

Section A: Poetry

9/25

Answer one question from this section.

1

Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying particular attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each (poet's portrayal of birth).

A

DELIVERY

My friend announced, on Saturday morning,
That the water had broken — his son on his way
Earlier than expected. Just like that, he would become
A father — an instance of unsheathing, the child
Entering the fluorescence of the theatre,
Taking his first breath on the other surface
Of the flesh-veil. Life can be so simple —
A firm "yes". The tide, once swept ashore,
Leaves something of itself in the sand.
Van Gogh painted *Almond Blossoms*
When he heard of his nephew's birth,
Tiny white fists curling and uncurling in the blue,
Like those of the boy. Once, an expanse of canvas,
Now something occupies the space — inhaling
And loosening its first shout, flowering across the page.

5

10

15

By Sandra Faith Tan (pub. 2024)

B

MORNING SONG

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.
The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry
Took its place among the elements.

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival. New statue.
In a drafty museum, your nakedness
Shadows our safety. We stand round blankly as walls.

5

I'm no more your mother
Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow
Effacement at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath
Flickers among the flat pink roses. I wake to listen:
A far sea moves in my ear.

10

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral
In my Victorian nightgown.
Your mouth opens clean as a cat's. The window square

15

Whitens and swallows its dull stars. And now you try
Your handful of notes;
The clear vowels rise like balloons.

By Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

medicore
medicore

regular

stolen

imminent

regular

unthrust
chaos

sestich
sestich
stolen

→ venereal
→ how beginning

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, paying particular attention to ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's portrayal of tragedy.

1st person - victim of war { tragedy

✓ speaker
X narrator

A

FIND ME

• Tone

Coverage

→ Portrayal of hope

In a child refugee's orphaned eyes, find me.
In the daily promise of sunrise, find me.

Soldiers rescue an old woman, a bag of bones
trapped in rubble, calling out to the skies. Find me.

vulnerable innocent
Women and children disappear without a trace.
In their helpless, anguished cries, find me.

Surveying the desolation of ruined lives
in forsaken cities of grief the wind sighs, find me.

In voices rising from shallow graves, souls cry,
emerging like a flutter of butterflies, find me.

Unheard, unrepresented, they survive like seeds
praying in cracks of abandoned high-rise, find me.

In stories buried in the bones of exiles,
forgotten in the annals of history's lies, find me.

By Shanta Acharya (pub. 2025)

2nd person - journalist : report, document

Tercet

THE JOURNALIST

the journalist
cannot feel {
care; apathy
objective

You are not there to weep.
You are there because they are weeping. End-stopped line
And the world must know.

You are not there to show us how you care.
You are there to show how they care.
So the world can care too.

You will not be thanked.
You will not be loved.
Not even by yourself.

The words you did not say,
the tears you did not shed,
will come back to you 0
years afterwards, when no-one will remember 0
and no-one understands 0
that ink can bring enlightenment 0
but always stains the hand.

shift in form, stanzaic structure
makes the shift in apathy to the guilt
of how it lingers and stays 10 with him.

The persistence of his
guilt is mirrored in his
enjambment. 15

• septet
- 7 line stanza
• run-on lines
Enjambment

The toll his job
takes on him, on his
conscience.

→ stain of his conscience
• Guilt, remorse, helplessness
at not having done anything

By Grahame Davis (1964 -)



• open house
• SLR

Jenny to Lowood
Jenny to Rivers
Jenny to ~~poor~~ ^{Reverend}

subtly
gravelly

Angel in the house → ~~Angels~~

Section B: Prose

limits of human nature
reflection
independence
toughness
Millie, self
of woman near death
exploration

Answer one question from this section.

