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JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2002

ENGLISH - HIGHER LEVEL - PAPER 2
(180 marks)

WEDNESDAY, 5 JUNE - AFTERNOON, 1.30 - 4.00

**YOU MUST ATTEMPT ALL THREE SECTIONS ON
THIS PAPER.**

EACH SECTION CARRIES 60 MARKS.

SPEND ABOUT 45 MINUTES ON EACH SECTION.

Answer QUESTION ONE and QUESTION TWO

QUESTION ONE

(30)

Answer either (A) or (B).

(A) SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA

The following extract (in edited form) is taken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare. Read the extract carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

Background to this extract:

- *Helena loves Demetrius*
- *Demetrius loves Hermia*
- *Hermia loves Lysander*
- *Hermia and Lysander are to meet in the woods and run away to be married*
- *Helena informs Demetrius of this*
- *Helena hopes Demetrius will forget about Hermia and give his love to her*

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Demetrius: I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,
And here am I, and mad within this wood
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Helena: You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant!*

*magnet

Demetrius: Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Helena: And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and Demetrius,
The more you beat me I will love you.
Use me but as your spaniel: spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Demetrius: Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Helena: And I am sick when I look not on you.

Demetrius: You do impeach* your modesty too much, *put in danger
 To leave the city and commit yourself
 Into the hands of one who loves you not;
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsel of a desert place.

Helena: Your virtue is my privilege: for that
 It is not night when I do see your face,
 Therefore I think I am not in the night;
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
 For you in my respect, are all the world.
 Then how can it be said I am alone
 When all the world is here to look on me?

Demetrius: I'll run from thee and hide me in the woods
 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Helena: The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Demetrius: I will not stay thy questions. Let me go;
 Or if thou follow me, do not believe
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Helena: Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
 You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius,
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex!
 We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
 We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.
[Exit Demetrius]

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. What kind of relationship is evident between Demetrius and Helena? Support your answer by reference to the text.
2. For a classroom production of this scene you have been chosen to play the part of Demetrius **or** Helena.
How would you play your part? You might refer to tone of voice, movement, costume, facial expression, etc.
3. Basing your answer on evidence from the text, would you like either Demetrius or Helena as a boyfriend or girlfriend? Support your answer by reference to the text.

(B) OTHER DRAMA

The following extract (in edited form) is taken from *Educating Rita* by Willy Russell. Read the extract and then answer the questions which follow.

Background to the extract:

As an adult learner, **Rita** is attending university to study literature. She is a housewife and also works as a hairdresser. She studies at home and comes to college on a regular basis to meet her literature tutor, **Frank**.

Frank enters carrying a briefcase and a pile of essays. He takes sandwiches and an apple from his briefcase and puts them on his desk and then goes to the window ledge and dumps the essays and briefcase. He sits in a swivel chair, switches on the radio, opens the packet of sandwiches, takes a bite and then picks up a book and starts reading.

Rita bursts through the door out of breath.

- Frank:** What are you doing here? (*He looks at his watch*) It's Thursday, you...
- Rita:** (*moving over to the desk quickly*) I know I shouldn't be here, it's me dinner hour, but listen, I've got to tell someone, have you got a few minutes, can you spare...?
- Frank:** (*alarmed*) My God, what is it?
- Rita:** I had to come and tell you, Frank, last night, I went to the theatre! A proper one, a professional theatre.
- Frank gets up and switches off the radio and then returns to the swivel chair*
- Frank:** (*sighing*) For God's sake, you had me worried, I thought it was something serious.
- Rita:** No, listen, it was. I went out and got me ticket, it was Shakespeare, I thought it was gonna be dead boring...
- Frank:** Then why did you go in the first place?
- Rita:** I wanted to find out. But listen, it wasn't boring, it was bleeding great, honest, oh, it done me in, it was fantastic. I'm gonna do an essay on it.
- Frank:** (*smiling*) Come on, which one was it?
- Rita moves up right centre*
- Rita:** '...Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.'
- Frank:** (*deliberately*) Ah, 'Romeo and Juliet.'
- Rita:** (*moving towards Frank*) Tch. Frank! Be serious. I learnt that today from the book. (*She produces a copy of 'Macbeth'*) Look, I went out and bought the book. Isn't it great? What I couldn't get over is how exciting it was.
- Frank puts his feet up on the desk*
- Rita:** Wasn't his wife a cow, eh? And that fantastic bit where he meets Macduff and he thinks he's all invincible. I was on the edge of my seat at that bit. I wanted to shout out and tell Macbeth, warn him.
- Frank:** You didn't, did you?

Rita: Nah. Y' can't do that in a theatre, can y'?' It was dead good. It was like a thriller.
Frank: Yes. You'll have to go and see more.
Rita: I'm goin' to. Macbeth's a tragedy isn't it?
Frank nods
Rita: Right. *(She smiles at Frank and he smiles back at her)* Well I just - I just had to tell someone who'd understand.
Frank: I'm honoured that you chose me.
Rita: *(moving towards the door)* Well, I better get back. I've left a customer with a perm lotion. If I don't get a move on there'll be another tragedy.

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. You are presented with the opportunity of ending up on a desert island with one of these two characters. Which one would you choose and why?
2. Do you think Rita is a good student? Give reasons for your answer based on evidence from the text.
3. For a classroom production of this scene you have been chosen to play the part of Frank **or** Rita.
How would you play your part? You might refer to tone of voice, movement, costume, facial expression, etc.

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2** which follow.

N.B. You must give the name of the play that you choose. You may **NOT** choose either of the scenes quoted on this examination paper as the basis for your answer.

1. Select a play you have studied.
 - Give an account of a dramatic scene or part of the play.
 - How was the drama created?
 Base your answer on the text studied. If you wish you may also make reference to a theatre performance or a film version you have seen of the play.

