

PP-DSE  
LIT ENG

PAPER 1  
(Set 1)

HONG KONG EXAMINATIONS AND ASSESSMENT AUTHORITY  
HONG KONG DIPLOMA OF SECONDARY EDUCATION EXAMINATION

## PRACTICE PAPER

### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH PAPER 1 (Set 1)

#### Appreciation

(2½ hours)

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Candidates must answer **THREE** questions, one from each section.

For Section A, the answer must be written in the **DSE(D)** answer book. For Sections B and C, the answers must be written in the same **DSE(C)** answer book. Start each question (not part of a question) on a new page.

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end of the examination session.

**Section A Critical Analysis** (10% of the subject mark)

Answer **EITHER** question 1 **OR** question 2. Each question carries 33 marks.

1. (A) Extract from *Lord of the Flies* (Chapter Seven).

Roger and Ralph moved on, this time leaving Jack in the rear, for all his brave words. They came to the flat top where the rock was hard to hands and knees.

A creature that bulged.

Ralph put his hand in the cold, soft ashes of the fire and smothered a cry. His hand and shoulder were twitching from the unlooked-for contact. Green lights of nausea appeared for a moment and ate into the darkness. Roger lay behind him and Jack's mouth was at his ear.

5

'Over there, where there used to be a gap in the rock. A sort of hump – see?'

10

Ashes blew into Ralph's face from the dead fire. He could not see the gap or anything else, because the green lights were opening again and growing, and the top of the mountain was sliding sideways.

Once more, from a distance, he heard Jack's whisper.

15

'Scared?'

Not scared so much as paralysed; hung up here immovable on the top of the diminishing, moving mountain. Jack slid away from him, Roger bumped, fumbled with a hiss of breath, and passed onwards. He heard them whispering.

20

'Can you see anything?'

'There –'

In front of them, only three or four yards away, was a rock-like hump where no rock should be. Ralph could hear a tiny chattering noise coming from somewhere – perhaps from his own mouth. He bound himself together with his will, fused his fear and loathing into a hatred, and stood up. He took two leaden steps forward.

25

Behind them the sliver of moon had drawn clear of the horizon. Before them, something like a great ape was sitting asleep with its head between its knees. Then the wind roared in the forest, there was confusion in the darkness and the creature lifted its head, holding towards them the ruin of a face.

30

Ralph found himself taking giant strides among the ashes, heard other creatures crying out and leaping and dared the impossible on the dark slope; presently the mountain was deserted, save for the three abandoned sticks and the thing that bowed.

35

(B) Extract from *Othello* (Act III Scene 3). *The garden of the castle.*

Iago:	Good name in man – and woman – dear my lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls; Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.	160
Othello:	By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!	165
Iago:	You cannot, if my heart were in your hand; Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.	
Othello:	'Swounds!	
Iago:	O beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; But O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er, Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet soundly loves!	170
Othello:	O misery!	
Iago:	Poor and content is rich, and rich enough, But riches fineless, is as poor as winter, To him that ever fears he shall be poor: Good God the souls of all my tribe defend From jealousy!	175
Othello:	Why? Why is this? Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy, To follow still the changes of the moon With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat, When I shall turn the business of my soul To such exsuffilate and blown surmises, Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well – Where virtue is, these are more virtuous – Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt, For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago, I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; And, on the proof, there is no more but this: Away at once with love or jealousy!	180 185 190 195

- (i) What is the role of beasts/monsters in the passages and in the works from which they come?  
(14 marks)
- (ii) What are Ralph's and Othello's emotions and how do Golding and Shakespeare show them to us?  
(19 marks)

2. Extract from *Lord of the Flies* (Chapter Twelve).

He staggered to his feet, tensed for more terrors, and looked up at a huge peaked cap. It was a white-topped cap, and above the green shade of the peak was a crown, an anchor, gold foliage. He saw white drill, epaulettes, a revolver, a row of gilt buttons down the front of a uniform.

5

A naval officer stood on the sand, looking down at Ralph in wary astonishment. On the beach behind him was a cutter, her bows hauled up and held by two ratings. In the stern-sheets another rating held a sub-machine gun.

The ululation faltered and died away.

10

The officer looked at Ralph doubtfully for a moment, then took his hand away from the butt of the revolver.

'Hullo.'

Squirming a little, conscious of his filthy appearance, Ralph answered shyly.

15

'Hullo.'

The officer nodded, as if a question had been answered.

'Are there any adults – any grown-ups with you?'

Dumbly, Ralph shook his head. He turned a half-pace on the sand. A semicircle of little boys, their bodies streaked with coloured clay, sharp sticks in their hands, were standing on the beach making no noise at all.

