

Section A: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which form, language and style contribute to each poem's presentation of the experience of fleeting moments.

1st poem
POV

A The Square

a sense of distance
between the person & the woman

Across the square a woman is looking at me from a window, the shadow of the room she's in pressing her like a flower towards the light

In her sleeveless linen dress she is beautiful, a cool candle in the vast dark glass, like my mother in a time before I knew her.

Between us, a river of tourists, faces lifted to the great bronze horses stepping off into some other air we cannot see.

Like a lover across a room I return her look but she in her eyes is saying *It's too late now* and it is: I might as well be invisible.

gave up

Even if I crossed the square and found that room she's in, she would be gone for sure. She isn't interested in me any more.

sure

Jane Draycott (b. 1954)

① Both present their experiences with of fleeting moments with regards to love and admiration.

② Poem A presents portrays a strong sense of certainty in ~~some~~ fleeting moments, but B portrays hesitation and uncertainty in ~~an~~

③ ~~Both poems~~
Poem A portrays f.a. from a distance, while B ~~is~~ is physically close.

sense of certainty

10

15

B Scene On The North-East Line

uncertainty

There were two people (one small, and in a brown dress). They stood just inside the door of the train grasping a shiny pole, deep in conversation.

It is not described here, but I think he folded his arms, clenching damp fists. I think she leaned close, her neck oddly bird-like in the field of light flooding the window, above a row of incidental people.

Her forehead pressed lightly against his blue shirt. Seeing the curve of her neck he changed his mind and was silent. He listened as she spoke, quietly. The train soared. Her whisper was a lone sparrow winging away, over an island of regret.

seems closely observing her → showing interest & admiration

10

Aaron Lee (b. 1972)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which form, language and style contribute to each poem's presentation of dealing with death.

A *Flying to a Funeral*

A realm of the visible world rolls below
changing colors like a map on a table top
as we inch north at hundreds of miles an hour.

Through the oval membrane of the window
I see only places from which he is absent: 5
suburban diagrams where he is not plunging
into the blue dot of a swimming pool;
checkerboard farms where he is not leading
a horse into the darkness of a barn
or even driving along, honking at cows; 10
and now, as the chord of jet engines lowers,
Montreal's park-green patterns, unstroled
by him and river bridges no longer crossed.
I imagine rinks of ice down there, 15
unimpressed by the cut of his skates
and taverns minus the tune of his voice.
He is nowhere in these or any other places.

The night I heard the insulting facts
(18 years old, playing hockey, heart attack)
I remember leaning over in a darkening garden 20
to whiff, as if in his behalf, white lilac
blossoms loaded with cool evening rain,
then biting down on one hard, reeling with its taste,
alive there under the low, harboring clouds.

Billy Collins (b. 1941)

B *Absent*

They're everywhere, the absent. You go
 out walking and see a young man
 with the slight stoop and long, loping stride
 of the very tall, and you have almost hailed
 your son before you know it is some stranger,
 some other son whose doppelganger¹, no doubt,
 is duping his mother on a distant street.

5

And in the supermarket aisle you slow
 to a near-stop, following old men
 whose heads are mottled, whose white hair strays,
 shining, on their collars, and none of them
 is your father, though when one stumbles,
 your hands steady him in the same moment,
 as if they had been always in readiness.

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You used to think death made a difference:
 your mother, no longer censuring on the phone
 or face to face, has long been missing
 even from your dreams, nor do you meet her
 drifting down some street she never saw.
 Yet she too waits in ambush, in shop glass
 or a sudden mirror, there before you know it.

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Sheenagh Pugh (b. 1950)

¹*doppelganger*: a person who bears a striking resemblance to another person

Section B: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

2

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

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

"Fetch that stool," said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen: it was brought.

"Place the child upon it."

And I was placed there, by whom I don't know: I was in no condition to note particulars; I was only aware that they had hoisted me up to the height of Mr. Brocklehurst's nose, that he was within a yard of me, and that a spread of shot orange and purple silk pelisses and a cloud of silvery plumage extended and waved below me. 5

Mr. Brocklehurst hemmed.

"Ladies," said he, turning to his family, "Miss Temple, teachers, and children, you all see this girl?" 10

Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning-glasses against my scorched skin.

