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**SECONDARY FOUR
 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
 THURSDAY 23 JULY 2015**

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (CORE)
 LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (ELECTIVE)**

**2065/1
 2204/4**

Additional Materials: 6 sheets of writing paper

1 hour 40 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, class and register number on all the work you hand in.
 Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the Answer Paper.
 Do not use paperclips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **any question** from **Section A** and **one question** from **Section B**.
 Begin your answer to each question on a new and separate sheet of paper.
 You are advised to spend no longer than 45 minutes on each question.
 You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
 All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

ATTACH THIS QUESTION PAPER TO YOUR ANSWER SCRIPT.

Name		Class	
		Register No:	

Sections	Marks
Circle the questions that you have attempted.	
Section A Question:1a/1b/1c	
Section B Question 2 or 3	
Total:	

Assessment noted by:
<hr/>
Name of Parent/Guardian
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Signature of Parent/Guardian
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Date
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This paper consists of **6** printed pages including this cover page.

Section A

Answer ONE question from this section.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 1 **Either** (a) “Piggy demonstrates an increasing strength of character as the novel progresses.” How far do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with details from the novel.
- Or** (b) What do you think is the role of the littluns in the novel? Support your answer with details from the novel.
- Or** (c) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it.

Ralph saw that for the time being he was safe. He limped away through the fruit trees, drawn by the thought of the poor food yet bitter when he remembered the feast. Feast today, and then tomorrow....

He argued unconvincingly that they would let him alone, perhaps even make an outlaw of him. But then the fatal unreasoning knowledge came to him again. The breaking of the conch and the deaths of Piggy and Simon lay over the island like a vapor. These painted savages would go further and further. Then there was that indefinable connection between himself and Jack; who therefore would never let him alone; never.

He paused, sun-flecked, holding up a bough, prepared to duck under it. A spasm of terror set him shaking and he cried aloud.

“No. They’re not as bad as that. It was an accident.”

He ducked under the bough, ran clumsily, then stopped and listened. He came to the smashed acres of fruit and ate greedily. He saw two littluns and, not having any idea of his own appearance, wondered why they screamed and ran.

When he had eaten he went toward the beach. The sunlight was slanting now into the palms by the wrecked shelter. There was the platform and the pool. The best thing to do was to ignore this leaden feeling about the heart and rely on their common sense, their daylight sanity. Now that the tribe had eaten, the thing to do was to try again. And anyway, he couldn’t stay here all night in an empty shelter by the deserted platform. His flesh crept and he shivered in the evening sun. No fire; no smoke; no rescue. He turned and limped away through the forest toward Jack’s end of the island.

The slanting sticks of sunlight were lost among the branches. At length he came to a clearing in the forest where rock prevented vegetation from growing. Now it was a pool of shadows and Ralph nearly flung himself behind a tree when he saw something standing in the center; but then he saw that the white face was bone and that the pig’s skull grinned at him from the top of a stick. He walked slowly into the middle of the clearing and looked steadily at the skull that gleamed as

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white as ever the conch had done and seemed to jeer at him cynically. An inquisitive ant was busy in one of the eye sockets but otherwise the thing was lifeless. 35

Or was it?

Little prickles of sensation ran up and down his back. He stood, the skull about on a level with his face, and held up his hair with two hands. The teeth grinned, the empty sockets seemed to hold his gaze masterfully and without effort. 40

What was it?

The skull regarded Ralph like one who knows all the answers and won't tell. A sick fear and rage swept him. Fiercely he hit out at the filthy thing in front of him that bobbed like a toy and came back, still grinning into his face, so that he lashed and cried out in loathing. Then he was licking his bruised knuckles and looking at the bare stick, while the skull lay in two pieces, its grin now six feet across. He wrenched the quivering stick from the crack and held it as a spear between him and the white pieces. Then he backed away, keeping his face to the skull that lay grinning at the sky. 50

- (i) In what ways does Golding convey how difficult Ralph's situation is **in this passage**?
- (ii) What is the significance of Ralph's actions towards the pig's skull in this scene? Explore **another incident** where Golding establishes the significance of this skull.

Section B

Answer **either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.

2 This passage is about a married man who has to deal with his wife's illness.

Alone, Mr Hutton suddenly found himself the prey of an appalling boredom.

Mrs Hutton was lying on the sofa in her boudoir, playing patience*. In spite of the warmth of the July evening a wood fire was burning on the hearth. A black Pomeranian, extenuated by the heat and the fatigues of digestion, slept before the blaze.

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"Phew! Isn't it rather hot in here?" Mr Hutton asked as he entered the room.

"You know I have to keep warm, dear." The voice seemed breaking on the verge of tears. "I get so shivery."

"I hope you're better this evening."

"Not much, I'm afraid."

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The conversation stagnated. Mr Hutton stood leaning his back against the mantelpiece. He looked down at the Pomeranian lying at his feet, and with the toe of his right boot he rolled the little dog over and rubbed its white-flecked chest and belly. The creature lay in an inert ecstasy. Mrs Hutton continued to play patience. Arrived at an *impasse***, she altered the position of one card, took back another, and went on playing. Her patiences always came out.

15

"Dr Libbard thinks I ought to go to Llandrindod Wells this summer."

"Well, go, my dear, go, most certainly."

Mr Hutton was thinking of the events of the afternoon: how they had driven, Doris and he, up to the hanging wood, and left the car to wait for them under the shade of the trees, and walked together out into the windless sunshine of the chalk down.

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"I'm to drink the waters for my liver, and he thinks I ought to have massage and electric treatment, too."

