



# Victorian Certificate of Education 2005

## LITERATURE

### Written examination

**Thursday 3 November 2005**

**Reading time: 3.00 pm to 3.15 pm (15 minutes)**

**Writing time: 3.15 pm to 5.15 pm (2 hours)**

### TASK BOOK

#### Structure of book

<i>Tasks</i>	<i>Marks</i>
1	20
2	20
	Total 40

- Students are permitted to bring into the examination room: pens, pencils, highlighters, erasers, sharpeners and rulers.
- Students are NOT permitted to bring into the examination room: blank sheets of paper and/or white out liquid/tape.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

#### Materials supplied

- Task book of 66 pages, including the **Assessment criteria** and a checklist on page 66.
- One or more script books. All script books contain unruled (rough work only) pages for making notes, plans and drafts if you wish.

#### The task

- You are required to complete **two** pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.

#### Each text must be chosen from a different part.

- Each piece of writing is worth half of the total assessment for the examination.
- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the script book(s).
- Write the **part numbers** and **text numbers** of your selected texts on the front cover(s) of your script book(s).
- All written responses must be in English.

#### At the end of the task

- Place all other used script books inside the front cover of one of the used script books.
- You may keep this task book.

**Students are NOT permitted to bring mobile phones and/or any other unauthorised electronic devices into the examination room.**

### Instructions

You are required to complete two pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3.

The list is divided into five parts.

The texts you select must be chosen from different parts. **You must not write on two texts from the same part.** If you answer on two texts from the same part, one of the pieces will be awarded zero marks.

1. Find the passages for the texts on which you wish to write.
2. Three passages have been set for every text.
3. The passages are printed in the order in which they appear in the texts.
4. For each of your selected texts, you must use one or more of the passages as the basis for a discussion of that text.
5. In your pieces of writing, refer in detail to the passage or passages and the texts. You may include minor references to other texts.
6. As a guide, each piece of writing should be between 400–1000 words. However, length will not be a major consideration in the assessment.

## Table of contents

<b>Part 1:</b>	<b>Novels</b>		<b>Page</b>
1 – 1	Jane Austen	<i>Sense and Sensibility</i>	4–5
1 – 2	Joseph Conrad	<i>Heart of Darkness</i>	6–7
1 – 3	Michelle de Kretser	<i>The Hamilton Case</i>	8–9
1 – 4	E L Doctorow	<i>Ragtime</i>	10–11
1 – 5	F Scott Fitzgerald	<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	12–13
1 – 6	E M Forster	<i>Howards End</i>	14–15
1 – 7	Helen Garner	<i>The Children's Bach</i>	16–17
1 – 8	Claire Messud	<i>The Last Life</i>	18–19
1 – 9	Alex Miller	<i>Conditions of Faith</i>	20–21
1 – 10	Ann Patchett	<i>Bel Canto</i>	22–23
<b>Part 2:</b>	<b>Plays, films and television miniseries</b>		
2 – 1	Anton Chekhov	<i>The Cherry Orchard</i>	24–25
2 – 2	Jack Davis	<i>No Sugar</i>	26–27
2 – 3	Euripides	<i>The Women of Troy</i>	28–29
2 – 4	William Shakespeare	<i>King Lear</i>	30–31
2 – 5	William Shakespeare	<i>Measure for Measure</i>	32–33
2 – 6	Sam Shepard	<i>True West</i>	34–35

**Part 3: Short stories**

3 – 1	Raymond Carver	<i>Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?</i>	36–37
3 – 2	Beverly Farmer	<i>Collected Stories</i>	38–39
3 – 3	James Joyce	<i>Dubliners</i>	40–41

**Part 4: Other literature**

4 – 1	William Dalrymple	<i>City of Djinns</i>	42–43
4 – 2	Robert Drewe	<i>The Shark Net</i>	44–45
4 – 3	Drusilla Modjeska	<i>Timepieces</i>	46–47

**Part 5: Poetry**

5 – 1	Robert Adamson	<i>Mulberry Leaves</i>	48–49
5 – 2	Geoffrey Chaucer	<i>The General Prologue</i>	50–51
5 – 3	Geoffrey Chaucer	<i>The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale</i>	52–53
5 – 4	John Forbes	<i>Collected Poems</i>	54–55
5 – 5	Gwen Harwood	<i>Selected Poems</i>	56–57
5 – 6	Adrienne Rich	<i>The Fact of a Doorframe</i>	58–59
5 – 7	William Shakespeare	<i>Sonnets</i>	60–61
5 – 8	Judith Wright	<i>Collected Poems</i>	62–63
5 – 9	W B Yeats	<i>Selected Poems</i>	64–65

<b>Assessment criteria</b>	66
----------------------------	----

<b>A checklist for planning and revising</b>	66
--	----

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Sense and Sensibility*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Sense and Sensibility*.

1.

“Well, then, *let* something be done for them; but *that* something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider,” she added, “that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it could ever be restored to our poor little boy—”

“Why, to be sure,” said her husband, very gravely, “that would make a great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret that so large a sum was parted with. If he should have a numerous family, for instance, it would be a very convenient addition.”

“To be sure it would.”

“Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties if the sum were diminished one half.—Five hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes!”

“Oh! beyond any thing great! What brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if *really* his sisters! And as it is—only half blood!—But you have such a generous spirit!”

“I would not wish to do any thing mean,” he replied. “One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them: even themselves, they can hardly expect more.”

“There is no knowing what *they* may expect,” said the Lady, “but we are not to think of their expectations: the question is, what you can afford to do.”

“Certainly—and I think I may afford to give them five hundred pounds a-piece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will each have above three thousand pounds on their mother’s death—a very comfortable fortune for any young woman.”

“To be sure it is: and, indeed, it strikes me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thousand pounds divided amongst them. If they marry, they will be sure of doing well, and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten thousand pounds.”

“That is very true, and, therefore, I do not know whether, upon the whole, it would not be more advisable to do something for their mother while she lives rather than for them—something of the annuity kind I mean. My sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as herself. A hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable.”

\* \* \* \*

2.

She wondered that Lucy’s spirits could be so very much elevated by the civility of Mrs. Ferrars;—that her interest and her vanity should so very much blind her, as to make the attention which seemed only paid her because she was *not Elinor*, appear a compliment to herself—or to allow her to derive encouragement from a preference only given her, because her real situation was unknown. But that it was so, had not only been declared by Lucy’s eyes at the time, but was declared over again the next morning more openly, for at her particular desire, Lady Middleton set her down in Berkeley-street on the chance of seeing Elinor alone, to tell her how happy she was.

The chance proved a lucky one, for a message from Mrs. Palmer soon after she arrived, carried Mrs. Jennings away.

“My dear friend,” cried Lucy as soon as they were by themselves, “I come to talk to you of my happiness. Could any thing be so flattering as Mrs. Ferrars’s way of treating me yesterday? So exceeding affable as she was!—You know how I dreaded the thoughts of seeing her;—but the very moment I was introduced, there was such an affability in her behaviour as really should seem to say, she had quite took a fancy to me. Now was not it so?—You saw it all; and was not you quite struck with it?”

“She was certainly very civil to you.”

“Civil!—Did you see nothing but only civility?—I saw a vast deal more. Such kindness as fell to the share of nobody but me!—No pride, no hauteur, and your sister just the same—All sweetness and affability!”

Elinor wished to talk of something else, but Lucy still pressed her to own that she had reason for her happiness; and Elinor was obliged to go on.—

“Undoubtedly, if they had known your engagement,” said she, “nothing could be more flattering than their treatment of you;—but as that was not the case”——

“I guessed you would say so”—replied Lucy quickly—“but there was no reason in the world why Mrs. Ferrars should seem to like me, if she did not, and her liking me is every thing. You shan’t talk me out of my satisfaction. I am sure it will all end well, and there will be no difficulties at all, to what I used to think. Mrs. Ferrars is a charming woman, and so is your sister. They are both delightful women indeed!—I wonder I should never hear you say how agreeable Mrs. Dashwood was!”

To this, Elinor had no answer to make, and did not attempt any.

“Are you ill, Miss Dashwood?—you seem low—you don’t speak;—sure, you an’t well.”

“I never was in better health.”

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Sense and Sensibility* – continued

3.

What I felt on hearing that your sister was dying—and dying too believing me the greatest villain upon earth, scorning, hating me in her latest moments—for how could I tell what horrid projects might not have been imputed?—*One* person I was sure would represent me as capable of anything—What I felt was dreadful!—My resolution was soon made, and at eight o'clock this morning I was in my carriage. Now you know all.”

Elinor made no answer. Her thoughts were silently fixed on the irreparable injury which too early an independence and its consequent habits of idleness, dissipation, and luxury, had made in the mind, the character, the happiness, of a man who, to every advantage of person and talents, united a disposition naturally open and honest, and a feeling, affectionate temper. The world had made him extravagant and vain—Extravagance and vanity had made him cold-hearted and selfish. Vanity, while seeking its own guilty triumph at the expence of another, had involved him in a real attachment, which extravagance, or at least its offspring necessity, had required to be sacrificed. Each faulty propensity in leading him to evil, had led him likewise to punishment. The attachment, from which against honour, against feeling, against every better interest he had outwardly torn himself, now, when no longer allowable, governed every thought; and the connection, for the sake of which he had, with little scruple, left her sister to misery, was likely to prove a source of unhappiness to himself of a far more incurable nature. From a reverie of this kind she was recalled at the end of some minutes by Willoughby, who, rousing himself from a reverie at least equally painful, started up in preparation for going, and said,

“There is no use in staying here; I must be off.”

“Are you going back to town?”

“No—to Combe Magna. I have business there; from thence to town in a day or two. Good bye.”

He held out his hand. She could not refuse to give him her's;—he pressed it with affection.

“And you *do* think something better of me than you did?”—said he, letting it fall, and leaning against the mantle-piece as if forgetting he was to go.

Elinor assured him that she did;—that she forgave, pitied, wished him well—was even interested in his happiness—and added some gentle counsel as to the behaviour most likely to promote it.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 2 Joseph Conrad: *Heart of Darkness*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Heart of Darkness*.

1.

A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage*.

‘In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

‘I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy – I don’t know – something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinising the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. *Ave!* Old knitter of black wool. *Morituri te salutant*. Not many of those she looked at ever saw her again – not half, by a long way.

\* \* \* \*

2.

‘Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two-hundred-mile tramp.

‘No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths spreading over the empty land, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up chilly ravines, up and down stony hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population had cleared out a long time ago. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers armed with all kinds of fearful weapons suddenly took to travelling on the road between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry heavy loads for them, I fancy every farm and cottage thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were gone too. Still, I passed through several abandoned villages. There’s something pathetically childish in the ruins of grass walls. Day after day, with the stamp and shuffle of sixty pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under a 60-lb. load. Camp, cook, sleep, strike camp, march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass near the path, with an empty water-gourd and his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps on some quiet night the tremor of far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint; a sound weird, appealing, suggestive, and wild – and perhaps with as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian country. Once a white man in an unbuttoned uniform, camping on the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibaris, very hospitable and festive – not to say drunk. Was looking after the upkeep of the road, he declared. Can’t say I saw any road or any upkeep, unless the body of a middle-aged negro, with a bullet-hole in the forehead, upon which I absolutely stumbled three miles farther on, may be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion too, not a bad chap, but rather too fleshy and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillsides, miles away from the least bit of shade and water. Annoying, you know, to hold your own coat like a parasol over a man’s head while he is coming-to. I couldn’t help asking him once what he meant by coming there at all. “To make money, of course. What do you think?” he said, scornfully.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

---

## 1 – 2 Joseph Conrad: *Heart of Darkness* – continued

---

3.