The

2 blurred lines between 12/25

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: Jane Eyre

Roch → At the start
Jane → To the end

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 stories and story-telling, here and elsewhere in the novel.

warm, comforting

'Leave your book a moment, and come a little nearer the fire,' he said.

motif of fire → story telling
usually told
and a fire
hearth

Wondering, and of my wonder finding no end, I complied.

shift in their
roles

'Half an hour ago,' he pursued, 'I spoke of my impatience to hear the sequel of a tale: on reflection, I find the matter will be better managed by my assuming the narrator's part, and converting you into a listener. Before commencing, it is but fair to warn you that the story will sound somewhat hackneyed in your ears: but stale details often regain a degree of freshness when they pass through new lips. For the rest, whether trite or novel, it is short.'

life-bringing,
renewal

'Twenty years ago, a poor curate – never mind his name at this moment – fell in love with a rich man's daughter: she fell in love with him, and married him, against the advice of all her friends; who consequently disowned her immediately after the wedding. Before two years passed, the rash pair were both dead, and laid quietly side by side under one slab. (I have seen their grave; it formed part of the pavement of a huge churchyard surrounding the grim, soot-black old cathedral of an overgrown manufacturing town in ----- shire.) They left a daughter, which, at its very birth, Charity received in her lap – cold as that of the snowdrift I almost stuck fast in to-night. Charity carried the friendless thing to the house of its rich, maternal relations: it was reared by an aunt-in-law, called (I come to names now) Mrs. Reed of Gateshead – you start – did you hear a noise? I dare say it is only a rat scrambling along the rafters of the adjoining schoolroom: it was a barn before I had it repaired and altered, and barns are generally haunted by rats. To proceed. Mrs. Reed kept the orphan ten years: whether it was happy or not with her, I cannot say, never having been told; but at the end of that time she transferred it to a place you know – being no other than Lowood school, where you so long resided yourself. It seems her career there was very honourable: from a pupil, she became a teacher, like yourself – really it strikes me there are parallel points in her history and yours – she left it to be a governess: there, again, your fates were analogous; she undertook the education of the ward of a certain Mr. Rochester.'

brackets

15

personification

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25

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35

40

Bronte
tells

'Mr. Rivers!' I interrupted.

'I can guess your feelings,' he said, but restrain them for a while: I have nearly finished; hear me to the end. Of Mr. Rochester's character I know nothing but the one fact that he professed to offer honourable marriage to this young girl, and that at the very altar she discovered he had a wife yet alive, though a lunatic. What his subsequent conduct and proposals were is a matter of pure conjecture; but when an event transpired which rendered inquiry after the governess necessary; it was discovered she was gone – no one could tell when, where, or how. She had left Thornfield Hall in the night; every research after her course had been vain: the country had been scoured far and wide; no vestige of information could be gathered respecting her. Yet that she should be found is become a matter of serious urgency: advertisements have been

Silence
disorder

filled w/ emotional

put in all the papers; I myself have received a letter from one Mr. Briggs, a solicitor, communicating the details I have just imparted. Is it not an odd tale?'

'Just tell me this,' said I, 'and since you know so much, you surely *can* tell it me – what of Mr. Rochester? How and where is he? What is he doing? Is he well?' 45

'I am ignorant of all concerning Mr. Rochester: the letter never mentions him but to narrate the fraudulent and illegal attempt I have adverted to. You should rather ask the name of the governess – the nature of the even which requires her appearance.'

'Did no one go to Thornfield Hall then? Did no one see Mr. Rochester?' 50

'I suppose not.'

'But they wrote to him?'

'Of course.'

'And what did he say? Who has his letters?'

'Mr. Briggs intimates that the answer to his application was not from Mr. Rochester, but from a lady: it is signed "Alice Fairfax."' 55

I felt cold and dismayed; my worst fears then were probably true: he had in all probability left England and rushed in reckless desperation to some former haunt on the continent. And what opiate for his severe sufferings – what object for his strong passion – had he sought there? I dared no answer the question. Oh, my poor master – once almost my husband – whom I had often called 'my dear Edward!' 60

'He must have been a bad man,' observed Mr. Rivers.