Hat in hand, Doris had stalked four blue butterflies that were dancing together round a delicate flower with a motion that was like the flickering of blue fire. The blue fire burst and scattered into whirling sparks; she had given chase, laughing and shouting like a child.

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"I'm sure it will do you good, my dear."

"I was wondering if you'd come with me, dear."

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"But you know I'm going to Scotland at the end of the month."

Mrs Hutton looked at him entreatingly. "It's the journey," she said. "The thought of it is such a nightmare. I don't know if I can manage it. And you know I can't sleep in hotels. And then there's the luggage and all the worries. I can't go alone."

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"But you won't be alone. You'll have your maid with you." He spoke impatiently. The sick woman was usurping the place of the healthy one. He was being dragged back from the memory of the sunlit down and the quick, laughing girl, back to this unhealthy, overheated room and its complaining occupant.

"I don't think I shall be able to go."

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"But you must, my dear, if the doctor tells you to. And, besides, a change will do you good."

"I don't think so."

"But Libbard thinks so, and he knows what he's talking about."

"No, I can't face it. I'm too weak. I can't go alone." Mrs Hutton pulled a handkerchief out of her black-silk bag and put it to her eyes.

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“Nonsense, my dear, you must make the effort.”

“I had rather be left in peace to die here.” She was crying in earnest now.

“O Lord! Do please be reasonable. Listen now, please.” Mrs Hutton only sobbed more violently. “Oh, what is one to do?” He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room. 50

Mr Hutton was aware that he had not behaved with proper patience; but he could not help it. Very early in his manhood he had discovered that not only did he not feel sympathy for the poor, the weak, the diseased, and deformed; he actually hated them. Once, as an undergraduate, he spent three days at a mission in the East End. He had returned, filled with a profound and ineradicable disgust. Instead of pitying, he loathed the unfortunate. It was not, he knew, a very comely emotion, and he had been ashamed of it at first. In the end he had decided that it was temperamental, inevitable, and had felt no further qualms. Emily had been healthy and beautiful when he married her. He had loved her then. But now – was it his fault that she was like this? 55 60

Mr Hutton dined alone. Food and drink left him more benevolent than he had been before dinner. To make amends for his show of exasperation he went up to his wife’s room and offered to read to her. She was touched, gratefully accepted the offer, and Mr Hutton, who was particularly proud of his accent, suggested a little light reading in French. 65

“French? I am so fond of French.” Mrs Hutton spoke of the language of Racine*** as though it were a dish of green peas.

Mr Hutton ran down to the library and returned with a yellow volume. He began reading. The effort of pronouncing perfectly absorbed his whole attention. But how good his accent was! The fact of its goodness seemed to improve the quality of the novel he was reading. 70

At the end of fifteen pages an unmistakable sound aroused him. He looked up; Mrs Hutton had gone to sleep. He sat still for a while, looking with dispassionate curiosity at the sleeping face. Once it had been beautiful; once, long ago, the sight of it, the recollection of it, had moved him with an emotion profounder, perhaps, than any he had felt before or since. Now it was lined and cadaverous. The skin was stretched tightly over the cheekbones, across the bridge of the sharp, birdlike nose. The closed eyes were set in profound bonerimmed sockets. The lamplight striking on the face from the side emphasised with light and shade its cavities and projections. Upon contemplating this face, he shivered a little, and left the room. 75 80

* a card game

** deadlock

*** a French dramatist

(by Aldous Huxley)

- (i) What impressions does the passage give you about the relationship between Mr and Mrs Hutton?
- (ii) How does the writer portray Mr Hutton as an unappealing character?

Refer closely to the passage in your answer.

- 3 Read this poem carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it.

My city, my canvas

How do I colour my city
with creatures busy in living?
Do I walk along as if on an errand
seeking a lotus pond afloat with enlightenment?
Do I go in search of orchid petals
to unfurl whorls for hybrid pollens? 5
Do I hurry along street plans and measure landuse
to draw lines and shapes for my canvas?

My city has no mountain ranges
to be unscrolled broadened brownness, 10
neither has she bushfires nor epic tragedies
but her sky can be
as dry and distant as a desert's.

My city has campaigns, policies and long-term planning,
has a reputation for drivenness 15
of a small country,
has shopping malls and more...

Is my canvas
a surrealscape of
a slim city slowly coated with melting cheese 20
where there are clowns with broken legs,
jugglers balancing on shaky stakes,
children spinning on top of whales
growing up to be adults with briefcases
on top of flying clocks? 25

I want to hiss a snake out of a kettle,
drink it like coffee as the steam scatters,
that I may
frame with passing beatitude* and mosaic wisdom,
my city, my canvas. 30

**a state of utmost bliss*

(by Heng Siok Tian)

- (i) What are your impressions of the city as described by the speaker?
- (ii) How does the poet vividly convey the speaker's feelings and attitude towards her city?

Refer closely to the poem in your answer.

END OF PAPER

Paper 1 Marking Scheme

- (a) “Piggy demonstrates an increasing strength of character as the novel progresses.” How far do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with details from the novel.

Strength of character: Refers to the way he becomes increasingly courageous and bold as the novel progresses.

Stand: Yes, agree to a large degree.