“I had immense plans,” he muttered irresolutely. “Yes,” said I; “but if you try to shout I’ll smash your head with—” there was not a stick or a stone near. “I will throttle you for good,” I corrected myself. “I was on the threshold of great things,” he pleaded, in a voice of longing, with a wistfulness of tone that made my blood run cold. “And now for this stupid scoundrel—” “Your success in Europe is assured in any case,” I affirmed, steadily. I did not want to have the throttling of him, you understand – and indeed it would have been very little use for any practical purpose. I tried to break the spell – the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness – that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions. This alone, I was convinced, had driven him out to the edge of the forest, to the bush, towards the gleam of fires, the throb of drums, the drone of weird incantations; this alone had beguiled his unlawful soul beyond the bounds of permitted aspirations. And, don’t you see, the terror of the position was not in being knocked on the head – though I had a very lively sense of that danger too – but in this, that I had to deal with a being to whom I could not appeal in the name of anything high or low. I had, even like the niggers, to invoke him – himself – his own exalted and incredible degradation. There was nothing either above or below him, and I knew it. He had kicked himself loose of the earth. Confound the man! he had kicked the very earth to pieces. He was alone, and I before him did not know whether I stood on the ground or floated in the air.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

---

## 1 – 3 Michelle de Kretser: *The Hamilton Case*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Hamilton Case*.

1.

Michelle de Kretser, *The Hamilton Case*,  
Knopf, 2003  
pp 86–87

2.

Michelle de Kretser, *The Hamilton Case*,  
Knopf, 2003  
pp 206–207



## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 3 Michelle de Kretser: *The Hamilton Case* – continued

---

3.

Michelle de Kretser, *The Hamilton Case*,  
Knopf, 2003  
pp 364–366

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 4 E L Doctorow: *Ragtime*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Ragtime*.

1.

E L Doctorow, *Ragtime*,  
Picador, 1985

pp 57–58

2.

E L Doctorow, *Ragtime*,  
Picador, 1985

p 153

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 4 E L Doctorow: *Ragtime* – continued

---

3.

E L Doctorow, *Ragtime*,  
Picador, 1985  
pp 213–214

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 5 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Great Gatsby*.

1.

F Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*,  
Penguin, 2000  
pp 26–27

2.

F Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*,  
Penguin, 2000  
pp 138–139

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 5 F Scott Fitzgerald: *The Great Gatsby* – continued

---

3.

F Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*,  
Penguin, 2000  
pp 171–172

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 6 E M Forster: *Howards End*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Howards End*.

1.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,  
Penguin, 2001  
p 129

2.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,  
Penguin, 2001  
pp 201–202

# 1: Novels

---

## 1 – 6 E M Forster: *Howards End* – continued

---

3.

E M Forster, *Howards End*,  
Penguin, 2001  
pp 300–301

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 7 Helen Garner: *The Children's Bach*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Children's Bach*.

1.

When Vicki saw her for the second time, Athena was standing in the wide doorway of the bookshop, arms folded and head tilted back, scanning the window covered in hand-printed cards on which people advertised rooms to let in their rented houses. Athena lived, for as long it took to read a card, in each sunny cottage, attractive older-style flat, spacious house, quaint old terrace, large balcony room with fireplace, collective household with thriving veggie garden. Her children dematerialised, her husband died painlessly in a fall from a mountain. What curtains she would sew! What private order she would establish and maintain, what handfuls of flowers she would stick in vegemite jars, how sweetly and deeply she would sleep, and between what fresh sheets!

Vicki saw Athena's foot in its thick sock and sandal. She wanted Athena to recognise her, but she prepared a speech of reminder just in case, though it galled her that all she could think of to say was 'Remember me? I'm Morty's sister.' She reached out and tugged at Athena's sleeve. Athena jumped and turned and blushed. She's *shy*, thought Vicki.

'Vicki! Are you all right?' The girl was white, and looked tightly bound into her clothes.

Vicki nodded. Until that moment she had not realised that she was not all right. 'I feel a bit funny,' she said. 'I feel as if part of my brain has sort of come away, at the back.' She raised one hand to indicate the trouble spot.

A hypochondriac, thought Athena. 'Is Elizabeth here too?'

'No. She's still asleep. I can't live there. There's only one bed. I was looking at the house ads.'

'Does Elizabeth know?'

'Know what?'

'She'll want you to stay with her, won't she?'

Vicki began to jabber. 'Do you want to know what kind of person Elizabeth is? She's the kind of person who doesn't slow down when she comes to an automatic door. She buys herself a pair of jeans and gives them to you straight away because they're stiff and she's too impatient to wear them in, then three months later when they're all broken in and perfect, she asks for them back.'

Embarrassed, they looked away at the window full of white cards.

'There are some nice-sounding places,' said Athena. The girl was in a state.

'Yes, except this one,' said Vicki. She crouched down and pointed to a grubby notice right at the bottom of the mass. Athena bent over. 'To let,' it said. 'One room, limited daylight only, \$25 per week. NB house *not* communal.'

'Limited daylight!' Vicki let out a pant of laughter. As Elizabeth had done when Vicki gave her opinion of papal benediction, Athena looked at the girl with sharpened attention.

'What are you going to do now?' said Vicki. 'I haven't got anything to do.'

They went into a cafe and sat at a table. Music was playing, not the usual kind of music you hear on a jukebox. The back door of the cafe had been left open; through it they saw new leaves, a lane.

\* \* \* \*

2.

He would have liked to move around her house and examine all its icons, or to hang over the front windowsill with her and make remarks about the dress and gait of passing pedestrians; but he wanted also to get her outside and on to his own turf, into public places where no-one was host and no-one guest, where everything had a price, where he could get what he wanted, pay for it, and keep moving in long, effortless, curving afternoons unsnagged by obligation or haste: the idea of destination meant almost as little to him as it did to Billy.

'I'm supposed to be on my way to work,' he said.

'I thought you only worked at night.'

'Something came up.'

'Are you worried about getting there on time?'

'No. I'm just worried about being comfortable.'

'Did you say "comfortable"?'

'Yes, I did. But I didn't mean it.'

That was his way of talking. When she pressed him he was not there. Like most women she possessed, for good or ill, a limitless faculty for adjustment. She felt him give; she let herself melt, drift, take the measure of his new position, and harden again into an appropriate configuration. There was something to be got here, if only she could . . .

In the street there was a dusty summer wind, a morning not quite hot enough. If they walked shoulder to shoulder, if they sat side by side, it was in order to become the world's audience instead of being obliged to perform their personalities for each other. They bought tickets, they travelled. Their mutual curiosity was intense, but oblique. They watched one another witnessing the world: how two fat businessmen examined as merchandise the girl who pouted and pretended to read the paper in the cafe window with her skirt up round her thighs; how the waitress in Myers mural hall crossed the vast room with both arms high above her head and a dirty tablecloth hanging from each hand; the hippy boy on the tram who bought a ticket to St Kilda and announced to the other passengers, 'I must go to the sea. To the ocean'; the girl whose lips moved as she read a book called *Tortured for Christ*. The world divided itself for them, presented itself in a series of small theatrical events. 'Now,' said a woman to a man at the bus-stop, 'I'll tell you the whole story. See the thing was that . . .'

\* \* \* \*



# 1: Novels

## 1 – 7 Helen Garner: *The Children's Bach* – continued

3.

There was weirdness in the turbulent air. They all felt it, as they passed the flailing fig tree and came up the hot concrete steps to the kitchen; but Billy was berserk. He struggled, he shrieked, he bit his lips until they bled. When Dexter put him down he flung away and galloped among the chairs, overturning them and cannoning off the fronts of cupboards.

'Can't you do something?' cried Vicki. 'I wish Athena was here!'

'Well she's not,' said Dexter. 'Anyway she can't do anything with him either when he's like this. It's electromagnetic.'

'Sing to him.'

'I don't feel like singing,' said Dexter. His face was grim. 'You sing.'

'Me? I can't sing.'

The little boy, wailing like a fire engine, was trying to cram himself into the greasy space between the bench and the stove. His shoulder was smeared with dirty fat, his bathers were twisted round his loins and his erect penis showed white and pointed as a fish. The noise in the room was deafening: the chairs crashing and rolling, the thin voice screeching, the hot wind whining through the half-open window. Dexter was stupefied, he was ugly with sadness.

'Do something,' said Vicki.

'There's somebody at the door,' shouted Arthur.

In came Elizabeth, all cool and high-heeled and clean, carrying the bottle in its paper bag and a net sack full of oranges.

'What is this?' she called in her piercing, silvery voice. 'This place is a madhouse!'

She put her load on the table, righted the lolling chairs and dragged the roaring boy out of his oily hiding place.

'Here, you take him,' she said. 'I don't know what to do with kids.'

Dexter snapped out of it. He seized Billy's hands and spun him round, crouched, enfolded him like a foetus in a cage of limbs and torso. The boy was defeated, but he raged and clamoured: he could scream even with his mouth shut, the very bones of his skull were in commotion.

'He's chucking a mental!' cried Vicki.

'Fill up the bath and stick him in it,' said Arthur, calmly colouring in at the table. 'That's what Mum does.'

Vicki ran to turn on the taps.

The boy stopped to draw breath, and the rain started. A mass, a block, a volume of water crashed on to the roof. The temper of the air changed: in some meteorological bureau the dials flicked back to zero. Elizabeth opened the back door and they stood in a row, Dexter with the limp boy over his shoulder, and stared out at the wall of rain.

\* \* \* \*

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 8 Claire Messud: *The Last Life*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Last Life*.

1.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,  
Picador, 1999  
pp 28–30

2.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,  
Picador, 1999  
pp 113–114

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 8 Claire Messud: *The Last Life* – continued

---

3.

Claire Messud, *The Last Life*,  
Picador, 1999  
pp 369–370

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 9 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Conditions of Faith*.

1.

They stood looking at each other across the room. A door slammed somewhere in the building. The gas fire murmured. She sat on the hard-backed chair.

They were silent for a long moment.

Then he said, 'We had some good news today.' He took hold of the cane chair by its back and turned it to face her and sat in it. 'I was looking forward to telling you.'

'What is it?'

'The Cleveland Bridge Company has withdrawn from the tendering process. They were our main rivals. Jacques Lenormand's scaremongering's been put an end to. I shan't need to go and report to the board at Haine Saint-Paul.' He looked into his glass, then looked up at her. 'Our little motoring holiday in the Ardennes will have to be postponed for a while.'

'I hadn't really expected to go.'

'No. I suppose not.'

A clock somewhere struck the first hour of the new day.

Georges closed his eyes, then opened them and rubbed his hand over his face and through his hair. He drank the rest of the whisky and heaved himself out of the chair. He put the glass on the table beside her. He stood looking down, his fingers playing with the fragment of red slip. 'I feel as if the bridge is taking our lives from us sometimes,' he said, then fell silent, waiting for her to speak. She said nothing. 'I wonder if it can be done . . . You and me and the baby and this bridge.' He waited again. 'Now there's this.' He pushed at the letter with his fingers.

