

SECTION A: PROSE
Answer **one** question from this section.

MINFONG HO: *Turning Thirty*
CHUA KOK YEE: *Sambal Without Anchovies*

1. (a) Read this passage and answer the question that follows it:

Seated at the dining table, her son helped her to a piece of chicken before taking one for himself. When she had first moved in with them, he had tried to talk his wife into just such a gesture—the token serving of the morsel to her plate before they started to eat. But Beverly had raised her eyebrows and said, “We never did that in our family.”

“I did,” said Ah Liong, “when I was growing up.”

“Well, I didn’t,” and that was the end of that.

Ah Liong had said no more. Quietly he helped his mother to the first bit of food, while his wife sat across the table stonily.

Beverly waited until she had finished pouring the water and left, before continuing in English, “What’s the use of asking her point-blank? She will just lie and deny it.”

“Look, maybe you just misplaced it. Have you tried looking for it—I mean really looking?”

“No, but a video-camera isn’t just something you ‘misplace’. Besides, I always put it in your desk drawer. And it’s not there now. You know that. You said you’ve just looked.”

“Maybe Billy took it and played with it.”

“He couldn’t reach that drawer. Don’t always be blaming him.”

“Well, it’ll probably turn up sometime,” Ah Liong said. He spooned a bowlful of soup—pork bone and pickled cabbage, one of his favourites—and started to drink it.

“Not in time for your birthday party, certainly,” Beverly said.

“Birthday party?” Leon said suspiciously. “We’re having a birthday party? For me? When? Why?”

“Tomorrow night, Leon. Really, I’ve told you a dozen times. It’s an important event—the day you turn thirty.”

“What’s so important about turning thirty?”

“Because you’ve made it, darling. A four-bedroom condo, a good son, a good job, a new car, an attractive wife,” Beverly paused and pouted prettily, “Isn’t that reason enough to celebrate?”

What are your thoughts and feelings about Beverly at this point in the story?
(15 marks)

- (b) In the story, *Sambal Without Anchovies*, describe, in detail, the relationship between Hanif and his father.
(20 marks)

2. (a) Read the passage and answer the question that follows it.

"Kamal, have a piece of fish," I lean over and place a chunk of fish on his plate, and ladle some curry over his rice. I know he loves my fish head curry.

"Thanks, *makcik*," he says with a smile.

"How many times do I have to tell you to call me Kak Noor? "*Makcik*" makes me feel so old, especially coming from a handsome young man like you."

"Okay, mak...err...Ka... Kak Noor."

"Good. The next time you call me *makcik*, I'll spank you."

Kamal's eyes grow big for a second, before he looks down, his face going red. He then reaches for the rim of his spectacles to adjust it, except that it is already perfectly perched in the first place. Although he is twenty-three, He still has an air of innocence about him. His shyness makes him even more charming.

I see the little movements of the muscles on his chest through the tight T-shirt he wears. Aisya has told me Kamal plays hockey during his college days. He is definitely aware that I am staring at him. Why else is he studying his place of rice as if it is a Van Gogh?

"You'd better start eating before the rice gets cold."

Kamal nods and plunges his spoon into his rice reluctantly.

"Maybe I should call Aisya. You know, to see if she can still make it," he says, and pulls out his mobile phone. He is fidgety, as if it wrong to be here without Aisya. I smile and say nothing. He excuses himself, and goes into the living room, but comes back a few minutes later.

"She can't make it."

"Sometimes that girl can get to engrossed in her work."

"Aisya says she already told you this morning that she won't be home for dinner."

"She did?"

He nods.

"Looks like I forget." I shrug my shoulders, and smile. Sometimes, deception is necessary. How else would I get a chance to spend a few hours alone with a handsome young man like this without the distracting presence of my daughter?

What do you think and feel about Kak Noor in this scene in the story?

(15 marks)

- (b) It is not easy to adapt to new surroundings.

With close reference to the text of *The Winter Hibiscus*, describe how Saeng and her family have adapted to life in America.

(20 marks)

SECTION B: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant Of Venice*

3. (a) Read the passage and answer the question that follows it.

BASSANIO: 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate - but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Has left me gaged. To you, Antonio
I owe the most in money and in love
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO: I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it -
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie unlocked to your occasions.

BASSANIO: In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willful youth
That which I owe is lost. But if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO: You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance.
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

What are your thoughts and feelings about the relationship between Bassanio and Antonio at this moment in the drama?

(15 marks)

- (b) We should not blame Shylock for his **actions**.
Discuss with close reference to the text.

(20 marks)

SECTION C: POETRY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: *The Passionate Shepherd To His Love*
WILLIAM BLAKE: *The Tyger*

4. (a) Read this poem and answer the question that follows it:

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe

What are your thoughts and feelings about the persona in the poem?

(15 marks)

(b) Read this poem and answer the question that follows it.

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart begin to beat,
What dread hand? And what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

The tiger is an animal that is both feared and admired.
Discuss with close reference to the text.

(15 marks)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Daffodils*
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: *Address To A Child During A Disastrous Winter Evening*

5. (a) Read this poem and answer the question that follows it.

Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high over vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Flowers are the joy-givers of nature.
Discuss this statement with close reference to the text.

(15 marks)

(b) Read this poem and answer the question that follows it:

Address to a Child During a Boisterous Winter Evening

What way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum; but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him - and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight tomorrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle;
But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light.
Books have we to read - but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door - we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows - we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a cosy warm house for Edward and me.

In the poem, what does Edward learn from the persona?

(15 marks)