Point	Evidence & Elaboration
Piggy is initially demonstrated as a rather timid character, who does not speak up, even when he is being bullied.	When Piggy tries to inform Jack of the other boys’ names, he is rudely interrupted by Jack Merridew, who not only asks him to shut up but also calls him by a demeaning term “Fatty”, leading to all the boys laughing at him. Piggy does not attempt to defend himself or even retaliate but instead passively allows himself to be bullied. Piggy appears to be an ostracised outsider, as seen in the way that all the boys seems to be pitted against him, with none feeling a shred of sympathy for Piggy, as seen in the way they were “a closed circuit of sympathy with Piggy outside”. We do know that he was perhaps very embarrassed and emotionally affected by the incident, as seen in the way he went pink, but his timidity is evident in his response here. He does not attempt to defend himself by saying that they had no right to call him such names or shut him up, especially when he was just trying to be helpful and instead he takes the position of meek submission, as seen in his body language of his head being bowed down.
We see him becoming bolder in the scene where he tells the boys off for losing sight of their priorities and letting the fire get out of control. However, he still looks to Ralph for reassurance.	<p>In this scene, Piggy addresses the boys about their lack of discernment in setting up the fire, allowing it to get out of control and also leading them to be distracted from what should be more pressing priorities such as building shelter.</p> <p>He makes it a point to voice out his opinions, emphasising to the boys that he has the conch and thus has a right to speak. He demands the boys’ attention, saying “I got the conch! Just you listen!”, which is far cry from the meek boy who did not dare to retaliate when we first saw him in Chap 1. He even goes on to chide the boys, by saying that they “ought to have made... shelters down there by the beach” and questions how they could “expect to be rescued if you don’t put first things first and act proper?” He also goes on to scold the rest of the boys for setting the whole island on fire and not giving Ralph time to think things through. Here, we see Piggy becoming bolder and daring to speak up to address things which he feels have gotten out of control. He uses the fact that he has his conch to assert his authority that he has the right to speak up, although at particular</p>

	<p>moments we still seem him demonstrating some insecurities, as seen when he turns to Ralph to back him up, “I got the conch, ain’t I Ralph?”</p> <p>Not only does he now vocalise his thoughts, he is seen to be courageous enough to rebuke the boys telling them to get their priorities straight and giving Ralph time to think before impulsively rushing into action.</p>
<p>We see Piggy demonstrating an increasing strength of character in his courage at addressing important matters that needed to be addressed.</p>	<p>This is seen in the scene where Piggy rebukes Jack that he “didn’t ought to have let that fire out” and reminds him of Jack’s commitment to “keep the smoke going”. This is significant as we can see from Chap 1 that he was actually initially very intimidated by Jack and thus is a marked change from his initial attitude of deference to Jack. Not only does he have the courage to point out Jack’s flaws, he also threatens Jack, “I got to have them specs. Now I only got one eye. Jus’ you wait” when Jack damages Piggy’s glasses. He is not about to take things lying down. We see Piggy being a lot more confrontational in his attitude towards Jack. In contrast to the boy who looked down when he was called names by Jack, he now has become someone who dares to point out Jack’s faults, inciting some of the hunters to agree with him too. Perhaps the most direct contrast would be in the way he now can look Jack threateningly in the eye and even forewarn him about how he would get his own back one day.</p>
<p>An ultimate demonstration of Piggy’s courage and strength of character is seen when he goes to Jack’s tribe to demand for his glasses back. He no longer is reliant on Ralph to be a source of reassurance and is even seen to be bolder than Ralph in this aspect.</p>	<p>This is seen in the way he responds, “What can he do more than he has? I’ll tell him what’s what,” when Ralph surfaces his reservations that Jack would hurt Piggy if he were to go to demand for his glasses. He no longer has any qualms about approaching Jack, although he know that the response would most likely be aggressive, in view of the way that at this point in the novel, Jack’s tribe has really declined to the level of savages. Even when Jack and Ralph get into a physical fight, this does not stop Piggy from standing up from what he believes in and he exclaims to the boys, “Which is better—to be a pack of painted niggers like you are, or to be sensible like Ralph is?” Even in the midst of such an emotionally charged situation, in which both Ralph and Jack have already started attacking each other physically, Piggy dares to speak up. This time, the comments are not only against Jack himself but he clearly addresses the boys “Which is better—to be a pack of painted niggers like you are, or to be sensible like Ralph is?” to get them to rethink their behaviour and actions. This would have taken an act of immense courage, especially when these boys can no longer be called peers and friends, as they have turned away from Ralph’s party and have pledged their allegiance to Jack, turning to more savage ways, instead of the rational way in which Ralph had attempted to lead the boys.</p>
<p>However, we see that while he does demonstrate an increasing strength</p>	<p>This is seen firstly in his defensive reaction when Ralph raises the idea that they had been responsible for</p>

<p>of character in the courage he musters in dealing with Jack, we see he lacks the moral courage to admit his moral culpability in Simon's death.</p>	<p>Simon's death. He screams, "You stop it!" shrilly because he cannot bear to face the reality of the situation. He also denies it by making a lot of excuses for Simon's killing, "that bloody dance", the "lighting and thunder and rain" and the fact that it was an accident. He even tries to transfer the blame to Simon for crawling out at the wrong time and being "batty". He even wants Ralph to cover up the fact that they had been present at the scene, as seen in his request that Ralph cover up this fact as nobody would have noticed them in the dark. Thus, we see that in this case, he lacks the strength of character to face up to the evil that is within each of them and instead tries to cover it up by making excuses for himself.</p>
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(b) What do you think is the role of the littluns in the novel? Support your answer with details from the novel.