OR

2. Plays deal with many interesting themes.
 - Select a play you have studied.
 - Outline a theme in it you found interesting.
 - Would you consider the theme to be relevant to your own life and/or to the world around you? Explain your answer with reference to the play.

The following poem by Michael Hartnett was written for his ten year old daughter, Lara.

Read the poem and then answer the questions which follow.

Poem for Lara, 10

An ashtree on fire,
the hair of your head
coaxing larks
with your sweet voice
in the green grass,
a crowd of daisies
playing with you,
a crowd of rabbits
dancing with you,
the blackbird
with its gold bill
is a jewel for you,
the goldfinch
with its sweetness
is your music.
You are perfume,
you are honey,
a wild strawberry:
even the bees think you
a flower in the field.
Little queen of the land of books,
may you be always thus,
may you ever be free
from sorrow-chains.

Here's my blessing for you, girl,
it is no petty grace –
may you have your mother's soul
and the beauty of her face.

Answer **QUESTION ONE** and **QUESTION TWO**

QUESTION ONE

(30)

Answer **two** of the following questions. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. From the imagery the poet uses, what impression of Lara do you get?
2. From your reading of the poem, what type of person do you think Michael Hartnett was?
3. Did you like or dislike this poem?
Give reasons for your answer based on evidence from the poem.

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2** which follow.

N.B. In answering you may **NOT** use the poem given on this paper. You must give the title of the poem you choose and the name of the poet.

1. *Michael Hartnett once said that poetry gave him the power to love and celebrate.*
 - Select a poem you have studied which celebrates a person, place or thing.
 - Give a brief outline of the theme of the poem.
 - How is the sense of celebration created?

OR

2. From the poetry you have studied choose the poet you liked best of all. Explain why you liked this poet's work and support your answer by reference to his/her poetry.

Read carefully the following extract and then answer the questions. The extract (in edited form) is taken from *Miss McDwyer*, a short story, by Cathy Toft.

Background to the extract:

This extract deals with the experiences of an English teacher, Miss McDwyer, who substitutes for Mr Hennessy, the regular teacher.

‘Is this Mr Hennessy’s English class?’ she asked timidly. Her voice was very low.

Almost a whisper.

‘Yes,’ chorused a few voices.

She closed the door. I looked up and held my breath.

‘I am Miss McDwyer. I will be teaching here for a while’.

I glanced outside. It had stopped raining.

‘This is my first year teaching,’ her quiet voice told us as she smiled across the room.

That was her first fatal mistake. Even as she said it I saw the boys’ deadpan eyes brighten. Their set mouths curved into smiles. She spoke of the course, of the books we would study, of the things we would do. I was interested. To my utmost surprise, I was interested in English.

‘We will begin tomorrow,’ she said. ‘We have a lot to get through’.

Sometimes when she spoke she stumbled on her words. Self-consciously she kept tucking a curl behind her ear. The boys’ eyes sparkled wickedly. They were like tigers watching their prey. Soon they would move in for the kill.

We started the next day. Miss McDwyer was early for class. She was full of enthusiasm. So much so, we thought she would burst.

‘We will start with a short story.’ There was a lot of moaning and groaning. ‘It’s called “Old House” and is written by James Brown.’

There was uproar. James Brown must be the most boring, dull writer in the history of mankind. Even his name was boring.

She beamed. ‘You will be surprised what you will find in a short story.’

Laughter filled the room. What could possibly be found in a short story?

She was right. We were surprised. There were hidden meanings behind the words, secret messages buried within masked symbols, found only after much uncovering. It was almost as if we were lost in a maze and trying to work our way out. I was so absorbed in my work I did not hear the bell dong drearily throughout the school. Already I was looking forward to the next class.

We started another short story. ‘This is called “The Windows of Wonder” and was written by Bryan McMahon,’ she informed us. ‘Now you can really see the art of the short story.’

I set about it with zest. Nothing was ordinary any more. Everything glinted and shimmered. The words were no longer black and white. They were yellow and purple and red, wavering and contracting, pacing and dancing. Something ignited in me.

She introduced Library. I soon found myself in fascinating new worlds which seized me from my normal lifestyle, clasped my imagination, clutched my mind. It was my release. She opened up a whole new world for me. She caught my attention immediately and it never wavered. My head was filled with amazing thoughts which flowed onto paper, complicated stories suddenly became clear. I was a different person.

My classmates were not as easy a conquest. They were in permanent shadow. Her ideas fell on deaf ears, her world of colour remained for them a world of darkness.

After one week the paper fights began.

Answer **QUESTION ONE** and **QUESTION TWO**

QUESTION ONE

(30)

Answer **two** of the following. Each question is worth 15 marks.

1. What kind of teacher do you think Miss McDwyer is? Give reasons for your answer.
2. This short story was a winning entry in an under-16 national writing competition. Basing your evidence on the above extract, what indicators are there that this is a prize-winning piece?
3. Based on the extract –
 - (a) Write a diary entry that Miss McDwyer makes after a day at school.
 - or**
 - (b) Predict an ending for this short story (one or two paragraphs will suffice).

QUESTION TWO

(30)

Answer **EITHER 1 OR 2** which follow.

N.B. In answering you may **NOT** use the extract given above as the basis for your answer. You must give the title of the text that you choose and the name of the author.

1. Select a novel **or** short story you have studied that deals with conflict or difficulties. Explain-
 - How this conflict or these difficulties arose
 - To what extent the conflict or difficulty was resolved.Support your answer by reference to the novel **or** short story.

OR

2. From a novel you have studied choose a character who made a significant impact on another person's life.
 - Outline this character's influence supporting your answer by reference to the novel.
 - Would you have liked to encounter this person in your own life? Give reasons for your answer.