

ENGLISH 2201
Sample Examination
Value: 100 marks

Time: 3 hours for the written examination

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

1. Students must complete **all** items in **all** sections.
2. This examination has four sections:
 - ☐ Section A: Essay Response – Value: 40%
 - I. Compulsory Genre Essay Response
 - II. Comparative Essay
 - ☐ Section B: Unseen Response – Value: 60%
 - III. Unseen Prose
 - “The Trail of the Sandhill Stag”
 - IV. Unseen Poetry
 - “Hurt Hawks”
 - V. Unseen Visual
 - “To Be Announced”
3. You may work at your own pace but you are encouraged to consider the suggested times given for each task. Budget your time carefully.
4. You must write in black or dark blue ink.

English 2201

Time: 3 Hours

SECTION A 40 MARKS

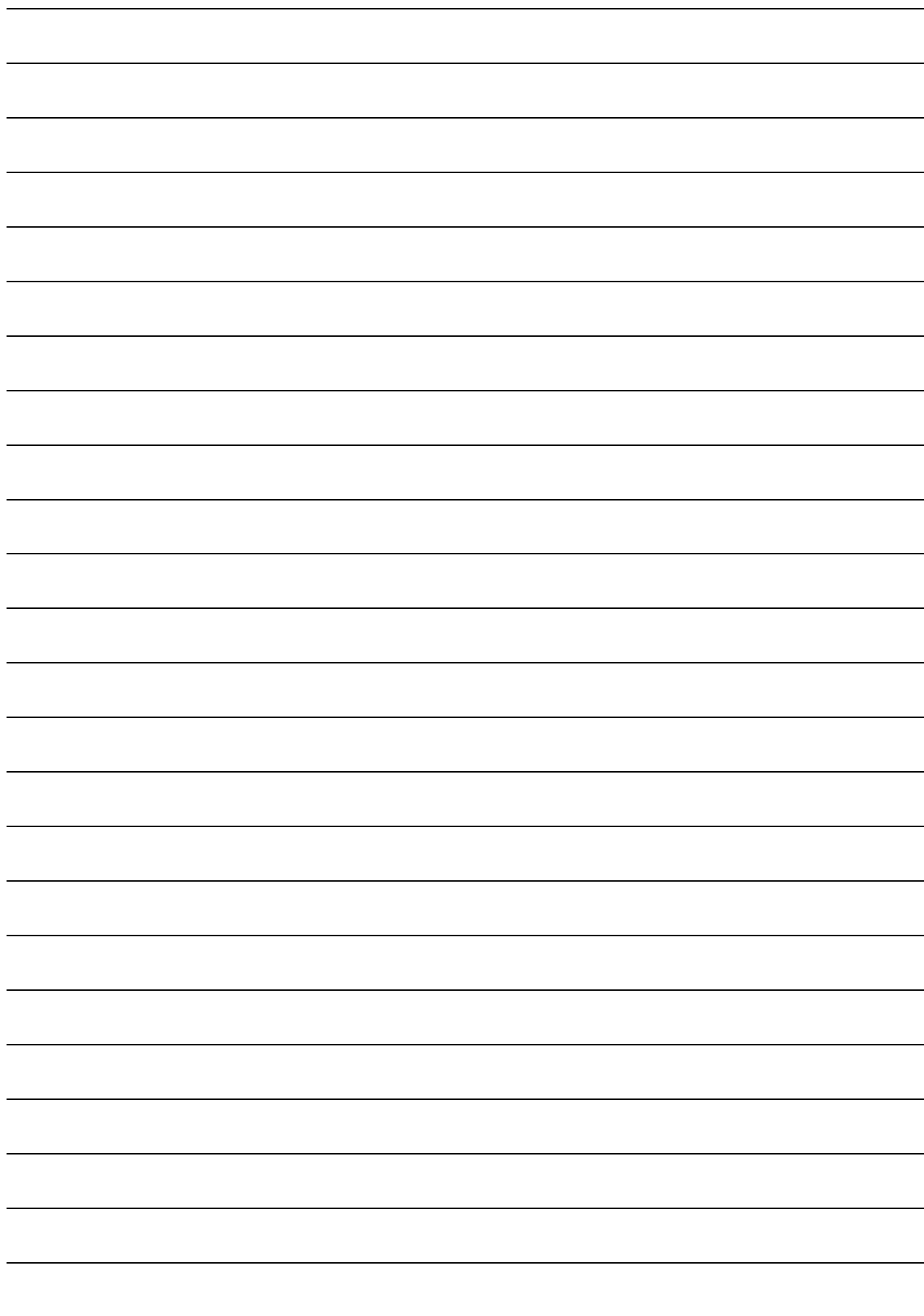
Do both questions in this section in proper essay format. Marks will be given for both content as well as structure, grammar, mechanics, and punctuation.