Point	Evidence & Elaboration
To bring out the characteristics of the older boys, in their treatment of the littleuns:	
Ralph	Ralph is depicted as being a considerate boy in his treatment of the littleuns. He recognises that some of them miss home, as seen in them huddling together and having bad dreams at night and thus makes it a priority to build shelters for the boys, to not only shield them from harsh weather elements but also to give them a semblance of a home. He also speaks kindly to the boy with the mark on the face, when he attempts to share his views and attempts to comfort him by telling him that, there "couldn't (be) a beastie, a snake-thing on an island this size...you only get them in big countries, like Africa, or India."
Piggy	Piggy is depicted as being caring towards the littluns as well. He attempts to keep track of them and notices when the boy with the mark is no longer with them. His caring attitude towards them is also seen in the way he attempts to communicate to others what the little boy with the mark on the face wants to communicate, when he is too afraid and shy to do so. This is seen in the way he calls for the conch to be given to the little boy to give him the right to speak, as well as kneels beside the boy so that he can hear what the little boy is saying and communicate this to the rest of the boys. This shows how he makes a special effort to look out for the little ones.
Simon	Similarly, Simon too is caring and looks out for the littluns, helping Ralph with the shelters, as well as picking choice fruit for them because it is beyond their reach. This shows how he makes special pains to cater to their needs.
Jack	In contrast, Jack is not seen as caring for the littluns at all. He is mean to them, pointing fingers at them for causing fear in the community by talking about beasts

	and blaming them for being useless, “you’re a lot of cry-babies and sisses. That’s what” He also says “Sucks to the littluns when Ralph asks about somebody staying behind to look after them when they are looking for the beast, which shows that he is not the slightest bit concerned about their welfare. The stark contrast between Jack’s treatment of the littluns and Ralph, Piggy and Simon’s treatment of them clearly marks out two camps, the good and the bad. (Candidates could also bring out the way Jack physically abuses the littluns and also considers making them play the role of the pig that they are hunting which can be found beyond Chap 8).The littluns thus play a role in helping the reader differentiate the characters into the different camps, based on the older boys’ treatment of them.
Roger and Maurice	Joining Jack’s camp are the hunters whom we see at a very early stage having a violent streak towards the boys. This is seen in the way they want to destroy the sandcastles the littluns have created.
Introduction of the motif of the beast	The motif of the beast is introduced by the little boy with the mark on the face and is continued by Percival. The beast plays an important role in the novel because it sparks off irrational fear that drives the boys to go on hunt for the beast, make sacrifices (the sow’s head) and commit murder (the murder of Simon due to the hysteria of killing and irrational fear). What they fail to recognise though, is that the beast is not an external creature but something that is inside of them, namely, the evil of the human heart, something that only Simon, who is killed, realises. The littluns thus play an important role in introducing the motif of the beast to the novel.
Foreshadow the destruction that is to come in the later part of the novel	The death of the littlun with the mark on the face early on in Chap 2 foreshadows the potential destruction that is to come due to impulsiveness and irrationality. Just as the little boy is lost in the fire due to their impulsive way of setting up a fire and not being able to control it, the irrational desires and impulses of the boys also lead to the death of Simon, Piggy and even a man-hunt for Ralph because they are acting on their irrational desires, instead of thinking things through. (Students could elaborate on these incidents). The way the littluns suffer from chronic diarrhoea and cry out at night because of bad dreams also give the reader a sense of foreboding that all is not well on the island, leading the reader to anticipate how things would take a bad turn in the following chapters.
Portrays themes such as the breakdown of civilization and of the loss of innocence	The littluns behaviour also brings out certain key themes in the novel, such as the breakdown of civilisation. This is seen in the way they no longer abide to basic hygiene practices, no longer keeping to the demarcated area for excreting waste. The loss of innocence is also seen vividly in the way they move from boys involved in playing their own games, to being brought into the killing game as well, as seen in Chap 9 when the boys started

	<p>chanting, "Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" and the littluns too started their own ring. Their games have moved from innocent ones like building sandcastles to one which is in essence a killing ritual, with a menacing undertone. This ultimately ends with the crowd exhibiting violence towards the "beast", they "surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws". To have boys at a tender young age involved in such a carnal killing surely marks a loss of innocence. The violence exhibited in the choice of verbs such as "tear" and "struck" also demonstrates the viciousness and aggressiveness behind the boys' actions, normally uncharacteristic of boys at such a tender age.</p>
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<p>Ralph saw that for the time being he was safe. He limped away through the fruit trees, drawn by the thought of the poor food yet bitter when he remembered the feast. Feast today, and then tomorrow....</p>	
<p>He argued unconvincingly that they would let him alone, perhaps even make an outlaw of him. But then the fatal unreasoning knowledge came to him again. The breaking of the conch and the deaths of Piggy and Simon lay over the island like a vapor. These painted savages would go further and further. Then there was that indefinable connection between himself and Jack; who therefore would never let him alone; never.</p>	5
<p>He paused, sun-flecked, holding up a bough, prepared to duck under it. A spasm of terror set him shaking and he cried aloud. "No. They're not as bad as that. It was an accident."</p>	10
<p>He ducked under the bough, ran clumsily, then stopped and listened. He came to the smashed acres of fruit and ate greedily. He saw two littluns and, not having any idea of his own appearance, wondered why they screamed and ran.</p>	15
<p>When he had eaten he went toward the beach. The sunlight was slanting now into the palms by the wrecked shelter. There was the platform and the pool. The best thing to do was to ignore this leaden feeling about the heart and rely on their common sense, their daylight sanity. Now that the tribe had eaten, the thing to do was to try again. And anyway, he couldn't stay here all night in an empty shelter by the deserted platform. His flesh crept and he shivered in the evening sun. No fire; no smoke; no rescue. He turned and limped away through the forest toward Jack's end of the island.</p>	20
<p>The slanting sticks of sunlight were lost among the branches. At length he came to a clearing in the forest where rock prevented vegetation from growing. Now it was a pool of shadows and Ralph nearly flung himself behind a tree when he saw something standing in the center; but then he saw that the white face was bone and that the pig's skull grinned at him from the top of a stick. He walked slowly into the middle of the clearing and looked steadily at the skull that gleamed as white as ever the conch had done and seemed to jeer at him cynically. An inquisitive ant was busy in one of the eye sockets but otherwise the thing was lifeless.</p>	25
<p>Or was it?</p>	
<p>Little prickles of sensation ran up and down his back. He stood, the skull about on a level with his face, and held up his hair with two hands. The teeth grinned, the empty sockets seemed to hold his gaze masterfully and</p>	35

