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KENT RIDGE SECONDARY SCHOOL PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2020

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

2065/01

SECONDARY 4 EXPRESS

Tuesday 1 September 2020

1 hour 40 minutes

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Name: _____ () Class: Sec _____

Additional materials: Writing Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your name, index number and class on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

RAY BRADBURY: *FAHRENHEIT 451*

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the writing.

- 1 **Either** (a) Explore how different characters pursue happiness in the novel.
- Or** (b) How does Bradbury make Faber such a significant character in the novel?
- Or** (c) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it:

Well, wasn't there a wall between him and Mildred, when you came down to it? Literally not just one wall but, so far, three! And expensive, too! And the uncles, the aunts, the cousins, the nieces, the nephews, that lived in those walls, the gibbering pack of tree-apes that said nothing, nothing, nothing and said it loud, loud, loud. 5

He had taken to calling them relatives from the very first. "How's Uncle Louis today?" "Who?" "And Aunt Maude?" The most significant memory he had of Mildred, really, was of a little girl in a forest without trees (how odd!) or rather a little girl lost on a plateau where there used to be trees (you could feel the memory of their shapes all about) sitting in the center of the "living-room." The living-room; what a good job of labeling that was now. No matter when he came in, the walls were always talking to Mildred. 10

"Something must be done!"

"Yes, something must be *done*!" 15

"Well, let's not stand and talk!"

"Let's *do* it!"

"I'm so mad I could *spit*!"

What was it all about? Mildred couldn't say. Who was mad at whom? Mildred didn't quite know. What were they going to do? Well, said Mildred, wait around and see. 20

He had waited around to see.

A great thunderstorm of sound gushed from the walls. Music bombarded him at such an immense volume that his bones were almost shaken from their tendons; he felt his jaw vibrate, his eyes wobble in his head. He was a victim of concussion. When it was all over he felt like a man who had been thrown from a cliff, whirled in a centrifuge and spat out over a waterfall that fell and fell into emptiness and emptiness and never—quite—touched—bottom—never—never—quite—no not 25 30

quite—touched—bottom ... and you fell so fast you didn't touch the sides either ... never ... quite ... touched ... anything.

The thunder faded. The music died.

"There," said Mildred.

And it was indeed remarkable. Something had happened. Even though the people in the walls of the room had barely moved, and nothing had really been settled, you had the impression that someone had turned on a washing-machine or sucked you up in a gigantic vacuum. You drowned in music and pure cacophony. He came out of the room sweating and on the point of collapse. Behind him, Mildred sat in her chair and the voices went on again:

"Well, everything will be all right now," said an "aunt."

"Oh, don't be too sure," said a "cousin."

"Now, don't get angry!"

"Who's angry?"

"You are!"

"I am?"

"You're mad!"

"Why would I be mad!"

"Because!"

"That's all very well," cried Montag, "but what are they mad about? Who *are* these people? Who's that man and who's that woman? Are they husband and wife, are they divorced, engaged, what? Good God, *nothing's* connected up."

"They—" said Mildred—"Well, they—they had this fight, you see. They certainly fight a lot. You should listen. I think they're married. Yes, they're married. Why?"

And if it was not the three walls soon to be four walls and the dream complete, then it was the open car and Mildred driving a hundred miles an hour across town, he shouting at her and she shouting back and both trying to hear what was said, but hearing only the scream of the car. "At least keep it down to the minimum!" he yelled. "What?" she cried. "Keep it down to fifty-five, the minimum!" he shouted. "The what?" she shrieked. "Speed!" he shouted. And she pushed it up to one hundred and five miles an hour and tore the breath from his mouth.

When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears.

- (i) How does Bradbury convey the impact of mass media on individuals **in this passage**?
- (ii) Explore **one** other moment in the text where Bradbury criticises mass media and its effects on viewers.

Section B

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

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the writing.

Either 2 Read this poem carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it:

an afternoon nap

the ambitious mother across the road
is at it again. proclaiming her goodness
she beats the boy. shouting out his wrongs, with raps
she begins with his mediocre report-book grades.

she strikes chords for the afternoon piano lesson, 5
her voice stridently imitates 2nd. lang. tuition,
all the while circling the cowering boy
in a manner apt for the most strenuous p.e.¹ ploy.

swift are all her contorted movements, 10
ape for every need; no soft gradient
of a consonant-vowel figure, she lumbers
& shrieks, a hit for every 2 notes missed.

his tears are dear. each monday, 15
wednesday, friday, miss low & madam lim
appear & take away \$90 from the kitty
leaving him an adagio², clause analysis, little
pocket-money.

the embittered boy across the road 20
is at it again. proclaiming his bewilderment
he yells at her. shouting out her wrongs, with tears
he begins with her expensive taste for education.

