

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 presentation of garbage collectors.

A

Secret Manta

Secret Manta
raglady holds in her hands
a large black plastic bag,
scuttles between overflowing bins,
some, upturned, roll
a rodent meanwhile naps
hidden under a discarded pink
polyester pullover—its tail
exposed

5

•
enshrined in mind
film poster for awakenings:
robert de niro poised on tip of a spit
hands outstretched
everything else's white heaven

10

•
she scrapes at her calloused feet
midday sun glares down
so she shifts to a shady spot
between familiar bins,
hands welded to her bag

15

& when her eyes close,
dream unfurls upon her, dark-magnificent,
a polythene manta ray
gliding through her sleep

20

Yeow Kai Chai (born 1968)

B*The Garbage Collector*

He had horse and cart
made a living collecting trash,
bringing it to the tip,
He was often inebriated,
but the horse knew the route.

5

He was temperate
when April came around
and the sun smiled.
He planted flowers in his yard
and in June it was Paradise.

10

It didn't last long,
he had eleven children,
eager, running feet.
Blooms trampled to the ground,
endless his quest for beauty.

15

Jan Oskar Hansen (born 1924)

-) 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 giving.

A

The Gift

What can I give you, ~~my lord, my lover~~ A
You who have given the world to me, B
Showed me the light and the joy that cover A
The wild sweet earth and restless sea? B

All that I have are gifts of your giving— B 5
If I gave them again, you would find them old, C
And your soul would weary of always living B
Before the mirror my life would hold. C

What shall I give you, ~~my lord, my lover~~ A
The gift that breaks the heart in me: B 10
I bid you awake at dawn and discover A
I have gone my way and left you free. B

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)

B

When Giving Is All We Have

One river gives
Its journey to the next.

Anaphora

We give because someone gave to us.
We give because nobody gave to us. } couplet.

We give because giving has changed us. 5
We give because giving could have changed us.

We have been better for it,
We have been wounded by it—

Giving has many faces: It is loud and quiet, Paradox
Big, though small, diamond in wood-nails. 10

Its story is old, the plot worn and the pages too,
But we read this book, anyway, over and again:

Giving is, first and every time, hand to hand,
Mine to yours, yours to mine. Antimetabole

You gave me blue and I gave you yellow. 15
Together we are simple green. You gave me

What you did not have, and I gave you
What I had to give—together, we made

Something greater from the difference.

Alberto Ríos (born 1952)

1. Torment vs Joy

2. Empowerment vs Freedom

3. Reciprocal vs one-sided

Section B

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

2

Either (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of the Rivers family in the novel.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the portrayal of an attack, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Amidst all this, I had to listen as well as watch: to listen for the movements of the wild beast or the fiend in yonder side den. But since Mr. Rochester's visit it seemed spellbound: all the night I heard but three sounds at three long intervals,—a step creak, a momentary renewal of the snarling, canine noise, and a deep human groan.

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this, that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner?—what mystery, that broke out now in fire and now in blood, at the dearest hours of night? What creature was it, that, masked in an ordinary woman's face and shape, uttered the voice, now of a mocking demon, and anon of a carrion-seeking bird of prey?

And this man I bent over—this commonplace, quiet stranger—how had he become involved in the web of horror? and why had the Fury flown at him? What made him seek this quarter of the house at an untimely season, when he should have been asleep in bed? I had heard Mr. Rochester assign him an apartment below—what brought him here! And why, now, was he so tame under the violence or treachery done him? Why did he so quietly submit to the concealment Mr. Rochester enforced? Why did Mr. Rochester enforce this concealment? His guest had been outraged, his own life on a former occasion had been hideously plotted against; and both attempts he smothered in secrecy and sank in oblivion! Lastly, I saw Mr. Mason was submissive to Mr. Rochester; that the impetuous will of the latter held complete sway over the inertness of the former: the few words which had passed between them assured me of this. It was evident that in their former intercourse, the passive disposition of the one had been habitually influenced by the active energy of the other: whence then had arisen Mr. Rochester's dismay when he heard of Mr. Mason's arrival? Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual—whom his word now sufficed to control like a child—fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak?

