This is a Class 3 exam

Lebanon Evangelical School
for Boys and Girls
Loueizeh - Baabda

Stage Exam 03

26JAN2024

Do NOT write in this box. Your MARK will be placed here.

Subject :	English
Class :	10A
Teacher :	Mrs. Karen A.
Duration :	1 hour

Write your essay on lined paper.

Your name :		*Time taken to complete exam*
Your Class :		
Exam Room :		
How many sheets, including cover sheet :		

- Do not open this paper until the teacher in charge instructs you to do so.
- The most important thing to remember in taking an exam is NEVER PANIC.
- If you are caught cheating in this exam, you will be awarded zero for ALL exams that are taken on this day.

SECTION B: Anthology Poetry

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend 40 minutes on your chosen question.

EITHER

1 Re-read *If –* and *Do not go gentle into that good night.*

Compare the ways the writers present people giving advice to others in *If –* and *Do not go gentle into that good night.*

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 1 = 30 marks)

OR

2 Re-read *Poem at Thirty-Nine.*

Compare the ways the writers present family relationships in *Poem at Thirty-Nine* and **one other** poem from the anthology.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 2 = 30 marks)

If –

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

Prayer Before Birth

I am not yet born; O hear me.
Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the
club-footed ghoul come near me.

I am not yet born, console me.
I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me,
with strong drugs dope me, with wise lies lure me,
on black racks rack me, in blood-baths roll me.

I am not yet born; provide me
With water to dandle me, grass to grow for me, trees to talk
to me, sky to sing to me, birds and a white light
in the back of my mind to guide me.

I am not yet born; forgive me
For the sins that in me the world shall commit, my words
when they speak me, my thoughts when they think me,
my treason engendered by traitors beyond me,
my life when they murder by means of my
hands, my death when they live me.

I am not yet born; rehearse me
In the parts I must play and the cues I must take when
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains
frown at me, lovers laugh at me, the white
waves call me to folly and the desert calls
me to doom and the beggar refuses
my gift and my children curse me.

I am not yet born; O hear me,
Let not the man who is beast or who thinks he is God
come near me.

I am not yet born; O fill me
With strength against those who would freeze my
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton,
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with
one face, a thing, and against all those
who would dissipate my entirety, would
blow me like thistledown hither and
thither or hither and thither
like water held in the
hands would spill me.

Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me.
Otherwise kill me.

Louis MacNeice

Turn over

Blessing

The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo
in a tin mug,
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground
and the flow has found
a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation: every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,
brass, copper, aluminium,
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,
their highlights polished to perfection,
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.

Imtiaz Dharker

Half-past Two

Once upon a schooltime
He did Something Very Wrong
(I forget what it was).

And She said he'd done
Something Very Wrong, and must
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

(Being cross, she'd forgotten
She hadn't taught him Time.
He was too scared of being wicked to remind her.)

He knew a lot of time: he knew
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

Timeformykisstime (that was Grantime).
All the important times he knew,
But not half-past two.

He knew the clockface, the little eyes
And two long legs for walking,
But he couldn't click its language,

So he waited, beyond onceupona,
Out of reach of all the timefors,
And knew he'd escaped for ever

Into the smell of old chrysanthemums on Her desk,
Into the silent noise his hangnail made,
Into the air outside the window, into ever.

And then, *My goodness*, she said,
Scuttling in, *I forgot all about you.*
Run along or you'll be late.

So she slotted him back into schooltime,
And he got home in time for teatime,
Nexttime, notimeforthatnowtime,

But he never forgot how once by not knowing time,
He escaped into the clockless land of ever,
Where time hides tick-less waiting to be born.