She looked up at him.

'I was afraid of the Cleveland Bridge Company.' He laughed. 'I thought of my counterpart over there as a kind of superhuman incapable of feeling the strain the way I was feeling it. When Jean-Pierre told me this afternoon Cleveland had withdrawn, the first thing I felt was envy, not relief. I envied their designer his freedom. I thought of him putting on his hat and closing the door of his office and going home to his wife. I wanted to send him a telegram congratulating him and telling him how comforted I was to find out that he was just a man like me after all. I imagined us becoming friends.'

\* \* \* \*

2.

Emily drifted in and out of consciousness, the murmuring of Madame Elder's voice like the sound of a conversation in another room, one moment her gaze clear and focused and full of understanding, and the next an absence in her eyes.

'The instant I saw you in the arms of Father Étinceler I knew it was your longing to be with another woman that had made you leave the flat this morning and come to me, despite all the risks of the journey.' Madame Elder put her hand to Emily's brow. 'My daughter!' she said tenderly. 'To think you entrusted your life and the life of your little one to my care. When our time comes, we all understand the truth of our condition.' She wiped at the sweat and the trickle of pale blood that ran from above the hairline on Emily's neck. She bent and kissed Emily on the forehead.

A few minutes later the contractions started coming close together, and soon there was no break between them. Emily raised herself from the bed and gripped Madame Elder's shoulders. On the third peak of the contraction she howled and the head of the child was expelled from her body. The two women were like wrestlers, or lovers, their sweating limbs glistening in the yellow lamplight, knotted to each other by their struggle, unyielding and locked until the tiny shoulders followed the head and the child slithered from Emily's body with a sudden rush into Madame Elder's hands.

Madame Elder held the little girl cupped in her palms. She did not move but stared at it. The infant was a greyish blue and as soft as warm marshmallow to her touch. It sucked a tiny breath of air and writhed. Then it screamed. Its cheeks at once turned a delicate rosy pink, like a peach that begins to ripen. Madame Elder's heart raced at the sound of the baby's cry. She laughed with relief and wrapped it carefully in a towel, the purple tendon of the cord like a length of exposed bowel reaching out of the swaddling into Emily's body, the discharge of blood and fluids soaking the bedding and the towels.

Emily lay like a dead woman in her mess, her blue dress pulled up and her bare legs splayed and dirtied, as if she had been abandoned, the broken victim of a vicious attack.

\* \* \* \*

# 1: Novels

---

## 1 – 9 Alex Miller: *Conditions of Faith* – continued

---

### 3.

How does a mother reach a point of such estrangement that she abandons her child? How can I expect you to understand this? Believe me when I tell you that there is no sudden leap to such a place but a daily increment over time. One goes by small degrees, one step at a time, until one stands at last on the place from which one refuses to be moved. And one is more astonished than anyone to see it is oneself who does this. This was Perpetua's gift to me. It is my gift to you. It is why Tertullian, and those who followed him, required her silence. What she did could never be acknowledged. For she broke the chain by which mothers are compelled. When you have read this journal, you will know then that my terrible decision was not the end of our love but was its difficult, painful beginning. You are never forgotten, my darling, but are with me every day of my life.

Emily saw the movement from the corner of her eye. She stopped writing and turned and looked out the window. Antoine was walking along the gravel path beside the oleanders. He was smoking a cigarette and was in his shirtsleeves. Emily watched him. He reached the wall at the end of the garden and stood leaning on the parapet looking down at the village street below. She put down her pen and got up from the table. She went out and crossed the courtyard with the copper fountain and went down the stone steps to the hall. Antoine heard her footsteps on the gravel and he turned and watched her approach.

She stood beside him and they looked down into the street together. A group of village boys were gathered outside the doorway of the café. They were watching a donkey and cart toiling slowly up the hill toward them, their heads turned at the same angle, like a flock of grounded gulls in their faded clothes, their bodies alert and expectant. Antoine offered her a cigarette and she shook her head. He lit a fresh cigarette from the butt of his old one and he dropped the butt into the gravel at his feet and ground it with the heel of his shoe. She put her arm through his and pressed his arm to her side. They leaned on the parapet together watching the boys and the dog and the donkey and cart approaching up the hill. They did not speak. The sun was warm on her back through her blouse and there was the familiar fragrance of cloves in the smoke of his cigarette. The siesta was coming to an end. Behind them the members of the household were waking from their sleep.

\* \* \* \*

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 10 Ann Patchett: *Bel Canto*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Bel Canto*.

1.

Ann Patchett, *Bel Canto*,  
Fourth Estate, 2002

pp 86–87

2.

Ann Patchett, *Bel Canto*,  
Fourth Estate, 2002

pp 152–153

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 10 Ann Patchett: *Bel Canto* – continued

---

3.

Ann Patchett, *Bel Canto*,  
Fourth Estate, 2002  
pp 312–313

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Cherry Orchard*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Cherry Orchard*.

1.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA [*looking at the orchard through the window*]: Oh my childhood, my innocence! I used to sleep in this nursery, I used to look at the orchard from here, happiness woke up with me every morning, and the orchard was just like this, nothing has changed. [*Laughs with joy.*] All white, all white! Oh my orchard! After the dark and overcast autumn and the cold winter you're young again, full of happiness, the angels in heaven have not forsaken you . . . If only I could take this heavy stone from my breast and shoulders, if I could forget my past!

GAYEV: Yes, and the orchard will be sold to pay off debts, strange though it is.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: Look, our dead mother is walking in the orchard . . . in a white dress! [*Laughs with joy.*] It's her.

GAYEV: Where?

VARYA: Bless you, Mama.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: There's no one, I was seeing things. On the right there, at the turning to the summer-house, a white tree was bending, like a woman . . .

[*Enter TROFIMOV in an old student uniform, wearing glasses.*]

What a wonderful orchard! The white masses of flowers, the blue sky . . .

TROFIMOV: Lyubov Andreyevna!

[*She looks round at him.*]

I'll just greet you and go off right away. [*Kisses her hand warmly.*]

I was told to wait till morning but I didn't have the patience . . .

[LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA *looks at him with bewilderment.*]

VARYA [*with tears in her eyes*]: It's Petya Trofimov . . .

TROFIMOV: Petya Trofimov, your Grisha's old tutor . . . Have I changed so much?

[LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA *embraces him and quietly weeps.*]

GAYEV [*embarrassedly*]: That'll do, Lyuba.

VARYA [*crying*]: I told you, Petya, to wait till tomorrow.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: My Grisha . . . my boy . . . Grisha . . . my son . . .

VARYA: What can we do, Mama? It was God's will.

TROFIMOV [*gently, with tears in his eyes*]: There, there . . .

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA [*crying softly*]: My little boy died, he drowned . . . Why? Why, my friend? [*More quietly*] Anya is sleeping there, and I'm talking loudly . . . I'm making a noise . . . So, Petya? Why've you lost your looks? Become so old?

TROFIMOV: A woman on the train called me a moth-eaten gentleman.

LYUBOV ANDREYEVNA: You were just a boy then, a dear little student, and now your hair is thin and you're wearing glasses. Are you really still a student? [*Goes to the door.*]

\* \* \* \*



## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Cherry Orchard* – continued

2.

TROFIMOV: Varya is frightened we'll go and fall in love with each other and she doesn't leave us alone for days on end. With her narrow mind she can't understand that we are above love. Avoiding things that are petty and illusory, that prevent us being free and happy, there's the goal and the sense of our life. Onward! We are going irresistibly towards a bright star burning there in the distance! Onward! Don't fall back, my friends!

ANYA [*clapping her hands in excitement*]: How well you speak!

[*A pause.*]

It's wonderful here today!

TROFIMOV: Yes, the weather is amazing.

ANYA: What have you done with me, Petya, why don't I love the cherry orchard as I used to? I loved it so dearly, I thought there was no better place on earth than our orchard.

TROFIMOV: All Russia is our orchard. The land is great and beautiful, there are many wonderful places in it.

[*A pause.*]

Just think, Anya: your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf-owners who owned living souls, and those human beings must surely be looking at you from every cherry-tree in the orchard, from every leaf, from every trunk, don't you hear the voices . . . The ownership of living souls has formed all of you, those who lived before and those who are living now, so that your mother, you, your uncle, no longer notice that you are living in debt, at others' expense, at the expense of those people whom you don't let in further than your front hall . . . We've got at least two hundred years behind, we have nothing at all yet, no defined relationship to the past, we only talk philosophy, complain of boredom or drink vodka. It's so very clear that to begin to live in the present we must first redeem our past, finish with it, and we can redeem it only by suffering, only by exceptional, ceaseless labour. Understand that, Anya.

ANYA: The house in which we live hasn't been our house for a long time, and I will leave, I give you my word.

TROFIMOV: If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and leave. Be free as the wind.

ANYA [*ecstatically*]: How well you said that!

\* \* \* \*

3.

[*The distant sound of axe-strokes on a tree.*]

LOPAKHIN: Well, goodbye, old man. It's time to go. We turn up our noses at each other and life goes by regardless. When I work for a long time, tirelessly, then my thoughts are easier and I think I too know why I exist. But, my friend, how many people there are in Russia who exist without knowing why. Well, it doesn't matter, the world goes on working regardless. They say Leonid Andreich has taken a job, he'll be in a bank, six thousand a year . . . Only he won't stick at it, he's very lazy . . .

ANYA [*in the door*]: Mama asks you not to cut down the orchard until she's gone.

TROFIMOV: Really, can anyone be that tactless . . . [*Goes out through the hall.*]

LOPAKHIN: All right, all right . . . These people, really. [*Goes out after him.*]

ANYA: Have they sent Firs to the hospital?

YASHA: I told them to this morning. One must assume they did.

ANYA [*to YEPIKHODOV, who is passing through the room*]: Semyon Panteleich, can you find out please if they took Firs to the hospital.

YASHA [*offended*]: I told Yegor this morning. Why ask ten times!

YEPIKHODOV: In my definite opinion, that ancient Firs can't be mended, he should join his fathers. And I can only envy him. [*Has put a suitcase on a cardboard hatbox and squashes it.*] Well, of course. I knew that would happen. [*Exit.*]

YASHA [*mockingly*]: The Walking Accident.

VARYA [*outside the door*]: Have they taken Firs to the hospital?

ANYA: They have.

VARYA: Why didn't they take the letter to the doctor?

ANYA: We'll have to send it after him . . . [*Exit.*]

VARYA [*in the other room*]: Where's Yasha? Tell him his mother has come and wants to say goodbye to him.

YASHA [*throwing up his hand*]: They just wear out your patience.

[*All this time DUNYASHA has been busy with the luggage; now YASHA has been left alone, she goes up to him.*]

DUNYASHA: If you would just give me one little look, Yasha. You're going away . . . leaving me . . . [*Weeps and drapes herself round his neck.*]

YASHA: Why are you crying? [*Drinks some champagne.*] In six days I'll be in Paris again. Tomorrow we'll be getting into the express and we'll be off in a flash. Somehow I can't believe it. *Vive la France!* . . . It doesn't suit me here, I can't live . . . I can't help it. I've had my fill of looking at ignorance – that's enough for me.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 2 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *No Sugar*.

