



# Victorian Certificate of Education 2010

## LITERATURE

### Written examination

Thursday 4 November 2010

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, dictionaries.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

#### Materials supplied

- Task book of 64 pages, including the **Assessment criteria** and a checklist on page 64.
- 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.

## Table of contents

<b>Part 1:</b>	<b>Novels</b>		<b>Page</b>
1 – 1	Jane Austen	<i>Emma</i>	4–5
1 – 2	Pat Barker	<i>Regeneration</i>	6–7
1 – 3	Anne Brontë	<i>The Tenant of Wildfell Hall</i>	8–9
1 – 4	Charles Dickens	<i>Bleak House</i>	10–11
1 – 5	E M Forster	<i>A Passage to India</i>	12–13
1 – 6	Gail Jones	<i>Sixty Lights</i>	14–15
1 – 7	Simon Leys	<i>The Death of Napoleon</i>	16–17
1 – 8	Ian McEwan	<i>Atonement</i>	18–19
1 – 9	Mary Shelley	<i>Frankenstein</i>	20–21
<b>Part 2:</b>	<b>Plays</b>		
2 – 1	Jack Davis	<i>No Sugar</i>	22–23
2 – 2	Dario Fo	<i>Accidental Death of an Anarchist</i>	24–25
2 – 3	Michael Frayn	<i>Copenhagen</i>	26–27
2 – 4	Brian Friel	<i>The Freedom of the City</i>	28–29
2 – 5	Henrik Ibsen	<i>Hedda Gabler</i>	30–31
2 – 6	Hannie Rayson	<i>Hotel Sorrento</i>	32–33
2 – 7	William Shakespeare	<i>Hamlet</i>	34–35
2 – 8	William Shakespeare	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	36–37
2 – 9	Sophocles	<i>Antigone</i>	38–39

**Part 3: Short stories**

3 – 1	Anton Chekhov	<i>The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories</i>	40–41
3 – 2	D H Lawrence	<i>Three Novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/ The Ladybird</i>	42–43
3 – 3	Katherine Mansfield	<i>The Collected Stories</i>	44–45

**Part 4: Other literature**

4 – 1	Anna Funder	<i>Stasiland</i>	46–47
4 – 2	Orhan Pamuk	<i>Istanbul</i>	48–49
4 – 3	Tobias Wolff	<i>This Boy's Life</i>	50–51

**Part 5: Poetry**

5 – 1	Judith Beveridge	<i>Wolf Notes</i>	52–53
5 – 2	William Blake	<i>Blake's Poetry and Designs</i>	54–55
5 – 3	Gwen Harwood	<i>Collected Poems</i>	56–57
5 – 4	Seamus Heaney	<i>Beowulf</i>	58–59
5 – 5	John Keats	<i>The Major Works</i>	60–61
5 – 6	Philip Larkin	<i>Collected Poems</i>	62–63

<b>Assessment criteria</b>	64
----------------------------	----

<b>A checklist for planning and revising</b>	64
--	----

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma*

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

1.

“No great variety of faces for you,” said Emma. “I had only my own family to study from. There is my father—another of my father—but the idea of sitting for his picture made him so nervous, that I could only take him by stealth; neither of them very like therefore. Mrs. Weston again, and again, and again, you see. Dear Mrs. Weston always my kindest friend on every occasion. She would sit whenever I asked her. There is my sister; and really quite her own little elegant figure!—and the face not unlike. I should have made a good likeness of her, if she would have sat longer, but she was in such a hurry to have me draw her four children that she would not be quiet. Then, here come all my attempts at three of those four children;—there they are, Henry and John and Bella, from one end of the sheet to the other, and any one of them might do for any one of the rest. She was so eager to have them drawn that I could not refuse; but there is no making children of three or four years old stand still you know; nor can it be very easy to take any likeness of them, beyond the air and complexion, unless they are coarser featured than any mama’s children ever were. Here is my sketch of the fourth, who was a baby. I took him, as he was sleeping on the sofa, and it is as strong a likeness of his cockade as you would wish to see. He had nestled down his head most conveniently. That’s very like. I am rather proud of little George. The corner of the sofa is very good. Then here is my last”—unclosing a pretty sketch of a gentleman in small size, whole-length—“my last and my best—my brother, Mr. John Knightley.—This did not want much of being finished, when I put it away in a pet, and vowed I would never take another likeness. I could not help being provoked; for all my pains, and when I had really made a very good likeness of it—(Mrs. Weston and I were quite agreed in thinking it *very* like)—only too handsome—too flattering—but that was a fault on the right side—after all this, came poor dear Isabella’s cold approbation of—“Yes, it was a little like—but to be sure it did not do him justice.” We had had a great deal of trouble in persuading him to sit at all. It was made a great favour of; and altogether it was more than I could bear; and so I never would finish it, to have it apologized over as an unfavourable likeness, to every morning visitor in Brunswick Square;—and, as I said, I did then forswear ever drawing anybody again. But for Harriet’s sake, or rather for my own, and as there are no husbands and wives in the case at present, I will break my resolution now.”

Mr. Elton seemed very properly struck and delighted by the idea, and was repeating, “No husbands and wives in the case *at present* indeed, as you observe . . .”

\* \* \*

2.

“But Mr. Knightley does not want to marry. I am sure he has not the least idea of it. Do not put it into his head. Why should he marry?—He is as happy as possible by himself; with his farm, and his sheep, and his library, and all the parish to manage; and he is extremely fond of his brother’s children. He has no occasion to marry either to fill up his time or his heart.”

“My dear Emma, as long as he thinks so, it is so; but if he really loves Jane Fairfax—”

“Nonsense! He does not care about Jane Fairfax. In the way of love, I am sure he does not. He would do any good to her, or her family; but—”

“Well,” said Mrs. Weston, laughing, “perhaps the greatest good he could do them, would be to give Jane such a respectable home.”

“If it would be good to her, I am sure it would be evil to himself; a very shameful and degrading connection. How would he bear to have Miss Bates belonging to him?—To have her haunting the Abbey, and thanking him all day long for his great kindness in marrying Jane?—‘So very kind and obliging?—But he always had been such a very kind neighbour!’ And then fly off, through half a sentence, to her mother’s old petticoat. ‘Not that it was such a very old petticoat either—for still it would last a great while—and, indeed, she must thankfully say that their petticoats were all very strong.’”

“For shame, Emma! Do not mimic her. You divert me against my conscience. And, upon my word, I do not think Mr. Knightley would be much disturbed by Miss Bates. Little things do not irritate him. She might talk on; and if he wanted to say any thing himself, he would only talk louder, and drown her voice. But the question is not, whether it would be a bad connexion for him, but whether he wishes it; and I think he does. I have heard him speak, and so must you, so very highly of Jane Fairfax! The interest he takes in her—his anxiety about her health—his concern that she should have no happier prospect! I have heard him express himself so warmly on those points!—Such an admirer of her performance on the pianoforte and of her voice! I have heard him say that he could listen to her for ever. Oh! and I had almost forgotten one idea that occurred to me—this pianoforte that has been sent her by somebody—though we have all been so well satisfied as to consider it a present from the Campbells, may it not be from Mr. Knightley? I cannot help suspecting him. I think he is just the person to do it, even without being in love.”

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma* – continued

3.

“... Had you not been surrounded by other friends, I might have been tempted to introduce a subject, to ask questions, to speak more openly than might have been strictly correct.—I feel that I should certainly have been impertinent.”