(by *Arthur Yap*)

p.e.: Physical education 20

²Adagio: A relaxed speed of a music work that is performed

(i) What impressions do you form of the mother from **lines 1-12** of the poem?

(ii) How does the poet vividly portray the child's suffering in the poem as a whole?

Or 3 Read this poem carefully, and then answer the questions that follow it:

Remember to support your ideas with relevant details from the writing.

Poem to My Daughter

'I think I'm going to have it,' I said, joking between pains. The midwife rolled competent sleeves over corpulent milky arms. 'Dear, you never have it, we deliver it.'	5
A judgement the years proved true. Certainly I've never had you as you still have me, Caroline. Why does a mother need a daughter?	10
Heart's needle, hostage to fortune, freedom's end. Yet nothing's more perfect than that bleating, razor-shaped cry that delivers a mother to her baby. The bloodcord snaps that held	15
their sphere together. The child, tiny and alone, creates the mother. A woman's life is her own until it is taken away by a first, particular cry.	20
Then she is not alone but a part of the premises of everything there is: a time, a tribe, a war. When we belong to the world we become what we are.	25

(by *Anne Stevenson*)

- (i) What are the poet's feelings for her daughter in **lines 1-17** of the poem?
- (ii) How does the poet vividly portray motherhood in the poem as a whole?

End of Paper

KENT RIDGE SECONDARY SCHOOL
4E Preliminary Examination 2020
Literature in English Paper 1
Answer key
Prepared by Mr Yip Guanhai

Question 1(a)

Explore how different characters pursue happiness in the novel.

Students need to unpack the term 'happiness' and consider how this theme is explored in the novel. Some meaningful exploration can include: happiness in terms of true satisfaction vs distraction, meaning vs mindless entertainment, genuine relationships vs superficial relationships.

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
Montag is a character who experiences an arc of transformation: moving from blind obedience to enlightenment. He discovers that true happiness lies beyond the propaganda sold by his supervisor and the government.	It was a pleasure to burn. He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered. "Am I what?" he cried. But she was gone—running in the moonlight. Her front door shut gently. Happy! Of all the nonsense." He was not happy. He was not happy. He said the words to himself. He recognized this as the true state of affairs. He wore his happiness like a mask and the girl had run off across the lawn with the mask and there was no way of going to knock on her door and ask for it back. "We have everything we need to be happy, but we aren't happy. Something's	Prior to meeting Clarisse, Montag is a character who derives pure and unadulterated pleasure from fulfilling his duties as a fireman. Burning books gives him an intense "pleasure" to the point where his "smile gripped by his face muscles." This rigid description reinforces the fact that Montag is almost mechanically following orders. He has a superficial relationship with his wife, Mildred. However, upon meeting his teenage neighbour, Clarisse, he realises that he is deeply unhappy with the state of affairs. His happiness is worn "like a mask" and he is deeply unsettled by his neighbour's question – "Are you happy?" While it is a simple question, it is deeply thought provoking as it made Montag realise that his happiness has been a façade. The novel then traces Montag's journey of self-discovery. He contacts Professor Faber and learns about the true history of the fireman and about censorship. He realises that

	missing. I looked around. The only thing I positively knew was gone was the books I'd burned in ten or twelve years. So I thought books might help. You ask Why to a lot of things and you wind up very unhappy indeed, if you keep at it. The poor girl's better off dead."	books contain the potential for true meaning and happiness. Unlike a mask that he faces on the external, true happiness lies deep within. Just as books are the receptacle of knowledge, a person's mind can be enriched by reading and thinking for himself. This discovery runs counter to Captain Beatty's critique of Clarisse, where he dismisses Clarisse's yearning for truth.
Mildred is Montag's wife. She is portrayed as a media-obsessed woman who claims that she is happy. Her facile happiness is derived from her constant immersion in entertainment – primarily television and the radio. Despite Montag's heartfelt attempt in waking her up from her stupor, Mildred resists it and eventually reports Montag to the fireman department. She represents the everyday man in the novel – an individual who is the product of the government's successful censorship efforts.	We get these cases nine or ten a night. Got so many, starting a few years ago, we had the special machines built. Did you hear Beatty? Did you listen to him? He knows all the answers. He's right. Happiness is important. Fun is everything. And yet I kept sitting there saying to myself, I'm not happy, I'm not happy. / am." Mildred's mouth beamed. "And proud of it." "Clara, now, Clara," begged Mildred, pulling her arm. "Come on, let's be cheery, you turn the `family' on, now. Go ahead. Let's laugh and be happy, now, stop crying, we'll have a party!" Leaning into the wall as if all of the hunger of looking would find the secret of her sleepless unease there. Mildred, leaning anxiously, nervously, as if to plunge, drop, fall into that swarming immensity of color to drown in its bright happiness.	Ironically, Mildred (who has overdosed on sleeping pills) proudly talks about how happy she is. Mildred later refuses to even discuss taking the pills with Montag. Many in this society live like Mildred, watching endless amounts of television. The fact that these people also regularly attempt suicide points to the deep unhappiness people feel in this world without human connection or learning. Bradbury critiques this superficial and meaningless happiness by revealing how deeply unsatisfied she is with life. To her "happiness is important" and "fun is everything." Her happiness is rooted in her constant engagement with the parlour walls (television) and the seashells (radio). She and Montag have no children or even family to speak of. Instead, she finds solace in the fictional "family" as depicted by the actors in the shows that she consumes mindlessly. Ironically, she is closer to her virtual family than she is with her physical husband, thus revealing the depths to which her obsession has