1.

*The court house at Northam, morning. The SERGEANT stands near the JP, a local cocky, who sits at the bench.*

JP: What have we got?

SERGEANT: Not much.

JP: Good, I'm in a hurry.

SERGEANT: Two natives. One supplying.

JP: All right, let's get moving. I've got to get to a bank auction in Wongamine; tryin' to pick up a cheap binder.

SERGEANT: [*calling*] Francis James Brown.

[*FRANK enters and goes to the dock. The SERGEANT passes the JP a paper bag. The JP pulls the port bottle out of it and looks at it curiously.*]

Evidence.

[*The JP examines it and sniffs it.*]

JP: Are Munday and, ah, what's-his-name, natives within the meaning of the Aborigines Act?

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

JP: What do you plead?

FRANK: Guilty with an explanation, sir.

JP: If you're guilty I can't see much point in an explanation.

FRANK: I'd still like to say something, sir.

SERGEANT: The accused has been warned on two previous occasions about associating with natives.

JP: All right, make it brief.

FRANK: I arrived in Northam a few days ago, and I was broke and I didn't have anything to eat for two days and I ran into Jimmy in the park and he —

JP: [*interrupting, to the SERGEANT*] Who?

SERGEANT: James Munday. He was one of the natives arrested along with the accused.

JP: [*to FRANK*] All right, get on with it.

FRANK: Well, he was a real mate to me. He took me to his home and gave me a meal of —

JP: [*interrupting, to the SERGEANT*] His what?

SERGEANT: His camp at Government Well.

FRANK: He gave me a meal of —

JP: [*interrupting*] Look, I'm not interested in what you had for dinner. If you've got an explanation, just tell me what it is.

FRANK: [*nervously*] And he even lent me a razor; I hadn't had a shave in several days. He and his family were very kind to me and when he asked me to pick up a bottle of wine for him, I felt obliged to do it.

JP: Were you aware that you were breaking the law?

FRANK: Yes sir, but I didn't —

JP: [*interrupting*] Is there any previous record?

SERGEANT: No.

FRANK: I've never been in rouble before. I am an ex-serviceman and I settled at Lake Yealering.

JP: All right, I don't need your life story. I understand the difficulty of the situation you were in, but it's my duty to protect natives and half-castes from alcohol. In view of this, I sentence you to six weeks imprisonment with hard labour.

[*FRANK steps down.*]

\* \* \* \*

2.

CONSTABLE: You're being transferred to the Moore River Native Settlement.

GRAN: I ain't goin'.

CONSTABLE: You're all goin'. You're under arrest.

GRAN: What for? We done nothin' wrong.

SERGEANT: It's for health reasons. Epidemic of skin disease.

JIMMY: Bullshit, I'll tell you why we're goin'.

CONSTABLE: You wouldn't know.

JIMMY: You reckon blackfellas are bloody mugs. Whole town knows why we're goin'. 'Coz *wetjals* in this town don't want us 'ere, don't want our kids at the school, with their kids, and old Jimmy Mitchell's tight 'coz they reckon Bert 'Awke's gonna give him a hidin' in the election.

CONSTABLE: What the hell would you know? You don't even vote.

JIMMY: I know more about *wetjala*'s gubment than you do, and what I'm tellin' you's the truth.

CONSTABLE: Bullshit.

SERGEANT: Shut up, will you? I don't know whose idea it is, it's got nothin' to do with me.

CONSTABLE: You barkin' up the wrong tree, Munday.

JIMMY: Bullshit, Jimmy Mitchell's —

SERGEANT: [*interrupting*] Look, I know this much; Jimmy Mitchell's got nothin' against blackfellas, or anybody else, for that matter.

JIMMY: No, he's got nothin' against 'em. Not worth losin' a bloody election over, that's all. I'll tell youse somethin': you're wastin' your fuckin' time.

CONSTABLE: Hey, all right.

JIMMY: 'Coz *wetjals* aren't gonna vote for 'im. You know why? 'Coz he's got all them Chinamens workin' on his farm at Grass Valley and *wetjals* don't like that. He's gunna get rid of the blackfellas, he should get rid of them Chinamens too.

SERGEANT: Oh, Jesus, shut up will youse? You're all goin' and that's that, an' if you don't co-operate you'll just go along for resisting arrest and escaping legal custody.

SAM: When are we supposed to be leavin'?

SERGEANT: On the seven-twenty mixed goods train in the morning. You'll be camping in the goods shed overnight.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 2 Jack Davis: *No Sugar* – continued

3.

NEAL: Yeah.

*[He continues working. Pause.]*

Yeah, now . . . Australia Day, the ceremony. Mr Neville likes to have the agenda in advance. I'd like you to say a few words yourself and an appropriate hymn.

SISTER: We've been practising 'There Is a Happy Land' . . . I thought it would be . . .

NEAL: Good.

SISTER: I thought it might be nice if Mr Neville announced the hymn.

NEAL: Yeah, all right. What was it again?

SISTER: 'There Is a Happy Land'.

*[NEAL writes it down and shuffles his papers. He ignores her. Pause.]*

Is that all, Mr Neal?

NEAL: Just a moment . . . There's another matter I'd like to discuss with you. I believe you've been lending books — novels — to some of the natives.

SISTER: Yes, I have.

NEAL: There's a sort of unofficial directive on this; it's the sort of thing which isn't encouraged by the Department.

SISTER: What do you mean? That you don't encourage the natives to read?

NEAL: That's right.

SISTER: *[incredulously]* But why? I'd intended to ask your permission to start a small library.

NEAL: I'm sorry, Sister, but —

SISTER: *[interrupting]* It won't cost the Department a penny, I can get the books donated. Good books.

NEAL: It's quite out of the question.

SISTER: But why?

NEAL: Look, my experience with natives in South Africa and here has taught — led me to believe that there's a lot of wisdom in the old adage that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing'.

SISTER: I can't believe what you're saying.

NEAL: Look Sister, I've got a big mob here, over seven hundred — you know that — and there's enough troublemakers without giving them ideas.

SISTER: But Mr Neal —

NEAL: *[interrupting]* I don't think there's anything more to be said on the subject.

SISTER: Well, I'd like to say something on another subject.

NEAL: Yes?

SISTER: The use of violence by your native policemen to enforce attendance at my religious instruction classes.

NEAL: If I didn't make attendance compulsory, you'd have none of them there.

SISTER: I'd prefer that they come of their own free will.

NEAL: Look, Sister, if you're not happy here, I could arrange a transfer for you to another settlement; perhaps Mulla Bulla, on the edge of the Gibson Desert.

*[She goes to leave, but stops by the door.]*

SISTER: Getting back to the books, what do you classify the Bible as?

*[She exits.]*

NEAL: *[To himself]* Bloody do-gooders.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 3 Euripides: *The Women of Troy*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Women of Troy*.

1.

HELEN:

...  
Sold for my beauty, I endure vile calumny  
From those who should have placed a crown upon my  
head.

You will say that I have not yet answered the main  
point –  
How I came to set forth in secret from your house.  
It was a goddess of invincible power who came  
With Hecabe's evil genius, Paris (call him by  
That name, or Alexander, as you please); and you,  
To your shame, sailed off to Crete and left him in your  
house.

My next question I ask myself rather than you.  
What happened in my heart, to make me leave my home  
And my own land, to follow where a stranger led?  
Rail at the goddess; be more resolute than Zeus,  
Who holds power over all other divinities  
But is himself the slave of love. Show Aphrodite  
Your indignation; me, pardon and sympathy.

There is a further charge you may feel justified  
In urging against me. When Paris was in his grave,  
And no god was concerned to find me a husband – then,  
You will say, I ought to have left Troy and made my way  
To the Argive ships. I tried to do this. The gate-warders,  
The sentries on the city walls, could testify  
That more than once they found me slipping secretly  
Down from the battlements by a rope. Then Deiphobus,  
Defying the whole city's wish, took me by force  
And kept me as his wife. Can you still think it just  
To kill me? Would it not be more just to comfort me?  
Not only was this marriage forced upon me, but  
What ought to have been my crown of glory, my own  
person,

Condemned my life to this harsh bondage. Do you aspire  
To govern gods? To wish this is mere foolishness.

CHORUS:

Now, Queen, speak for your children and your fatherland.  
Demolish this persuasiveness. Plausible speech  
Combined with such immorality is sinister.

\* \* \* \*

2.

CHORUS:

...  
Zeus, God, farewell! Now with your going [*Antistrophe 1*  
goes  
Music of prayer, sweet singing, mystic nights  
Of darkness and of vision, the dear forms  
Of golden gods we knew,  
The Trojan Twelve, the full-moon festal rites.  
Therefore we ask, Monarch of all that lives,  
Firm in your heavenly throne,  
While the destroying Fury gives  
Our homes to ashes and our flesh to worms –  
We ask, and ask: What does his mean to You?

Dearest husband, dear lost ghost, [*Strophe 2*  
Seas and worlds divide our ways:  
You, unwashed, unburied,  
Roam the shadowy spaces,  
I to Argos wing the sea with restless oars,  
To the Cyclops' walls of stone  
Rising heaven-high from green turf where horses graze.  
At Troy's gates our children  
Cling and cry by hundreds,  
Calling, wailing, 'Mother, they are taking me  
From you! See their dark ships,  
Oars and rowers ready!  
Will our home be holy Salamis,  
Or the peak between two seas  
Where the gate of Isthmus  
Guards the Spartan stronghold?'

And when Menelaus' ship [*Antistrophe 2*  
In mid-ocean rides and runs  
May there fall a furious  
Thunderbolt from heaven,  
Blaze amidships, burn his oars and break his keel!  
Fall while I, poor prisoner, sail,  
Lost in weeping, farther every hour from home;  
Fall while Helen gazes  
In her golden mirror  
Aping girlhood! May she never come safe home  
To the streets of Sparta  
And the Brazen Temple!  
She whose lightness shamed the pride of Greece,  
Fouled with blood and tears of Troy  
The once pure and lovely  
Waters of Simois!

Look, oh, look, you weeping wives of Troy!  
Stroke on stroke  
Scars our bleeding land!  
See, the dead Astyanax,  
Whom the Greeks  
Murdered without mercy,  
Flung from Troy's high towers!  
*Enter TALTHYBIUS with the body of ASTYANAX carried on*  
*HECTOR'S shield.*

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 3 Euripides: *The Women of Troy* – continued

3.

HECABE:

All through these years the gods had but one end in  
mind,  
No other destiny than this for me, and Troy –  
The one city they chose for their especial hate.  
Our sacrifices and our prayers have all been vain.  
Yet, had not heaven cast down our greatness and  
engulfed  
All in the earth's depth, Troy would be a name  
unknown,  
Our agony unrecorded, and those songs unsung  
Which we shall give to poets of a future age.  
[*Two SOLDIERS of TALTHYBIUS appear; HECABE turns to  
them.*] Go now and lay him in his pitiful grave. He has  
His burial robe and garland; they are all he needs.  
A costly funeral proclaims the self-conceit  
Of the living; I think the dead care little for such things.  
*The SOLDIERS carry ASTYANAX away.*

CHORUS:

Weep for Andromache – all her strong hopes broken  
With this broken body! And weep for him  
Whose royal birth the world envied and honoured,  
Whose death will be told with terror. –  
Look! Who are they,  
There on the city heights, waving their arms  
With torches ablaze? What is to happen now?  
*Enter TALTHYBIUS, attended.*

TALTHYBIUS [*shouting*]:

You officers appointed to burn Priam's town,  
Why are those torches idle in your hands? Use them!  
Let flame swallow this rubble that was Ilion;  
Our work's over; so good-bye Troy, and hoist for home!  
[*To the CHORUS*] The same order concerns you too; as  
soon as you hear  
A fanfare on the trumpets from the generals' tents,  
Get straight down to the ships, ready to sail. – Hecabe,  
I am sorry for you; but you must go with these men.  
They've come for you from Odysseus, who is your  
master now.

