

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

Assessment 1

**Total Marks 25**

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**Please follow the following instructions before you submit your paper:**

1. Email your answers at [sanashahzad75@gmail.com](mailto:sanashahzad75@gmail.com)
2. Make sure you use TIMES NEW ROMAN as your font, size 12
3. Make sure your work is original and not plagiarized. A plagiarism checking site will be used to ensure the authenticity of your answers.
4. Provide your name and section in the space below
5. Use the space below to attempt your answers
6. Submission deadline, Friday.

Name:

Class and Section:

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This document consists of **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.

*SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2*

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

- 1 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*You will Know When You Get There*

Nobody comes up from the sea as late as this  
in the day and the season, and nobody else goes down

the last steep kilometre, wet-metalled where  
a shower passed shredding the light which keeps

pouring out of its tank in the sky, through summits,  
trees, vapours thickening and thinning. Too

credibly by half celestial, the dammed  
reservoir up there keeps emptying while the light lasts

over the sea where 'it gathers the gold against  
it'. The light is bits of crushed rock randomly

glinting underfoot, wetted by the short  
shower, and down you go and so in its way does

the sun which gets there first. Boys, two of them,  
turn campfirelit faces, a hesitancy to speak

is a hesitancy of the earth rolling back and away  
behind this man going down to the sea with a bag

to pick mussels, having an arrangement with the tide,  
the ocean to be shallowed three point seven meters,

one hour's light to be left, and there's the excrescent  
moon sponging off the last of it. A door

slams, a heavy wave, a door, the sea-floor shudders.  
Down you go alone, so late, into the surge-black  
fissure

In what ways does Curnow create a mysterious atmosphere in this poem?