

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 creativity.

A

shd. start practicing unseen analysis under timed conditions

deep
in thought
9 couplets

Pastime

As a child I made things
out of clay—a pig who

could not be eaten, a mule
who refused to carry

anything other than a pig
who could not be eaten.

They were companion
pieces. They kept each

other company, and me.

We kept each other's

secrets: what flesh can
do with clay, what clay

can do that flesh can't.

I was a small child who made

small decisions. I made big
people angry. I made them

confused. I

refuse, I refuse.

creatures that seemingly bend the norm
in our society

repetition

5

rep. : anaphora

10

rep. : emphasis
mimic a child's
tendency to
repeat (innocence)

15

Andrea Cohen (born 1961)

B

explaining a thousand cranes

so this is how you fold a thousand cranes:

one at a time. (approaching three a day, *→ brackets (in hindsight)*
 over the course of one year in the life
 of a boy with simply not much else to do.)

it means as much as you want it to mean

5

by saying which, maybe i did not mean

as much as i should have—which is to say,

there was no conscious love in any one crane! *→ remembrance*

rep.

{

there was no moment when i, sleep-deprived

10

and bleeding from a dozen paper cuts

looked out into the night and visualised

your face—and pressed on for just one—more—fold!

even the sum converged to arbitrary:

towards the end it seemed i could do more, or less—

15

the main significance of the number at the last

was that they do not sell glass jars that size in gift shops

it wasn't love, in the sense that one folds 'love'

like a fresh-cracked egg into the heart of each crane,

more like a hobby or habit to adopt or quit

learning to smoke, perhaps, or knit.

just something that the fingers do, as the lungs

do, as the liver does. one does not mean a thing like that.

i folded a thought of cranes so deep within my mind

i do not even remember folding one.

20

{

} rhyming couplet

↙
epistrophe

↙ one big stanza

↙ rushed, full of

thoughts brimming

out of person

Joshua Ip (born 1982)

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

A A Small Needful Fact

Is that Eric Garner worked
 for some time for the Parks and Rec.
 Horticultural Department, which means,
 perhaps, that with his very large hands,
 perhaps, in all likelihood, 5
 he put gently into the earth
 some plants which, most likely,
 some of them, in all likelihood,
 continue to grow, continue
 to do what such plants do, like house 10
 and feed small and necessary creatures,
 like being pleasant to touch and smell,
 like converting sunlight
 into food, like making it easier
 for us to breathe. 15

Ross Gay (born 1974)

B The Depth of the Grass

Look, in the early light,
 Down to the infinite
 Depths at the deep grass-roots;
 Where the sun shoots
 In golden veins, as looking through 5
 A dear pool one sees it do;
 Where campion drifts
 Its bladders, iris-brinded, through the rifts
 Of rising, falling seed
 That the winds lightly scour— 10
 Down to the matted earth where over
 And over again crow's-foot and clover
 And pink bindweed
 Dimly, steadily flower.

Michael Field (1846-1914)

SECTION B

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

2

Either (a) 'The assault on young imaginations leads to tragic outcomes.'

How far do you agree with this view of the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the presentation of the effects of Louisa's childhood, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Neither, as she approached her old home now, did any of the best influences of old home descend upon her. The dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond: so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise—what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; of how, first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a beneficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself; not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand to foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare, never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage—what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there. They were flowing for the fertilization of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles. She went, with a heavy, hardened kind of sorrow upon her, into the house and into her mother's room. Since the time of her leaving home, Sissy had lived with the rest of the family on equal terms. Sissy was at her mother's side; and Jane, her sister, now ten or twelve years old, was in the room.

There was great trouble before it could be made known to Mrs. Gradgrind that her eldest child was there. She reclined, propped up, from mere habit, on a couch: as nearly in her old usual attitude, as anything so helpless could be kept in. She had positively refused to take to her bed; on the ground that if she did, she would never hear the last of it.

Her feeble voice sounded so far away in her bundle of shawls, and the sound of another voice addressing her seemed to take such a long time in getting down to her ears, that she might have been lying at the bottom of a well. The poor lady was nearer Truth than she ever had been: which had much to do with it.