U A Fanthorpe

Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

D H Lawrence

Hide and Seek

Call out. Call loud: 'I'm ready! Come and find me!'
The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.
They'll never find you in this salty dark,
But be careful that your feet aren't sticking out.
Wiser not to risk another shout.
The floor is cold. They'll probably be searching
The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens
You mustn't sneeze when they come prowling in.
And here they are, whispering at the door;
You've never heard them sound so hushed before.
Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb. Hide in your blindness.
They're moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;
Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're gone.
But don't come out just yet; they'll try the lane
And then the greenhouse and back here again.
They must be thinking that you're very clever,
Getting more puzzled as they search all over.
It seems a long time since they went away.
Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;
The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat.
It's time to let them know that you're the winner.
Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That's better!
Out of the shed and call to them: 'I've won!
Here I am! Come and own up I've caught you!'
The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.
The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.
Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?

Vernon Scannell

Poem at Thirty-Nine

How I miss my father.
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

Writing deposit slips and checks
I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.
I learned to see
bits of paper
as a way
to escape
the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

How I miss my father!
He cooked like a person
dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
staring into the fire.

Alice Walker

War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass*.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement**. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Carol Ann Duffy

**Mass* – A religious service
***Sunday's supplement* – A regular additional section placed in a Sunday newspaper

The Tyger

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?*

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

**Did he who made the Lamb make thee* – God*

Half-caste

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas/
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky
is a half-caste weather/
well in dat case
england weather
nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
half-caste till dem overcast
so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass
ah rass/
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key
wid a white key
is a half-caste symphony/

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
Ah listening to yu wid de keen
half of mih ear
Ah lookin at yu wid de keen
half of mih eye
and when I'm introduced to yu
I'm sure you'll understand
why I offer yu half-a-hand
an when I sleep at night
I close half-a-eye
consequently when I dream
I dream half-a-dream
an when moon begin to glow
I half-caste human being
cast half-a-shadow
but yu must come back tomorrow
wid de whole of yu eye
an de whole of yu ear
an de whole of yu mind
an I will tell yu
de other half
of my story

John Agard

Do not go gentle into that good night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
    Gone far away into the silent land;
    When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
    You tell me of our future that you planned:
    Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
    And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
    For if the darkness and corruption leave
    A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
    Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

Section B – Anthology Poetry

Question Number	Indicative content
2	**Examiners should be alert to a variety of responses and should reward points that are clearly based on comparison of the two poems. Evidence of a degree of personal response must be given. It is not sufficient to summarise or paraphrase, nor is it sufficient simply to list literary devices.** ***If–*** **(AO2) Responses may include:** • this inspirational and motivational poem gives encouragement and advice to a young person on how to live their life. The poem is a dramatic monologue addressed to the writer's son, John, although it can be read as being relevant to young people in general. The poem presents the speaker's stoical views about life and offers guidance and advice from an older to a younger man (a father to his son) through conditional clauses throughout • much of the poem works with a series of contrasts to convey feelings: trust and doubt, triumph and disaster, kings and common touch; hopes and fears are important, but Kipling warns against placing too much importance on either and advises striving for a balanced approach to life • the poem has very regular rhyme and rhythm that work together with the repeated pattern of 'If', 'And', and 'Or' at the beginnings of lines to present future possibilities • there is, however, some variation in the rhyming words, which are sometimes single-syllable words ('lies' and 'wise'), and sometimes two or more ('waiting' and 'hating'). Kipling repeats 'you' and 'you' as the first rhyme, stressing the didactic nature of the poem and mirroring the narrator's hopes and fears for the future when giving his advice • 'Triumph' and 'Disaster' are personified as if to indicate that they can take a human form but nonetheless are 'impostors' and therefore should not be given too much importance; the third stanza develops the way to treat Triumph and, especially, Disaster. The abstract nouns are written with a capital letter: 'Triumph', 'Disaster', 'Will' • the poem, which consists of one sentence, builds up to its climax of the last two lines, with emotions emphasised by the exclamation mark that shows the fulfilment of hopes for the future and views about life • the capitalisation of 'Man' adds to its significance as an aspiration • 'my son' adds a personal touch at the end, but it could be argued that the advice in the poem is for every young man, as well as his own son. ***Do not go gentle into that good night*** **(AO2) Responses may include:** • the writer gives advice to his father. He is desperately pleading with him to fight against imminent death • Thomas observes his own father growing weaker and weaker and urges him to resist and fight death. The reference to 'blinding sight' could directly refer to his father, who was blind