		taken root. The only reason she steps away from these entertainments is to seek cathartic release while driving around in her beetle at top speeds. Mildred insists that she's happy, yet her near-suicide at the beginning of the novel suggests otherwise. Dissatisfaction rages just beneath the surface, even for those who don't consciously realise it.
Clarisse is a teenager who questions deeply and exhibits curiosity. She derives happiness through interaction with people – a trait which is actively suppressed by the government. Her death prompts Montag to begin his search for true happiness.	"Are you happy?" I'm antisocial, they say. I don't mix. It's so strange. I'm very social indeed. It all depends on what you mean by social, doesn't it? Social to me means talking to you about things like this." "You're not like the others. I've seen a few; I know. When I talk, you look at me. When I said something about the moon, you looked at the moon, last night. The others would never do that." "I like to watch people. Sometimes I ride the subway all day and look at them and listen to them. I just want to figure out who they are and what they want and where they're going. Sometimes I even go to the Fun Parks and ride in the jet cars when they race on the edge of town at midnight and the police don't care as long as they're insured. As long as everyone has ten thousand insurance everyone's happy.	Clarisse is the first character in the novel to question the true nature of happiness. In many ways, she serves as Montag's inspiration. While she does not explain in depth the nature of her happiness, her dialogue with Montag reveals certain aspects of it. Firstly, she finds pleasure in socialising with her neighbour – Montag. She engages in a few conversations with him, sharing her observations about the society and nature with him. She talks about the "moon" and "raindrop" – elements of nature which appear to have been forgotten by the characters of F451. Secondly, she takes pleasure in observing people. Unlike Mildred who watches the actors on the screen, Clarisse derives pleasure from observing actual people, and trying to discern their motivations in life and understanding their personality makeup. This intense curiosity initially discomforts Montag. However, it awakens in him the desire to turn away from the errors of his ways.

