

Leaving Certificate Examination, 1997

46982

ENGLISH - ORDINARY LEVEL - PAPER II

Total Marks: 210

WEDNESDAY, 11 JUNE - AFTERNOON, 2.00 - 5.00

All three sections of this paper
(Drama, Poetry, and Fiction) must be attempted.

Candidates are advised -

- (a) to note carefully the choice of questions available in each section;
 - (b) to spend no more than ten minutes deciding which question or set of questions they will answer in any one section;
 - (c) to ensure that they write their answers clearly and to the point.
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I. DRAMA - (70 Marks)

Candidates must answer on one play only, A or B or C.

A. KING LEAR : Act III, Scene VII

(Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.)

CORNWALL: Who's there? the traitor?

REGAN: Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORNWALL: Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER: What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider.

You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL: Bind him, I say.

(SERVANTS bind him.)

REGAN: Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER: Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORNWALL: To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find-

(REGAN plucks his beard.)

GLOUCESTER: By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN: So white, and such a traitor!

GLOUCESTER: Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host.

With robber's hands my hospitable favors

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL: Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN: Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL: And what confederacy have you with the traitors. Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN: To whose hands have you sent the lunatic King: Speak.

GLOUCESTER: I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL: Cunning.

REGAN: And false.

CORNWALL: Where hast thou sent the King?

GLOUCESTER: To Dover.

REGAN: Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril-

CORNWALL: Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

GLOUCESTER: I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN: Wherefore to Dover, sir?

GLOUCESTER: Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up

And quenched the stelled fires.

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key."

All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL: See't shalt thou never.

Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLOUCESTER: He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help!-O cruel! O you gods!

REGAN: One side will mock another. Th' other too!

CORNWALL: If you see vengeance-

FIRST SERVANT: Hold your hand, my lord!

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN: How now, you dog?

FIRST SERVANT: If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel.

REGAN: What do you mean?

CORNWALL: My villain! (*Draw and fight.*)

FIRST SERVANT: Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

REGAN: Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

(*She takes a sword and runs at him behind.*)

FIRST SERVANT: O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! (*He dies.*)

CORNWALL: Lest it see more, prevent it.

Out, vile jelly! Where is thy luster now?

GLOUCESTER: All dark and comfortless!

Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

REGAN: Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us,

Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER: O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

SHAKESPEARE

Having read the above extract, answer one of the following questions 1 or 2 or 3.

1. (a) Explain what makes the above extract dramatic. (15)
- (b) Regan calls Gloucester "a traitor". Do you agree that he is a traitor? Support your answer by reference. (15)
- (c) From your reading of the play as a whole discuss Gloucester's relationship with his two sons, Edgar and Edmund. (40)

2. (a) "In every way the tragedy of Lear is mirrored in the tragedy of Gloucester." Discuss this statement in relation to the play as a whole. (30)
- (b) *King Lear* is a play in which there is much violence. In your opinion does the portrayal of violence in people and in nature in this play add to the excitement of the play? (40)

3. "In the play *King Lear*, characters suffer because they are too trusting or too honest." Discuss this statement in relation to any two characters of your choice. (70)

NORFOLK: Master Secretary, read the charge!

CROMWELL: (*formal*): That you did conspire traitorously and maliciously to deny and deprive our liege lord Henry of his undoubted certain title, Supreme Head of the Church in England.

MORE (*surprise, shock, and indignation*): But I have never denied this title!

CROMWELL: You refused the oath tendered to you at the Tower and elsewhere-

MORE (*the same*): Silence is not denial. And for my silence I am punished with imprisonment. Why have I been called again? (*At this point he is sensing that the trial has been in some way rigged.*)

NORFOLK: On a charge of High Treason, Sir Thomas.

CROMWELL: For which the punishment is *not* imprisonment.

MORE: Death ... comes for us all, my lords. Yes, even for Kings he comes, to whom amidst all their Royalty and brute strength he will neither kneel nor make them any reverence nor pleasantly desire them to come forth, but roughly grasp them by the very breast and rattle them until they be stark dead! So causing their bodies to be buried in a pit and sending *them* to a judgement ... whereof at their death their success is uncertain.

CROMWELL: Treason enough here!

NORFOLK: The death of Kings is not in question, Sir Thomas.

MORE: Nor mine, I trust, until I'm proven guilty.

NORFOLK (*leaning forward urgently*): Your life lies in your own hand, Thomas, as it always has.

MORE (*absorbs this*): For our own deaths, my lord, yours and mine, dare we for shame desire to enter the Kingdom with ease, when Our Lord Himself entered with so much pain?