“Oh!” cried Jane, with a blush and an hesitation which Emma thought infinitely more becoming to her than all the elegance of all her usual composure—“there would have been no danger. The danger would have been of my wearying you. You could not have gratified me more than by expressing an interest—. Indeed, Miss Woodhouse, (speaking more collectedly,) with the consciousness which I have of misconduct, very great misconduct, it is particularly consoling to me to know that those of my friends, whose good opinion is most worth preserving, are not disgusted to such a degree as to—I have not time for half that I could wish to say. I long to make apologies, excuses, to urge something for myself. I feel it so very due. But, unfortunately—in short, if your compassion does not stand my friend—”

“Oh! you are too scrupulous, indeed you are,” cried Emma, warmly, and taking her hand. “You owe me no apologies; and every body to whom you might be supposed to owe them, is so perfectly satisfied, so delighted even—”

“You are very kind, but I know what my manners were to you.—So cold and artificial!—I had always a part to act.—It was a life of deceit!—I know that I must have disgusted you.”

“Pray say no more. I feel that all the apologies should be on my side. Let us forgive each other at once. We must do whatever is to be done quickest, and I think our feelings will lose no time there. I hope you have pleasant accounts from Windsor?”

“Very.”

“And the next news, I suppose, will be, that we are to lose you—just as I begin to know you.”

“Oh! as to all that, of course nothing can be thought of yet. I am here till claimed by Colonel and Mrs. Campbell.”

“Nothing can be actually settled yet, perhaps,” replied Emma, smiling—“but, excuse me, it must be thought of.”

The smile was returned as Jane answered,

“You are very right; it has been thought of. And I will own to you, (I am sure it will be safe), that so far as our living with Mr. Churchill at Enscombe, it is settled. There must be three months, at least, of deep mourning; but when they are over, I imagine there will be nothing more to wait for.”

“Thank you, thank you.—This is just what I wanted to be assured of.—Oh! if you knew how much I love every thing that is decided and open!—Good bye, good bye.”

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

---

## 1 – 2 Pat Barker: *Regeneration*

---

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

1.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,  
Penguin Books, 1992

pp 66–67

2.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,  
Penguin Books, 1992

pp 106–108

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 2 Pat Barker: *Regeneration* – continued

---

3.

Pat Barker, *Regeneration*,  
Penguin Books, 1992

p 249

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 3 Anne Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.

1.

‘It amazes me, Mrs Graham, how you could choose such a dilapidated, rickety old place as this to live in. If you couldn’t afford to occupy the whole house, and have it mended up, why couldn’t you take a neat little cottage?’

‘Perhaps, I was too proud, Mr Fergus,’ replied she, smiling; ‘Perhaps I took a particular fancy for this romantic, old-fashioned place – but indeed, it has many advantages over a cottage – in the first place, you see, the rooms are larger and more airy; in the second place, the unoccupied apartments, which I don’t pay for, may serve as lumber-rooms, if I have anything to put in them; and they are very useful for my little boy to run about in on rainy days when he can’t go out; and then, there is the garden for him to play in, and for me to work in. You see I have effected some little improvement already,’ continued she, turning to the window. ‘There is a bed of young vegetables in that corner, and here are some snowdrops and primroses already in bloom – and there, too, is a yellow crocus just opening in the sunshine.’

‘But then, how can you bear such a situation – your nearest neighbours two miles distant, and nobody looking in or passing by? – Rose would go stark mad in such a place. She can’t put on life unless she sees half a dozen fresh gowns and bonnets a day – not to speak of the faces within; but you might sit watching at these windows all day long, and never see so much as an old woman carrying her eggs to market.’

‘I am not sure the loneliness of the place was not one of its chief recommendations – I take no pleasure in watching people pass the windows; and I like to be quiet.’

‘Oh! as good as to say, you wish we would all of us mind our own business, and let you alone.’

‘No, I dislike an extensive acquaintance; but if I have a few friends, of course I am glad to see them occasionally. No one can be happy in eternal solitude. Therefore, Mr Fergus, if you choose to enter my house as a friend, I will make you welcome; if not, I must confess, I would rather you kept away.’ She then turned and addressed some observation to Rose or Eliza.

‘And, Mrs Graham,’ said he again, five minutes after, ‘we were disputing, as we came along, a question that you can readily decide for us, as it mainly regarded yourself – and indeed, we often hold discussions about you; for some of us have nothing better to do than to talk about our neighbours’ concerns, and we, the indigenous plants of the soil, have known each other so long, and talked each other over so often, that we are quite sick of that game; so that a stranger coming amongst us makes an invaluable addition to our exhausted sources of amusement. Well, the question, or questions you are requested to solve –’

‘Hold your tongue, Fergus!’ cried Rose, in a fever of apprehension and wrath.

‘I won’t I tell you. The questions you are requested to solve are these: – First, concerning your birth, extraction, and previous residence. Some will have it that you are a foreigner, and some an Englishwoman; some a native of the north country, and some of the south; some say –’

\* \* \*

2.

On the day of Lady Lowborough’s arrival, I followed her into her chamber, and plainly told her that, if I found reason to believe that she still continued her criminal connection with Mr Huntingdon, I should think it my absolute duty to inform her husband of the circumstance – or awaken his suspicions at least – however painful it might be, or however dreadful the consequences. She was startled at first, by the declaration, so unexpected, and so determinately yet calmly delivered; but rallying in a moment, she coolly replied that if I saw anything at all reprehensible or suspicious in her conduct, she would freely give me leave to tell his lordship all about it. Willing to be satisfied with this, I left her; and certainly I saw nothing thenceforth particularly reprehensible or suspicious in her demeanour towards her host; but then I had the other guests to attend to, and I did not watch them narrowly – for to confess the truth, I *feared* to see anything between them. I no longer regarded it as any concern of mine, and if it was my duty to enlighten Lord Lowborough, it was a painful duty, and I dreaded to be called to perform it.

But my fears were brought to an end, in a manner I had not anticipated. One evening, about a fortnight after the visitors’ arrival, I had retired into the library to snatch a few minutes’ respite from forced cheerfulness and wearisome discourse – for after so long a period of seclusion, dreary indeed, as I had often found it, I could not always bear to be doing violence to my feelings, and goading my powers to talk, and smile and listen, and play the attentive hostess – or even the cheerful friend: – I had just ensconced myself within the bow of the window, and was looking out upon the west where the darkening hills rose sharply defined against the clear amber light of evening, that gradually blended and faded away into the pure, pale blue of the upper sky, where one bright star was shining through, as if to promise – ‘When that dying light is gone, the world will not be left in darkness, and they who trust in God – whose minds are unclouded by the mists of unbelief and sin, are never wholly comfortless,’ – when I heard a hurried step approaching, and Lord Lowborough entered – this room was still his favourite resort. He flung the door to with unusual violence, and cast his hat aside regardless where it fell. What could be the matter with him? His face was ghastly pale; his eyes were fixed upon the ground; his teeth clenched; his forehead glistened with the dews of agony. It was plain he knew his wrongs at last!

\* \* \*



# 1: Novels

## 1 – 3 Anne Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* – continued

### 3.

She had not heard of the injury he had sustained at my hands; and I had not the courage to tell her. ‘Your brother will not help us,’ I said: ‘he would have all communion between us to be entirely at an end.’