Captain Beatty, the novel's antagonist, serves as Bradbury's mouthpiece. He is complex and often paradoxical character – at once a very learned man and also a staunch believer in censorship. He does not ever talk about his own source of happiness, instead he seemingly subsumes his identity under the oppressive role of a fireman. To him, the search for individual happiness is a waste of time, instead only by sacrificing one's individuality can one truly find happiness.	The important thing for you to remember, Montag, is we're the Happiness Boys... you and I and the others. We stand against the small tide of those who want to make everyone unhappy with conflicting theory and thought. We have our fingers in the dike. Hold steady. Don't let the torrent of melancholy and drear philosophy drown our world." Whirl man's mind around about so fast under the pumping hands of publishers, exploiters, broadcasters that the centrifuge flings off all unnecessary, time-wasting thought!" Magazines became a nice blend of vanilla tapioca. Books, so the damned snobbish critics said, were dishwater. No wonder books stopped selling, the critics said. But the public, knowing what it wanted, spinning happily, let the comicbooks survive. And the three-dimensional sex-magazines, of course. There you have it, Montag. It didn't come from the Government down. There was no dictum, no declaration, no censorship, to start with, no! Technology, mass exploitation, and minority pressure carried the trick, thank God. Today, thanks to them, you can stay happy all the time, you are allowed to read comics, the good old confessions, or trade journals." Of course it was. We must	Beatty refers to the firemen as "Happiness Boys". This is a telling reference as it reveals his understanding of the role of a fireman. Essentially, censorship is important because it removes the need for one to think. Indeed, he refers to thought as "unnecessary" and "timewasting". Beatty is fully aware of the history of how censorship happened. In a nutshell, the public began to practise self-censorship. Supposedly the minorities took offence at what was published. In order to quell any disagreement, the public decided to censor themselves and to only publish "comics", "confessions", "or highly technical "trade journals". Essentially, happiness is derived through the erasure of differences. To Beatty, happiness is achieved when everyone is "made alike". He refers to the constitution and offers an alternate explanation. Instead of "everyone" being born "free and equal", man must be "made" equal. The book serves as a potential destabiliser of that happiness. Happiness is thus found in the mindless entertainment that titillates and gives pleasure. Even death is covered up and not given true thought to, as evinced in his description of rather expedited incineration process.
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	all be alike. Not everyone born free and equal, as the Constitution says, but everyone made equal. Each man the image of every other; then all are happy, for there are no mountains to make them cower, to judge themselves against. So! A book is a loaded gun in the house next door. Burn it. "You must understand that our civilization is so vast that we can't have our minorities upset and stirred. Ask yourself, What do we want in this country, above all? People want to be happy, isn't that right? Haven't you heard it all your life? I want to be happy, people say. Well, aren't they? Don't we keep them moving, don't we give them fun? That's all we live for, isn't it? For pleasure, for titillation? And you must admit our culture provides plenty of these." Funerals are unhappy and pagan? Eliminate them, too. Five minutes after a person is dead he's on his way to the Big Flue, the Incinerators serviced by helicopters all over the country. Ten minutes after death a man's a speck of black dust. Let's not quibble over individuals with memoriams. Forget them. Burn them all, burn everything. Fire is bright and fire is clean." "Burn all, burn everything. Fire is bright and fire is clean.	
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	Cram them full of noncombustible data, chock them so damned full of 'facts' they feel stuffed, but absolutely `brilliant' with information. Then they'll feel they're thinking, they'll get a sense of motion without moving. And they'll be happy, because facts of that sort don't change. Don't give them any slippery stuff like philosophy or sociology to tie things up with. That way lies melancholy. "Here we go to keep the world happy, Montag !"	
Professor Faber, a former professor, is a self-professed coward who has chosen to live a life of a social recluse. While he possesses a love for literature, Faber did not act on his love and chose to be passive. His source of happiness lies in literature and he finds an ally in Montag.	"It's not books you need, it's some of the things that once were it books....The same infinite detail and awareness could be projected through radios and televisions, but are not." "We are living in a time when flowers are trying to live on flowers, instead of growing on good rain and black loam." "Montag, old men who stay at home, afraid, tending their peanutbrittle bones, have no right to criticize. Yet you almost killed things at the start. Watch it! I'm with you, remember that. I understand how it happened. I must admit that your blind raging invigorated me. God, how young I felt! But now-I want you to feel old, I want a little of my cowardice to be distilled in you tonight. The next few hours, when you see Captain Beatty, tiptoe round him, let me hear him for you, let me feel the situation out. Survival is our ticket. Forget the poor, silly women"	To Faber, Literature offers a source of joy and meaning. He is not just a bibliophile. Instead, he recognises that literature, just as music, and television, can contain powerful and inspiring ideas. He describes the mindless entertainment as "flowers" trying to live "on flowers". That is, the media is a self-echoing chamber where the same ideas are constantly reinforced in the minds of the people. Later on in the novel, Faber derives meaning and purpose by acting out his dissent through Montag. He refers to Montag's rage as an "invigor[ating]" force. While he desires to act willfully, he recognises that wisdom and caution is required.

Mrs Phelps and Mrs Bowles	Anyway, Pete and I always said, no tears, nothing like that. It's our third marriage each and we're independent. Be independent, we always said. He said, if I get killed off, you just go right ahead and don't cry, but get married again and don't think of me.	When Montag insists on talking about the war with Mildred's friends, Mrs. Phelps explains the conversation she and her husband had about what would happen if one of them died. This anecdote is an example of how disconnected even married couples are from one another in this world. Like Montag and Mildred not being able to remember how they met, or the use of separate beds, Mrs. Phelps demonstrates that people seem to coexist rather than nurture relationships.
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Question 1(b)

How does Bradbury make Faber such as a significant character in the novel? Support your ideas with close reference to the novel.