HECABE:

My hour has come. The gods have pity on me! This is  
My last ordeal, to sail away and see Troy fall  
In flames. Up, aged feet; if you can climb so far,  
I will stand here and bid farewell to my poor city.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *King Lear*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *King Lear*.

1.

EDMUND

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well-compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With 'base'? with 'baseness'? 'bastardy'? 'base, base'?  
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops  
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to the legitimate. Fine word 'legitimate'!  
Well, my 'legitimate', if this letter speed  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow. I prosper.  
Now gods stand up for bastards!

*Enter Gloucester*

GLOUCESTER

Kent banished thus? and France in choler parted?  
And the King gone tonight? prescribed his power?  
Confined to exhibition? All this done  
Upon the gad? Edmund, how now? What news?

EDMUND So please your lordship, none.

GLOUCESTER Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDMUND I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER What paper were you reading?

EDMUND Nothing, my lord.

GLOUCESTER No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see! Come! If it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.

EDMUND I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

GLOUCESTER Give me the letter, sir.

\* \* \* \*

2.

*Storm still. Enter Lear and the Fool*

LEAR

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!  
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-curriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world,  
Crack Nature's moulds, all germens spill at once  
That makes ingrateful man!

FOOL O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing. Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

LEAR

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, called you children.  
You owe me no subscription; then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That will with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'Tis foul!

FOOL He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece:

The cod-piece that will house  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse;  
So beggars marry many.  
The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

\* \* \* \*



## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 4 William Shakespeare: *King Lear* – continued

3.

CORDELIA

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR

You do me wrong to take me out o'the grave.  
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA

Sir, do you know me?

LEAR

You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

CORDELIA Still, still far wide!

DOCTOR

He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.

LEAR

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?  
I am mightily abused. I should even die with pity  
To see another thus. I know not what to say.  
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see.  
I feel this pin-prick. Would I were assured  
Of my condition.

CORDELIA

O look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.

*Lear falls to his knees*

No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR

Pray do not mock me.

I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Four score and upward, not an hour more nor less,  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA (*weeping*)

And so I am, I am.

LEAR

Be your tears wet? Yes, faith! I pray, weep not.  
If you have poison for me I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me, for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
You have some cause; they have not.

CORDELIA

No cause, no cause.

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 5 William Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Measure for Measure*.

1.

*Enter Angelo, Escalus, and Servants, Justice*

ANGELO

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror.

ESCALUS

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen and rather cut a little  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
Let but your honour know,  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attained th'effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Erred in this point which now you censure him,  
And pulled the law upon you.

ANGELO

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,  
That justice seizes; what knows the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Enter Provost*

ESCALUS

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO

Where is the provost?

PROVOST

Here, if it like your honour.

ANGELO

See that Claudio

Be executed by tomorrow morning:

Bring his confessor, let him be prepared;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. *Exit Provost*

ESCALUS

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all.  
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
Some run from brakes of office, and answer none,  
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

*Enter Elbow, Froth, Pompey, Officers*

ELBOW

Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a  
commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common  
houses, I know no law. Bring them away.

ANGELO

How now, sir, what's your name? And what's the  
matter?

ELBOW If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's  
constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice,  
sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two  
notorious benefactors.

\* \* \* \*



## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

### 2 – 5 William Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure* – continued

2.

ANGELO Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

ISABELLA

Ha! Little honour to be much believed,  
And most pernicious purpose. Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't!  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world  
What man thou art.

ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state,  
Will so your accusation outweigh  
That you shall stifle in your own report  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein.  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will,  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Exit*

ISABELLA

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approof,  
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorred pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

*Exit*

\* \* \* \*

3.

ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POMPEY Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged,  
Master Barnardine.

ABHORSON What ho, Barnardine!

BARNARDINE (*within*) A pox o' your throats! Who makes that  
noise there? What are you?

POMPEY Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good,  
sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNARDINE (*within*) Away, you rogue, away! I am  
sleepy.

ABHORSON Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POMPEY Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are  
executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHORSON Go in to him, and fetch him out.

POMPEY He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw  
rustle.

*Enter Barnardine*

ABHORSON Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POMPEY Very ready, sir.

BARNARDINE How now, Abhorson, what's the news with  
you?

ABHORSON Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your  
prayers, for look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE You rogue, I have been drinking all night.  
I am not fitted for't.

POMPEY O, the better, sir, for he that drinks all night, and is  
hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all  
the next day.

*Enter Duke as a friar*

ABHORSON Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father.  
Do we jest now, think you?

DUKE Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you  
are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and  
pray with you.

BARNARDINE Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night  
and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat  
out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day,  
that's certain.

DUKE O, sir, you must, and therefore I beseech you look  
forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNARDINE I swear I will not die today for any man's  
persuasion.

DUKE But hear you.

BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to say to me,  
come to my ward, for thence will not I today. *Exit*

*Enter Provost*

DUKE

Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!

After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey*

\* \* \* \*

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

---

### 2 – 6 Sam Shepard: *True West*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *True West*.

1.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,  
Faber, 1997

pp 29–30

## 2: Plays, films and television miniseries

---

### 2 – 6 Sam Shepard: *True West* – continued

---

2.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,  
Faber, 1997

pp 48–49

3.

Sam Shepard, *True West*,  
Faber, 1997

pp 56–57

### 3: Short stories

---

#### 3 – 1 Raymond Carver: *Will You Please be Quiet, Please?*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Will You Please be Quiet, Please?*

1.

Raymond Carver, *Will You Please be Quiet, Please*,  
Vintage, 2003

pp 20–21

2.

Raymond Carver, *Will You Please be Quiet, Please*,  
Vintage, 2003

pp 45–46

### 3: Short stories

---

#### 3 – 1 Raymond Carver: *Will You Please be Quiet, Please?* – continued

---

3.

Raymond Carver, *Will You Please be Quiet, Please*,  
Vintage, 2003

pp 165–166

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 2 Beverley Farmer: *Collected Stories*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Collected Stories*.

1.

##### *Pumpkin*

Their bed is made up with coarse hand-loomed sheets. On a small table beside it, with the necessary cross-stitched cloth, they have a glass of water, the black grapes, a cup full of pens and pencils, the red exercise book with its dark smear, and a folded newspaper, *TA NEA*. But Andoni is not going to read. He is already in bed with nothing on but his dry bathers. She rasps her sandy soles one against the other and slips in beside him. He lies still. Silently she picks up a pencil and her book.

‘You *hev* to say you paint your hairs?’

‘Why not? Since I do.’

‘You *hev* to say to everybody.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because thet old woman ask you, you *hev* to say?’

‘Marcus said.’

‘You say first.’

‘Oh, Andoni. She’s simple-minded, poor old Marigoula. What does it matter?’

‘Other people listening too. Aren’t you shame?’

‘No. Sorry. Should I be?’

‘You should be proud?’

‘Oh, that’s enough! Leave me alone, I’m tired.’

‘You *mek* fool yourself,’ he says, ‘and me too.’

‘How come?’

‘Womans never paint their hairs here. Not good womans.’

‘I’ve seen plenty who do.’

‘No.’

‘Let me tell you. Your own sisters in Thessaloniki do. I’ve seen it in their bathrooms. It’s no secret.’

‘So?’

‘So. Some good womans do.’

‘If they do, they shut up about it.’

‘Good on them. Why don’t *we* do that?’

She turns her back and drags the coarse sheet up over her head, which feels bruised from the wine and heat and unshed tears. Vassilaki cries out once, and sleeps on.

\* \* \* \*

2.

##### *A Man in the Laundrette*

‘Am I late? Sorry! There was this terrible man in the laundrette.’ Panting, she leans against the dim wall to tell him the story. Halfway through she sees that his face is stiff and grey.

‘You’re thinking I brought it on myself.’

‘Didn’t you?’

‘By going out, you mean? By not wanting to be rude?’ He stares. ‘No, you wouldn’t. What did I do that was wrong?’

‘A man can always tell if a woman fancies him.’

‘Infallibly?’ He shrugs. ‘I led him on, is that what you mean?’

‘Didn’t you?’

‘Why would I?’

‘You can’t seem to help it.’

‘Why do you think that?’

‘I’ve seen you in action.’

‘When?’

‘Whenever you talk to a man, it’s there.’

‘This is sick,’ she says. He shakes his head. ‘Well, *what’s* there?’ But he turns back without a word to the lamplit papers on his table.

Shivering, she folds his shirts on the wooden settle in the passage, hangs up his trousers, pairs his socks. Her few things she drops into her suitcase, open on the floor of the wardrobe; she has never properly unpacked. Now she never will. There is no light in this passage, at one end of which is his hood of yellow lamplight and at the other the twin yellow bubbles of hers, wastefully left on while she was out. The tall windows behind her lamps are nailed shut. A crack in one glitters like a blade. Wasps dying of the cold have nested in the shaggy corners. In the panes, as in those of his window, only a greyness like still water is left of the day.

But set at eye level in the wall of the passage where she is standing with her garbage bag is a strip of window overgrown with ivy, one small casement of which she creeps up at night from his bed to prise open, and he later to close: and here a slant of sun strikes. Leaves all the colours of fire flicker and tap the glass.

‘Look. You’d think it was stained glass, wouldn’t you? Look,’ she is suddenly saying aloud. ‘I’ll never forget this window.’

He could be a statue or the shadow of one, a hard edge to the lamplight. He gives no sign of having heard.

\* \* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

---

#### 3 – 2 Beverley Farmer: *Collected Stories* – continued

---

3.

##### *A Woman with Black Hair*

Tonight when the clock chimed one she turned all the lights out. When it chimed two I came in, sat by the breathing fire, and waited. There is no hurry. I nibble one by one the small brown grapes I picked, throwing the skins and the wet pips into its flames of glass, making them hiss. Nothing moves in the house.

When the clock chimes three I creep into her room — one curtain is half-open, as it always has been — to stand watching the puddle of dimness that is her pillow; the dark hair over it.

I saw her once out in the sun untangling her wet hair with her fingers. It flowed over her face and over her naked shoulders like heavy dark water over sandstone. The grass around her was all shafts of green light, each leaf of clover held light. There were clambering bees.

There is a creek a couple of streets down the hill from here. I wish I could take her there. It reminds me of a creek I used to fish in when I was a boy. There were round speckled rocks swathed with green-yellow silky weed, like so many wet blond heads combed by the fingers of the water. (My hair was — is still — blond.) I used to wish I could live a water life and leave my human one: I would live in the creek and be speckled, weedy-haired, never coming out except in rain. I lay on the bank in spools and flutters of water light. A maternal ant dragged a seed over my foot; a dragon-fly hung in the blurred air; a small dusty lizard propped, tilted its head to take me in, and hid in the grass under my shadow.