20

'Fun and games,' said the officer.

The fire reached the coco-nut palms by the beach and swallowed them noisily. A flame, seemingly detached, swung like an acrobat and licked up the palm heads on the platform. The sky was black.

25

The officer grinned cheerfully at Ralph.

'We saw your smoke. What have you been doing? Having a war or something?'

30

Ralph nodded.

The officer inspected the little scarecrow in front of him. The kid needed a bath, a hair-cut, a nose-wipe and a good deal of ointment.

'Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead bodies?'

'Only two. And they've gone.'

35

The officer leaned down and looked closely at Ralph.

'Two? Killed?'

Ralph nodded again. Behind him, the whole island was shuddering with flame. The officer knew, as a rule, when people were telling the truth. He whistled softly.

40

Other boys were appearing now, tiny tots some of them, brown, with the distended bellies of small savages. One of them came close to the officer and looked up.

'I'm, I'm —'

But there was no more to come. Percival Wemys Madison sought in his head for an incantation that had faded clean away.

45

The officer turned back to Ralph.

'We'll take you off. How many of you are there?'

Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.

'Who's boss here?'

'I am,' said Ralph loudly.

A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.

'We saw your smoke. And you don't know how many of you there are?'

'No, sir.'

'I should have thought,' said the officer as he visualized the search before him, 'I should have thought that a pack of British boys – you're all British aren't you? – would have been able to put up a better show than that – I mean –'

'It was like that at first,' said Ralph, 'before things –'

He stopped.

'We were together then –'

The officer nodded helpfully.

'I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.'

Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead wood – Simon was dead – and Jack had ... The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of them, with filthy body, matted hair, and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.

The officer, surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed. He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together; and waited, allowing his eyes to rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

- (i) Comment on the ironies of the closing events in the novel. (13 marks)
- (ii) Show how the narrative point of view changes in the extract. (13 marks)
- (iii) Explain the reference to *Coral Island* (line 67) made by the naval officer. (7 marks)

**Section B Poetry** (12% of the subject mark)

**The Rattle Bag**

Answer **EITHER** question 3 **OR** question 4. Each question carries 24 marks.

3. (i) Why do the two poets want the animals they write about to go on living or survive? (10 marks)
- (ii) Explain lines 11 – 14 of poem (A) (2 marks)
- (iii) ‘Plath may not appear to use rhyme, but there is a sort of half-rhyme in the poem.’ Discuss this statement. (8 marks)
- (iv) Comment on the rainbow in poem (B). (4 marks)

(A) **Pheasant**

You said you would kill it this morning. Do not kill it. It startles me still, The jut of that odd, dark head, pacing	3	But a dozen would be worth having, A hundred, on that hill – green and red, Crossing and recrossing: a fine thing!	18
Through the uncut grass on the elm’s hill. It is something to own a pheasant, Or just to be visited at all.	6	It is such a good shape, so vivid. It’s a little cornucopia. It unclaps, brown as a leaf, and loud,	21
I am not mystical: it isn’t As if I thought it had a spirit. It is simply in its element.	9	Settles in the elm, and is easy. It was summing in the narcissi. I trespass stupidly. Let be, let be.	24

That gives it a kingliness, a right.  
The print of its big foot last winter,  
The trail-track, on the snow in our court—

Sylvia Plath

12

The wonder of it, in that pallor,  
Through crosshatch of sparrow and starling.  
Is it its rareness, then? It is rare.

15

(B) **The Fish**

<p>I caught a tremendous fish and held him beside the boat half out of water, with my hook fast in a corner of his mouth. He didn't fight. He hadn't fought at all. He hung a grunting weight, battered and venerable and homely. Here and there his brown skin hung in strips like ancient wallpaper, and its pattern of darker brown was like wallpaper: shapes like full-blown roses stained and lost through age. He was speckled with barnacles, fine rosettes of lime, and infested with tiny white sea-lice, and underneath two or three rags of green weed hung down. While his gills were breathing in the terrible oxygen —the frightening gills, fresh and crisp with blood, that can cut so badly— I thought of the coarse white flesh packed in like feathers, the big bones and the little bones, the dramatic reds and blacks of his shiny entrails,</p>	<p>and the pink swim-bladder like a big peony. I looked into his eyes which were far larger than mine but shallower, and yellowed, the irises backed and packed with tarnished tinfoil seen through the lenses of old scratched isinglass. They shifted a little, but not to return my stare. —It was more like the tipping of an object toward the light. I admired his sullen face, the mechanism of his jaw, and then I saw that from his lower lip —if you could call it a lip— grim, wet, and weaponlike, hung five old pieces of fish-line, or four and a wire leader with the swivel still attached, with all their five big hooks grown firmly in his mouth. A green line, frayed at the end where he broke it, two heavier lines, and a fine black thread still crimped from the strain and snap when it broke and he got away.</p>	<p>Like medals with their ribbons frayed and wavering, a five-haired beard of wisdom trailing from his aching jaw. I stared and stared and victory filled up the little rented boat, from the pool of bilge where oil had spread a rainbow around the rusted engine, to the bailer rusted orange, the sun-cracked thwarts, the oarlocks on their strings, the gunnels—until everything was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow! And I let the fish go.</p>	<p>Elizabeth Bishop</p>
<p>4 8 12 16 20 24</p>	<p>32 36 40 44 48 52 56 60</p>	<p>64 68 72 76</p>	