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
Faber serves as a spiritual guide.	"We are living in a time when flowers are trying to live on flowers, instead of growing on good rain and black loam." "They are so confident that they will run on forever. But they won't run on. They don't know that this is all one huge big blazing meteor that makes a pretty fire in space, but that someday it'll have to hit." "There, you've said an interesting thing," laughed Faber, "without having read it!" "It's an insidious plan, if I do say so myself." Faber glanced nervously at his bedroom door. "To see the firehouses burn across the land, destroyed as hotbeds of treason. The salamander	Faber competes with Beatty in the struggle for Montag's mind. His control over Montag may not be as complete and menacing as Beatty's, but he does manipulate Montag via his two-way radio to accomplish the things his cowardice has prevented him from doing himself, acting as the brain directing Montag's body. Faber's role and motivations are complex: at times he tries to help Montag think independently and at other times he tries to dominate him. Similarly, he can be cowardly and heroic by turns. Neither Faber nor Beatty can articulate his beliefs in a completely convincing way, despite the fact that their pupil is naïve and credulous.

	devours his tail! Ho, God! " "Patience," whispered Faber. "Montag," Faber's voice scraped away at him. "You'll ruin everything. Shut up, you fool!" <u>Already, in a few short hours, it seemed that he had known Faber a lifetime.</u> Now he knew that he was two people, that he was above all Montag, who knew nothing, who did not even know himself a fool, but only suspected it. And he knew that he was also the old man who talked to him and talked to him as the train was sucked from one end of the night city to the other on one long sickening gasp of motion. <u>In the days to follow, and in the nights when there was no moon and in the nights when there was a very bright moon shining on the earth, the old man would go on with this talking and this talking, drop by drop, stone by stone, flake by flake. His mind would well over at last and he would not be Montag any more, this the old man told him, assured him, promised him.</u> <u>He would be Montag-plus-Faber, fire plus water, and then, one day, after everything had mixed and simmered and worked away in silence, there would be neither fire nor water, but wine.</u> Out of two separate and opposite things, a third. And one day he would look back upon the fool and know the fool. Even now he could feel the start of the long journey, the leave-	
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	taking, the going away from the self he had been.	
Faber serves as a symbol of hope and regeneration	His name was Faber, and when he finally lost his fear of Montag, <u>he talked in a cadenced voice, looking at the sky and the trees and the green park</u>, and when an hour had passed he said something to Montag and Montag sensed it was a rhyme less poem. <u>Then the old man grew even more courageous and said something else and that was a poem, too</u>. Faber held his hand over his left coat-pocket and spoke these words gently, and Montag knew if he reached out, he might pull a book of poetry from the man's coat. But he did not reach out. His hands stayed on his knees, numbed and useless. <u>"I don't talk things, sir," said Faber. "I talk the meaning of things. I sit here and know I'm alive."</u>	Faber represents the power of literature and how one can regain courage. Just as Montag experiences transformation, Faber, too, experiences a change in his temperament. He is especially animated when he talks about literature. He boldly proclaims "I don't talk things, sir". Instead, "I talk the meaning of things."
Faber is a foil to Captain Beatty.	Faber peered out, looking very old in the light and very fragile and very much afraid. The old man looked as if he had not been out of the house in years. He and the white plaster walls inside were much the same. There was white in the flesh of his mouth and his cheeks and his hair was white and his eyes had faded, with white in the vague blueness there. Faber sniffed the book. "Do you know that books smell like nutmeg or some spice from a foreign land? I loved to smell them when I was a boy. Lord, there were a lot of lovely books once, before we let them go." Faber turned the pages. "Mr. Montag, you are looking at	Beatty is a complex character, full of contradictions. He is a book burner with a vast knowledge of literature, someone who obviously cared passionately about books at some point. It is important to note that Beatty's entire speech to Montag describing the history of the firemen is strangely ambivalent, containing tones of irony, sarcasm, passion, and regret, all at once. Beatty calls books treacherous weapons, yet he uses his own book learning to manipulate Montag mercilessly. In one of his most sympathetic moments, Beatty says he's tried to

	a coward. I saw the way things were going, a long time back. I said nothing. I'm one of the innocents who could have spoken up and out when no one would listen to the 'guilty,' but I did not speak and thus became guilty myself. And when finally they set the structure to burn the books, using the, firemen, I grunted a few times and subsided, for there were no others grunting or yelling with me, by then. Now, it's too late." Faber closed the Bible. "Well--suppose you tell me why you came here?" Stick with the fireman, Montag. All else is dreary chaos!" "Don't listen," whispered Faber. "He's trying to confuse. He's slippery. Watch out! Faber began, softly, "All right, he's had his say. You must take it in. I'll say my say, too, in the next few hours. And you'll take it in. And you'll try to judge them and make your decision as to which way to jump, or fall. But I want it to be your decision, not mine, and not the Captain's. But remember that the Captain belongs to the most dangerous enemy of truth and freedom, the solid unmoving cattle of the majority. Oh, God, the terrible tyranny of the majority. We all have our harps to play. And it's up to you now to know with which ear you'll listen." "Montag, can you get away, run?" asked Faber. Montag walked but did not feel his feet touch the cement and then the night grasses.	understand the universe and knows firsthand its melancholy tendency to make people feel bestial and lonely. He is quick to stress that he prefers his life of instant pleasure, but it is easy to get the impression that his vehemence serves to deny his true feelings. His role as a character is complicated by the fact that Bradbury uses him to do so much explication of the novel's background. In his shrewd observations of the world around him and his lack of any attempt to prevent his own death, he becomes too sympathetic to function as a pure villain. Faber is thus a foil to Beatty. While both are book lovers, one chose the path of self-isolation, while the other chose to actively suppress literature.
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	Beatty flicked his igniter nearby and the small orange flame drew his fascinated gaze.	
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Question 1(c)