- the adjective 'gentle' is used to describe how he does not want his father to accept death but rather to fight against it
- the refrain-like repetition throughout the poem of 'Rage, rage against the dying of the light' further emphasises how important he feels it is not to give in to death and demonstrates the love the son has for his father
- he feels that it is a characteristic of men of different characters ('wise men', 'Good men', 'Wild men', 'Grave men') to fight against their own deaths and uses these parallels to strengthen his views
- other men's final hours are used to convey the advice and to exemplify how death has been scorned and to show how some men have had regrets in their final hours. Reasons why death has been resisted are given
- in the final stanza, the writer is almost pleading with his father not to die without a fight; he advises his father to curse or bless him, anything, providing he does not give in
- the writer uses repetition, lists of examples and the extended metaphor of sunset to convey his advice
- the son's love for his father is demonstrated through the use of powerful emotions. The use of paradox ('Curse, bless') and contrasts emphasise his views: 'gentle' and 'rage', 'night' and 'day', 'light' and 'dark', 'blind' and 'sight'
- the writer uses a pun when referring to 'Grave men', suggesting both the seriousness of the men and where the dead are buried
- the form of the poem has a very formal, set structure of a villanelle. A villanelle would often have a happy tone but here it is used for more serious reflections. The villanelle's structure lends itself to somewhat obsessive, relentless treatment of its subject. The use of this formal structure reinforces the intensity of the son's plea and demonstrates the depth of love he has for his father.

Both poems

Both poems have particular merits and features and therefore there are a number of points of comparison which students will make. Examiners might consider the following areas of comparison where applicable: treatment of subject matter and theme, tone, voice, attitude, character, diction, imagery including figurative language, poetic form/structure including rhythm, line length, enjambement.

All points of comparison should be developed and supported by close reference and evaluation of specific examples.

(AO3) Responses may include:

- both poems present people giving advice to others. One considers future life and the other faces death. One is from the point of view of the father to his son and the other is the son to his father
- both poems are personal and emotional. *If-* is stoical and optimistic, whereas *Do not go gentle into that good night* is persuasive and intense
- both poems are written with a regular rhythm and rhyme. Both poets use repetition
- both writers use contrasts. Kipling refers to trust and doubt, triumph and disaster and Thomas refers to light and dark, life and death.

These examples are suggestions only. Accept any valid responses.

Level	Mark	**AO2** Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects. (15 marks) **AO3** Explore links and connections between texts. (15 marks)
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1-6	• The response is simple and the identification of language, form and structure used by the writer is minimal. • There is little or no comparison of the two poems. • Limited use of relevant examples to support the response.
Level 2	7-12	• The response is largely descriptive, with some comment on the language, form and structure used by the writer. • There are some underdeveloped comparisons and contrasts presented, with obvious similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Some use of relevant examples to support the response. **NB: the mark awarded cannot progress beyond the top of Level 2 if only ONE poem has been considered.**
Level 3	13-18	• The response shows an understanding of the range of language, form and structure used by the writer and links these to their effect on the reader. • The response compares and contrasts a range of points and considers some similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Use of clearly relevant examples to support the response.
Level 4	19-24	• The response is focused and detailed, and the analysis of the language, form and structure used by the writer and their effect on the reader is sustained. • The response compares and contrasts the poems effectively, considering a wide range of similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Use of fully relevant examples to support the response.
Level 5	25-30	• The response is a cohesive evaluation of the interrelationship of the language, form and structure used by the writer and their effect on the reader. • The response compares and contrasts the poems perceptively with a varied and comprehensive range of similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Discriminating use of relevant examples to support the response.