Oh! I could not forget his look and his paleness when he whispered: "Jane, I have got a blow—I have got a blow, Jane." I could not forget how the arm had trembled which he rested on my shoulder: and it was no light matter which could thus bow the resolute spirit and thrill the vigorous frame of Fairfax Rochester.

"When will he come? When will he come?" I cried inwardly, as the night lingered and lingered—as my bleeding patient drooped, moaned, sickened: and neither day nor aid arrived. I had, again and again, held the water to Mason's white lips; again and again offered him the stimulating salts: my efforts seemed ineffectual: either bodily or mental suffering, or loss of blood, or all three combined, were fast prostrating his strength. He moaned so, and looked so weak, wild, and lost, I feared he was dying; and I might not even speak to him.

The candle, wasted at last, went out, as it expired, I perceived streaks of grey light edging the window curtains: dawn was then approaching. Presently I heard Pilot bark far below, out of his distant kennel in the courtyard: hope revived. Nor was it unwarranted: in five minutes more the grating key, the yielding lock, warned me my watch was relieved. It could not have lasted more than two hours: many a week has seemed shorter. 45

Mr. Rochester entered, and with him the surgeon he had been to fetch. "Now, Carter, be on the alert," he said to this last: "I give you but half-an-hour for dressing the wound, fastening the bandages, getting the patient downstairs and all." 50

"But is he fit to move, sir?"

"No doubt of it; it is nothing serious; he is nervous, his spirits must be kept up. Come, set to work." 55

Mr. Rochester drew back the thick curtain, drew up the holland blind, let in all the daylight he could; and I was surprised and cheered to see how far dawn was advanced: what rosy streaks were beginning to brighten the east. Then he approached Mason, whom the surgeon was already handling. 60

"Now, my good fellow, how are you?" he asked.

"She's done for me, I fear," was the faint reply.

"Not a whit!—courage! This day fortnight you'll hardly be a pin the worse of it: you've lost a little blood; that's all. Carter, assure him there's no danger." 65

"I can do that conscientiously," said Carter, who had now undone the bandages; "only I wish I could have got here sooner: he would not have bled so much—but how is this? The flesh on the shoulder is torn as well as cut. This wound was not done with a knife: there have been teeth here!"

"She bit me," he murmured. "She worried me like a tigress, when Rochester got the knife from her." 70

"You should not have yielded: you should have grappled with her at once," said Mr. Rochester.

"But under such circumstances, what could one do?" returned Mason. "Oh, it was frightful!" he added, shuddering. "And I did not expect it: she looked so quiet at first." 75

(Chapter 20)

Section C

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

3

Either (a) Explore the dramatic presentation of memory and its effects in *The Winter's Tale*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic presentation of certainty, here and elsewhere in the play.

Antigonus:	Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.	
Lord:	For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down—and will do't, sir. Please you t'accept it—that the Queen is spotless I'th'eyes of heaven, and to you (I mean In this which you accuse her).	5
Antigonus:	If it prove She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her; For every inch of woman in the world, Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false If she be.	10
Leontes:	Hold your peaces.	15
Lord:	Good my lord—	
Antigonus:	It is for you we speak, not for ourselves. You are abused, and by some putter-on That will be damned for't; would I knew the villain, I would land-damn him! Be she honour-flawed— I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven, The second and the third, nine and some five; If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour, I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see To bring false generations. They are co-heirs, And I had rather glib myself than they Should not produce fair issue.	20
Leontes:	Cease, no more! You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't, As you feel doing thus, and see withal The instruments that feel.	25
Antigonus:	If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty: There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.	30
Leontes:	What? Lack I credit?	35
Lord:	I had rather you did lack than I, my lord, Upon this ground; and more it would content me To have her honour true than your suspicion, Be blamed for't how you might.	40

Leontes:

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative 45
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter, 50
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Antigonus:

And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture. 55

Leontes:

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight
Added to their familiarity —
Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture, 60
That lacked sight only, naught for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to 'th'deed—doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation—

For in an act of this importance 'twere 65
Most piteous to be wild—I have dispatched in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuffed sufficiency. Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had 70
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord:

Well done, my lord.

Leontes:

Though I am satisfied and need no more—
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others such as he 75
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th'truth.

(Act 2 Scene 1)