‘And he would be right, I suppose. As a friend of both, he would wish us both well; and every friend would tell us it was our interest, as well as our duty, to forget each other, though we might not see it ourselves. But don’t be afraid, Gilbert,’ she added, smiling sadly at my manifest discomposure, ‘there is little chance of my forgetting you. But I did not mean that Frederick should be the means of transmitting messages between us, only that each might know, through him, of the other’s welfare; – and more than this ought not to be; for you are young, Gilbert, and you ought to marry – and will sometime, though you may think it impossible now: – and though I hardly can say I wish you to forget me, I know it is right that you should, both for your own happiness and that of your future wife; – and therefore I must and will wish it,’ she added resolutely.

‘And you are young too, Helen,’ I boldly replied, ‘and when that profligate scoundrel has run through his career, you will give your hand to me – I’ll wait till then.’

But she would not leave me this support. Independently of the moral evil of basing our hopes upon the death of another, who, if unfit for this world, was at least no less so for the next, and whose amelioration would thus become our bane and his greatest transgression our greatest benefit, – she maintained it to be madness: many men of Mr Huntingdon’s habits had lived to a ripe though miserable old age; – ‘and if I,’ said she, ‘am young in years I am old in sorrow; but even if trouble should fail to kill me before vice destroys him, think, if he reached but fifty years or so, would you wait twenty or fifteen – in vague uncertainty and suspense – through all the prime of youth and manhood – and marry at last a woman faded and worn as I shall be – without ever having seen me from this day to that? – You would not,’ she continued interrupting my earnest protestations of unfailing constancy, – ‘or if you would you should not. Trust me, Gilbert; in this matter I know better than you. You think me cold and stony hearted, and you may, but –’

‘I don’t Helen.’

‘Well, never mind; you might if you would – but I have not spent my solitude in utter idleness, and I am not speaking now from the impulse of the moment as you do: I have thought of all these matters again and again; I have argued these questions with myself, and pondered well our past, and present, and future career; and, believe me, I have come to the right conclusion at last. Trust my words rather than your own feelings, now, and in a few years you will see that I was right – though at present I hardly can see it myself,’ she murmured with a sigh as she rested her head on her hand.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 4 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House*

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

1.

She lived at the top of the house, in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall. This seemed to have been her principal inducement, originally, for taking up her residence there. She could look at it, she said, in the night: especially in the moonshine. Her room was clean, but very, very bare. I noticed the scantiest necessities in the way of furniture; a few old prints from books, of Chancellors and barristers, wafered against the wall; and some half-dozen reticules and workbags, 'containing documents,' as she informed us. There were neither coals nor ashes in the grate, and I saw no articles of clothing anywhere, nor any kind of food. Upon a shelf in an open cupboard were a plate or two, a cup or two, and so forth; but all dry and empty. There was a more affecting meaning in her pinched appearance, I thought as I looked round, than I had understood before.

'Extremely honoured, I am sure,' said our poor hostess, with the greatest suavity, 'by this visit from the wards in Jarndyce. And very much indebted for the omen. It is a retired situation. Considering I am limited as to situation. In consequence of the necessity of attending on the Chancellor. I have lived here many years. I pass my days in court; my evenings and my nights here. I find the nights long, for I sleep but little, and think much. That is, of course, unavoidable; being in Chancery. I am sorry I cannot offer chocolate. I expect a judgment shortly, and shall then place my establishment on a superior footing. At present, I don't mind confessing to the wards in Jarndyce (in strict confidence), that I sometimes find it difficult to keep up a genteel appearance. I have felt the cold here. I have felt something sharper than cold. It matters very little. Pray excuse the introduction of such mean topics.'

She partly drew aside the curtain of the long low garret-window, and called our attention to a number of bird-cages hanging there: some containing several birds. There were larks, linnets, and gold-finches – I should think at least twenty.

'I began to keep the little creatures,' she said, 'with an object that the wards will readily comprehend. With the intention of restoring them to liberty. When my judgment should be given. Ye-es! They die in prison, though. Their lives, poor silly things, are so short in comparison with Chancery proceedings, that, one by one, the whole collection has died over and over again. I doubt, do you know, whether one of these, though they are all young, will live to be free! Ve-ry mortifying, is it not?'

\* \* \*

2.

Twilight comes on; gas begins to start up in the shops; the lamplighter, with his ladder, runs along the margin of the pavement. A wretched evening is beginning to close in.

In his chambers, Mr Tulkinghorn sits meditating an application to the nearest magistrate to-morrow morning for a warrant. Gridley, a disappointed suitor, has been here to-day, and has been alarming. We are not to be put in bodily fear, and that ill-conditioned fellow shall be held to bail again. From the ceiling, foreshortened Allegory, in the person of one impossible Roman upside down, points with the arm of Samson (out of joint, and an odd one) obtrusively toward the window. Why should Mr Tulkinghorn, for such no-reason, look out of window? Is the hand not always pointing there? So he does not look out of window.

And if he did, what would it be to see a woman going by? There are women enough in the world, Mr Tulkinghorn thinks – too many; they are at the bottom of all that goes wrong in it, though, for the matter of that, they create business for lawyers. What would it be to see a woman going by, even though she were going secretly? They are all secret. Mr Tulkinghorn knows that, very well.

But they are not all like the woman who now leaves him and his house behind; between whose plain dress, and her refined manner, there is something exceedingly inconsistent. She should be an upper servant by her attire, yet, in her air and step, though both are hurried and assumed – as far as she can assume in the muddy streets, which she treads with an unaccustomed foot – she is a lady. Her face is veiled, and still she sufficiently betrays herself to make more than one of those who pass her look round sharply.

She never turns her head. Lady or servant, she has a purpose in her, and can follow it. She never turns her head, until she comes to the crossing where Jo plies with his broom. He crosses with her, and begs. Still, she does not turn her head until she has landed on the other side. Then, she slightly beckons to him, and says 'Come here!'

Jo follows her, a pace or two, into a quiet court.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 4 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House* – continued

### 3.

Arriving at home and going up-stairs, we found that my guardian was out, and that Mrs Woodcourt was out too. We were in the very same room into which I had brought my blushing girl, when her youthful lover, now her so altered husband, was the choice of her young heart; the very same room, from which my guardian and I had watched them going away through the sunlight, in the fresh bloom of their hope and promise.

We were standing by the opened window, looking down into the street, when Mr Woodcourt spoke to me. I learned in a moment that he loved me. I learned in a moment that my scarred face was all unchanged to him. I learned in a moment that what I had thought was pity and compassion, was devoted, generous, faithful love. O, too late to know it now, too late, too late. That was the first ungrateful thought I had. Too late.

‘When I returned,’ he told me, ‘when I came back, no richer than I went away, and found you newly risen from a sick bed, yet so inspired by sweet consideration for others, and so free from a selfish thought—’

‘O, Mr Woodcourt, forbear, forbear!’ I entreated him. ‘I do not deserve your high praise. I had many selfish thoughts at that time, many!’

‘Heaven knows, beloved of my life,’ said he, ‘that my praise is not a lover’s praise, but the truth. You do not know what all around you see in Esther Summerson, how many hearts she touches and awakens, what sacred admiration and what love she wins.’

‘O, Mr Woodcourt,’ cried I, ‘it is a great thing to win love, it is a great thing to win love! I am proud of it, and honoured by it; and the hearing of it causes me to shed these tears of mingled joy and sorrow – joy that I have won it, sorrow that I have not deserved it better; but I am not free to think of yours.’