And now he faces CROMWELL his eyes sparkling with suspicion.

CROMWELL: Now, Sir Thomas, you stand upon your silence.

MORE: I do.

CROMWELL: But, Gentlemen of the Jury, there are many kinds of silence. Consider first the silence of a man when he is dead.

Let us say we go into the room where he is lying; and let us say it is in the dead of night - there's nothing like darkness for sharpening the ear; and we listen. What do we hear? Silence. What does it betoken, this silence? Nothing. This is silence, pure and simple. But consider another case. Suppose I were to draw a dagger from my sleeve and make to kill the prisoner with it, and suppose their lordships there, instead of crying out for me to stop or crying out for help to stop me, maintained their silence. That *would* betoken! It would betoken a willingness that I should do it, and under the law they would be guilty with me. So silence can, according to circumstances, speak. Consider now, the circumstances of the prisoner's silence. The oath was put to good and faithful subjects up and down the country and they had declared His Grace's Title to be just and good. And when it came to the prisoner he refused. He calls this silence. Yet is there a man in this court, is there a man in this country, who does not *know* Sir Thomas More's opinion of this title? Of course not! But how can that be? Because this silence betokened - nay this silence *was* - not silence at all, but most eloquent denial.

MORE (*with some of his academic's impatience for a shoddy line of reasoning*): Not so, Mr Secretary, the maxim is 'qui tacet consentire'. (*Turns to COMMON MAN.*) The maxim of the law is: (*very carefully*) 'Silence Gives Consent'. If therefore, you wish to construe what my silence 'betokened', you must construe that I consented, not that I denied.

CROMWELL: Is that what the world in fact construes from it? Do you pretend that is what you *wish* the world to construe from it?

MORE: The world must construe according to its wits. This Court must construe according to the law.

CROMWELL: I put it to the Court that the prisoner is perverting the law - making smoky what should be a clear light to discover to the Court his own wrongdoing! (*CROMWELL'S official indignation is slipping into genuine anger and MORE responds.*)

MORE: The law is not a 'light' for you or any man to see by; the law is not an instrument of any kind. (*To the FOREMAN.*) The law is a causeway upon which so long as he keeps to it a citizen may walk safely. (*Earnestly addressing him.*) In matters of conscience-

CROMWELL (*bitterly smiling*): The conscience, the conscience...

BOLT

Having read the above extract, answer **one** of the following questions **1 or 2 or 3**.

1. (a) Explain fully the charge made against More in the above extract and discuss, in your own words, how More defends himself. (30)
- (b) From your reading of the play as a whole which of the characters, More or Cromwell, do you think is the stronger? Support your answer by reference. (40)

2. (a) Describe the relationship between More and Norfolk as it exists in the play as a whole. (30)
- (b) Discuss the use of the device, The Common Man, in the play. (40)

3. "More is inspired by the ideals of justice, loyalty, truth: other characters are driven by a lust for power." Discuss this statement in relation to More and **one other** character of your choice in the play. (70)

C.

The Plough and The Stars: Act IV

The Covey (in a whisper). S-s-s-h. She can hear anything above a whisper.

Peter (looking up at the ceiling). Th' gentle an' merciful God'll give th' pair o' yours a scawldin' an' a scarifyin' one o' these days!

[*Fluther takes a bottle of whisky from his pocket, and takes a drink.*]

The Covey (to Fluther). Why don't you spread that out, man, an' thry to keep a sup for to-morrow?

Fluther. Spread it out? Keep a sup for to-morrow?

How th' hell does a fella know there'll be any to-morrow?

If I'm goin' to be whipped away, let me be whipped away when it's empty, an' not when it's half full!

(*To Bessie, who has seated herself in an armchair at the fire*) How is she, now, Bessie?

Bessie. I left her sleeping quietly. When I'm listenin' to her babblin', I think she'll never be much better than she is. Her eyes have a hauntin' way of lookin' in instead of lookin' out, as if her mind had been lost alive in madly minglin' memories of th' past.... (*Sleepily*) Crushin' her thoughts ... together ... in a fierce ... an' fanciful ... (*she nods her head and starts wakefully*) idea that dead things are livin', an' livin' things are dead.... (*With a start*) Was that a scream I heard her give? (*Reassured*) Blessed God, I think I hear her screamin' every minute! An' it's only there with me that I'm able to keep awake.

The Covey. She'll sleep, maybe, for a long time, now. Ten there.

Fluther. Ten here. If she gets a long sleep, she might be all right. Peter's th' lone five.