- i) **How does Bradbury convey the impact of mass media on individuals in this passage?**

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
Mass media, in this passage, is manifested in the form of parlour walls and in the sea shells. Mass media serves as a distraction and a hindrance between people who want to form a genuine relationship or connection.	Well, wasn't there a wall between him and Mildred, when you came down to it? Literally not just one, wall but, so far, three!	The "wall" here refers to both a parlour "wall" and a metaphorical wall between the couple.
Mass media is an overwhelming presence and is vacuous.	And the uncles, the aunts, the cousins, the nieces, the nephews, that lived in those walls, the gibbering pack of tree-apes that said nothing, nothing, nothing and said it loud, loud, loud. He had taken to calling them relatives from the very first. A great thunderstorm of sound gushed from the walls. Music bombarded him at such an immense volume that his bones were almost shaken from their tendons; he felt his jaw vibrate, his eyes wobble in his head. He was a victim of concussion. When it was all over he felt like a man who had been thrown from a cliff, whirled in a centrifuge and spat out over a waterfall that fell and fell into emptiness and emptiness and never-quite-touched-bottom-never-never-quite-no not quite-touched-bottom ... and you fell so fast you	Montag realises that all the television characters are "tree-apes" that had nothing meaningful to convey. The repetition of the words "nothing" and "loud" only serve to underscore the overwhelming nature of mass media. Furthermore, the description of the "sound" as a "great thunderstorm" reinforce how forceful the entertainment is. Indeed, the writer uses tactile and somatic imagery to describe how his "bones", "tendons", "jaws", and "eyes" are forcefully vibrating and that Montag was a "victim of concussion". This vertigo and sense of delirium is underscored by the fact that he imagines himself falling perpetually "into emptiness and emptiness". Thus, Montag reveals the depths of vacuity of mass media.

	didn't touch the sides either ... never ... quite . . . touched . . . anything. "That's all very well," cried Montag, "but what are they mad about? Who are these people? Who's that man and who's that woman? Are they husband and wife, are they divorced, engaged, what? Good God, nothing's connected up." And it was indeed remarkable. Something had happened. Even though the people in the walls of the room had barely moved, and nothing had really been settled, you had the impression that someone had turned on a washing-machine or sucked you up in a gigantic vacuum. You drowned in music and pure cacophony. He came out of the room sweating and on the point of collapse.	
Mildred is obsessed with mass media to the point where she is acting without thinking.	The most significant memory he had of Mildred, really, was of a little girl in a forest without trees (how odd!) or rather a little girl lost on a plateau where there used to be trees (you could feel the memory of their shapes all about) sitting in the center of the "living-room." The living-room; what a good job of labeling that was now. No matter when he came in, the walls were always talking to Mildred. What was it all about? Mildred couldn't say. Who	Montag imagine Mildred as a "little girl" who is "lost on a plateau" – suggesting that Mildred has lost herself and her true personhood. What remains is a poor version of herself, even as she is subsumed by mass media. Moreover, she is not thinking consciously. When questioned by Montag about the plot and the significance of the characters' dialogue, Mildred is not able to answer. Instead she replies – "wait around and see." This perpetual deferment

	was mad at whom? Mildred didn't quite know. What were they going to do? Well, said Mildred, wait around and see. And if it was not the three walls soon to be four walls and the dream complete, then it was the open car and Mildred driving a hundred miles an hour across town, he shouting at her and she shouting back and both trying to hear what was said, but hearing only the scream of the car When they stepped out of the car, she had the Seashells stuffed in her ears.	only reveals that Mildred is passively waiting for an answer from the parlour walls rather than exercising any critical thought on her part. Mildred's obsession with mass media also manifests in her fascination with fast cars. Driving fast reduces the need for any communication between Montag and her. Instead they only hear the "scream of the car". After the drive, she takes out the Seashells and stuffs it "in her ears". This only highlights the ubiquity of mass media in Mildred's life.
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ii) **Explore one other moment in the text where Bradbury criticises the impact of mass media and its effects on viewers.**