I said it with a stronger heart; for when he praised me thus, and when I heard his voice thrill with his belief that what he said was true, I aspired to be more worthy of it. It was not too late for that. Although I closed this unforeseen page in my life to-night, I could be worthier of it all through my life. And it was a comfort to me, and an impulse to me, and I felt a dignity rise up within me that was derived from him, when I thought so.

He broke the silence.

‘I should poorly show the trust that I have in the dear one who will evermore be as dear to me as now,’ and the deep earnestness with which he said it, at once strengthened me and made me weep, ‘if, after her assurance that she is not free to think of my love, I urged it. Dear Esther, let me only tell you that the fond idea of you which I took abroad, was exalted to the Heavens when I came home.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 5 E M Forster: *A Passage to India*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *A Passage to India*.

1.

Assured of her approbation, Ronny continued: 'The educated Indians will be no good to us if there's a row, it's simply not worth while conciliating them, that's why they don't matter. Most of the people you see are seditious at heart, and the rest'd run squealing. The cultivator – he's another story. The Pathan – he's a man if you like. But these people – don't imagine they're India.' He pointed to the dusky line beyond the court, and here and there it flashed a pince-nez or shuffled a shoe, as if aware that he was despising it. European costume had lighted like a leprosy. Few had yielded entirely, but none were untouched. There was a silence when he had finished speaking, on both sides of the court; at least, more ladies joined the English group, but their words seemed to die as soon as uttered. Some kites hovered overhead, impartial, over the kites passed the mass of a vulture, and with an impartiality exceeding all, the sky, not deeply coloured but translucent, poured light from its whole circumference. It seemed unlikely that the series stopped here. Beyond the sky must not there be something that overarches all the skies, more impartial even than they? Beyond which again

... They spoke of *Cousin Kate*.

They had tried to reproduce their own attitude to life upon the stage, and to dress up as the middle-class English people they actually were. Next year they would do *Quality Street* or *The Yeomen of the Guard*. Save for this annual incursion, they left literature alone. The men had no time for it, the women did nothing that they could not share with the men. Their ignorance of the arts was notable, and they lost no opportunity of proclaiming it to one another; it was the public-school attitude, flourishing more vigorously than it can yet hope to do in England. If Indians were shop, the arts were bad form, and Ronny had repressed his mother when she inquired after his viola; a viola was almost a demerit, and certainly not the sort of instrument one mentioned in public. She noticed now how tolerant and conventional his judgements had become; when they had seen *Cousin Kate* in London together in the past, he had scorned it; now he pretended that it was a good play, in order to hurt nobody's feelings. An 'unkind notice' had appeared in the local paper, 'the sort of thing no white man could have written', as Mrs Lesley said. The play was praised, to be sure, and so were the stage management and the performance as a whole, but the notice contained the following sentence: 'Miss Derek, though she charmingly looked her part, lacked the necessary experience, and occasionally forgot her words.' This tiny breath of genuine criticism had given deep offence, not indeed to Miss Derek, who was as hard as nails, but to her friends. Miss Derek did not belong to Chandrapore. She was stopping for a fortnight with the McBrydes, the police people, and she had been so good as to fill up a gap in the cast at the last moment. A nice impression of local hospitality she would carry away with her.

\* \* \*

2.

A Marabar cave had been horrid as far as Mrs Moore was concerned, for she had nearly fainted in it, and had some difficulty in preventing herself from saying so as soon as she got into the air again. It was natural enough: she had always suffered from faintness, and the cave had become too full, because all their retinue followed them. Crammed with villagers and servants, the circular chamber began to smell. She lost Aziz and Adela in the dark, didn't know who touched her, couldn't breathe, and some vile naked thing struck her face and settled on her mouth like a pad. She tried to regain the entrance tunnel, but an influx of villagers swept her back. She hit her head. For an instant she went mad, hitting and gasping like a fanatic. For not only did the crush and stench alarm her; there was also a terrifying echo.

Professor Godbole had never mentioned an echo; it never impressed him, perhaps. There are some exquisite echoes in India; there is the whisper round the dome at Bijapur; there are the long, solid sentences that voyage through the air at Mandu, and return unbroken to their creator. The echo in a Marabar cave is not like these, it is entirely devoid of distinction. Whatever is said, the same monotonous noise replies, and quivers up and down the walls until it is absorbed into the roof. 'Boum' is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or 'bou-oum', or 'ou-boum' – utterly dull. Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce 'boum'. Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle, but is eternally watchful. And if several people talk at once an overlapping howling noise begins, echoes generate echoes, and the cave is stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes, which writhe independently.

After Mrs Moore all the others poured out. She had given the signal for the reflux. Aziz and Adela both emerged smiling and she did not want him to think his treat was a failure, so smiled too. As each person emerged she looked for a villain, but none was there, and she realized that she had been among the mildest individuals, whose only desire was to honour her, and that the naked pad was a poor little baby, astride its mother's hip. Nothing evil had been in the cave, but she had not enjoyed herself; no, she had not enjoyed herself, and she decided not to visit a second one.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 5 E M Forster: *A Passage to India* – continued

3.

‘I must go back now, good night,’ said Aziz, and held out his hand, completely forgetting that they were not friends, and focusing his heart on something more distant than the caves, something beautiful. His hand was taken, and then he remembered how detestable he had been, and said gently, ‘Don’t you think me unkind any more?’

‘No.’

‘How can you tell, you strange fellow?’

‘Not difficult, the one thing I always know.’

‘Can you always tell whether a stranger is your friend?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then you are an Oriental.’ He unclasped as he spoke, with a little shudder. Those words – he had said them to Mrs Moore in the mosque at the beginning of the cycle, from which, after so much suffering, he had got free. Never be friends with the English! Mosque, caves, mosque, caves. And here he was starting again. He handed the magic ointment to him. ‘Take this, think of me when you use it. I shall never want it back. I must give you one little present, and it is all I have got; you are Mrs Moore’s son.’

‘I am that,’ he murmured to himself; and a part of Aziz’s mind that had been hidden seemed to move and force its way to the top.

‘But you are Heaslop’s brother also, and alas, the two nations cannot be friends.’

‘I know. Not yet.’

‘Did your mother speak to you about me?’

‘Yes.’ And with a swerve of voice and body that Aziz did not follow he added: ‘In her letters, in her letters. She loved you.’

‘Yes, your mother was my best friend in all the world.’

He was silent, puzzled by his own great gratitude. What did this eternal goodness of Mrs Moore amount to? To nothing, it brought to the test of thought. She had not borne witness in his favour, nor visited him in the prison, yet she had stolen to the depths of his heart, and he always adored her. ‘This is our monsoon, the best weather,’ he said, while the lights of the procession waved as though embroidered on an agitated curtain. ‘How I wish she could have seen them, our rains. Now is the time when all things are happy, young and old. They are happy out there with their savage noise, though we cannot follow them; the tanks are all full, so they dance, and this is India. I wish you were not with officials, then I would show you my country, but I cannot. Perhaps I will just take you out on the water now, for one short half-hour.’

Was the cycle beginning again? His heart was too full to draw back. He must slip out in the darkness, and do this one act of homage to Mrs Moore’s son. He knew where the oars were – hidden to deter the visitors from going out – and he brought the second pair, in case they met the other boat; the Fieldings had pushed themselves out with long poles, and might get into difficulties, for the wind was rising.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 6 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights*

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

1.