I. Compulsory Genre: 20% (*Suggested time 45 minutes*)

1. Often the major character so dominates a play that we overlook the contribution or significance of minor characters.

Choose **TWO** minor characters from Oedipus the King and show how each of them helps Sophocles to develop a theme(s) in the play.

[illegible]



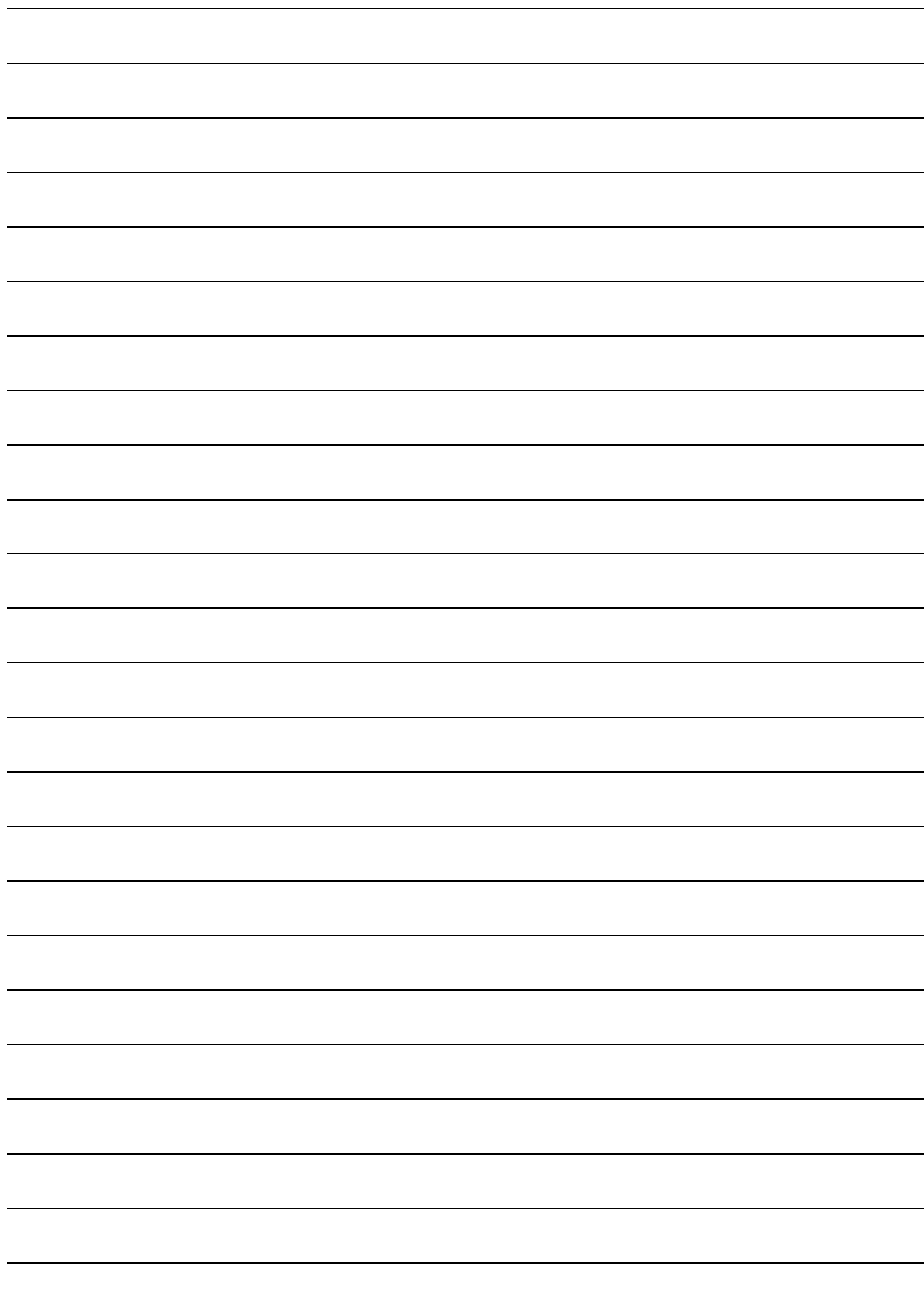
II. Comparison Essay: 20% (*Suggested time 45 minutes*)

2. "Suspense heightens the tension and intensifies the action of a piece of writing."