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
When Montag is travelling to meet Professor Faber, he takes the train. On the train, he is trying to read and process the Bible. However, he is unable to process his thoughts due to the constant bombardment of advertisement.	He clenched the book in his fists. Trumpets blared. "Denham's Dentrifrice." Shut up, thought Montag. Consider the lilies of the field. "Denham's Dentrifrice." 75 They toil not- "Denham's-" Consider the lilies of the field, shut up, shut up. "Dentrifrice !" The people who had been sitting a moment before, tapping their feet to the rhythm of Denham's Dentrifrice, Denham's Dandy Dental Detergent, Denham's Dentrifrice Dentrifrice Dentrifrice, one two, one two three, one two, one two three. The people whose mouths had been faintly	In this scene, Montag's failure to process the Bible is due to the constant harassment of the advertisement. Notably, the commuters are "tapping their feet to the rhythm" of the advertisement. They are also mouthing the words of the advertisement. Bradbury describes them as being "pounded into submission" and that they had no space "to run". They seem to be imprisoned on the "airtrain" even as it "fell down its shaft into the hell", perhaps alluding to the train as a metal coffin in which all its travellers are going into metaphorical hades.

	twitching the words Dentifrice Dentifrice Dentifrice. The train radio vomited upon Montag, in retaliation, a great ton-load of music made of tin, copper, silver, chromium, and brass. The people were pounded into submission; they did not run, there was no place to run; the great airtrain fell down its shaft in the earth.	
When Mildred's friends, Mrs Phelps and Mrs Bowles, visit, Montag is disturbed the women's callousness towards war. They, like Mildred, are the byproducts of the a society which prizes entertainment over truth.	Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Bowles came through the front door and vanished into the volcano's mouth with martinis in their hands: Montag stopped eating. They were like a monstrous crystal chandelier tinkling in a thousand chimes, he saw their Cheshire Cat smiles burning through the walls of the house, and now they were screaming at each other above the din. In the other walls an X-ray of the same woman revealed the contracting journey of the refreshing beverage on its way to her delightful stomach! Abruptly the room took off on a rocket flight into the clouds, it plunged into a lime-green sea where blue fish ate red and yellow fish. A minute later, Three White Cartoon Clowns chopped off each other's limbs to the accompaniment of immense incoming tides of laughter. Two minutes more and the room whipped out of town to the jet cars wildly circling an arena, bashing and backing up and bashing each other again. Montag saw a number of bodies fly in the air. Montag reached inside the parlour wall and pulled the	Bradbury portrays them as a "monstrous crystal chandelier" – a massive ornamental piece. Indeed, they have "Cheshire Cat smiles" – indicating a layer of insincerity. The show that they watch contain advertisements that promote beverages. Moreover, they watch shows such as "Three White Cartoon Clowns" chopping off each other's limbs. They laugh with pleasure. When deprived of their source of entertainment, the women are immensely "irritated" and express their "dislike" for Montag.

	main switch. The images drained away, as if the water had been let out from a gigantic crystal bowl of hysterical fish. The three women turned slowly and looked with unconcealed irritation and then dislike at Montag.	
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Question 2

i) What impressions do you form of the mother in the poem from lines 1-12?

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
The mother exhibits a maniacal obsession with ensuring that her son achieves excellence.	the ambitious mother across the road is at it again. proclaiming her goodness she beats the boy. shouting out his wrongs, with raps she begins with his mediocre report-book grades.	She is described as “ambitious”. She “proclaim[s]/ her goodness”. This only highlights her almost one-sided obsession with excellence to the point where she cares only for her point of view. She is not above resorting to violence by “beat[ing] and “shouting”. To her mediocrity is not acceptable.
The mother is described in predatorial terms.	her voice stridently imitates 2nd. lang. tuition, all the while circling the cowering boy in a manner apt for the most strenuous p.e. ploy	Her voice is described as “strident”. She “circl[es] the cowering boy”. The diction thus suggests that she is a predator while her son is a prey. This highlights the overwhelming authority that she exerts over her son.
The mother is dehumanised and is portrayed in animalistic ways.	swift are all her contorted movements, ape for every need; no soft gradient of a consonant-vowel figure, she lumbers & shrieks, a hit for every 2 notes missed	Her actions are “swift” and “contorted”. Her needs are “ape[d]” and her voice has “no soft gradient”. She “lumbers” and “shrieks” – describing a gigantic and slow moving creature.

ii) How does the poet vividly portray the relationship between the mother and the child in the rest of the poem?