Her face was a white lamp in a sea of brass. She wished herself dark. She wished herself Indian, part of this throng of purposeful, myth-saturated, interconnected people. Now and then she passed another foreigner, a man, inevitably, who would nod, or touch the rim of his hat, as if exchanging secret English messages in code. Lucy had no wish to communicate with these other lamps who felt – she could tell – that they shone more brightly and more importantly than anyone else, that they dispensed white light with a civilising purpose. In her imagination she flickered in the midst of the crowd, her face appearing here and there, inconstant and impermanent, a kind of fleeting figment, in a more general and self-sufficient sea of brown. Only once did she see William Crowley’s face in the distance, half-shaded under an awning, partially averted, and her heart jolted and her pulse quickened. When he saw her and realised who she was, he turned quickly into an alley. Coward, Lucy thought. Yet she felt – she had to admit it – annoyed at her own excitement.

For all his self-enclosure, Isaac Newton was impressed with Lucy Strange and her spirited assertions. She had no interest in the various English women’s social clubs, of bridge or badminton, of chit-chat or church talk, but befriended the servants, salaamed complete strangers, made trips to the Persian bazaar, where no foreign-born woman would dare be seen, and regarded everything with a wide-awake and intentioned gaze. He had seen her pause at a market stall just to lean over and breathe in its scent; he had seen her cry out with tears in her eyes, coming unexpectedly upon a small statue of Lakshmi, decorated with strings of yellow roses and orange marigolds. Bashanti, who understood but could not (or would not) speak English, clearly adored her, and even Asok seemed to watch her with untypical interest. She had changed the very space and dimensions of his house: everyone was conscious of her presence as if she was a human magnet pulling at their faces; everyone orientated their perceptions around her. He discovered Lucy patiently teaching Asok the game of chess, and not long after, braiding Bashanti’s long black hair, with no notion at all that a memsahib does not – should not – perform such mundane and rank-breaking acts. More than this, Isaac suspected Lucy of “native appetites”: she met the world with a distinctly impassioned sensuality.

\* \* \*

2.

Violet Strange moved in with Thomas, Lucy and the baby, and from the beginning her marriage was a state of effusion. She even enjoyed her new name. “They were all strangers,” she said, “and yet they were unestranged. They were the strangest family in London and would produce strange, strange children.”

Since Thomas and Lucy had thought of their name only with a kind of habitual and vague disparagement, Violet’s invigorated delight struck them as both enchanting and curious.

“She married you for your name,” Lucy whispered to Thomas, and he tilted his head and heartily laughed.)

In bed at night, feeding Ellen as quietly as she could, Lucy could hear the intimate noises of Thomas and Violet talking together. The specific tone of their talk was that of voices given to each other, with pure relief, in new-found community.

It was a world now of small rooms, a commanding baby, and a bride who joked and cooked and planted little vases of violets (“so that you won’t forget who I am!”) in every corner of their cosy dwelling. Lucy understood that both Thomas and Violet had a dimension of joy, of keenness-to-life, that she did not seem to possess. She admired the loving play between them and felt a little jealous; the air around the newlyweds was charged with sexual anticipation and neither Thomas nor Violet could pass each other in a room without in some way brushing skin, or clothes, or offering inaudible words of endearment. Thomas had possessed a collection of snakeskins when he was a child: why does Lucy remember this now? There were three, in fact. He kept them in a box, revealing them on special occasions, and with inordinate pride. One by one he would hold them up like streamers, and they would dangle and sway frailly, strips of diamond or zigzag, finely woven sheaths, still magically intact after life departed. He guarded each snakeskin as if it was a talisman of secret knowledge. Now, watching Thomas and Violet prepare a meal together, cutting up meat and vegetables for Irish stew, talking softly in sing-song voices, with their heads inclined in each other’s direction, she thought again for some reason of the three papery skins her brother once kept in a box under his bed. Thomas had shed skins many more times than she.

\* \* \*



# 1: Novels

## 1 – 6 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights* – continued

3.

SHE WAS ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH, RESTING, HER EYES GENTLY CLOSED against incipiently stormy weather. Something redolent in the thrashing trees in the wind – their fierce breathy noise, their implication of wavy currents – made Lucy think again of the sea voyage that had returned her to England.

It was on this journey she had realised her life was a tripod. Australia, England and India all held her – upheld her – on a platform of vision, seeking her own focus. These were the zones of her eye, the conditions of her salutary estrangement. On the ship Lucy had befriended a sailor, Jock. He was a dour man of sixty or so, who shared her fascination for the ocean and its curious light effects. He joined her on the deck in his small leisured moments to talk in hushed confidences of his nautical passions. Lucy told him of the systems of exposure in photography that might capture sea-pattern or cloud, and of the chemical immersion that fixes the sheen of light upon water. Everything that is seen, Lucy told him, will one day somewhere be registered. No matter how fleeting. How slight. How apparently ineluctable. Jock the sailor was unconvinced. He would show her, he claimed, something which could not be trapped. For ten days Lucy and Jock watched the sunset together. On the eleventh day it happened: *the green ray*. There is in the mystery of receding light a casual, curious moment in which, by some rare combination of refraction and the angle of descending beams, the sun itself flashes green for three or four seconds, just before it tips half the world into darkness. Lucy definitely saw it. It was unmistakable. Sailors everywhere across the globe call this phenomenon the green ray. The sky was ribbed with light. The sky resembled, Lucy thought, a silken sari enfolded, its colours flashing just as the moving body animated the ridges and valleys of a garment.

In London Lucy opened her eyes to emerald green and a sea of white cumulus. It was summer now, and the air was windy and warm. She could see Ellen by the pond and Mrs Minchin bending over her. Ellen's bonnet had blown backwards and jiggled at her neck, and Mrs Minchin held her own hat with one hand and with the other was reaching for the child. Their dresses heaved and slapped in the unstable air. A ribbon flew out and fell back: all was adjusting; all was transient.

*Mrs Minchin will be a mother; after all.*

Lucy was consoled and unconsoled. They looked beautiful together. They possessed a truly rare and solar refulgence.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 7 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon*

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

1.

Closing his eyes, he abandons himself to the flow of his memories, and begins to relive the whole ordeal, as it happened, from dawn to dusk. “It was raining on that day, it was pissing down . . .” And in spite of the peaceful sunshine and the pure song of an invisible lark piercing higher and higher into the blue sky, like a medium in a trance he summons up and brings to life the real spirit of the plain. Before Napoleon’s very eyes, the false decor of pastoral calm, with its fields and cows and plough on the horizon, parts like a naïvely painted country scene on a theatre curtain, revealing the sombre truth that is always there, hidden behind the veil of appearances.

. . . In a murky twilight, under a low sky, men, horses and cannon are once more bogged down in the mud. Across the sodden fields comes the loud rumble of regiments on the move, while the muffled boom of cannon can be heard in the distance. The men have been marching all night to meet their fate, weary as beasts of burden; here and there in the grass, a few are already dead, their eyes wide open with astonishment.