4. (i) 'Auden's style creates a distance between the reader and the emotion of the poem.'  
How far do you agree with this statement in relation to the two poems? (10 marks)
- (ii) What similarities are there in content between the two poems? (6 marks)
- (iii) Would you stress the word 'He' or 'was' in line 9 of poem (A)?  
Explain your choice. (4 marks)
- (iv) How does the wanderer feel about his wandering in poem (B)? (4 marks)

(A) **'Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone' (Funeral Blues)**

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come. 4

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,  
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves. 8

He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong. 12

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good. 16

W.H.Auden



(B) **The Wanderer**

Doom is dark and deeper than any sea-dingle.  
 Upon what man it fall  
 In spring, day-wishing flowers appearing,  
 Avalanche sliding, white snow from rock-face,  
 That he should leave his house, 5  
 No cloud-soft hand can hold him, restraint by women;  
 But ever that man goes  
 Through place-keepers, through forest trees,  
 A stranger to strangers over undried sea,  
 Houses for fishes, suffocating water, 10  
 Or lonely on fell as chat,  
 By pot-holed becks  
 A bird stone-haunting, an unquiet bird.

There head falls forward, fatigued at evening,  
 And dreams of home, 15  
 Waving from window, spread of welcome,  
 Kissing of wife under single sheet;  
 But waking sees  
 Bird-flocks nameless to him, through doorway voices  
 Of new men making another love. 20

Save him from hostile capture,  
 From sudden tiger's leap at corner;  
 Protect his house,  
 His anxious house where days are counted  
 From thunderbolt protect, 25  
 From gradual ruin spreading like a stain;  
 Converting number from vague to certain,  
 Bring joy, bring day of his returning,  
 Lucky with day approaching, with leaning dawn.

W.H.Auden

**Section C Unseen Poetry** (8% of the subject mark)

Answer EITHER question 5 OR question 6. Each question carries 16 marks.

5. Read the poem below and answer the questions which follow it.

**Three**

There must have been a doorstep once  
 Where those three met and spoke,  
 His mad red curls, her jaunty scarf,  
 His thin wrists, long black coat.  
 I never knew them, never was  
 As young as they were when  
 Drunk with hope – and a little more –  
 They knew each other then.

One broke into a bawdy song.  
 She shook her head, beguiled,  
 Then pushed him down the rain-black steps.  
 Even the sad one smiled.  
 Rain on the shoulder, rain on lips,  
 Her coat warm as a hen  
 She lent one money, one a kiss,  
 They knew each other then.

What is known, in today's hard sun,  
 Is all too quickly said.  
 He drank. She lost her lovely voice.  
 The quiet one is dead.  
 The dog rose, heart-shaped in its thorns,  
 Shivers upon the stem,  
 Glints perfect, shatters at my touch,  
 Never and always, then.

Alison Brackenbury  
 (1953 – )

- (i) What initiates the poem? (2 marks)
- (ii) Comment on the patterns of rhyme and rhythm in the poem. (8 marks)
- (iii) How was the poet 'never... as young as they...'? (2 marks)
- (iv) What does the flower in the third stanza symbolize? (4 marks)