The Covey. Whisht! I think I hear somebody movin' below. Whoever it is, he's comin' up.

[*A pause. Then the door opens and Captain Brennan comes into the room. He has changed his uniform for a suit of civvies. His eyes droop with the heaviness of exhaustion; his face is pallid and drawn. His clothes are dusty and stained here and there with mud. He leans heavily on the back of a chair as he stands.*]

Capt. Brennan. Mrs. Clitheroe; where's Mrs. Clitheroe?

I was told I'd find her here.

Bessie: What d'ye want with Mrs. Clitheroe?

Capt. Brennan. I've a message, a last message for her from her husband.

Bessie. Killed! He's not killed, is he!

Capt. Brennan (*sinking stiffly and painfully on to a chair*). In th' Imperial Hotel; we fought till th' place was in flames.

He was shot through th' arm, an' then through th' lung....I could do nothin' for him - only watch his breath comin' an' goin' in quick, jerky - gasps, an' a tiny sthream o' blood thricklin' out of his mouth, down over his lower lip....I said a prayer for th' dyin', an' twined his Rosary beads around his fingers....Then I had to leave him to save meself....(*He shows some holes in his coat*) Look at th' way a machine-gun tore at me coat, as I belted out o' the buildin' an' darted across th' sthreet for shelter....An' then, I seen The Plough an' th' Stars fallin' like a shot as th' roof crashed in, an' where I'd left poor Jack was nothin' but a leppin' spout o' flame!

Bessie (*with partly repressed vehemence*). Ay, you left him! You twined his Rosary beads round his fingers, an' then you run like a hare to get out o' danger!

Capt. Brennan. I took me chance as well as him....He took it like a man. His last whisper was to 'Tell Nora to be brave; that I'm ready to meet my God, an' that I'm proud to die for Ireland.' An' when our General heard it he said that 'Commandant Clitheroe's end was a gleam of glory.'

Mrs. Clitheroe's grief will be a joy when she realizes that she has had a hero for a husband.

Bessie. If you only seen her, you'd know to th' differ. [*Nora appears at door, Left. She is clad only in her nightdress; her hair, uncared for some days, is hanging in disorder over her shoulders. Her pale face looks paler still because of a vivid red spot on the tip of each cheek. Her eyes are glimmering with the light of incipient insanity; her hands are nervously fiddling with her nightgown. She halts at the door for a moment, looks vacantly around the room, and then comes slowly in. The rest do not notice her till she speaks.*]

Nora (*in a quiet and monotonous tone*) No ... Not there, Jack I can feel comfortable only in our own familiar place beneath th' bramble tree We must be walking for a long time; I feel very, very tired Have we to go farther, or have we passed it by? (*Passing her hand across her eyes*) Curious mist on my eyes Why don't you hold my hand, Jack (*Excitedly*) No, no, Jack, it's not. Can't you see it's a goldfinch. Look at th' black-satiny wings with th' gold bars, an' th' splash of crimson on its head (*Wearily*) Something ails me, something ails me Don't kiss me like that; you take my breath away, Jack Why do you frown at me? Your're going away, and (*frightened*) I can't follow you. Something's keeping me from moving. (*Crying out*) Jack, Jack, Jack!

O'CASEY

Having read the above extract, answer **one** of the following questions **1 or 2 or 3**.

1. (a) What impression of Bessie Burgess do you get from the above extract? Refer to the extract in support of your answer. (20)
 - (b) Is the impression you get of Bessie Burgess elsewhere in the play different from the impression you got of her in the above extract? Support your answer. (20)
 - (c) Outline the relationship between Nora and Jack as the play develops. (30)
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2. (a) What picture do you get of Captain Brennan from this extract and from elsewhere in the play? (30)
 - (b) "Fluther, Uncle Peter and the Covey represent three different views of what it meant to be Irish at the time in which the play is set." Discuss this view, referring to the play as a whole in the course of your answer. (40)
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3. "In *The Plough and the Stars* heroism is found in the most unlikely people." Discuss this statement, supporting your answer by reference to the play. (70)

II. POETRY – (70 Marks)

Answer A or B or C.

A.