Yet when did this vision, which at first seemed so overwhelmingly true in every detail, suddenly become confused and begin to fall apart? Napoleon again experiences the same dizziness that he had felt in the unfamiliar bedroom. Edmond the Veteran foams at the mouth and screams and whirls around on his crutch like one possessed, as he goes through all the torments of that incredible day. Under this hail of words, Napoleon is horrified to discover the image of ANOTHER Waterloo, which is more and more difficult to reconcile with his own memory and sense of logic. He can no longer find a single landmark on the plain; even as he stares at it, the scene becomes weirdly distorted. Edmond the Veteran’s incantation is drawing him into a whirlwind where his reason falters and is about to be swallowed up. He struggles to break free; with one final effort, he suddenly resists and interrupts his relentless guide: “No, no! It’s not the grenadiers who are holding Belle-Alliance, it’s the dragoons! . . .”

\* \* \*

2.

‘I’d rather starve,’ he always used to say, ‘than desert the Emperor.’ He really believed that the Emperor would return. There were a few of them, real fanatics who never gave up, but what good people! Talking of starving – I can tell you, that’s just what happened to him, or near enough. Selling pumpkins won’t keep a man, specially in times like these which are so difficult for people who refuse to knuckle under. Besides, to be frank, he wasn’t cut out for business. And of course, he had to devote himself to his real mission in life, as he used to call it. Politics took up all his time and energy. It was the same for his friends. You’ll meet them, I’ll introduce you. There’s the medical officer, Dr Lambert-Laruelle, Sergeant Maurice and the others. They’re always at the café, Les Trois Boules. To look at them, you’d think they were men of leisure playing their usual game of cards. Between you and me, I think they were plotting something. But I’m a woman and a soldier’s wife. I know better than to poke my nose where it’s not wanted. Truchaut wasn’t one to talk, and I certainly wouldn’t have tried to worm information out of him. When he came home from Les Trois Boules looking worried, I wouldn’t have dared speak to him about the business and bother him with my petty worries about monthly bills, settlement dates and so on. Although, heaven knows there were times when it would have been such a relief to confide in him and tell him all my business problems. You see, I’m the one who looks after the business. It’s just a small concern that I began from nothing: my cousins are farmers in Avignon. They send their fruit to Paris and we try to sell it where we can. In theory, it should work, but what can I do, there’s no one but me to run the whole thing; I had no experience, and I can’t really cope on my own.

\* \* \*



## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 7 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon* – continued

---

3.

WHILE HE APPRECIATED the Ostrich's devotion, Napoleon was worried by the new turn his situation seemed to be taking.

His indomitable will, which the worst misfortunes could not have shaken, had imperceptibly been diverted towards domestic joys and small-time prosperity. This unexpected success, trifling though it was, nevertheless brought with it a kind of ease which he could not entirely ignore. It was beginning to transform the ground beneath his feet into a soft, shifting terrain where his resolution could become weak and slowly sink without trace. The more business improved and the Ostrich filled his life with touching new comforts, the less he resembled the real Napoleon.

Every time he went to the barber's, he stared into the double mirror and was horrified yet fascinated to see how his original features were disappearing little by little and being replaced by those of a stranger he despised and hated, and who inspired in him a growing feeling of disgust. He had put on a lot of weight and was now completely bald. If he had looked like this when he met Bommel (Justin), how could the sergeant ever have recognised him? And – not so long ago – the medical officer himself? When, after finalising a particularly clever deal, he heard himself being congratulated by some broker in colonial goods who paid tribute to his brilliant business acumen, a burning lust for action ran through him – oh! to start again from scratch, to break free at once from this warm morass that threatened to engulf him!

Yet the medical officer's prophetic jibe, advising him to be content with making his fortune in watermelons, still rang in his ears, and the memory of that twilight visit to Dr Quinton's asylum hung over him like an imminent threat. Besides, this threat was quite real, as he was soon to find out.

He had made a tentative attempt – rather an awkward one, it is true – to get the Ostrich to share in his secret.

The result of this approach was disastrous. At first, she did not understand anything; then, when she finally made out what he seemed to be aiming at, a heart-rending look of astonishment and terror spread over her face. Napoleon realised how distressed she was and did his best to beat a retreat, making a laborious effort to change the subject of their conversation. She pretended to follow what he was saying, fighting hard not to burst into tears.

\* \* \*

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 8 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

---

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

1.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,  
Vintage, Random House, 2005  
pp 173–175

2.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,  
Vintage, Random House, 2005  
p 209

## 1: Novels

---

### 1 – 8 Ian McEwan: *Atonement* – continued

---

3.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,  
Vintage, Random House, 2005  
pp 370–371

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 9 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

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

1.

When I was about fifteen years old we had retired to our house near Belrive, when we witnessed a most violent and terrible thunder-storm. It advanced from behind the mountains of Jura; and the thunder burst at once with frightful loudness from various quarters of the heavens. I remained, while the storm lasted, watching its progress with curiosity and delight. As I stood at the door, on a sudden I beheld a stream of fire issue from an old and beautiful oak, which stood about twenty yards from our house; and so soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a blasted stump. When we visited it the next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splintered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin ribbons of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly destroyed.

Before this I was not unacquainted with the more obvious laws of electricity. On this occasion a man of great research in natural philosophy was with us, and, excited by this catastrophe, he entered on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galvanism, which was at once new and astonishing to me. All that he said threw greatly into the shade Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, and Paracelsus, the lords of my imagination; but by some fatality the overthrow of these men disinclined me to pursue my accustomed studies. It seemed to me as if nothing would or could ever be known. All that had so long engaged my attention suddenly grew despicable. By one of those caprices of the mind, which we are perhaps most subject to in early youth, I at once gave up my former occupations, set down natural history and all its progeny as a deformed and abortive creation, and entertained the greatest disdain for a would-be science which could never even step within the threshold of real knowledge. In this mood of mind I betook myself to the mathematics, and the branches of study appertaining to that science, as being built upon secure foundations, and so worthy of my consideration.

Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous change of inclination and will was the immediate suggestion of the guardian angel of my life – the last effort made by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars, and ready to envelope me. Her victory was announced by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul, which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly tormenting studies. It was thus that I was to be taught to associate evil with their prosecution, happiness with their disregard.

It was a strong effort of the spirit of good; but it was ineffectual. Destiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction.

\* \* \*

2.

Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me that this little creature was unprejudiced, and had lived too short a time to have imbibed a horror of deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in this peopled earth.

‘Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes, and uttered a shrill scream; I drew his hand forcibly from his face and said, “Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.”

‘He struggled violently. “Let me go,” he cried; “monster! ugly wretch! you wish to eat me and tear me to pieces – You are an ogre – Let me go, or I will tell my papa.”

“Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.”

“Hideous monster! let me go. My papa is a syndic – he is M. Frankenstein – he will punish you. You dare not keep me.”

“Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy – to him towards whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.”

‘The child still struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

‘I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph; clapping my hands, I exclaimed, “I too can create desolation; my enemy is not invulnerable; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.”

‘As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something glittering on his breast. I took it; it was a portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, fringed by deep lashes, and her lovely lips; but presently my rage returned: I remembered that I was forever deprived of the delights that such beautiful creatures could bestow; and that she whose resemblance I contemplated would, in regarding me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and affright.

\* \* \*

# 1: Novels

## 1 – 9 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein* – continued

3.

He had heard my story with that half kind of belief that is given to a tale of spirits and supernatural events; but when he was called upon to act officially in consequence, the whole tide of his incredulity returned. He, however, answered mildly, 'I would willingly afford you every aid in your pursuit; but the creature of whom you speak appears to have powers which would put all my exertions to defiance. Who can follow an animal which can traverse the sea of ice, and inhabit caves and dens where no man would venture to intrude? Besides, some months have elapsed since the commission of his crimes, and no one can conjecture to what place he has wandered, or what region he may now inhabit.

