



Catholic Junior College
JC2 Preliminary Examinations
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9539/03

Paper 3: Reading Literature featuring the Postcolonial Literature Topic **26 August 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 question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question 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.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.

[Turn over

Section A Unseen Prose and Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

1

Either (a) The following passage is an extract from a short story “Evangelist” by Joyce Cary (1888-1957). Write a critical appreciation of the passage, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer’s use of form, style and language.

John Pratt, fifty-five, on holiday at the sea, gets up one sunny morning, looks from the window, says, 'It won't last,' and picks from his seven suits the only dark one. He dresses himself with care, and eats for breakfast one piece of dry toast.

"A touch of liver," he says to himself, takes his umbrella and a bowler¹, and goes for his morning walk along the Parade². 5

"Why the bowler?" he asks himself. "I'm not going back to town." And suddenly it strikes him that he is bored. "Impossible," he says; "I've only been here a week and my regular time is always a fortnight."

He looks about him to discover some usual source of pleasure in this charming old place; and immediately he is seized, possessed, overwhelmed with boredom, with the most malignant and hopeless of all boredoms, holiday boredom. It rises from his stomach, it falls from the lukewarm air. Everything in sight is instantly perceived as squalid, mercenary, debased by mean use and vulgar motives. The Regency facades³ whose delicate taste he has so much admired, which bring him year after year to a place neither smart nor quiet, seem to leer at him with the sly, false primness of old kept women on the lookout for some city lecher, willing to set off cracked plaster against lewd dexterity. 10 15

He looks at the sea for freshness. But it appears thick, greasy: he murmurs with horror, "The cesspool of the whole earth." He sees the drains discharging from a million towns, the rubbish unbucketed from ten thousand years of ships, wrecks full of corpses; the splash of glitter beyond the pier is like the explosion of some hidden corruption. The ozone comes to his nose like a stench. 20

He sees from the distance a friend, the Colonel in his light-grey suit, stepping briskly. He is whirling his stick -- it is plain that he is in his usual high spirits.

Pratt crosses the road to avoid him. A taxi hoots in an angry and distracted manner, but he does not hurry, he would rather be killed than betray the dignity of his despair. The taxi's brakes squawk like Donald Duck -- it comes to a stop at his elbow -- a furious young man with upstanding black hair and red-rimmed eyes thrusts out his neck and bawls insults. Bystanders laugh and stare. Pratt does not turn his head or quicken his walk. He accepts these humiliations as appropriate to such a morning in such a world. 25

The shopping housewives with their predatory eyes and anxious wrinkled foreheads fill him with a lofty and scornful pity, as for insects generated by a conspiracy of gases and instinct to toil in blind necessity for the production of more insects. 30

Yes, he thinks humanity is like the maggots on a perishing carcass. Its history is the history of maggots; the fly, the buzz, the coupling of flies, the dropping of their poison on every clean thing, the hunt for some ordure, some corpse, the laying of eggs, and another generation of maggots. Foulness upon foulness. Tides of disgust and scorn rise in his soul; he stalks more grandly; he has become a giant for whom all history is meaner than the dust on his boot soles. 35

Suddenly he is accosted by a red-faced man, a hotel acquaintance, who starts out of a shop and seizes him by the hand -- impossible to avoid this person. The red-faced man is in a fluster. Has Mr. Pratt seen the news? Is there going to be a war, is this it? Should he sell out his investments and pay his debts; should he fetch back his family from abroad? 40

¹ Bowler: hat

² Parade: Public promenade, in this instance at a seaside resort

³ Regency facades: Early 19th-century house fronts

Pratt draws himself up and out of mere wrath at this intrusion, utters in severe tones such banalities as amaze his own ears. If war comes, he says, it will come, and if not, then not. There are good arguments on both sides of the question. If we believe our freedom is worth defending, then we should be ready to defend it at all costs. For faith is not faith, not what we truly believe, unless we are prepared to die for it. And in a conflict of faith those alone who are prepared to die for what they believe deserve to win. As for bombs, one can die but once. One will die anyhow and possibly much worse than by a bomb. 45

The red-faced man is taken aback by this rigmarole of eloquence. He listens with surprised attention in his green eyes -- then with respect. Pratt's unmoved solemnity, his severe tone born of scornful indifference, impress him. He ejaculates murmurs of approval. He says that this is just what he himself has always thought. And this is probably true. He could scarcely have escaped such reflections. He departs exalted. 50

Pratt walks on alone, his step is still majestic but full of spring. He is exhilarated; he looks at the sea and it appears to him noble in its vastness, transcendent in its unconcern, venerable in its intimation of glorious deeds. The houses are like veteran soldiers in line, meeting with stoic pride the injuries of time. The housewives, striving, saving for their families, wear the brows of angels; the battered angels roughly carved on some primitive church. He salutes with heroic elation a world made for heroes. He perceives with joy that it is going to be a fine day, that he is hungry. He whirls his umbrella. 60

Or (b) The following is an extract from Harold Pinter's play, *The Trial* (1993), (adapted from Franz Kafka's novel of the same name (1925). Write a critical appreciation of this extract from the play, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's use of form, style and language.

INTERIOR. THE COURTROOM. DAY

There is still a great deal of noise. Nobody looks at K. He stands.

Someone touches his hand. He looks down. It is a small BOY. K takes the boy's hand. The BOY leads him through the crowd to the dais.

The fat man (the EXAMINING MAGISTRATE) is still laughing and whispering with another man. The BOY stands on tiptoe, touches MAGISTRATE's arm.

The MAGISTRATE looks down. The BOY mutters. The MAGISTRATE looks at K. He takes out a watch, glances at it, looks back at K.