Respond to the above quotation in a well-developed essay. In it, you must refer to **TWO** works studied, one of which must come from the below list. **DO NOT USE THE SAME TEXT THAT YOU USED IN THE COMPULSORY GENRE QUESTION.**

- Shakespearean Play: Julius Caesar.
- Fiction: Fahrenheit 451

[illegible]



SECTION B: UNSEEN RESPONSE 60 MARKS

Read/View the following selections and respond to all questions. There is some comparison required of the selections in this section.

III. Unseen Prose: 25% (Suggested time 40 minutes)

Respond to the following story by answering all the questions that follow.

**“The Trail of the Sandhill Stag”
by Ernest Thompson Seton**

- 1 The year went by. Another season came and Yan felt in his heart the hunter
fret¹ once more. Even had he not, the talk he heard would have set him all afire.
- 2 It told of a mighty buck that now lived in the hills – the Sandhill Stag they called
him. It told of his size, his speed, and the crowning glory that he bore on his
brow, a marvelous growth like sculptured bronze with gleaming ivory points.
- 3 So when the first tracking snow came, Yan set out with some comrades who had
caught a faint, reflected glow of his ardour². They drove in a sleigh to the Spruce
Hill, and then scattered to meet again at sunset. The woods about abounded in
hares and grouse, and the powder burned all around. But no deer track was to be

found; so Yan quietly left the woods and set off alone for Kennedy's Plain, where last this wonderful buck had been seen.

4 After a few miles he came on a great deer track, so large and sharp and broken by such mighty bounds that he knew it at once for the trail of the Sandhill Stag.

5 With a sudden rush of strength to his limbs he led away like a wolf on the trail. And down his spine and in his hair he felt as before, and yet as never before, the strange prickling that he knew was the same as makes the wolf's mane bristle when he hunts. He followed till night was near, for Spruce Hill was many miles away.

6 He knew that it would be long after sunset before he could get there, and he scarcely expected that his friends would wait for him; but he did not care; he gloried in the independence of his strength, for his legs were like iron and his wind was like a hound's. Ten miles were no more to him than a mile to another man, for he could run all day and come home fresh, and always, when alone in the lone hills, he felt within so glad a rush of wild exhilaration that his joy was full.

7 So when his friends, feeling sure that he could take care of himself, drove home and left him, he was glad to be left. They seemed rather to pity him for imposing on himself such long, toilsome tramps. They had no realization of what he found in those wind-swept hills. They never once thought what they and all their friends and every man that ever lived had striven for and offered his body, his brain, his freedom, and his life to buy; what they were vainly wearing out their lives in fearful, hopeless drudgery to gain, that boy was daily finding in those hills. The bitter, biting, blizzard wind was without, the fire of health and youth was within; and at every stride in his daily march it was *happiness* he found, and he knew it. And he smiled such a gentle smile when he thought of those driven home in the sleigh shivering and miserable, *yet pitying him*.

8 Oh, what a glorious sunset he saw that day on Kennedy's Plain, with the snow dyed red and the poplar woods aglow in pink and gold! What a glorious tramp through the darkening woods, as the shadows fell and the yellow moon came up!

¹fret – longing; yearning.

²ardour – burning fire; eagerness

9 "These are the best days of my life," he sang. "These are my golden days!"

10 And as he neared the great Spruce Hill, Yan yelled a long hurrah! "In case they are still there," he told himself, but really for every joy of being alive...

11 A last long follow brought the hunt back to familiar ground – a marsh-encompassed tract of woods with three ways in. There was the deer trail entering. Yan felt he would not come out there, for he knew his foe was following. So swiftly and silently the hunter made for the second road on the down-wind side, and having hung his coat and sash there on a swaying sapling, he hastened to the third way out, and hid. After a while, seeing nothing, Yan gave the low call that

in. Yan slowly rose with nerve and sense at tightest tense, the gun in line, and as he rose, there also rose, but fifteen feet away, a wondrous pair of bronze and ivory horns, a royal head, a noble form behind it, and face to face they stood, Yan and the Sandhill Stag. At last – at last, his life was in Yan's hands. The stag flinched not, but stood and gazed with those great ears and mournful, truthful eyes, and the rifle leaped, but sank again, for the stag stood still and calmly looked him in the eyes, and Yan felt the prickling fading from his scalp, his clenched teeth eased, his limbs, bent as to spring, relaxed and man-like stood erect.

