

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE
ADVANCED
(MOTHER TONGUE)**

DATE: 20 DECEMBER 2013

LENGTH OF THE EXAMINATION: 4 PERIODS (180 MINUTES)

PERMITTED EQUIPMENT: None

SPECIAL REMARKS: Answer ALL THREE questions

There is a choice of questions in Parts 2 and 3

Each of your answers will be marked equally for content (i.e. the knowledge and understanding you show of texts) and expression (i.e. the ambition and accuracy shown in your spelling, punctuation and grammar)

Part 1 - Question 1

This question relates to the text and genre that you have studied, *Oedipus Rex* (by Sophocles) and tragedy.

Comment on the more notable features of content and style in this extract, relating it to *Oedipus Rex* as a whole and to the genre of tragedy.

(40 marks)

TIRESIAS	I say that the killer you are seeking is yourself.	
OEDIPUS	A second time! You will be sorry for this.	
TIRESIAS	Will you have more, to feed your anger?	
OEDIPUS	Yes!	
	More, and more madness. Tell us all you know.	5
TIRESIAS	I know, as you do not, that you are living In shameful union with the ones you love - Living in ignorance of your own undoing.	
OEDIPUS	Do you think you can say such things with impunity?	
TIRESIAS	I do, if the truth has any power to protect.	10
OEDIPUS	It has, but not for you; no, not for you, You shameless, brainless, sightless man!	
TIRESIAS	You are to be pitied, uttering such taunts As all men's mouths will one day cast at <i>you</i> .	
OEDIPUS	Living in perpetual night, you cannot harm Me, or anyone else who sees the light.	15
TIRESIAS	No, it is not for me to bring you down; That is in Apollo's hands, and he will do it.	
OEDIPUS	Creon! Was this trick his, then, if not yours?	
TIRESIAS	Not Creon either. You are your own enemy.	20
OEDIPUS	Ah, riches and royalty, and wit matched against wit In the race of life, must they always be coupled with envy? Must Creon, so long my friend, my most trusted friend, Stalk me by stealth, and seek to dispossess me Of the power this city has given me - freely given -	25
	Not of my asking - setting this schemer on me, This peddler of fraudulent con tricks, with his eyes Wide open for profit, but blind in prophecy? What was you vaunted divination ever worth? And where were you when the Riddling Bitch was here?	30
	Had you any word of deliverance for our people then? There was a riddle too deep for common wits. A seer should have answered it; but no answer came From you; bird-lore and divination were all silent. Until, that is, <i>I</i> came - I, ignorant Oedipus -	35
	And stopped the riddler's mouth, guessing the truth By native wit, not bird-lore. This is the man Whom you would dispossess, hoping to stand Nearest to Creon's throne. You will regret, You and your fellow-plotter, your zeal	40
	For scapegoat-hunting. Were you not as old As you appear to be, sharp punishment Would soon convince you of your evil ways.	

CHORUS	Sir, to our thinking, both of you have spoken In the heat of anger. Surely this is not well, When all our thoughts should be how to discharge The god's command.	45
TIRESIAS	King though you are, one right - To reply - makes us equal, and I claim it. It is not for you, but Loxias, whom I serve; Nor am I bound to Creon's patronage. You are pleased to mock my blindness. You have eyes And yet you cannot see your own damnation, Nor do you see what company you keep. Whose son are you? I tell you, you have sinned - And do not know it - against your own earth And in the grave. A swift and two-edged sword, Your mother's and father's curse, shall sweep you Out of this land. Those now clear-seeing eyes Shall then be darkened. No place will be deaf, No corner of Cithaeron echoless, To your loud crying, when you learn the truth Of that sweet marriage-song that hailed you home To the fair-seeming haven of your hopes - With greater misery than you can guess, To show you what you are, and who they are That call you father. Rail as you will at Creon, And at my speaking. You shall be trodden down With fouler scorn than ever fell on man.	50 55 60 65 70
OEDIPUS	I shall bear no more of this! Out of my sight! Go! Quickly, go! Back where you came from! Go!	70
TIRESIAS	I will. It was your wish brought me here, not mine.	
OEDIPUS	Had I known what madness I was to listen to, I would have spared myself the trouble.	
TIRESIAS	Mad as I may seem to you, Your parents would not not think me so.	75
OEDIPUS	What's that? My parents? Who then ... gave me birth?	
TIRESIAS	This day brings you your birth, and brings you death.	