5

MAGISTRATE: You should have been here an hour and five minutes ago.
People in the room turn to look at the dais. A murmur grows.
 You should have been here an hour and five minutes ago.
The murmur grows and then dies away. The room becomes quiet.

10

JOSEF K.: I may be late, but at least I've come.
A burst of applause from the room.

MAGISTRATE: Yes, but I'm no longer obliged to hear you. However, I'm willing to make an exception in this case. Step up.

15

K gets on to the dais. The MAGISTRATE picks up a small, dirty notebook. He looks through it.

You are a house painter.

JOSEF K.: No, I am a senior clerk in a large bank.
A burst of laughter from the room. People rest their hands on their knees and shake with laughter. K joins in. The MAGISTRATE jumps up and glares at the room.

20

Your question, Mr. Examining Magistrate, as to whether I am a house painter - although it wasn't a question but a statement - demonstrates the kind of proceedings that are being instituted against me. You may argue that they are not legal proceedings at all, and you would be right, for they are in fact only legal proceedings if I recognize them as such. Well, for the moment I choose to recognize them, but only out of a kind of pity.

25

K stops. There is absolute silence in the room, a tense attention. The MAGISTRATE remains standing.

30

The door opens. The WASHERWOMAN comes in. People turn to look at her. She stands at the back wall. The MAGISTRATE sits and picks up the notebook. K snatches the notebook from him and holds it up with two fingers, wrinkling his nose. He waves it about.

There are the Court records! Look at this miserable smelly grimy little book! Pathetic! What has happened to me, ladies and gentlemen, is only an isolated incident and of little importance. But it is an indication of the kind of intimidation many people are being subjected to. It is for these people I am speaking - not for myself.

35

VOICES: Bravo! Bravo! And bravo again!

40

JOSEF K.: I was arrested ten days ago. Those who arrested me were at the very best

degenerate, arrogant, ignorant and corrupt. Their every action declared this. They ate my breakfast, they even tried to steal my underwear. Such an arrest is exactly the same as being waylaid by a bunch of louts in a dark alley. No more, no less. The dignity of the law - what a joke! They chain-ganged three junior clerks from my bank as witnesses, in order, obviously, to damage my public reputation and undermine my position at the bank. I want to remind you that I am quite detached from this whole business and so am able to judge it calmly. 45

Silence.

There is no doubt that behind all the outward manifestations of this tribunal's authority there exists a huge organization. An organization which not only employs corrupt warders, stupid inspectors, totally incompetent examining magistrates, but which also makes use of a judicial network of senior officials with a vast and indispensable retinue of servants, clerks, policemen and other auxiliaries - perhaps even hangmen - no I'm not afraid to use that word. And what is the significance of this great organization? I'll tell you. It consists of securing the arrest of innocent people and instituting against them senseless proceedings that usually - as in my case - lead to nothing. 50 55

A scream from the back of the room.

A MAN is pressing the WASHERWOMAN into a corner. Her blouse is off. People jump up and crowd around them. 60

Stop that! Throw them out! Order! Order!

K glares at the MAGISTRATE, who is sitting calmly at his table.

I'll throw them out myself.

K jumps down from the dais. He tries to get through the crowd. 65

He is barred, prevented. People grapple with him, grab him.

He fights his way through and gets to the door. The WASHERWOMAN is on the floor, the MAN on top of her.

A sudden silence. The EXAMINING MAGISTRATE is at the door of the room.

MAGISTRATE: It is my duty to point out to you that you have today thrown away all the advantages that a hearing can afford an arrested man. 70

JOSEF K.: To hell with your damn hearings!

He opens the door, goes through it and slams it.

Section B: Postcolonial Literature

Answer **one** question from this section, using **two** texts that you have studied.

2

- Either** (a) Compare the ways in which **two** writers of postcolonial literature use patterning in their exploration of postcolonial concerns.
- Or** (b) Compare the presentation of the concept of 'difference' in the **two** postcolonial texts you have studied.

Section C: Pre-20th Century Writing

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOSEPH CONRAD: *Heart of Darkness*

3

Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Conrad present morality in the novel *Heart of Darkness*?

OR (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Conrad's presentation of women, here and elsewhere in the novel.

"Dark human shapes could be made out in the distance, flitting indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two bronze figures, leaning on tall spears, stood in the sunlight under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

"She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

"She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water's edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb pain mingled with the fear of some struggling, half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us without a stir, and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped as if her heart had failed her. The young fellow by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life had depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and at the same time the swift shadows darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. A formidable silence hung over the scene.

"She turned away slowly, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets before she disappeared.

"‘If she had offered to come aboard, I really think I would have tried to shoot her,’ said the man of patches, nervously. ‘I have been risking my life every day for the last fortnight to keep her out of the house. She got in one day and kicked up a row about those miserable rags I picked up in the storeroom to mend my clothes with. I wasn’t decent. At least it must have been that, for she talked like a fury to Kurtz for an hour, pointing at me now and then. I don’t understand the dialect of this tribe. Luckily for me, I fancy Kurtz felt too ill that day to care, or there would have been mischief. I don’t understand.... No—it’s too much for me. Ah, well, it’s all over now.’

(from Section 3)

BLANK PAGE

Copyright acknowledgements:

Question 1a © Joyce Cary; *Evangelist*, Faber & Faber; New Ed edition (1960), London.

Question 1b © Harold Pinter; *The Trial*, Routledge, 2003, Oxford.

Question 1c © Joseph Conrad; *Heart of Darkness*, Penguin Classics, 2007, London.

Permission to reproduce this paper must be sought from Catholic Junior College.