'I do not doubt that he hovers near the spot which I inhabit; and if he has indeed taken refuge in the Alps, he may be hunted like the chamois, and destroyed as a beast of prey. But I perceive your thoughts: you do not credit my narrative, and do not intend to pursue my enemy with the punishment which is his desert.'

As I spoke, rage sparkled in my eyes; the magistrate was intimidated: – 'You are mistaken,' said he. 'I will exert myself; and if it is in my power to seize the monster, be assured that he shall suffer punishment proportionate to his crimes. But I fear, from what you have yourself described to be his properties, that this will prove impracticable; and thus, while every proper measure is pursued, you should make up your mind to disappointment.'

'That cannot be; but all that I can say will be of little avail. My revenge is of no moment to you; yet, while I allow it to be a vice, I confess that it is the devouring and only passion of my soul. My rage is unspeakable, when I reflect that the murderer, whom I have turned loose upon society, still exists. You refuse my just demand: I have but one resource; and I devote myself, either in my life or death, to his destruction.'

I trembled with excess of agitation as I said this; there was a frenzy in my manner, and something, I doubt not, of that haughty fierceness which the martyrs of old are said to have possessed. But to a Genevan magistrate, whose mind was occupied by far other ideas than those of devotion and heroism, this elevation of mind had much the appearance of madness. He endeavoured to soothe me as a nurse does a child, and reverted to my tale as the effects of delirium.

'Man,' I cried, 'how ignorant art thou in thy pride of wisdom! Cease; you know not what it is you say.'

I broke from the house angry and disturbed, and retired to meditate on some other mode of action.

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 1 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

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

1.

CONSTABLE: Here's your bi-carb.  
 GRAN: What about them *wanbru*?  
 CONSTABLE: What?  
 MILLY: Blankets!  
 SERGEANT: Look, there's nothin' I can do about it except put  
 in a reminder to the Department in Perth. Why don't youse  
 go around to St John's and ask the vicar?  
 MILLY: For blankets? He'll give us nothin', he's like that.  
 GRAN: [*adopting a praying attitude*] Yeah, when he come to  
 Gubment Well he goes like that with his eyes closed and he  
 says the Lord will help you, and now he prays with his eyes  
 open, 'cause time 'fore last Wow Wow bit him on the leg  
 . . . musta wanted a bit a' holy meat.  
 MILLY: You forgot our meat order.  
 SERGEANT: No meat this week.  
 MILLY: What?  
 SERGEANT: Finished; in future no meat is included in rations.  
 GRAN: Why?  
 CONSTABLE: There's a bloody depression on.  
 MILLY: What are we gunna do for meat?  
 CONSTABLE: There's plenty of roos and rabbits.  
 GRAN: What about *tjirrung*?  
 CONSTABLE: What about what?  
 MILLY: Fat!  
 SERGEANT: Fat is classified as meat. I'll see what I can do about  
 the blankets for youse.  
 MILLY: I want 'em 'fore Cissie gits outa hospital.  
 SERGEANT: I can't promise anything, but I'll check with the  
 Department.  
 GRAN: An' you're supposed to be native 'tector.  
 [GRAN and MILLY take their rations and exit.]  
 SERGEANT: Looks like I'm the one needs protectin'.  
 CONSTABLE: Should put a pinch of strychnine in the flour.  
 SERGEANT: Too late to adopt the Tasmanian solution.  
 NEVILLE: [*yelling*] Munday!  
 [JIMMY stands and enters the office.]  
 The eleven o'clock mixed goods, make sure you're on it.  
 [He hands JIMMY the voucher.]  
 And try to keep out of trouble for a while.  
 [JIMMY shuffles off at a snail's pace.]  
 You'd better get a move on if you're going to catch that  
 train.  
 JIMMY: Don't think I'll worry about the mixed goods, catch  
 the five o'clock Kalgoorlie train instead. Haven't been  
 down in the big smoke for a few weeks, might have a bit  
 of a look around.  
 NEVILLE: You get on that train –  
 JIMMY: [*interrupting*] You know one thing about Fremantle  
 Gaol? Even some of them screws are polite – not like this  
 place. [*Walking off*] Native Protector, couldn't protect my  
 dog from fleas.  
 NEVILLE: [*returning to his office*] Cheeky, too bloody cheeky.

\* \* \*

2.

NEAL: . . . 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

### 2 – 1 Jack Davis: *No Sugar* – continued

3.

*Long Pool Camp, Moore River, day. GRAN seems to have aged suddenly. She sits and stares into the smouldering fire, quietly grumbling and singing. CISSIE and DAVID play knucklebones. MILLY and SAM play cards. MARY watches over the baby who sleeps in a kerosene tin. A loud whistle is heard in the distance.*

SAM: Who the hell is that?

DAVID: Boys whistling at girls, I bet.

MARY: No.

*[The whistle is heard again.]*

I know that whistle, that's Joe. It's Joe, it's Joe!

*[CISSIE and DAVID start to run.]*

MILLY: Come back, you two! Come back!

DAVID: It's Joe, Mum. It's Joe.

*[The kids run off.]*

JOE: *[off]* Hey! Where are all you blackfellas?

*[JOE enters carrying a sugar bag and with DAVID on his back. They are followed by CISSIE. He sees MARY and they embrace. He swings her around and around. DAVID falls off, laughing and yelling. JOE wears a yellow shirt and black pants.]*

How's everybody? Gawd, it's good to be back.

SAM: Yeah, son, we wasn't expectin' you for another two weeks.

DAVID: *[yelling, pointing to the tin]* Your baby in there! *[Quietly]* Sleepin'.

JOE: How are you, Gran?

GRAN: Bit crook. *[Rubbing her leg]* Me leg git tired, little bit, this one.

MARY: Come and see baby.

*[They walk to where the baby sleeps.]*

JOE: Gawd.

*[Pause.]*

Can he sit up?

MARY: Give him time. He's only ten weeks old.

JOE: What did you call him?

SAM: We call him *koolbardi*, Nyoongah name.

GRAN: Magpie.

MARY: We waited for you to come home to give him a *wetjala* name.

*[Silence.]*

JOE: I wanna call him Jimmy.

*[Silence.]*

MARY: Yeah.

*[GRAN begins to wail and cry.]*

JOE: Eh, Gran, got somethin' here for you.

*[He dives his hand into the sugar bag and produces a wooden pipe and a tin of tobacco.]*

Here y'are, Gran, real pipe and real *gnummarri*, not nigger twist.

GRAN: *Woolah, kwobiduk, cooo-ooh.*

JOE: *[pulling out coloured ribbons]* Here y'are, Cissie, ribbons for your hair.

CISSIE: Oh thanks, brother, they're *moorditj*.

*[She ties yellow and red ribbons in her hair:]*

JOE: Here y'are, *gnoon*.

*[He gives DAVID a pocket knife.]*

Here y'are, Mum.

*[He produces a needle and cotton.]*

And Dad.

*[He produces tobacco and papers.]*

SAM: Hey, real papers. Rizlas. Good on ya, son.

MILLY: Didn't you git nothin' for Mary?

JOE: Course I did, Mum.

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 2 Dario Fo: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*.