Sonnet No. 23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say 5
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast, 10
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

SHAKESPEARE

1. (i) What is the poet's problem as stated in the first eight lines of this sonnet? (15)
- (ii) What solution to the problem does the poet put forward in the remainder of the poem? (10)
2. Do you think this sonnet is a good love poem? Explain your answer by reference to the poem. (25)
3. Answer one of the following:
 - (a) Compare this sonnet with the sonnet *My Mistress' Eyes* under the headings of theme and treatment of theme. (20)
 - (b) Explain any two of the following:
 - (i) "As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part."
 - (ii) "O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast."
 - (iii) "O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit." (20)
 - (c) Illustrate by reference to this poem the structure and form of a Shakespearean Sonnet. (20)

B.**During Wind and Rain**

They sing their dearest songs-
He, she, all of them - yea,
Treble and tenor and bass,
And one to play ;
With the candles mooning each face.... 5
Ah, no: the years O !
How the sick leaves reel down in throngs !

They clear the creeping moss-
Elders and juniors - aye
Making the pathways neat 10
And the garden gay ;
And they build a shady seat....
Ah, no ; the years, the years ;
See, the white storm-birds wing across!

They are blithely breakfasting all - 15
Men and maidens - yea,
Under the summer tree,
With a glimpse of the bay,
While pet fowl come to the knee....
Ah, no ; the years O ! 20
And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
He, she, all of them - aye,
Clocks and carpets and chairs
On the lawn all day, 25
And brightest things that are theirs....
Ah, no ; the years, the years ;
Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

HARDY

1. From your reading of the above poem what kind of person do you think Hardy was ? (25)
2. Do you like the language in which Hardy describes nature in this poem? Refer to the poem in support of your answer. (25)
3. Answer **one** of the following:
 - (a) Discuss Hardy's use of imagery in describing domestic scenes in this poem. (20)
 - (b) Compare this poem with Hardy's poem *Afterwards* under the headings of theme and tone. (20)
 - (c) Write a note on the structure of the poem *During Wind and Rain*. (20)

C. Another September

Dreams fled away, this country bedroom, raw
With the touch of the dawn, wrapped in a minor peace,
Hears through an open window the garden draw
Long pitch black breaths, lay bare its apple trees,
Ripe pear trees, brambles, windfall-sweetened soil, 5
Exhale rough sweetness against the starry slates.
Nearer the river sleeps St. John's, all toil
Locked fast inside a dream with iron gates.

Domestic Autumn, like an animal
Long used to handling by those countrymen, 10
Rubs her kind hide against the bedroom wall
Sensing a fragrant child come back again
-Not this half-tolerated consciousness
That plants its grammar in her yielding weather
But that unspeaking daughter, growing less 15
Familiar where we fell asleep together.

Wakeful moth-wings blunder near a chair,
Toss their light shell at the glass, and go
To inhabit the living starlight. Stranded hair
Stirs on the still linen. It is as though 20
The black breathing that billows her sleep, her name,
Drugged under judgment, waned and-bearing daggers
And balances-down the lampless darkness they came,
Moving like women : Justice, Truth, such figures.

Mirror in February

The day dawns with scent of must and rain,
Of opened soil, dark trees, dry bedroom air.
Under the fading lamp, half dressed - my brain
Idling on some compulsive fantasy -
I towel my shaven jaw and stop, and stare, 5
Riveted by a dark exhausted eye,
A dry downturning mouth.

It seems again that it is time to learn,
In this untiring, crumbling place of growth
To which, for the time being, I return. 10
Now plainly in the mirror of my soul
I read that I have looked my last on youth
And little more ; for they are not made whole
That reach the age of Christ.

Below my window the awakening trees, 15
Hacked clean for better bearing, stand defaced
Suffering their brute necessities,
And how should the flesh not quail that span for span
Is mutilated more ? In slow distaste
I fold my towel with what grace I can, 20
Not young and not renewable, but man.

KINSELLA

1. In the case of **one** of the above poems outline briefly the thoughts which the poet wishes to convey. (25)
2. "The imagery of nature in *Another September* is not as harsh as the imagery of nature in *Mirror in February*." Do you agree with this statement? Support your answer by reference to the poems. (25)
3. Answer **one** of the following:
 - (a) Compare the mood created in *Another September* with that found in *Mirror in February*. Refer to the poems in support of your answer. (20)
 - (b) Which of these two poems do you prefer? Give reasons for your answer. (20)
 - (c) At the centre of each poem is an incident from the poet's life. Select **one** of the two poems and discuss how the incident described is central to the poem. (20)

III. Fiction – (70 Marks)

Candidates must answer any two of the four questions on *Wuthering Heights* or one of the two questions on the modern novel.

A.

Wuthering Heights.

'Let me alone. Let me alone', sobbed Catherine, 'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!'

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer - but *yours!* How can I?'

They were silent - their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch.

'Service is over,' I announced. 'My master will be here in half an hour.'

Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained Catherine closer - she never moved.