Over the weeks since I found this woman I have given her hints, clues, signs that she has been chosen. First I took her white nightgown — old ivory satin, not white, but paler than her skin — and pulled it on and lay in her bed one day. It smelled of hair and roses. I left it torn at the seams on the sofa under the grapevine that shades her back verandah. I suppose she found it that night and was puzzled, perhaps alarmed, but thought the dog had done it; anyone might think so.

\* \* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 3 James Joyce: *Dubliners*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Dubliners*.

1.

##### *An Encounter*

Mahony began to play the Indian as soon as we were out of public sight. He chased a crowd of ragged girls, brandishing his unloaded catapult and, when two ragged boys began, out of chivalry, to fling stones at us, he proposed that we should charge them. I objected that the boys were too small, and so we walked on, the ragged troop screaming after us: *Swaddlers! Swaddlers!* thinking that we were Protestants because Mahony, who was dark-complexioned, wore the silver badge of a cricket club in his cap. When he came to the Smoothing Iron we arranged a siege; but it was a failure because you must have at least three. We revenged ourselves on Leo Dillon by saying what a funk he was and guessing how many he would get at three o'clock from Mr Ryan.

We came then near the river. We spent a long time walking about the noisy streets flanked by high stone walls, watching the working of cranes and engines and often being shouted at for our immobility by the drivers of groaning carts. It was noon when we reached the quays and, as all the labourers seemed to be eating their lunches, we bought two big currant buns and sat down to eat them on some metal piping beside the river. We pleased ourselves with the spectacle of Dublin's commerce – the barges signalled from far away by their curls of woolly smoke, the brown fishing fleet beyond Ringsend, the big white sailing-vessel which was being discharged on the opposite quay. Mahony said it would be right skit to run away to sea on one of those big ships and even I, looking at the high masts, saw, or imagined, the geography which had been scantily dosed to me at school gradually taking substance under my eyes. School and home seemed to recede from us and their influences upon us seemed to wane.

\* \* \* \*

2.

##### *A Little Cloud*

He paused. He felt the rhythm of the verse about him in the room. How melancholy it was! Could he, too, write like that, express the melancholy of his soul in verse? There were so many things he wanted to describe: his sensation of a few hours before on Grattan Bridge, for example. If he could get back again into that mood. . . .

The child awoke and began to cry. He turned from the page and tried to hush it: but it would not be hushed. He began to rock it to and fro in his arms but its wailing cry grew keener. He rocked it faster while his eyes began to read the second stanza:

*Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay where once . . .*

It was useless. He couldn't read. He couldn't do anything. The wailing of the child pierced the drum of his ear. It was useless, useless! He was a prisoner for life. His arms trembled with anger and suddenly bending to the child's face he shouted:

—Stop!

The child stopped for an instant, had a spasm of fright and began to scream. He jumped up from his chair and walked hastily up and down the room with the child in his arms. It began to sob piteously, losing its breath for four or five seconds, and then bursting out anew. The thin walls of the room echoed the sound. He tried to soothe it but it sobbed more convulsively. He looked at the contracted and quivering face of the child and began to be alarmed. He counted seven sobs without a break between them and caught the child to his breast in fright. If it died! . . .

The door was burst open and a young woman ran in, panting.

—What is it? What is it? she cried.

The child, hearing its mother's voice, broke out into a paroxysm of sobbing.

—It's nothing, Annie . . . it's nothing. . . . He began to cry . . .

She flung her parcels on the floor and snatched the child from him.

—What have you done to him? she cried, glaring into his face.

\* \* \* \*



## 3: Short stories

### 3 – 3 James Joyce: *Dubliners* – continued

3.

#### *A Painful Case*

As he sat there, living over his life with her and evoking alternately the two images in which he now conceived her, he realised that she was dead, that she had ceased to exist, that she had become a memory. He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else could he have done. He could not have carried on a comedy of deception with her; he could not have lived with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, ceased to exist, became a memory – if anyone remembered him.

It was after nine o'clock when he left the shop. The night was cold and gloomy. He entered the Park by the first gate and walked along under the gaunt trees. He walked through the bleak alleys where they had walked four years before. She seemed to be near him in the darkness. At moments he seemed to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his. He stood still to listen. Why had he withheld life from her? Why had he sentenced her to death? He felt his moral nature falling to pieces.

When he gained the crest of the Magazine Hill he halted and looked along the river towards Dublin, the lights of which burned redly and hospitably in the cold night. He looked down the slope and, at the base, in the shadow of the wall of the Park, he saw some human figures lying. Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness: he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostrate creatures down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously.

\* \* \* \*

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 1 William Dalrymple: *City of Djinns*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *City of Djinns*.

1.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,  
Flamingo, 1994

pp 62–63

2.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,  
Flamingo, 1994

pp 124–125

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 1 William Dalrymple: *City of Djinns* – continued

---

3.

William Dalrymple, *City of Djinns*,  
Flamingo, 1994

pp 332–333

## 4: Other literature

### 4 – 2 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Shark Net*.

1.

Roy called going into pubs ‘doing business’. He’d say, ‘Just going to see a man about a dog. I’ll only be a minute.’ He meant an hour or two. He brought out glasses of raspberry lemonade. It wasn’t too bad – he parked me in the shade.

We still had to watch ourselves, and were careful not to disagree with him, but it was usually all right when he was Roy. The one to look out for was Royce. Royce was Roy when agitated.

Royce came home late and brittle. (‘Oh, no!’ we’d whisper. ‘Whisky!’) The Dewar’s made him glittery and cool. Royce waited for an affront – but not for long – so he could let loose. Usually he found one in her silence. Then, with relief, it seemed, he took offence and huffed and stamped around the house while Billy and I lay low.

His specialty was indignantly departing rooms, then returning and leaving again, and slamming doors so hard that sand ran down the walls. The area of his agitated comings-and-goings would quickly expand, first the room, then the house, and eventually the district, as he leapt into the Customline in high dudgeon and sped off with tyres squealing for a circuit of the suburb, thinking up new grievances for his return – and departure again.

I didn’t block my ears. I strained to hear the Royce voice in the night. It made me more unsettled than scared, like a bad dream. I quickly recognised the pattern: his late and jovial homecoming, her silence, his reaction, the stray word that became an argument, the bitter fight and the second, more savage, silence – the pause after some ultimate insult to his dignity. In this vacuum, while I tried to listen, my breaths became shallow sips of air. There! The slap, the running feet, the slamming bedroom door. I could go to sleep.

She looked both Dorothy and Dot to me – a Dorothy indoors, outdoors very much a Dot. Dorothy was the woman, the wife, the suburban mother, the Mrs Dunlop at the business functions. At breakfast, the silent one at the stove. Two thousand miles from home. Cooking but not eating. Who’d been crying.

In Dorothy mood she murmured to a friend on the telephone: ‘... Yet he’s never let a night go past when he hasn’t put his arm around me when we go to sleep.’ Overhearing this surprised me, considering the row the night before, but it made me feel better to hear it.

I didn’t know why she favoured Dorothy to Dot. Dorothy was the unsettled woman; Dot was the girl. Small, dark-haired, very tanned now, Dot ran everywhere. (Sprinting along the shore, she could easily catch me.) Dot made many friends; West Australians were fond of her and Dot loved Perth. Dot swam. Dot cartwheeled on the beach and did handstands. Dot had decided not to fear the sun; she was brown year-round. In the sandy landscape she was a busy little speck.

\* \* \* \*

2.

All this coastal experience and I’d never seen a man-eating shark in its natural habitat. Nor had my friends. All I’d seen were potential man-hurters, plenty of them, but nothing that looked as if it could devour me even if it wanted to. Every summer, of course, there were ‘sightings’ of man-eaters reported in the papers. But never by anyone I knew.

So why did I think of man-eating sharks every time I dived into the sea? Not that it prevented me swimming every day. I thought about them, then tried to put them out of my mind. But coming over the hill at North Cottesloe any still, hot, midday and seeing the human bodyslick floating out to sea, all that sweat and suntan oil, I thought of berley, the rich, greasy groundbait that fishermen tossed in the water to attract fish. Same principle. And sharks were supposed to have a miraculous sense of smell.

I favoured the idea of shark nets, like the ones I’d read they used off the beaches of Sydney and Durban, South Africa. They set the nets off every beach and moved them each week. The success rate in Sydney was one hundred percent; no one had been killed on an ocean beach since the nets were installed in 1931. It wasn’t just that the nets trapped sharks, but they prevented them setting up a habitat. Intruders were kept out. A shark never got to feel at home and establish territory. I liked the certainty of nets. If our beaches were netted I knew I’d be a more confident person, happier and calmer. Then again, I might lose the shark-attack scoop of my life.

It had to be that sharks were buried deep in my collective unconscious. I’d read this somewhere in my research, too, and I believed it. Clearly some of us were born with it – like the chicken’s instinct for the shadow of the hawk. It was amazing what I saw in the back-froth of a snapping wave, in the darker patchwork ripples of weed and reef. Was that surge just a diving shag? Was the shadow really a passing cloud? Or the first and last hint of the white pointer’s charge? This, I thought, was obviously the underlying anxiety of my life.

\* \* \* \*

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 2 Robert Drewe: *The Shark Net* – continued

---

#### 3.

While Eric was on death row, his mentally retarded eldest son, Michael, who was in care at the Nathaniel Harper Home down at the river bend at South Guildford, was taken on a picnic to Sandy Beach. He became separated from the other children, wandered into the river and drowned.

When the prison authorities told Eric about his boy's death he broke down. He cried and talked about him all that night and next day and read his Bible. He asked to be buried alongside his son's ashes. The authorities were non-committal. 'You're jumping the gun a bit,' they told him. In the meantime, he asked to be allowed to attend the funeral. This was denied. He took the decision surprisingly calmly.

In his last days, according to those who saw him in the condemned cell – the prison superintendent, the Methodist chaplain, his lawyers, his mother, and his wife, Sally – he again apologised for his crimes. He repeatedly said that Darryl Beamish and John Button were being punished for two murders he'd committed, the hatchet murder of Jillian Brewer and the running down of Rosemary Anderson. He swore on the Bible they were innocent. He seemed relieved to get it off his chest.

His visitors remarked on how philosophical and uncharacteristically talkative, lyrical, even optimistic, he seemed since his son's death.

He said lots more things went through his head these days, as you'd expect. Reading the Bible started off all sorts of thoughts and regrets. But what he kept thinking of was the day his boy said 'starfish'.

When he remembered that day it was stretching out in three sharp colours – yellow and blue, and then the river a milky green like an aquarium, with things in it you couldn't quite see. A warm Saturday afternoon in late January.

They were at Crawley, sitting on that strip of sand between the grass and the river, near the tea-rooms. There was quite a crowd, mostly families, with old people and little kids and a few New Australian boys showing off with a soccer ball. There were radios playing. The people who preferred the river to the ocean – people with little kids, New Australians, old people and other people scared of the surf – liked to take a radio to the river.

They were half in the shade of a big flowering gum. He'd sat his boy in the shade so he wouldn't get burnt.

\* \* \* \*

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 3 Drusilla Modjeska: *Timepieces*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Timepieces*.

1.