Question Number	Indicative content
3	**Examiners should be alert to a variety of responses and should reward points that are clearly based on comparison of the two poems. Indicative content is offered for *Poem at Thirty-Nine* but because candidates are asked to choose any other appropriate poem from the selection, it is not always possible to indicate content for the second except in generic ways.** ***Poem at Thirty-Nine*** **(AO2) Responses may include:** • the poem is about Walker's memories of her relationship with her father and his influence on her. The poem is autobiographical and the title refers to Walker's age when she wrote it • the relationship was not as close as she would have liked. She regrets that her father was 'so tired / when I was / born', but repeats how she misses him: 'How I miss my father!' • the poet thinks about the life skills her father has taught her. She fondly remembers how her father taught her the skill of 'Writing deposit slips and checks'. The poet demonstrates that she is now like her father, being careful with money: 'I learned to see / bits of paper / as a way / to escape the life he knew', suggesting that her father had once struggled financially • Walker values her father's memory; he taught her the importance of 'telling the truth'. She has learned to be honest and indicates that her father would sometimes beat her for truths that must have 'grieved him': 'that telling the truth / did not always mean / a beating'. Despite this, Walker is not resentful. There is a suggestion that her relationship with her father was not always positive and that she and her father had disagreements • the poet has learned to be generous by observing her father's enjoyment of the 'sharing / of good food'. Walker uses a metaphor to suggest that, like cooking, her life is full of variety: 'seasoning none of my life / the same way twice' • the poet seeks approval from her father and knows he would be proud of her: 'He would have grown / to admire / the woman I've become'. The concluding lines list the useful skills that the poet has learned: 'cooking, writing, chopping wood', showing that she is practical and talented. She is able to take time to relax and think: 'staring into the fire' • the use of 'I' and free verse matches the personal and nostalgic reflections, demonstrating the poet's love for her father whilst revealing the strong, caring woman that she has become • the poem is divided into two sections: past and present. ***Poem at Thirty-Nine* and one other poem** Both poems have particular merits and features and therefore there are a number of points of comparison which students will make. Examiners might consider the following areas of comparison where applicable: treatment of subject matter and theme, tone, voice, attitude, character, diction, imagery including figurative language, poetic form/structure including rhythm, line length, enjambement. All points of comparison should be developed and supported by close reference and evaluation of specific examples.

	(AO3) Responses may include: • the poem chosen must be one in which family relationships are a significant theme, such as: *If–*, *Piano*, *My Last Duchess*, *Do not go gentle into that good night*, or any other appropriate poem from the collection • comparisons of how family relationships are central to the poems, such as the differences and/or similarities of the experiences • exploration of the language, form and structure that are used to present the family relationships • comparisons of how strong images are used to convey family relationships • comment on how the family relationships presented in the two poems may have an effect on the reader. These examples are suggestions only. Accept any valid responses.

Level	Mark	**AO2** Analyse the language, form and structure used by a writer to create meanings and effects. (15 marks) **AO3** Explore links and connections between texts. (15 marks)
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1–6	• The response is simple and the identification of language, form and structure used by the writer is minimal. • There is little or no comparison of the two poems. • Limited use of relevant examples to support the response.
Level 2	7–12	• The response is largely descriptive, with some comment on the language, form and structure used by the writer. • There are some underdeveloped comparisons and contrasts presented, with obvious similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Some use of relevant examples to support the response. **NB: the mark awarded cannot progress beyond the top of Level 2 if only ONE poem has been considered.**
Level 3	13–18	• The response shows an understanding of the range of language, form and structure used by the writer and links these to their effect on the reader. • The response compares and contrasts a range of points and considers some similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Use of clearly relevant examples to support the response.
Level 4	19–24	• The response is focused and detailed, and the analysis of the language, form and structure used by the writer and their effect on the reader is sustained. • The response compares and contrasts the poems effectively, considering a wide range of similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Use of fully relevant examples to support the response.
Level 5	25–30	• The response is a cohesive evaluation of the interrelationship of the language, form and structure used by the writer and their effect on the reader. • The response compares and contrasts the poems perceptively with a varied and comprehensive range of similarities and/or differences between the poems. • Discriminating use of relevant examples to support the response.