On being told that Mrs. Bounderby was there, she replied, at cross-purposes, that she had never called him by that name since he married Louisa; that pending her choice of an objectionable name, she had called him J; and that she could not at present depart from that regulation, not being yet provided with a permanent substitute. Louisa had sat by her for some minutes, and had spoken to her often, before she arrived at a clear understanding who it was. She then seemed to come to it all at once.

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Gradgrind, and I hope you are going on satisfactorily to yourself. It was all your father's doing. He set his heart upon it. And he ought to know.'

'I want to hear of you, mother; not of myself.'

'You want to hear of me, my dear? That's something new, I am sure, when anybody wants to hear of me. Not at all well, Louisa. Very faint and giddy.'

'Are you in pain, dear mother?'

symbolism

nature imagery

↓
ironic in portraying the death of nature akin to the death of other humanity

nature → one think of the parents (mother nature, Adam & Eve)

ironic that her upbringing was the cause of this in the first place

'I think there's a pain somewhere in the room,' said Mrs. Gradgrind, but I couldn't positively say that I have got it.' 45

After this strange speech, she lay silent for some time. Louisa, holding her hand, could feel no pulse; but kissing it, could see a slight thin thread of life in fluttering motion.

'You very seldom see your sister,' said Mrs. Gradgrind. 'She grows like you. I wish you would look at her. Sissy, bring her here.'

She was brought, and stood with her hand in her sister's. Louisa had observed her with her arm round Sissy's neck, and she felt the difference of this approach. 50

'Do you see the likeness, Louisa?'

'Yes, mother. I should think her like me. But—'

'Eh! Yes, I always say so,' Mrs. Gradgrind cried, with unexpected quickness. 'And that reminds me. I—I want to speak to you, my dear. Sissy, my good girl, leave us alone a minute.' Louisa had relinquished the hand: had thought that her sister's was a better 55

and brighter face than hers had ever been: had seen in it, not without a rising feeling of resentment, even in that place and at that time, something of the gentleness of the other face in the room; the sweet face with the trusting eyes, made paler than watching and sympathy made it, by the rich dark hair. 60

Section C

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

3

Either (a) 'The Changeling depicts the masculine desire to control women.'

Discuss.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to the Middleton and Rowley's presentation of Vermandero, here and elsewhere in the play.

	[Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, TOMAZO, FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO]	
Vermandero:	Oh, Alsemero. I have a wonder for you.	
Alsemero:	No, sir, 'tis I-I have a wonder for you.	
Vermandero:	I have suspicion near as proof itself For Piracquo's murder.	5
Alsemero:	Sir, I have proof Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.	
Vermandero:	Beseech you hear me. These two [points at ANTONIO and FRANCISCUS] have been disguised	10
Alsemero:	E'er since the deed was done. I have two other That were more close disguised than your two could be, E'er since the deed was done.	15
Vermandero:	You'll hear me! These mine own servants-	
Alsemero:	Hear me! Those nearer than your servants, That shall acquit them and prove them guiltless.	
Franciscus:	That may be done with easy truth, sir.	
Tomazo:	How is my cause bandied through your delays! 'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for haste; Give me a brother alive or dead- Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both A recompense for murder and adultery.	20
Beatrice:	[within] Oh, oh, oh!	25
Alsemero:	Hark, 'tis coming to you.	
Deflores	[within] Nay, I'll along for company.	
Beatrice:	[within] Oh, oh!	30
Vermandero:	What horrid sounds are these?	
Alsemero:	Come forth, you twins Of mischief. [Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice, both wounded]	
Deflores:	Here we are; if you have any more To say to us, speak quickly. I shall not Give you the hearing else- I am so stout yet, And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.	35
Vermandero:	An host of enemies entered my citadel Could not amaze like this. Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna!	40
Beatrice:	O come not near me, sir, I shall defile you: I am that of your blood was taken from you For your better health; Look no more upon't,	

But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor [*Points at*
DEFLORES]

45

Even hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,
I ne'er could pluck it from him; My loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed;
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was cozened on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.

50

Act 5 Scene 3

END OF PAPER