Ere long I perceived a group of the servants passing up the road towards the kitchen wing. Mr Linton was not far behind; he opened the gate himself, and sauntered slowly up, probably enjoying the lovely afternoon that breathed as soft as summer.

'Now he is here,' I exclaimed. 'For Heaven's sake, hurry down! You'll not meet any one on the front stairs. Do be quick; and stay among the trees till he is fairly in.'

'I must go, Cathy,' said Heathcliff, seeking to extricate himself from his companion's arms. 'But, if I live, I'll see you again before you are asleep. I won't stay five yards from your window.'

'You must not go!' she answered, holding him as firmly as her strength allowed. 'You shall not, I tell you.'

'For one hour,' he pleaded earnestly.

'Not for one minute,' she replied.

'I *must* - Linton will be up immediately,' persisted the alarmed intruder.

He would have risen, and unfixed her fingers by the act - she clung fast, gasping; there was mad resolution in her face.

'No!' she shrieked. 'Oh, don't, don't go. It is the last time! Edgar will not hurt us. Heathcliff, I shall die! I shall die!'

'Damn the fool! There he is,' cried Heathcliff, sinking back into his seat. 'Hush, my darling! Hush, hush, Catherine! I'll

stay. If he shot me so, I'd expire with a blessing on my lips.'

And there they were fast again. I heard my master mounting the stairs - the cold sweat ran from my forehead; I was horrified.

'Are you going to listen to her ravings?' I said, passionately.

'She does not know what she says. Will you ruin her, because she has not wit to help herself? Get up! You could be free instantly. That is the most diabolical deed that ever you did. We are all done for - master, mistress, and servant.'

I wrung my hands, and cried out; and Mr Linton hastened his step at the noise. In the midst of my agitation, I was sincerely glad to observe that Catherine's arms had fallen relaxed, and her head hung down.

'She's fainted or dead,' I thought; 'so much the better. Far better that she should be dead, than lingering a burden and a misery-maker to all about her.'

Edgar sprang to his unbidden guest, blanched with astonishment and rage. What he meant to do, I cannot tell; however, the other stopped all demonstrations, at once, by placing the lifeless-looking form in his arms.

'Look here!' he said. 'Unless you be a fiend, help her first - then you shall speak to me!'

He walked into the parlour, and sat down. Mr Linton summoned me, and with great difficulty, and after resorting to many means, we managed to restore her to sensation; but she was all bewildered; she sighed, and moaned, and knew nobody. Edgar, in his anxiety for her, forgot her hated friend. I did not. I went, at the earliest opportunity, and besought him to depart, affirming that Catherine was better, and he should hear from me in the morning, how she passed the night.

'I shall not refuse to go out of doors,' he answered; 'but I shall stay in the garden; and, Nelly, mind you keep your word tomorrow. I shall be under those larch trees, mind! or I pay another visit, whether Linton be in or not.'

He sent a rapid glance through the half-open door of the chamber, and, ascertaining that what I stated was apparently true, delivered the house of his luckless presence.

BRONTË

Ch. 15, pp. 198 - 200. Penguin Ed.

Having read this extract answer any two of the following questions 1, 2, 3, 4.

- How does the author create a sense of tension in the above extract? (15)
 - Explain how tension is used to good effect elsewhere in the novel. (20)
- Discuss whether or not you feel sympathy for Catherine in the above extract. (15)
 - From your reading of the novel as a whole, is Catherine Earnshaw, in your opinion, a character worthy of admiration or of criticism? Give reasons for your answer. (20)
- Compare life at *Wuthering Heights* with life at *Thrushcross Grange* as outlined in the novel as a whole. (35)
- In the case of any two of the following - Mr. Lockwood, Joseph, Nelly Dean, Hindley Earnshaw - outline the part they play in the novel and describe their characters. (35)

B.

The Modern Novel

Answer question 1 or question 2.

(N.B. - In answering either of the following questions you may **not** take *Wuthering Heights* as a modern novel.)

1. "Many novels place a character in a set of circumstances which change him/her for better or for worse."

In the light of this statement choose a major character from a modern novel on your course and answer each of the following:

- (a) Describe the character prior to the change. (20)
- (b) Outline briefly the circumstances which bring about the change. (20)
- (c) Describe the character after the change. (30)

OR

2. Choose **any two** of the following topics and discuss how they relate to a modern novel on your course.

- (i) Battling against the odds
- (ii) Luck, chance, coincidence
- (iii) Searching for success/happiness
- (iv) Violent surroundings
- (v) A picture of society
- (vi) The message of the novel (70)