- 13 “Shoot, shoot, shoot now! This is what you have toiled for,” said a faint and fading voice, and spoke no more.
- 14 But Yan remembered the night when he, himself run down, had turned to face the hunting wolves; he remembered, too, that night when the snow was red with crime, and now between him and the other there he dimly saw a vision of an agonizing, dying doe, with great, sad eyes, that only asked, “What harm have I done you?” A change came over him, and every thought of murder went from Yan as they gazed into each other's eyes – and hearts. Yan could not look him in the eyes and take his life, and different thoughts and a wholly different concept of the stag, coming – coming – long coming – had come.
- 15 “Oh, beautiful creature! One of our wise men has said, the body is the soul made visible; is your spirit then so beautiful – as beautiful as wise? We have long stood as foes, hunter and hunted, but now that is changed and we stand face to face, fellow creatures looking in each other's eyes, not knowing each other's speech – but knowing motives and feelings. Now I understand you, as I never did before; surely you, at least, in part understand me. For your life is at last in my power; yet you have no fear. I knew of a deer once, that, run down by the hounds, sought safety with the hunter, and he saved it – and you also I have run down and you boldly seek safety with me. Yes! You are as wise as you are beautiful, for I will never harm a hair of you. We are brothers, oh, bounding black tail! Only I am the elder and stronger, and if only my strength could always be at hand to save you, you would never come to harm. Go now, without fear, to range the piney hills; never more shall I follow your trail with the wild wolf rampant in my heart. Less and less as I grow do I see in your race mere flying marks, or butcher meat. We have grown, Little Brother, and learned many things that you know not, but you have many a precious sense that is wholly hidden from us. Go now without fear from me.
³copse – clump of wood.
- 16 “I may never see you again. But if only you would come sometimes and look me in the eyes and make me feel as you have done today, you would drive the wild beast wholly from my heart, and then the veil would be a little drawn and I should know more of the things that wise men have prayed for knowledge of. And yet I feel it never will be – I have found the Grail.⁴ I have learned what Buddha learned.⁵ I shall never see you again. Farewell.”

⁴Grail – the cup used at the Last Supper by Jesus; a symbol of perfection. The Grail can only be found by the spiritually enlightened; according to legend, it is a prize sought after.

⁵what Buddha learned – wisdom

4. What does the phrase ‘like sculptured bronze gleaming ivory points’ in paragraph 2 illustrate?
- (A) metaphor and imagery
 - (B) metaphor and personification
 - (C) simile and imagery
 - (D) simile and personification
5. Who does the word “him” in paragraph 12 (line3) refer to?
- (A) the friend
 - (B) the hunter
 - (C) the jay
 - (D) the stag
6. What does “The stag quickly quit the hillock, not leaping or crashing through the brush – he had years ago passed that...” (paragraph 12) **BEST** suggest about the stag?
- (A) He passed that area before.
 - (B) He was indifferent and careless.
 - (C) He was mature and confident
 - (D) He was rushed and weary.
7. What does the reference “...the night he, himself run down, had turned to face the hunting wolves” in paragraph 14 illustrate?
- (A) allusion
 - (B) flashback
 - (C) foreshadowing
 - (D) imagery

[illegible][illegible]

IV. Unseen Poetry: 20 % (*Suggested time 30 minutes*)

HURT HAWKS

By Robinson Jeffers

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder,
The wing trails like a banner in defeat,
No more use the sky forever but live with famine
And pain a few days: cat nor coyote
Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game
without talons.
He stands under the oak-bush and waits
The last lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom
And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.
He is strong and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is
worse,
The curs of the day come and torment him
At distance, no one but death the redeemer will humble that
head,
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.
The wild God of the World is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have
forgotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying,
remember him.

I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk, but the
great redtail
Had nothing left but unable misery
From the bone too shattered for mending, the wing that trailed
under his talons when he moved.
We had fed him six weeks, I gave him freedom,
He wandered over the foreland hill and returned in the evening,
asking for death,
Not like a beggar, still eyed with the old
Implacable arrogance. I gave him the lead gift in the twilight.
What fell was relaxed.
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers; but what
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded river
cried fear at its rising
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

Respond to the following selected response questions, choosing the BEST response and
justifying the response in at least 100 words.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Respond to the following visual, “The Hunter” by answering the question that follows.



This image shows a full page of blank, lined paper. It features approximately 20 evenly spaced horizontal black lines across its entire width, providing a guide for handwriting or typing. The paper itself is a clean, off-white color.