love, we must part now: do not let it be
 Calamitous and bitter. In the past
 There has been too much moonlight and self-pity:
 Let us have done with it: for now at last
 Never has sun more boldly paced the sky, 5
 Never were hearts more eager to be free,
 To kick down worlds, lash forests; you and I
 No longer hold them; we are husks, that see
 The grain going forward to a different use.

There is regret. Always, there is regret. 10
 But it is better that our lives unloose,
 As two tall ships, wind-mastered, wet with light,
 Break from an estuary with their courses set,
 And waving part, and waving drop from sight.

Philip Larkin (1922–1985)

Or (b) 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 autumn.

A AUTUMN

They brought me a quilled, yellow dahlia ¹ , Opulent, flaunting. Round gold Flung out of a pale green stalk.	
Round, ripe gold Of maturity, Meticulously frilled and flaming, A fire-ball of proclamation: Fecundity decked in staring yellow For all the world to see.	5 10
They brought a quilled, yellow dahlia, To me who am barren Shall I send it to you, You who have taken with you All I once possessed?	 15

Amy Lowell (1874 –1925)

¹*dahlia*: a brightly coloured garden flower with long, thin petals

B LOVE IN AUTUMN

I sought among the drifting leaves, The golden leaves that once were green, To see if Love were hiding there And peeping out between.	
For thro' the silver showers of May And thro' the summer's heavy heat, In vain I sought his golden head And light, fast-flying feet.	5
Perhaps when all the world is bare And cruel winter holds the land, The Love that finds no place to hide Will run and catch my hand.	10
I shall not care to have him then, I shall be bitter and a-cold — It grows too late for frolicking When all the world is old.	15
Then little hiding Love, come forth, Come forth before the autumn goes, And let us seek thro' ruined paths The garden's last red rose.	20

Sara Teasdale (1884 –1933)

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

2

- Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of isolation in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of Edward Rochester, here and elsewhere in the novel.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one form of Bessie's Gytrash – a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed, – a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No Gytrash was this, – only a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned; a sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now?" and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all he could do, – there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question –

'Are you injured, sir?'

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

'Can I do anything?' I asked again.

'You must just stand on one side,' he answered as he rose, first to his knees, and then to his feet. I did; whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying which removed me effectually some yards' distance; but I would not be driven quite away till I saw the event. This was finally fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a 'Down, Pilot!' The traveller now, stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think, for I now drew near him again.

'If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay.'

'Thank you: I shall do: I have no broken bones, – only a sprain;' and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the result extorted an involuntary 'Ugh!'

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright: I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared and steel clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age; perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries: but the frown, the roughness of the traveller, set me at my ease: I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced –

‘I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.’

He looked at me when I said this; he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

(from Chapter 12)

Section C: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

3

- Either** (a) Explore the dramatic presentation and significance of the asylum subplot.
- Or** (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of conflict, here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Beatrice:</i>	Prithee, thou look'st as if thou wert offended.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible My service should draw such a cause from you. Offended? Could you think so? That were much For one of my performance, and so warm Yet in my service.	5
<i>Beatrice:</i>	'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	I know so much; it were so – misery In her most sharp condition.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	'Tis resolved then.	10
	Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins: I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	What, salary? Now you move me!	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	How, Deflores?	
<i>Deflores:</i>	Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows To destroy things for wages? Offer gold? The life blood of man! Is any thing Valued too precious for my recompense?	15
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I understand thee not.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	I could ha' hired A journeyman in murder at this rate, And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease], And have had the work brought home.	20
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] I'm in a labyrinth: What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.	25
	[<i>Aloud</i>] I'll double the sum, sir.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	You take a course To double my vexation, that's the good you do.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was; I know not what will please him. [<i>Aloud</i>] For my fear's sake, I prithee make away with all speed possible; And if thou be'st so modest not to name The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not – Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee; But prithee take thy flight.	30
<i>Deflores:</i>	You must fly too then.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I?	
<i>Deflores:</i>	I'll not stir a foot else.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	What's your meaning?	40
<i>Deflores:</i>	Why, are not you as guilty, in (I'm sure) As deep as I? And we should stick together. Come, your fears counsel you but ill: my absence	

	Would draw suspect upon you instantly; There were no rescue for you.	45
<i>Beatrice:</i>	He speaks home.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	Nor is it fit we two, engaged so jointly, Should part and live asunder. [Tries to kiss her]	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	How now, sir?	
	This shows not well.	50
<i>Deflores:</i>	What makes your lip so strange?	
	This must not be betwixt us.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[Aside] The man talks wildly.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	Come, kiss me with a zeal now.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[Aside] Heaven, I doubt him!	55
<i>Deflores:</i>	I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Take heed, Deflores, of forgetfulness; 'Twill soon betray us.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	Take you heed first!	
	Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't	60
<i>Beatrice:</i>	He's bold, and I am blamed for't.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	I have eased you Of your trouble – think on't: I'm in pain. And must be eased of you; 'tis a charity. Justice invites your blood to understand me.	65
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I dare not.	
<i>Deflores:</i>	Quickly.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Oh, I never shall!	
	Speak it yet further off, that I may lose What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't. I would not hear so much offence again For such another deed.	70

(from Act 3, Scene 3)

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