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
The child clearly does not enjoy the extra-curricular	his tears are dear. each monday,	The poem describes his tears as “dear”. The word

activities. His voice is notably subsumed by his mother's overwhelming nature.	wednesday, friday, miss low & madam lim appear & take away \$90 from the kitty leaving him an adagio, clause analysis, little pocket-money.	connotes a degree of preciousness which his mother does not seem to appreciate. Instead, the mother presses on and continues to subject him to more enrichment sessions on a weekly basis, leaving him with little pocket-money. He clearly has no time nor the energy to pursue his own interests. In order to give their children an edge over others, parents often sign their children up for numerous tuition classes. 'Little pocket money' is left after paying for the boy's tuition, suggesting that the mother paid little attention to the boy's true needs and desires.
The child finally reveals his pent-up frustration and takes it out on her mother.	the embittered boy across the road is at it again. proclaiming his bewilderment he yells at her. shouting out her wrongs, with tears he begins with her expensive taste for education.	The boy's dissatisfaction is expressed when he is no longer able to withstand the pressure. The use of imagery that appeals to the reader's sense of hearing depicts the mother and son having an extremely heated argument to the extent one of them cries, showing the large extent of pent-up frustration inside the boy. Notably the poet repeats the phrase "is at it again" thus creating a circular poem. The overall message seems to be that the mother's action has future implications. Indeed the mother's obsession with excellence has soured the relationship between both mother and child. The boy now bears great resentment towards his mother. The invaluable bond between mother and

		son is the price to pay for education in Singapore. We feel pity the boy for his plight — a dull childhood living under constant pressure to perform well — but feel helpless as he has no choice but to survive in that restricting life
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Question 3

i) What are the poet's feelings for her daughter in lines 1-17 of the poem?

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
To the poet, the intimate connection between her and daughter is a permanent one.	Certainly I've never had you as you still have me, Caroline. Why does a mother need a daughter? Heart's needle, hostage to fortune, freedom's end.	The poem begins with a memory of childbirth. It is a painful one. The poet reflects on the power dynamics and realises that she does not "have" a child, instead, the child "has her". What this means is that the daughter has her mother's heart and devotion. The poet refers to the daughter as a "heart's needle". This metaphor is a striking one as it reveals perhaps the vulnerability that mother has to embrace in order to love her daughter who will inevitably pierce and hurt her heart. Moreover, she considers herself as a "hostage to fortune" suggesting a loss of control and self-hood. Instead, she is subject to the whims of her daughter. Lastly, she considers her daughter as the end of her freedom.
The poet deeply cherishes the bond between her daughter and her.	Yet nothing's more perfect than that bleating, razor- shaped cry that delivers a mother to her baby. The bloodcord snaps that held their sphere together. The child, tiny and alone, creates the mother.	While the first stanza sets us up to consider the daughter as a burden for the poet, this is far from the truth. Instead, the poet continues the poem by conveying the depths of her love for her daughter. She refers to her daughter's cry

		as “nothing’s more perfect”. Even if the cry is described as “razor-sharped” (an echo of the ‘heart’s needle’), the poet clearly loves her child. The use of hyperbole underscores that love. She describes the umbilical cord as a “blood cord” that holds the “sphere together” suggesting a powerful close-knit intimacy between mother and child. Even if the child is “tiny” and “alone”, the child possesses an immense power and hold over the mother. She indeed forms the identity of the mother.

ii) **How does the poet vividly portray motherhood in the poem?**

Point	Evidence	Analysis/Evaluation
Motherhood is a transformative even. The poet seems to portray the power dynamics between the mother and child where the latter has greater hold over the former.	'I think I'm going to have it,' I said, joking between pains. The midwife rolled competent sleeves over corpulent milky arms. 'Dear, you never have it, we deliver it.' A judgement the years proved true. Certainly I've never had you	The poem begins in media res where the child is about to be born. While the mother jokes about “hav[ing] it”, the wiser midwife points out the truth: that motherhood is about the surrender of control and even autonomy.
Motherhood is an identity that is permanent. Once a woman becomes a mother, she becomes a part of the whole.	A woman's life is her own until it is taken away by a first, particular cry. Then she is not alone but a part of the premises of everything there is: a time, a tribe, a war. When we belong to the world we become what we are	The poem portrays motherhood as an identity effacing process. With the first cry of the baby, the mother becomes a “part” of something bigger. The poet describes it in terms of “time”, a “tribe”, and even a “war”. “Time” suggests an era or an epoch of history. It suggests that behind every great individual who changes history is a mother. “tribe” highlights how the

		mother gives birth to children who belongs to a nation/country who will have to eventually defend its interests, even if it be “war.” Finally, the poet portrays motherhood as a socially constructed identity. Women are not automatically mothers. They “become” it,
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