"You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that He has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case." 15

A pause—in which I began to steady the palsy of my nerves, and to feel that the Rubicon was passed; and that the trial, no longer to be shirked, must be firmly sustained. 20

"My dear children," pursued the black marble clergyman, with pathos, "this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little castaway: not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example; if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse. Teachers, you must watch her: keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinise her actions, punish her body to save her soul: if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters while I tell it) this girl, this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut—this girl is—a liar!" 25 30

Now came a pause of ten minutes, during which I, by this time in perfect possession of my wits, observed all the female Brocklehursts produce their pocket-handkerchiefs and apply them to their optics, while the elderly lady swayed herself to and fro, and the two younger ones whispered, "How shocking!" 35

Mr. Brocklehurst resumed.

"This I learned from her benefactress; from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, reared her as her own daughter, and whose kindness, whose generosity the unhappy girl repaid by an ingratitude so bad, so dreadful, that at last her excellent patroness was obliged to separate her from her own young ones, fearful lest her vicious example should contaminate their purity: 40

she has sent her here to be healed, even as the Jews of old sent their diseased to the troubled pool of Bethesda; and, teachers, superintendent, I beg of you not to allow the waters to stagnate round her."

45

With this sublime conclusion, Mr. Brocklehurst adjusted the top button of his surtout, muttered something to his family, who rose, bowed to Miss Temple, and then all the great people sailed in state from the room. Turning at the door, my judge said—

"Let her stand half-an-hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day."

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(from Chapter 7)

Section C: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

3

Either (a) 'Justice hath so right the guilty hit.'

In the light of this comment made by Alsemero, discuss the presentation and significance of justice in the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic portrayal of the relationship between Deflores and Beatrice, here and elsewhere in the play.

Deflores: Psst! Where are you?

Beatrice: Deflores!

Deflores: Ay – is she not come from him yet?

Beatrice: As I am a living soul not.

Deflores: Sure the devil
Hath sowed his itch within her! Who'd trust
A waiting-woman?

Beatrice: I must trust somebody.

Deflores: Push! They are termagants;

Especially when they fall upon their masters

And have their ladies' first-fruits, they're mad whelps,

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal. Then

You are so harsh and hardy, ask no counsel –

And I could have helped you to a'pothecary's daughter

Would have fallen off before eleven, and thanked you too.

Beatrice: O me! Not yet? This whore forgets herself.

Deflores: The rascal fares so well – look, you're undone,

The day-star by this hand! See Phosphorus plain yonder.

Beatrice: Advise me how to fall upon some ruin;

There is no counsel safe else.

Deflores: Peace! I ha't now,

For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Beatrice: How? Take heed of that.

Deflores: Tush! Be you quiet,

Or else give over all.

Beatrice: Prithee, I ha'done then.

Deflores: (This is my reach: I'll set some part a-fire

Of Diaphanta's chamber.)

Beatrice: How? Fire, sir?

That may endanger the whole house.

Deflores: You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?

Beatrice: That's true (Do what thou wilt now)

Deflores: Rush! I aim

At a most rich success, strikes all dead sure:

The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,

① shift in power dynamic
(from master-servant to →)

② not genuine love but
due to mutual depravity

③ Beatrice clings onto
DF out of necessity

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35

If Diaphanta should be met by chance then,
 Far from her lodging – which is now suspicious –
 It would be thought her fears and affrights then, 40
 Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
 Or met at all – as that's the likeliest –
 For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging.
 I will be ready with a piece high-charged,
 As 'twere to cleanse the chimney – there 'tis proper,
 But she shall be the mark. 45

Beatrice: I am forced to love thee now,
 'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.)

Deflores: 'Slid! It concerns the safety of us both,
 Our pleasure and our continuance.

Beatrice: One word now: 50
 Prithee, how for the servants?

Deflores: I'll dispatch them,
 Some one way, some another in the hurry,
 For buckets, hooks, ladders. Fear not you:
 The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since 55
 Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
 How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.

Beatrice: Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.

Enter Alonzo's ghost

Deflores: Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light 60
 'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not:

'Twas but a mist of conscience – all's clear again. *[Exit]*

Beatrice: Who's that, Deflores? Bless me! It slides by. *[Exit ghost]*

Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it
 A shivering sweat upon me – I'm afraid now. 65

This night hath been so tedious. Oh, this strumpet!

Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her

Till he had destroyed the last – *[Clock strikes three]*

List! O my terrors,

Three struck by St Sebastian's! 70

[Voices]: Within Fire, fire, fire!

Beatrice: (Already! How rare is that man's speed!

How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one,

But look upon his care, who would not love him?

The east is not more beauteous than his service.) 75

(from Act 5, Scene 1)