without effort. What was it? The skull regarded Ralph like one who knows all the answers and won't tell. A sick fear and rage swept him. Fiercely he hit out at the filthy thing in front of him that bobbed like a toy and came back, still grinning into his face, so that he lashed and cried out in loathing. Then he was licking his bruised knuckles and looking at the bare stick, while the skull lay in two pieces, its grin now six feet across. He wrenched the quivering stick from the crack and held it as a spear between him and the white pieces. Then he backed away, keeping his face to the skull that lay grinning at the sky.	40
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(i) In what ways does Golding convey how difficult Ralph's situation is in this passage?

Terrible: extremely bad

Point	Evidence & Elaboration
The uncertainty of Ralph's fate	"Ralph saw that <u>for the time being</u> he was safe" "Feast today, and then tomorrow." The phrase "for the time being" denotes the lack of stability of Ralph's situation. There is no telling when his life would be threatened. This constant state of flux would be very unsettling for Ralph. There is also the acknowledgment of impending danger for Ralph, as when the feast is over, the attention of the hunters might then turn to Ralph to hunt him down
Ralph's injury	"He limped..." This puts him at attacks by enemies because he would not be able to move as fast as he normally would.
Ralph's lack of food choices	"poor food" Now that he is in hiding and the rest of the boys have turned against him, he is limited to only eating fruit from the fruit trees. We are reminded of the way he has been stripped of his power, and of his right to liberty, as well as the ability to start the fire, with the crushing of Piggy's glasses.
Emphasis on Ralph's total isolation	"The breaking of the conch and the deaths of Piggy and Simon lay over the island like a vapour" The use of the simile "like a vapour" denotes the unescapable nature of this fact, and how the facts of what has happened hangs heavily over Ralph. Not only is he physically isolated, in the sense that he no longer has his supporters Piggy and Simon to be there for him, he has also been alienated, in the sense that he has lost all power, as symbolised by the breaking of the conch (which was initially a symbol of his authority)
Emphasis on the way he is being hunted by the boys he once called	"These painted savages would go further and further. Then there was that indefinable connection between

friends.	himself and Jack; who therefore would never let him alone; never". This shows that they would never let him off the hook. His life, therefore, is in peril."
At the same time, he is also in a state of disbelief. Conflicted emotions also convey his unwillingness to believe that they would harm him	"He argued unconvincingly that they would let him alone...but then the fatal unreasoning knowledge came to him again...the deaths of Piggy and Simon." "No.They're not as bad as that. It was an accident." He is plagued by the memory of the terrors he had witnessed, by how the boys whom he had once considered friends had killed Piggy and Simon and tries to attribute Piggy's death to that of the accident and tries to believe that they would not harm him, though we know that this was a futile effort from the use of the word "unconvincingly". The shows how terrible Ralph's situation is because he no longer has anyone he can trust.
The dismal state of things that seems to spell out the very low chance of rescue and being brought back to civilisation	"No fire; no smoke; no rescue" The things that Ralph had fought hard for throughout their stay in their island had come to nought.

- (ii) What is the significance of Ralph's reactions towards the pig's skull in this scene? Explore another incident where Golding establishes the significance of the pig's skull.

Point	Evidence & Elaboration
(From this passage)	
The pig skull seems to have a hold over Ralph, just as evil, which it represents, seems to have a hold over the boys.	"...the empty sockets seemed to hold his gaze masterfully and without effort" (parallels with Simon in the earlier incident, "His eyes could not break away- p.177" This shows that Ralph too, though struggles to be civilised and do what is right, is still susceptible to the wiles of the evil one.
Ralph attempts to destroy the pig skull because of the repulsion he has for it.	"The skull regarded Ralph like one who knows all the answers and won't tell him. A sick fear and rage swept him. Fiercely he hit out at the filthy thing in front of him that bobbed like a toy and came back, still grinning into his face, so that he lashed and cried out in loathing" The repulsion that Ralph has for the pig skull is symbolic of his repulsion of all the horrendous acts of hunting and savagery that he has witnessed on the island. While unlike Simon, he does not recognise that it is an embodiment of the evil one, he still sees it as something to be destroyed because of its association with the inhumane hunting. This also is significant in showing the distinctiveness of Simon as a wise figure, as seen in his insight about the true nature of the beast, as opposed to Ralph who merely recognises it as a grotesque object to be gotten rid of.
Ralph is wary of the pig skull and is	"He wrenched the quivering stick from the crack and held