4

8

12

16

20

24

6. Read the poem below and answer the questions which follow it.

**Displaced**

<p>I. Tonight I burn joss sticks, sandalwood and lavender to a porcelain Buddha, eat sticky rice wrapped in tea leaves, squid, a fish with jellied eyes.      5</p> <p>I suck on dried plums till the tip of my tongue bleeds red like the color on birthdays. <i>Wear it for good luck</i>, Mother says.      10</p> <p>She's a doctor but when I have a headache she rubs tiger balm on my temples, says it reminds her of home – coconut palms, seaweed and ocean. It just smells like Vick's vapor rub to me.      15</p>	<p>II. Before school, Mother combs my hair taut into pigtails, stretching my face like the freckle-faced boys on the back of the bus, <i>Chinese, Japanese, dirty knees</i> – their taunts like a fist in my throat.  Mother says to shut my ears, not listen to what they say. She doesn't know how much my pigtails hurt.      20</p> <p>III. One evening a sparrow smacked against my window. I ran outside, found it standing still, eyes black like shiny marbles.      25</p>	<p>I clutched the sparrow in my palms,      30 heard fluttering beneath its white breast, wings smooth as the inside of an oyster shell.  Mother wouldn't let me      35 bring the bird in the house, <i>Does not belong here</i>, she said <i>Let it go</i>.  I set the sparrow in the grass,      40 watched it hobble, wings spread like a paper fan. I cried as it soared higher than the trees, circling beneath the clouds,  where the moon is pearl      45 and the sky a silver blue ocean.</p>
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Selina Libi Bjorlie

- (i) What do we learn about mother and daughter in the first section of the poem?  
How are they alike and different? (6 marks)
- (ii) How and why do the boys stretch their faces? (2 marks)
- (iii) Why are the last two lines of verse II surprising? (4 marks)
- (iv) How does the story in verse III relate to the earlier part of the poem? (4 marks)

**END OF PAPER**

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PAPER 2  
(Set 1)

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## PRACTICE PAPER

### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH PAPER 2 (Set 1)

#### Essay Writing

(3 hours)

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Candidates must answer **THREE** questions, one from two of the four sections in Part I and one from Part II. All answers should be written in the same answer book. Start each question (not part of a question) on a new page.

*Candidates must demonstrate knowledge of **ALL** the set texts in the syllabus, but should feel free to include references to other books and films where relevant.*

Material used in one answer should not be repeated in another.

Each question carries 33 marks.

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**Part I** (30% of the subject mark)

Answer **two** questions from Part I. Each question must be from a different section.

**Section A: Novel***Lord of the Flies*

1. Imagine that the island becomes so famous that it's turned into a theme park. You are a guide taking a group of tourists around the island. Choose three places of significance you would visit and write what you would say about the places. You should avoid telling too much of the story.
2. What religious elements are there in the novel?

**Section B: Play***Othello*

3. How far do you agree that Iago's main technique is to use people's virtues against them?
4. Why do you think Shakespeare chose to have Brabantio, Roderigo, Desdemona, Othello and Emilia die, and Cassio and Iago live?

**Section C: Film***The Painted Veil*

5. How does the film visually represent the alienation and reconciliation (later growing together) of Kitty and Walter Fane?
6. In what ways can the film be described as political?

**Section D: Short Stories***Fiction: A Pocket Anthology*

7. What is the significance of the past in *Roman Fever*, *Seventeen Syllables*, and *Dead Men's Path*?
8. Imagine that Paul (*Paul's Case*), Rosie (*Seventeen Syllables*) and Maggie and Dee (*Everyday Use*) meet and have a discussion about their parents. Write the discussion.

**Part II** (20% of the subject mark)

Answer **one** question from this part. You must choose a question which allows you to write about the texts you have not covered in Part I.

9. Select villains from **two** set texts and say what they have in common.
10. How could marriage be adjusted to meet some of the problems associated with it in the set texts?
11. Are we responsible for our own fate or does it just happen? Discuss in relation to **two** of your set texts.
12. 'The set texts consist of improbable plots and extreme situations. Some realism would improve them greatly.' Do you agree? Discuss with reference to **three** set texts.
13. Discuss some of the ways used to bring a work of literature to a satisfying close. Illustrate from **three** of your set texts.
14. Which are your **two** favourite *minor* characters? What attracts you to them? What do they add to the works they appear in?
15. Are first or later encounters with a text the more interesting? Describe your first viewing and/or reading of **two** of the set texts and compare them with your experience the second or third time.
16. How important is the theme of madness in your set texts? Do the authors treat it in the same way or do they have different perspectives? Refer to **two** or **three** of your set texts.

**END OF PAPER**

(Set 1)

## Acknowledgements

Material from the following publications/productions has been used in question papers in this volume:

Faber and Faber

*Lord of the Flies* by William Golding

The poems 'Pheasant' by Sylvia Plath, 'The Fish' by Elizabeth Bishop, 'Stop all the clocks ...' and 'The Wanderer' by W.H. Auden, from *The Rattle Bag*, eds. Ted Hughes and Seamus Heaney

Carcenet Press

The poem 'Three' from *Singing in the Dark* by Alison Brackenbury

<http://www.asiancha.com>

The poem 'Displaced' by Selina Libi Bjorlie

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