(669 words)

Oedipus Rex, Sophocles (496-406 BC)

Part 2 - Question 2

Answer the following question on the theme, *Thicker than Water - Family and Community Ties*.

In your answer, you should make *detailed* reference to *two* of the texts that you have studied. You should not repeat any material presented in your answer to Question 1.

EITHER:

“The family - that dear octopus from whose tentacles we never quite escape.”

Dodie Smith, English novelist and playwright, (1896-1990)

How far do the texts you have studied show distance and conflict within families and communities?

(40 marks)

OR:

“In each family a story is playing itself out, and each family's story embodies its hope and despair.”

Auguste Napier, Family therapist (1938-)

How do the texts you have studied this year present both the ‘hope’ and ‘despair’ of familial relationships?

(40 marks)

Part 3 - Question 3

Answer ONE of the following questions

EITHER:

- (i) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying particular attention to content and style.

(20 marks)

Song to the Men of England

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save, 5
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat - nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge 10
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm, 15
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps: 20
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed, - but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth, - let no imposter heap;
Weave robes, - let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, - in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells; 25
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance in ye.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom, 30
Trace your grave and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet¹, till fair
England be your sepulchre².

(201 words)

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822

¹ the shroud which is wrapped round a corpse

² tomb or burial-place

OR:

- (ii) Write a critical commentary on the following extract, paying particular attention to content and style.

(20 marks)

So the Brangwens came and went without any fear of necessity, working hard because of the life that was in them, not for want of the money. Neither were they thriftless. They were aware of the last halfpenny, and instinct made them not waste the peeling of their apple, for it would help feed the cattle. But heaven and earth was teeming around them, and how should this cease? They felt the rush of the sap in spring, they knew the wave which cannot halt, but every year throws forward the seed to begetting, and, falling back, leaves the young-born on the earth. They knew the intercourse between heaven and earth, sunshine drawn into the breast and bowels, the rain sucked up in the daytime, nakedness that comes under the wind in autumn, showing the birds' nests no longer worth hiding. Their life and inter-relations were such; feel in the pulse and body of the soil, that opened to their furrow for the grain, and became smooth and supple after their ploughing, and clung to their feet with a weight that pulled like desire, lying hard and unresponsive when the crops were to be shorn away. The young corn waved and was silken, and the lustre slid along the limbs of the men who saw it. They took the udder of the cows, the cows yielded milk and pulse against the hands of the men, the pulse of the blood of the teats of the cows beat into the pulse of the hands of the men. They mounted their horses, and held life between the grip of their knees, they harnessed their horses at the wagon, and, with hands on the bridle-rings, drew the heaving of the horses after their will.

In autumn the partridges whirred up, birds in flocks blew like spray across the fallow, rooks appeared on the grey, watery heavens, and flew cawing into the winter. Then the men sat by the fire in the house where the women moved about with surety, and the limbs and the body of the men were impregnated with the day, cattle and earth and vegetation and the sky, the men sat by the fire and their brains were inert, as their blood flowed heavy with the accumulation from the living day.

The women were different. On them too was the drowse of blood-intimacy, calves sucking and hens running together in droves, and young geese palpitating in the hand while the food was pushed down their throttle. But the women looked out from the heated, blind intercourse of farm-life, to the spoken world beyond. They were aware of the lips and the mind of the world speaking and giving utterance, they heard the sound in the distance, and they strained to listen.

(466 words)

The Rainbow, D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

(End of examination)