on the defensive	<p>it as a spear between him and the white pieces. Then he backed away, keeping his face to the skull that lay grinning at the sky.”</p> <p>Even though he does not have a direct “encounter” with the Lord of the Flies, unlike Simon, he seems intuitively to know that it is associated with all the bad things that have happened on the island and thus stands guard against it.</p> <p>This is symbolic of the way, he too has been trying to hold the fort against the outbreak of evil e.g. through the establishment of rules and the maintaining of order.</p>
(Other incident)- Conversation with Simon (p.177-178)	Pig’s skull as a symbol of the devil
Who preys on Simon’s insecurities	“They think you are batty. You don’ want Ralph to think you’re batty, do you? You like Ralph a lot, don’t you? And Piggy and Jack?”
Revelation of who or what the beast really is-the evil in man and the reason why disorder has been breaking out among the boys	“I’m the beast...Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!...You knew didn’t you?” I’m part of you? Close, close, close! I’m the reason why it’s no go? Why things are what they are?”
Foreshadowing of Simon’s death if he should try to change the course of things	<p>“We’re going to have fun on the island! So don’t try it on , my poor misguided boy, or else...we shall do you. See? Jack and Roger and Maurice and Robert and Bill and Piggy and Ralph. Do you. See?”</p> <p>This foreshadows the way Simon is eventually done in by all the boys who mistake him for the beast and spear him to death, later on in Chap 9.</p>

- (i) What impressions does the passage give you about the relationship between Mr and Mrs Hutton?
- (ii) How does the writer create a disturbing/an unappealing impression of Mr Hutton?

Points	Evidence
1. They are no longer as close/intimate as before; the formality they adopt towards each other is a sign that they have left behind the stage of the first heady flush of intense passion and love, characterised by romance and physical intimacy, when the husband pays devoted and undivided attention to his wife and vice versa	<p>“Phew! Isn’t it rather hot in here?” Mr Hutton asked as he entered the room.</p> <p>“You know I have to keep warm, dear.” The voice seemed breaking on the verge of tears. “I get so shivery.”</p> <p><u>“I hope you’re better this evening.”</u></p> <p><u>“Not much, I’m afraid.”</u></p> <p><u>The conversation stagnated.</u> Mr Hutton stood leaning his back against the mantelpiece. He looked down at the Pomeranian lying at his feet, and with the toe of his right boot he rolled the little dog over and <u>rubbed its white-flecked chest and belly.</u> <u>The creature lay in an inert ecstasy.</u> Mrs Hutton continued to play patience.</p> <p>The fact that there are awkward silences and stilted exchanges between them, and their only topic of conversation is her illness and physical condition suggest that there is some strain in their relationship. Mr Hutton was so bored that he took to rolling the dog over and rubbing it playfully instead of paying attention to his wife. He also seems insensitive to her suffering – could also probably be due to the fact that she has been ill for some time and he has</p>

	<p>become desensitised to her situation. The fact that she whiles her time away by playing card games by herself suggests that he has left her to her own devices too much</p>
<p>2. There are secrets between them: the husband is no longer in love with his wife and in fact, seems to enjoy the company of another woman, and has been seeing her behind his wife's back; in fact he is bored by the marriage. The wife is probably aware that she has lost him, but seems helpless as to how she can restore their relationship</p>	<p>"Dr Libbard thinks I ought to go to Llandrindod Wells this summer." "Well, go, my dear, go, most certainly." <u>Mr Hutton was thinking of the events of the afternoon: how they had driven, Doris and he, up to the hanging wood, and left the car to wait for them under the shade of the trees, and walked together out into the windless sunshine of the chalk down.</u> "I'm to drink the waters for my liver, and he thinks I ought to have massage and electric treatment, too." Hat in hand, Doris had stalked four blue butterflies that were dancing together round a scabious flower with a motion that was like the flickering of blue fire. The blue fire burst and scattered into whirling sparks; she had given chase, laughing and shouting like a child. "I'm sure it will do you good, my dear." "I was wondering if you'd come with me, dear." "But you know I'm going to Scotland at the end of the month." <u>Mrs Hutton looked at him entreatingly.</u> "It's the journey," she said. "The thought of it is such a nightmare. I don't know if I can manage it. And you know I can't sleep in hotels. And then there's the luggage and all the worries. I can't go alone." <u>"But you won't be alone. You'll have your maid with you."</u> He spoke impatiently. Even though his wife is sickly and needs to go away to recuperate, he does not seem to be very concerned; on the contrary, he is recalling with pleasure how he had spent the afternoon with Doris, another woman, chasing butterflies. Instead of commiserating with his wife, he is thinking of Doris' lively vivaciousness. His encouraging his wife to go away for the summer could also be motivated by a need to spend time instead with Doris, probably far more pleasurable than time spent in his wife's company. Her entreaties with him, to accompany her to Llandrindod Wells, falls on deaf ears – instead, he demurs by saying that she would have her trusty maid with her</p>
<p>3. The husband seems only to spend time with his wife out of obligation, or feelings of guilt, and not out of genuine love and affection. She, on her part, seems to act like a dependent, sickly child who is grateful for any crumbs of affection he throws at her. She attempts to use emotional blackmail by crying and projecting an image of herself as a pitiful victim of ill health, but he is immune to her wiles</p>	<p>The sick woman was usurping the place of the healthy one. He was being dragged back from the memory of the sunlit down and the quick, laughing girl, back to this unhealthy, overheated room and its complaining occupant. "I don't think I shall be able to go." "But you must, my dear, if the doctor tells you to. And, besides, a change will do you good." "I don't think so." "But Libbard thinks so, and he knows what he's talking about." "No, I can't face it. I'm too weak. I can't go alone." Mrs Hutton pulled a handkerchief out of her black-silk bag and put it to her eyes. "Nonsense, my dear, you must make the effort." "I had rather be left in peace to die here." She was crying in earnest now. "O Lord! Do please be reasonable. Listen now, please." Mrs Hutton only sobbed more violently. "Oh, what is one to do?" He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room. Mr Hutton dined alone. Food and drink left him more benevolent than he had been before dinner. To make amends for his show of exasperation he went up to his wife's room and offered to read to her. She was touched, gratefully accepted the offer, and Mr Hutton, who was particularly proud of his accent, suggested a little light reading in French. The husband guards himself against his wife's pleading and does not succumb to her pleas to keep her company if she goes away to recover. Despite her crying pitifully, he is adamant not to give in, and responds by being indifferent and simply leaving the room.</p>