Drusilla Modjeska, *Timepieces*,  
Picador, 2002

pp 47–49

2.

Drusilla Modjeska, *Timepieces*,  
Picador, 2002

pp 53–54

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 3 Drusilla Modjeska: *Timepieces* – continued

---

3.

Drusilla Modjeska, *Timepieces*,  
Picador, 2002

pp 111–113

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 1 Robert Adamson: *Mulberry Leaves*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Mulberry Leaves*.

1.

Robert Adamson, *Mulberry Leaves*,  
Paper Bark Press, 2001

p 35

2.

Robert Adamson, *Mulberry Leaves*,  
Paper Bark Press, 2001

p 42



## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 1 Robert Adamson: *Mulberry Leaves* – continued

---

3.

Robert Adamson, *Mulberry Leaves*,  
Paper Bark Press, 2001

p 307

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The General Prologue*.

1.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,  
That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy;  
Hire gretteste ooth was but by Seinte Loy;  
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
Ful weel she soong the service dyvyne,  
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;  
And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.  
At mete wel ytaught was she with alle;  
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
Ne wette hir fyngres in hir sauce depe;  
Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe  
That no drope ne fille upon hire brest.  
In curteisie was set ful muchel hir lest.  
Hir over-lippe wyped she so clene  
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene  
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.  
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.  
And sikerly she was of greet desport,  
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,  
And peyned hire to countrefete cheere  
Of court, and to been estatlich of manere,  
And to ben holden digne of reverence.  
But for to speken of hire conscience,  
She was so charitable and so pitous  
She wolde wepe, if that she saugh a mous  
Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.  
Of smale houndes hadde she that she fedde  
With rosted flessh, or milk and wastel-breed.  
But soore wepte she if oon of hem were deed,  
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;  
And al was conscience and tendre herte.  
Ful semyly hir wympul pynched was,  
Hir nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas,  
Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed.  
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;  
It was almoost a spanne brood, I trowe;  
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.  
Ful fetys was hir cloke, as I was war.  
Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar  
A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,  
And theron heng a brooch of gold ful sheene,  
On which ther was first write a crowned A,  
And after *Amor vincit omnia*.

\* \* \* \*

2.

The MILLERE was a stout carl for the nones;  
Ful byg he was of brawn, and eek of bones.  
That proved wel, for over al ther he cam,  
At wrastlyng he wolde have alwey the ram.  
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre;  
Ther was no dore that he nolde heve of harre,  
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.  
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,  
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.  
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade  
A werte, and theron stood a toft of herys,  
Reed as the bristles of a sowes erys;  
His nosethirles blake were and wyde.  
A swerd and a bokeler bar he by his syde.  
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.  
He was a jangler and a goliardeys,  
And that was moost of synne and harlotries.  
Wel koude he stelen corn and tollen thries;  
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.  
A whit cote and a blew hood wered he.  
A baggepipe wel koude he blowe and sowne,  
And therewithal he broghte us out of towne.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,  
Of which achatours myghte take exemple  
For to be wise in byynge of vitaille;  
For wheither that he payde or took by taille,  
Algate he wayted so in his achaat  
That he was ay biforn and in good staat.  
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace  
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace  
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men?  
Of maistres hadde he mo than thries ten,  
That weren of lawe expert and curious,  
Of which ther were a duszeyne in that hous  
Worthy to been stywardes of rente and lond  
Of any lord that is in Engelond,  
To make hym lyve by his propre good  
In honour dettelees (but if he were wood),  
Or lyve as scarsly as hym list desire;  
And able for to helpen al a shire  
In any caas that myghte falle or happe.  
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 2 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The General Prologue* – continued

3.

A SOMONOUR was ther with us in that place,  
 That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynnes face,  
 For saucefleem he was, with eyen narwe.  
 As hoot he was and lecherous as a sparwe,  
 With scalled browes blake and piled berd.  
 Of his visage children were aferd.  
 Ther nas quyk-silver, lytarge, ne brymstoon,  
 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,  
 Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,  
 That hym myghte helpen of his whelkes white,  
 Nor of the knobbes sittyng on his chekes.  
 Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,  
 And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as  
     blood;  
 Thanne wolde he speke and crie as he were  
     wood.  
 And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,  
 Thanne wolde he speke no word but Latyn.  
 A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,  
 That he had lerned out of som decree—  
 No wonder is, he herde it al the day;  
 And eek ye knowen wel how that a jay  
 Kan clepen “Watte” as wel as kan the pope.  
 But whoso koude in oother thyng hym grope,  
 Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie;  
 Ay “*Questio quid iuris*” wolde he crie.  
 He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;  
 A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde.  
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn  
 A good felawe to have his concubyn  
 A twelf month, and excuse hym atte fulle;  
 Ful prively a fynch eek koude he pulle.  
 And if he foond owher a good felawe,  
 He wolde techen him to have noon awe  
 In swich caas of the ercedekenes curs,  
 But if a mannes soule were in his purs;  
 For in his purs he sholde ypunysshed be.  
 “Purs is the ercedekenes helle,” seyde he.  
 But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;  
 Of cursyng oghte ech gilty man him drede,  
 For curs wol slee right as assoillyng savith,  
 And also war hym of a *Significavit*.  
 In daunger hadde he at his owene gise  
 The yonge girles of the diocise,  
 And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed.  
 A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,  
 As greet as it were for an ale-stake.  
 A bokeleer hadde he maad hym of a cake.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

1.

Thou seyst also, that if we make us gay  
With clothynge, and with precious array,  
That it is peril of oure chastitee;  
And yet — with sorwe! — thou most enforce  
thee,

And seye thise wordes in the Apostles name:  
“In habit maad with chastitee and shame  
Ye wommen shul apparaille yow,” quod he,  
“And noght in tressed heer and gay perree,  
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche.”  
After thy text, ne after thy rubriche,  
I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat.

Thou seydest this, that I was lyk a cat;  
For whoso wolde senge a cattes skyn,  
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in;  
And if the cattes skyn be slyk and gay,  
She wol nat dwelle in house half a day,  
But forth she wole, er any day be dawed,  
To shewe hir skyn and goon a-caterwawed.  
This is to seye, if I be gay, sire shrewe,  
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe.

Sire olde fool, what helpeth thee to spyen?  
Thogh thou preye Argus with his hundred yen  
To be my warde-cors, as he kan best,  
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest;  
Yet koude I make his berd, so moot I thee!

Thou seydest eek that ther been thynges thre,  
The whiche thynges troublen al this erthe,  
And that no wight may endure the ferthe.  
O leewe sire shrewe, Jhesu shorte thy lyf!  
Yet prechestow and seyst an hateful wyf  
Yrekened is for oon of thise meschances.  
Been ther none othere maner resemblances  
That ye may likne youre parables to,  
But if a sely wyf be oon of tho?

Thou liknest eek wommenes love to helle,  
To bareyne lond, ther water may nat dwelle.  
Thou liknest it also to wilde fyr;  
The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath desir  
To consume every thyng that brent wole be.  
Thou seyst, right as wormes shende a tree,  
Right so a wyf destroyeth hire housbonde;  
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde.

\* \* \* \*

2.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.  
I seye that in the feeldes walked we,  
Til trewely we hadde swich daliance,  
This clerk and I, that of my purveiance  
I spak to hym and seyde hym how that he,  
If I were wydwe, sholde wedde me.  
For certainly — I sey for no bobance —  
Yet was I nevere withouten purveiance  
Of mariage, n'of othere thynges eek.  
I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek  
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,  
And if that faille, thane is al ydo.

I bar hym on honde he hadde enchanted  
me —  
My dame taughte me that soutiltee —  
And eek I seyde I mette of hym al nyght,  
He wolde han slayn me as I lay upright,  
And al my bed was ful of verray blood;  
'But yet I hope that ye shal do me good,  
For blood bitokeneth gold, as me was taught.'  
And al was fals; I dremed of it right naught,  
But as I folwed ay my dames loore,  
As wel of this as of othere thynges moore.

But now, sire, lat me se what I shal seyn.  
A ha! By God, I have my tale ageyn.

Whan that my fourthe housbonde was on  
beere,

I weep algate, and made sory cheere,  
As wyves mooten, for it is usage,  
And with my coverchief covered my visage,  
But for that I was purveyed of a make,  
I wepte but smal, and that I undertake.

To chirche was myn housbonde born  
a-morwe

With neighebores, that for hym maden sorwe;  
And Jankyn, oure clerk, was oon of tho.  
As help me God, whan that I saugh hym go  
After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a paire  
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire  
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoold.  
He was, I trowe, twenty wynter oold,  
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;  
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.  
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel;  
I hadde the prente of seinte Venus seel.  
As help me God, I was a lusty oon,  
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon,  
And trewely, as myne housbondes tolde me,  
I hadde the beste *quoniam* myghte be.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 3 Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* – continued

3.

And in his wey it happed hym to ryde,  
In al this care, under a forest syde,  
Wher as he saugh upon a daunce go  
Of ladyes foure and twenty, and yet mo;  
Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful yerne,  
In hope that som wysdom sholde he lerne.  
But certainly, er he cam fully there,  
Vanysshed was this daunce, he nyste where.  
No creature saugh he that bar lyf,  
Save on the grene he saugh sittynge a wyf —  
A fouler wight ther may no man devyse.  
Agayn the knyght this olde wyf gan ryse,  
And seyde, “Sire knyght, heer forth ne lith no  
wey.

Tel me what that ye sekem, by youre fey!  
Paraventure it may the bettre be;  
Thise olde folk kan muchel thyng,” quod she.  
“My leeve mooder,” quod this knyght, “cer-  
teyn

I nam but deed but if that I kan seyn  
What thyng it is that wommen moost desire.  
Koude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quite youre  
hire.”

“Plight me thy trouthe heere in myn hand,”  
quod she,  
“The nexte thyng that I requere thee,  
Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy myght,  
And I wol telle it yow er it be nyght.”

“Have heer my trouthe,” quod the knyght,  
“I grante.”

“Thanne,” quod she, “I dar me wel avante  
Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby;  
Upon my lyf, the queene wol seye as I.  
Lat se which is the proudeste of hem alle  
That wereth on a coverchief or a calle  
That dar seye nay of that I shal thee teche.  
Lat us go forth withouten lenger speche.”

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 4 John Forbes: *Collected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of John Forbes.

1.

#### *poem*

abandoning my health I tied  
the skipping rope in knots  
left an ode to my purity in  
the fridge & scooted to Sydney  
where it's less clammy than  
solitude & more intimate than  
scenery arranged for the good  
of the soul but lacking  
refreshment for the body  
that like a used car gets  
a better deal in Sydney  
& it's really more than just  
boredom here & you up there  
for if you put your head in  
the door of a pub & Someone's  
not there you don't disappear  
you stay for a few drinks,  
probably the ones you really  
need the city's that lucky  
& alcohol is its own fresh air  
keeping you in touch instead of  
giving you a cold in the head  
& pious thoughts about where  
all your problems begin, which  
is when you stop to think by  
yourself, by the sea not breathing  
in Sydney's marvellous pollution

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Love Poem*

Spent tracer flecks Baghdad's  
bright video game sky  
  
as I curl up with the war  
in lieu of you, whose letter  
  
lets me know my poems show  
how unhappy I can be. Perhaps.  
  
