

AN ROINN OIDEACHAIS AGUS EOLAÍOCHTA

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2001

ENGLISH - HIGHER LEVEL - PAPER 1

180 marks

WEDNESDAY, 6 JUNE - MORNING , 9.30 - 12.00

**YOU MUST ATTEMPT ALL 4 SECTIONS
ON THIS PAPER**

**IT IS SUGGESTED THAT YOU SPEND ABOUT
HALF AN HOUR ON EACH OF SECTIONS
1, 3, 4, AND ABOUT ONE HOUR ON
SECTION 2**

NOTE: No marks will be awarded to candidates who answer this examination paper in a language other than English.

Read carefully the following article (in edited form) by William Trevor and then answer the questions which follow.

William Trevor

REVEALING FACTS ABOUT HIS FICTION

Where and when did my writing life begin? I suppose it was in a small schoolroom in Skibbereen when, as an alternative to parsing and analysis, I was occasionally required to compose six sentences on such random subjects as *A Wet Afternoon* or *A Day in the Life of a Dog*. I did my best, but even at seven I believe I probably guessed that there was more to words and what you did with them than recording rainfall or reporting that our smooth-haired fox terrier was infatuated by our cat.

My world at that time was not extensive. There was memory, as far back as it would go, and the modest reality of Skibbereen, which afterwards became memory also. A mile and a half it was, the journey to school, past Driscoll's sweetshop and Murphy's Medical Hall, and Power's drapery, where you could buy oilcloth as well as dresses. Pots of geraniums nestled among chops and ribs in butchers' windows. A sunburnt poster advertised the arrival of Duffy's Circus a year ago. Horses trudged slowly, carts laden with a single churn for the creamery. On fair-days, farmers stood stoically by their animals, hoping for the best; there was a smell of whiskey and sawdust and stout.

You made the journey home again at three, the buying and selling over, the publican's takings safely banked, the last of the dung sliding to the gutters. If you had money you spent it on liquorice pipes or stuff for making lemonade that was delicious if you ate it as it was. The daughters of Power's drapery sometimes had money. But they were always far ahead, on bicycles because they were well-to-do. Or their mother drove them home in the Hillman car because of the dung.

At home there was a bookcase on the landing where the works of writers such as Farnol, Deeping and Conyers were tightly packed to allow pride of place for the entire output of Charles Dickens, which my father had obtained with Sweet Afton cigarette coupons. My sister had a bookcase specially made for her school stories by the postman, who was good at carpentry. Between deliveries one morning he measured *The Terrible Twins* and *The Girls of the Chalet School*, *Jo's Big Surprise*, and all the others. A week later he had the bookcase with him, balanced on the saddle of his bike.

Expanding my world, I began with the school stories: hockey practices and midnight feasts, beloved head girls and dubious Mademoiselles, the odd Bolshevik spy. Arctic exploration could not have been stranger, and I read until I had read everything. After that it was the rugged decency of Bulldog Drummond and 100 or so gentlemanly private detectives. All over England it seemed to me, bodies were being discovered by housemaids in libraries. Village poison pens were tirelessly at work. There was murder in Mayfair, on trains, in airships, in palm court lounges. Golfers stumbled over corpses on fairways. Chief constables awoke to them in their gardens. We had nothing like it in West Cork.

The figures that emerged from the dull grey mass of type on off-white paper were shadows at first and often remained so. But often, too, they brightened into a life that was as vivid as reality. They did so more and more, and with a natural ease, when eventually – in the library of the last of my boarding schools – I arrived at the short stories of Somerset Maugham, the novels of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene, of Fitzgerald and Dostoevsky and Hemingway and Steinbeck.

Somewhere in that communication, in the exhilaration of one imagination touching another, I sensed a marvel. I did not then know that this particular variation of creating something out of nothing was simply the art and craft of storytelling.

Answer **all** the questions which follow:

1. **(a)** From your reading of the passage what kind of place do you think Skibbereen was in William Trevor's youth? Support your answer by reference to the text. (10)

- (b)** Do you think that the writer had a happy or an unhappy childhood? What evidence do you find in the passage to support your view? (10)

2. What indications are there throughout the passage that might suggest to you that Trevor would grow up to be a writer? (10)

3. From the evidence of the passage above do you think William Trevor was a good writer? Give reasons for your answer. (10)

Write a prose composition on any **one** of the following titles. Except where otherwise stated, you are free to write in any form you wish e.g. narrative, descriptive, dramatic, short story, etc.

You will be rewarded for:

- A personal approach to the subject;
- An appropriate style;
- Liveliness and a good choice of words;
- Organisation and accuracy.

1. Memories of childhood.
2. People that make the world a better place.
3. A catastrophe.
4. The motion for your next debate is: “The Irish are the litter louts of Europe.” Write the speech you would make for or against the motion.
5. A joke that went badly wrong.
6. Compose the conversation that you imagine might have occurred between the two men in the picture on **Page 1** of Paper **X** which accompanies this paper.
7. Look at the picture on **Page 4** of **Paper X** which accompanies this paper and write a composition inspired by it entitled “Journey to a magical underwater world.”
8. Write a composition which ends with the words “... and with that I threw away my mobile phone forever.”

Answer any **one** of the following questions.

You will be rewarded for:

- Well-structured answers;
- Clarity of expression;
- An appropriate tone;
- Good grammar, spelling, punctuation and correct use of capitals.

1. You need a **reference letter** from your Principal to secure a summer job. Write the letter you would like him or her to supply you with. The address you use should not be that of your actual school nor should you use your own name.
2. William Trevor, the writer of the passage on **Pages 2 and 3** of this paper, visits your school. You are selected to deliver a speech welcoming him. Drawing on information from the passage, write the **speech** you would make.
3. Write a **review** for your local newspaper of your favourite CD or tape.

Answer question one **or** question two in this Section.

1. Examine carefully the advertisement on **Pages 2 and 3 of Paper X**, which accompanies this examination paper.

- (a)** The Nike advertisement on **Paper X** represents an unusual approach to advertising.
- (i)** What is unusual about this advertisement? (10)
- (ii)** Do you think it is an effective advertisement? Give reasons for your answer. (10)
- (b)** Some young people are strongly influenced by expensive designer labels when shopping. Why do you think these labels exert such an influence? (10)
- (c)** Would you be in favour of the abolition of such labels? Explain why. (10)

OR

- 2.** **(a)** Use what you have learned from your Media Studies to make a comparison between local and national radio. (20)
- (b)** Which do you prefer to listen to, local or national radio? Give reasons for your answer, referring to one or more radio stations. (10)
- (c)** If you were the programme controller for a radio station, what sort of programmes would you provide for teenage listeners? (10)