Later, bitten by remorse at his unchivalrous behaviour, he goes to her room to offer to read to her and keep her company as she dozes off to sleep.

Points	Evidence
<p>1. By suggesting that he is only pretending to be a faithful husband to his wife – on the surface he appears to want what’s best for her, seeming to have her interests at heart, but underneath that ‘concerned exterior’ lies a heart that is bored with her. He is seeing someone else on the sly, and deceiving her about it. When she mentions going away for the summer, his heart seems to have leapt with joy. He encourages her to go on the pretext of showing concern for her, while in his mind he is probably rejoicing in the knowledge that this would free him to spend time with the new woman in his life</p>	<p>“Dr Libbard thinks I ought to go to Llandrindod Wells this summer.” “‘Well, go, my dear, go, most certainly.” <u>Mr Hutton was thinking of the events of the afternoon: how they had driven, Doris and he, up to the hanging wood, and left the car to wait for them under the shade of the trees, and walked together out into the windless sunshine of the chalk down.</u> “I’m to drink the waters for my liver, and he thinks I ought to have massage and electric treatment, too.” <u>Hat in hand, Doris had stalked four blue butterflies that were dancing together round a scabious flower with a motion that was like the flickering of blue fire. The blue fire burst and scattered into whirling sparks; she had given chase, laughing and shouting like a child.</u> The writer portrays Mr Hutton as a contemptible unfaithful man who has betrayed his wife by seeing another woman while she is grappling with ill health. Her physical condition seems to be worsening; instead of keeping her company and offering solace with his presence, he has been unfaithful to her. The suggestion that he is bored with her and the marriage does not put him in a good light as far as the reader is concerned</p>
<p>2. By depicting how, instead of being genuinely concerned about his wife’s health and well-being, his mind drifts inexorably to the other woman, Doris, who seems to have entranced him. He resents the fact that his wife is intruding into his pleasurable thoughts about Doris – he seems to find his wife a cloying, burdensome and irksome encumbrance. He is put off by her ill health – what is objectionable is his callous attitude towards his sickly wife</p>	<p>Mrs Hutton looked at him entreatingly. “It’s the journey,” she said. “The thought of it is such a nightmare. I don’t know if I can manage it. And you know I can’t sleep in hotels. And then there’s the luggage and all the worries. I can’t go alone.” “‘But you won’t be alone. You’ll have your maid with you.” He spoke impatiently. <u>The sick woman was usurping the place of the healthy one. He was being dragged back from the memory of the sunlit down and the quick, laughing girl, back to this unhealthy, overheated room and its complaining occupant.</u> “I don’t think I shall be able to go.” “‘But you must, my dear, if the doctor tells you to. And, besides, a change will do you good.” His wife seems to genuinely desire his company and pleads for his understanding – making an anguished plea for him to accompany her but he seems callous and insensitive, shrugging off his responsibility as a dutiful husband and putting her off by insisting that her maid would suffice. His resentment that she was intruding into his private thoughts about Doris is repugnant to the reader</p>
<p>3. By painting a picture of his distinct lack of empathy for those who are down on their luck, whether it is in terms of health, wealth or physical state. He is well aware of this aspect of his character, yet remains unapologetic about it. What is reprehensible about his attitude is that he makes excuses for his antipathy and revulsion towards those who deserve empathy,</p>	<p>“Nonsense, my dear, you must make the effort.” “I had rather be left in peace to die here.” She was crying in earnest now. “O Lord! Do please be reasonable. Listen now, please.” Mrs Hutton only sobbed more violently. “Oh, what is one to do?” <u>He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room.</u> Mr Hutton was aware that he had not behaved with proper patience; but he could not help it. <u>Very early in his manhood he had discovered that not only did he not feel sympathy for the poor, the weak, the diseased, and deformed; he actually hated them.</u> Once, as an undergraduate, he spent three days at a mission in the East End. He had returned, filled with a profound and ineradicable disgust. Instead of pitying, he loathed the unfortunate. <u>It was not, he knew, a very comely emotion, and he had been ashamed of it at first. In the end he had decided that it was temperamental, inevitable, and had felt no further qualms.</u> Emily had</p>

choosing to dismiss his response to these people as a quirk in his nature. Instead of standing by Emily, his wife, in her stricken state, he no longer loves her but has no qualms about abandoning her to her fate	<u>been healthy and beautiful when he married her. He had loved her then. But now – was it his fault that she was like this?</u> Opting to leave her out in the cold emotionally because she has lost her attractiveness and physical appeal is the height of cruel callousness – this leaves the reader cold as well and the reader would feel a natural dismay, aversion and abhorrence towards his cold-blooded behaviour
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- (i) What are your impressions of the city as described by the speaker?
(ii) How does the poet vividly convey the speaker’s feelings and attitude towards her city?