But what they don't show, until  
now, is how at ease I can be  
  
with military technology: e.g.  
matching their *feu d'esprit* I classify  
  
the sounds of the Iraqi AA – the  
thump of the 85 mil, the throaty  
  
chatter of the quad ZSU 23.  
Our precision guided weapons  
  
make the horizon flash & glow  
but nothing I can do makes you  
  
want me. Instead I watch the west  
do what the west does best  
  
& know, obscurely, as I go to bed  
all this is being staged for me.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 4 John Forbes: *Collected Poems* – continued

---

3.

#### *Anzac Day*

A certain cast to their features marked  
the English going into battle, & then, that

glint in the Frenchman's eye meant 'Folks,  
clear the room!' The Turks knew death

would take them to a paradise of sex  
Islam reserves for its warrior dead

& the Scots had their music. The Germans  
worshipped the State & Death, so for them

the Maximschlacht was almost a sacrament.  
Recruiting posters made the Irish soldier

look like a saint on a holy card, soppy & pious,  
the way the Yanks go on about their dead.

Not so the Australians, unamused, unimpressed  
they went over the top like men clocking on,

in this first full-scale industrial war.  
Which is why Anzac Day continues to move us,

& grow, despite attempts to make it  
a media event (left to them we'd attend

'The Foxtel Dawn Service'). But The March is  
proof we got at least one thing right, informal,

straggling & more cheerful than not, it's  
like a huge works or 8 Hour Day picnic—

if we still had works, or unions, that is.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 Gwen Harwood: *Selected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Gwen Harwood.

1.

#### *Littoral*

*To Rex Hobcroft*

Stones rolled in lively anarchy  
through centuries of water grind  
these hemispheres in softer stone.  
I walk along a narrow ledge  
of sandstone at the water's edge,  
and thought like water takes its own  
shape in the hollows of the mind.  
A mile across the river lie

houses and streets, a world away,  
where daily I put on the same  
mask: my familiar, anti-grand  
manner, kindly, responsible —  
*dry pebbles in an empty skull  
hear the old clichés roll!*

No hand  
ravished me from the height I claim.  
Freedom is power to choose. Each day

I choose my life, choose to be woven  
in other lives, and weave my own  
threads in a fabric of such weight  
it pulls flesh earthward, yet can lift  
a breathing animal to swift  
flight from the miseries of fate.  
How shall the heart's true shape be known,  
spirit made manifest? Beethoven

struggled through temporal misery  
to find that form. I think of you  
playing those late sonatas fashioned  
for a world that will outlast the span  
of our own lives, where spirit can  
speak of itself, press its impassioned  
form upon empty air: each new  
theme is a new reality.

Proud of their strength, my children take  
turns with the heavy pack, and I  
walk light, between the seawind's hum  
in airshot cliffs and water's bright  
network of overlapping light,  
through time where past and future come  
to the fine edge of clarity:  
a world I never can remake,

a world still to be made.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *The Lion's Bride*

I loved her softness, her warm human smell,  
her dark mane flowing loose. Sometimes stirred by  
rank longing laid my muzzle on her thigh.  
Her father, faithful keeper, fed me well,  
but she came daily with our special bowl  
barefoot into my cage, and set it down:  
our love feast. We became the talk of town,  
brute king and tender woman, soul to soul.

Until today: an icy spectre sheathed  
in silk minced to my side on pointed feet.  
I ripped the scented veil from its unreal  
head and engorged the painted lips that breathed  
our secret names. A ghost has bones, and meat!  
Come soon my love, my bride, and share this meal.

\* \* \* \*



## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 Gwen Harwood: *Selected Poems* – continued

3.

#### *The Secret Life of Frogs*

Mr Gabriel Fur, my Siamese,  
brings to the hearth a Common Toadlet,  
*Crinia tasmaniensis*.  
Mice are permitted, frogs forbidden.  
It will live. I carry it outside.  
Its heartbeat troubles my warm hand  
and as I set it down I see  
two small girls in a warmer land.

My friend Alice and I would sit  
cradling our frogs behind the tankstand.  
Other fathers would talk about  
the Great War. Mine would only say,  
“I used to be a stretcher-bearer.”  
Not seen, not heard, in childhood’s earshot  
of the women on the back veranda,  
we knew about atrocities.  
Some syllables we used as charms:  
Passchendaele Mons Gallipoli.  
We knew about Poor George, who cried  
if any woman touched her hair.  
He’d been inside a brothel when  
the Jerries came and started shooting.  
(We thought a brothel was a French  
hotel that served hot broth to diggers.)  
The girl that he’d been with was scalped.  
Every Frog in the house was killed.

Well, that was life for frogs. At school  
the big boys blew them up and spiked them.  
One bully had the very knife  
with which his father killed ten Germans —  
twenty — a hundred — numbers blossomed.  
Dad the Impaler! Making work  
for the more humble stretcher-bearers.

In safety by the dripping tankstand  
our frogs with matchstick hands as pale  
as the violet stems they lived among  
cuddled their vulnerable bellies  
in hands that would not do them wrong.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 6 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Adrienne Rich.

1.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,  
W W Norton & Company, 2002

p 16

2.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,  
W W Norton & Company, 2002

pp 118–119

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 6 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe* – continued

---

3.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe*,  
W W Norton & Company, 2002

pp 199–201

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Sonnets*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.

1.

#### *Sonnet 18*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade  
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.  
     So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Sonnet 73*

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the deathbed whereon it must expire,  
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
     This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
     To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Sonnets* – continued

---

3.

#### *Sonnet 129*

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and, till action, lust  
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 8 Judith Wright: *Collected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Judith Wright.

1.

#### *Woman to Child*

You who were darkness warmed my flesh  
where out of darkness rose the seed.  
Then all a world I made in me;  
all the world you hear and see  
hung upon my dreaming blood.

There moved the multitudinous stars,  
and coloured birds and fishes moved.  
There swam the sliding continents.  
All time lay rolled in me, and sense,  
and love that knew not its beloved.

O node and focus of the world;  
I hold you deep within that well  
you shall escape and not escape—  
that mirrors still your sleeping shape;  
that nurtures still your crescent cell.

I wither and you break from me;  
yet though you dance in living light  
I am the earth, I am the root,  
I am the stem that fed the fruit,  
the link that joins you to the night.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Fire Sermon*

“Sinister powers,” the ambassador said, “are moving  
into our ricefields. We are a little people  
and all we want is to live.”

But a chemical rain descending  
has blackened the fields, and  
we ate the buffalo because we were starving.

“Sinister powers,” he said;  
and I look at the newsreel child  
crying, crying quite silently, here in my house.

I can’t put out a hand to touch her,  
that shadow printed on glass.  
And if I could? I look at my hand.

This hand, this sinister power  
and this one here on the right side  
have blackened your ricefields,  
my child, and killed your mother.

In the temple the great gold Buddha  
smiles inward with half-closed eyes.  
All is Maya, the dance, the veil,  
Shiva’s violent dream.

Let me out of this dream, I cry.  
I belong to a simple people  
and all we want is to live.

“It is not right that we slay our kinsmen,”  
Arjuna cried. And the answer?  
“What is action, what is inaction?  
By me alone are they doomed and slain.”

A hard answer  
for those who are doomed and slain.  
“All is fire,” said the Buddha, “all—  
sight, sense, all forms.  
They burn with the fires of lust,  
anger, illusion.

“Wherefore the wise man . . .”  
“Be a lamp to yourself. Be an island.”

Let me out of this dream, I cry,  
but the great gold Buddha  
smiles in the temple  
under a napalm rain.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 8 Judith Wright: *Collected Poems* – continued

---

3.

*The Dark Ones*

On the other side of the road  
the dark ones stand.  
Something leaks in our blood  
like the ooze from a wound.

In the town on pension day  
mute shadows glide.  
The white talk dies away  
the faces turn aside.  
A shudder like breath caught  
runs through the town.  
Are *they* still here? We thought . . .  
Let us alone.

The night ghosts of a land  
only by day possessed  
come haunting into the mind  
like a shadow cast.

Day has another side.  
Night has its time to live,  
a depth that rhymes our pride  
with its alternative.

Go back. Leave us alone  
the pale eyes say  
from faces of pale stone.  
They veer, drift away.

Those dark gutters of grief,  
their eyes, are gone.  
With a babble of shamed relief  
the bargaining goes on.

\* \* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 9 W B Yeats: *Selected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of W B Yeats.

1.

#### *When You are Old*

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

\* \* \* \*

2.

#### *Meditations in Time of Civil War*

##### *III*

##### *My Table*

Two heavy trestles, and a board  
Where Sato's gift, a changeless sword,  
By pen and paper lies,  
That it may moralise  
My days out of their aimlessness.  
A bit of an embroidered dress  
Covers its wooden sheath.  
Chaucer had not drawn breath  
When it was forged. In Sato's house,  
Curved like new moon, moon-luminous,  
It lay five hundred years.  
Yet if no change appears  
No moon; only an aching heart  
Conceives a changeless work of art.  
Our learned men have urged  
That when and where 'twas forged  
A marvellous accomplishment,  
In painting or in pottery, went  
From father unto son  
And through the centuries ran  
And seemed unchanging like the sword.  
Soul's beauty being most adored,  
Men and their business took  
The soul's unchanging look;  
For the most rich inheritor,  
Knowing that none could pass Heaven's door  
That loved inferior art,  
Had such an aching heart  
That he, although a country's talk  
For silken clothes and stately walk,  
Had waking wits; it seemed  
Juno's peacock screamed.

\* \* \* \*



## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 9 W B Yeats: *Selected Poems* – continued

---

3.

***Long-legged Fly***

That civilisation may not sink,  
 Its great battle lost,  
 Quiet the dog, tether the pony  
 To a distant post.  
 Our master Caesar is in the tent  
 Where the maps are spread,  
 His eyes fixed upon nothing,  
 A hand under his head.

*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream  
 His mind moves upon silence.*

That the topless towers be burnt  
 And men recall that face,  
 Move most gently if move you must  
 In this lonely place.  
 She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,  
 That nobody looks; her feet  
 Practise a tinker shuffle  
 Picked up on a street.

*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream  
 Her mind moves upon silence.*

That girls at puberty may find  
 The first Adam in their thought,  
 Shut the door of the Pope's chapel,  
 Keep those children out.  
 There on that scaffolding reclines  
 Michael Angelo.  
 With no more sound than the mice make  
 His hand moves to and fro.

*Like a long-legged fly upon the stream  
 His mind moves upon silence.*

\* \* \* \*

**Assessment criteria**

The extent to which the response demonstrates:

1. relevance to the task
2. a close reading through appropriate selection and discussion of textual detail
3. complexity of ideas
4. awareness of the ways in which aspects of texts contribute to interpretations of texts
5. coherence
6. expressiveness.

**A checklist for planning and revising**

Have I included the part numbers and text numbers of my chosen texts on the front cover(s) of all script books?

Have I written on texts from two different parts?

Have I demonstrated my knowledge and understanding of the chosen texts?

Have I referred to the chosen texts in detail to illustrate or justify my responses?

Have I discussed at least one set passage for each text in detail?

Have I edited my final version for spelling, punctuation and sentence structure?

Are there places where my handwriting would be difficult to read and should be tidied?

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?

**END OF TASK BOOK**