'You don't know him – don't pronounce an opinion upon him,' I said with warmth. 65

'Very well,' he answered quietly: 'and indeed my head is otherwise occupied than with him: I have my tale to finish. Since you won't ask the governess's name, I must tell it of my own accord – stay – I have it here – it is always more satisfactory to see important points written down, fairly committed to black and white.' 70

And the pocket-book was again deliberately produced, opened, sought through; from one of its compartments was extracted a shabby slip of paper, hastily torn off: I recognized in its texture and its stains of ultra-marine, and lake, and vermillion, the ravished margin of the portrait-cover. He got up, held it close to my eyes: and I read, traced in Indian ink, in my own handwriting, the words 'JANE EYRE' – the work doubtless of some moment of abstraction. 75

Chapter 33

Beatrice

Section C: Drama

14/25

Answer one question from this section.

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

3

Either (a) "Badly written, stale, flat and unprofitable [...] it is plainly intended as a concession to the audience which is regarded as incapable of remaining seriously interested in serious matters for long." (George Hibbard) Discuss this view of the subplot in relation to Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling*.

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

extended

Deflores (Aside)

→ crush → like → lust

Elsewhere → 10/17

Yonder's she.

Whatever ails me, now a late especially
I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her;

Some twenty times a day – nay not so little –

Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses

To come into her sight; and I have small reason for't,

And less encouragement, for she baits me still

Every time worse than other; does profess herself

The cruellest enemy to my face in town,

At no hand can abide the sight of me,

As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks.

I must confess my face is bad enough,

But I know far worse has better fortune –

And not endured alone, but doted on –

And yet such pick-hatched faces, chins like witches,

Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner

As if they grew in fear one of another,

Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills

The tears of perjury that lie there like wash

Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye –

Yet such a one plucked sweets without restraint,

And has the grace of beauty to his sweet,

Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,

I tumbled into th'world a gentleman –

She turns her blessed eye upon me now,

And I'll endure (all) storms before I part with't.

Again!

This ominous, ill-faced fellow more disturbs me

Than all my other passions.

Now't begins again:

I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

Thy business? What's thy business?

Soft and fair!

I cannot part so soon now.

The villain's fixed –

(Aloud)

Deflores (Aside)

Thou standing toad-pool.

The shower falls again now.

Beatrice

Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight.

tragic comedy
hyperbole
death imagery

sexual
desires
conflicts
in servants
subtext

dramatic irony: audience

ironic
differs

dysfunction

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

extended
metaphor
of storm

delusional

all-consuming delusion of and

Deflores	My Lord your father charged me to deliver A message to you.	40
Beatrice	What, another since?	
Deflores	Do't and be hanged, then! Let me be rid of thee.	
Beatrice	<u>True service merits mercy.</u>	
Deflores	What's thy message?	45
Beatrice	Let beauty settle but in patience.	
Deflores	You shall hear all.	
Beatrice	A dallying, trifling torment!	
Deflores	Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady, Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo –	50
Beatrice	Slave, when wilt make an end?	
Deflores (Aside)	Too soon I shall.	
Beatrice	What all this while of him?	
Deflores	The said Alonzo, With the foresaid Tomazo –	55
Beatrice	Yet again!	
Deflores	Is new alighted.	
Beatrice	Vengeance strike the news! Thou thing most loathed, what cause was there in this To bring thee to my sight?	60
Deflores	My lord your father Charged me to seek you out.	
Beatrice	Is there no other To send this errand by?	
Deflores	It seems 'tis my luck To be i'th'way still.	65
Beatrice	Get thee from me.	
Deflores (Aside)	Why, am I not an ass to devise ways Thus to be railed at? I must see her still; I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again – I know't, and like a common Garden-bull, <u>I do but take breath to be lugged again.</u> What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less Because there's daily precedents of bad faces Beloved beyond all reason: these foul chops May come into favour one day 'mongst his fellows. Wrangling has proved the mistress of good pastime; As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.	70
	Exit	75

illness

foreboding
to bed scene

Act 2 Sc 1