(i)

<i>Points</i>	<i>Evidence</i>
1. That it is a modern metropolis that does not distinguish itself from other developed cities; its occupants lead busy, fast-paced lives that do not afford them the time nor inclination to stop and smell the roses. They seem content to live their lives mechanically, never pausing to reflect on the meaning of life nor to seek new understanding and insight into life, and what life may offer The citizens seem to devote their time to fulfilling the city’s objectives – to explore and find ways to enhance the city’s image and reputation. Life in the city seems to be about doing what is necessary to promote its progress; the citizens’ individual goals and aspirations seem to be a far second in the list of priorities	How do I colour my city with creatures busy in living? Do I walk along as if on an errand seeking a lotus pond afloat with enlightenment? Do I go in search of orchid petals to unfurl whorls for hybrid pollens? Do I hurry along street plans and measure landuse to draw lines and shapes for my canvas?
2. That there are no new, undeveloped areas that may be explored; the city is so efficiently run and managed, and its geographical location so safe and tranquil, that its dwellers do not live in fear of natural calamities like earthquakes; they are not called upon to be resilient for there seem to be no crises to whip them into shape so that they can handle emergencies. The poem also suggests that the city is space-challenged so that there are no natural and large spaces/areas where residents may go to roam and venture beyond their usual workday routines. The idea of a concrete jungle is hinted at	My city has no mountain ranges to be unscrolled broadened brownness, neither has she bushfires nor epic tragedies but her sky can be as dry and distant as a desert’s.
3. That the city is run like a well-oiled machine; everything probably operates like clockwork. There is the suggestion that the city is renowned for its efficiency; the smallness of its size has resulted in a constant and concentrated focus on excellence, prompting the people to be extremely devoted and committed to the task of enhancing the global reputation of the city and to plan for future	My city has campaigns, policies and long-term planning, has a reputation for drivenness of a small country, has shopping malls and more... Is my canvas a surrealscape of a slim city slowly coated with melting cheese where there are clowns with broken legs, jugglers balancing on shaky stakes, children spinning on top of whales growing up to be adults with briefcases

<p>sustained growth and progress, perhaps to the detriment of its people – they only know how to work hard but they may lack the creativity and initiative to explore and innovate esp in the area of the arts. The poem hints at the notion that the city is inhabited by people who tend to be workaholics because they have been conditioned to do so; certain fields of study and work are valued over others</p>	<p>on top of flying clocks?</p>
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(ii)

Points	Evidence
<p>1. The speaker feels frustration. This is vividly conveyed by her repeated use of rhetorical questions which emphasise the lack of individuality, freedom of thought and the space for exploration and gaining insight and perspective into life; the speaker seems to be critical of the way the authorities have conditioned citizens to work within certain constraints which have resulted in high productivity and efficiency but low creativity</p>	<p>How do I colour my city with creatures busy in living? Do I walk along as if on an errand seeking a lotus pond afloat with enlightenment? Do I go in search of orchid petals to unfurl whorls for hybrid pollens? Do I hurry along street plans and measure landuse to draw lines and shapes for my canvas?</p> <p>The use of the word “errand” suggests a task that is not the main activity but a peripheral and trivial one but the tone used suggests that the speaker feels that it is more important to seek “enlightenment” than to constantly seek improvement and progress without reflecting and thinking about what one wants in life. Also the choice of words “hurry” and “measure landuse” connote the idea of hurrying along to finish tasks without truly gaining in terms of personal growth. The idea of drawing “lines and shapes” suggests mechanical and meaningless tasks</p>
<p>2. The speaker is critical and somewhat unsettled by how life in the city is all about work and the business of improving efficiency; the authorities seem to be consumed by making the city an excellent one not to be upstaged by other similar metropolises. While it is understandable that the need to remain competitive is the focus of attention especially since size is a liability, the poet’s use of a simile like “dry and distant as a desert’s” connotes how we might as well be a desert city where nothing much really happens, where life stagnates; life in the city is dry and uneventful with very little to capture the imagination and turn us into dynamic, vibrant and energetic humans; we might benefit from a crisis or two</p>	<p>My city has no mountain ranges to be unscrolled broadened brownness, neither has she bushfires nor epic tragedies but her sky can be as dry and distant as a desert’s. My city has campaigns, policies and long-term planning, has a reputation for drivenness of a small country, has shopping malls and more...</p>
<p>3. There is anguish and despair in the speaker’s use of harsh and intense diction to denote her distinct displeasure and disapproval of the way life is lived in</p>	<p>Is my canvas a surrealscape of a slim city slowly coated with melting cheese</p>

her city. Her use of “surrealscape” indicates an unreal scene that she does not think she will ever see but which she pines for. The use of words to denote imperfections/defects is her impassioned way of saying that the city should learn to tolerate mistakes and failures; that as a nation we must not live like robots. Instead we must try new things and learn to pick ourselves up when we inevitably fall. In particular the last stanza contains an obtrusively violent image of a “snake” being conjured out of a “kettle” – her way of giving voice to her anguish at the clinical, impersonal and sanitised way the city operates totally devoid of personality and quirks. The use of “mosaic wisdom” strongly suggests that in a city that is truly vibrant and dynamic, there will be a colourful kaleidoscope comprising the different contributions of a diverse people who will all have something different to offer

where there are clowns with broken legs,
 jugglers balancing on shaky stakes,
 children spinning on top of whales
 growing up to be adults with briefcases
 on top of flying clocks?

I want to hiss a snake out of a kettle,
 drink it like coffee as the steam scatters,
 that I may
 frame with passing beatitude and mosaic wisdom,
 my city, my canvas.