1.

**Maniac** So you lied on television and in the papers when you said that his alibi had collapsed and the evidence was stacked up against him. Not content with using these little cheats, scams and whoppers to trip up suspects, you then use them to sabotage the good faith of a gullible and gormless public. (*Ignoring the Superintendent's attempt to object.*) Please let me finish. Hasn't anyone ever told you that giving out false or misleading information is a serious offence?

**Superintendent** In fact, my officer assured me that –

**Maniac** Stop dumping on people! Answer this, Inspector – where did you get the information that the anarchist dancer had confessed? I've read all the transcripts of interviews carried out by the police and the investigating judge . . . (*He shows them to everyone present.*) And nowhere does the aforementioned anarchist admit to being involved in bombing the bank. So did you make up that confession as well? Answer!

**Inspector** Yes, we made it up.

**Maniac** That is . . . inspired. You two should take up creative writing. In fact, you may well get the chance in prison. Always been a marvellous place to write. Okay, you're probably feeling a little bit depressed right now. So what better time to add that there is damning proof of gross negligence on your part, that you're both dead in the water, and that in an attempt to make the rest of the police look good the Home Office are going to crucify you.

**Superintendent** I don't believe it!

**Inspector** How can they –

**Maniac** So your careers are ruined, but that's politics for you. You police were useful at first. But the mood has changed. People are angry about the death of the flying anarchist. They want to see a couple of heads roll . . . and, hey, here are two!

**Superintendent** They want our heads?

**Inspector** Yes!

\* \* \*

2.

**Maniac** On the evening when the anarchist jumped out of the window, the sun never set.

*The three policemen exchange blank glances.*

**Superintendent** I don't understand.

*The Maniac pretends to get annoyed.*

**Maniac** It was December and the window was still wide open at midnight, so it can't have been cold. And the only way it couldn't have been cold is if the sun hadn't set. It must have set later, at one o'clock, like in Norway in July.

**Superintendent** No, they'd only just opened it, to get a bit of air into the room, am I right?

**Inspector** Yes, there was a lot of smoke.

**Constable 2** The anarchist smoked a lot.

**Maniac** So you'd opened the windows, but presumably not the shutters.

**Inspector** Yes, and the shutters.

**Maniac** In December? At midnight with the thermometer plummeting below zero and a thick fog descending? What – 'We need air, we need air! Come and get me, pneumonia!' – kind of thing? So you must have been wearing coats?

**Inspector** No, just jackets.

**Maniac** Snazzy!

**Inspector** It wasn't cold, honestly.

**Superintendent** No, it wasn't cold.

**Maniac** No? That evening the weather forecast for the whole of the country was for temperatures low enough to freeze the bollocks off a polar bear. But you lot weren't cold. 'Springtime!' What was your secret – your own personal African monsoon kit? You've diverted the Gulf Stream through the sewers under the police station?

**Inspector** I'm sorry, I don't get it – you say you're here to help us then you spend the whole time sneering at our evidence and making us look pathetic.

**Maniac** Okay, maybe I do exaggerate, and I do have a slight tendency to completely rubbish everything you say . . . That's because dealing with you is like doing one of those puzzle books bought by children and retards: 'Find the thirty-seven mistakes made by Inspector Barry Stupidhead.' How am I supposed to help you?

\* \* \*



## 2: Plays

### 2 – 2 Dario Fo: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* – continued

3.

**Maniac** Ah yes. So there's a massive scandal. Mass arrests of politicians. The odd trial. Lots of big cheeses sweating. Lords, members of parliament, colonels . . . Liberal Democrats rather overexcited and tearful. The *Mail on Sunday* sacks its editor. The Left tries to ban fascists. And finally the chief of police is carried shoulder-high through the streets for carrying out such a fearless operation. Shortly afterwards he's politely told to retire.

**Superintendent** No, Captain. I don't like these gratuitous insinuations . . .

**Journalist** This time I agree with the superintendent. A scandal like that would actually boost the standing of the police. The public would have an enhanced sense of well-being and a new respect for our justice system.

**Maniac** Absolutely, so the scandal would have served its purpose. People say they want real justice . . . so we fob them off with a *slightly* less unjust system of justice. Workers howl that they're being flayed like donkeys . . . so we arrange for the flaying to be a *little* less severe and slash their howling entitlement, but the exploitation goes on. The workforce would rather not have fatal accidents in the factory . . . so we make it a teeny bit safer and increase compensation payments to widows. They'd like to see class divisions eliminated . . . so we do our best to bring the classes marginally closer or, preferably, just make it seem that way.

They want a revolution . . . and we give them reforms. We're drowning them in reforms. Or promises of reforms, because let's face it, they're not actually going to get anything.

**Inspector** Are you aware that it's an offence to show contempt for the judiciary?

**Superintendent** He's bonkers.

**Bertozzo** I know he is, I've been trying to tell you for half an hour.

**Maniac** You see, your average citizen doesn't want the dirt and the injustice to go away. He's just happy to see it exposed, let's all have a jolly scandal, and everyone gets something to talk about. That, for him, is what freedom means in the best of all possible worlds. Hallelujah!

**Bertozzo** (*grabbing the Maniac's wooden leg and shaking it*) Look, his leg isn't real!

**Maniac** Yes it is. It's walnut.

**Superintendent** It's all right, we know . . .

**Bertozzo** It's a trick, it's strapped on at the knee. (*He starts to undo the straps.*)

**Inspector** Oi, Bozo, leave him alone. What do you want to do, dismantle him completely?

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 3 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen*

---

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

1.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,  
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

pp 42–43

2.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,  
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

pp 76–78

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 3 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen* – continued

---

3.

Michael Frayn, *Copenhagen*,  
Methuen Student Edition, 2003

pp 85–86

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 4 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City*

---

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

1.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005

pp 120–121

2.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005

pp 134–135

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 4 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City* – continued

---

3.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005  
pp 154–155

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 5 Henrik Ibsen: *Hedda Gabler*

---

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

1.

Henrik Ibsen, *Hedda Gabler*,  
Penguin, 1961  
pp 294–295

2.

Henrik Ibsen, *Hedda Gabler*,  
Penguin, 1961  
pp 319–320

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 5 Henrik Ibsen: *Hedda Gabler* – continued

---

3.

Henrik Ibsen, *Hedda Gabler*,  
Penguin, 1961  
pp 350–351

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 6 Hannie Rayson: *Hotel Sorrento*

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

1.

*On the verandah at MARGE's place. They sit drinking coffee. MARGE has The Guardian article in her lap.*

DICK: These bloody smart arse expatriates. I mean what is it that makes them think that living elsewhere automatically qualifies them to make sweeping generalisations about this place. A culture isn't static for godsake. Things change. The woman hasn't lived here for ten years. Look what's happened in that time.

MARGE: Yes, it is a bit disappointing, I have to admit.

DICK: Disappointing. Jesus! The woman's an idiot.

MARGE: No, she's not. She's not an idiot.

DICK *scoffs*.

DICK: I might seem like an idiot, talk like an idiot. But don't be deceived. I *am* an idiot!

MARGE: Well, I think some of the things she says are quite true. I love this bit,

'If you ask the average Brit what he knows about Australia, he'll probably say Fosters and vomit. The trouble is that your average Aussie bloke on the loose in London, regardless of whether he's backpacking or wheeling and dealing, does nothing to dispel that image. When I meet Australians over here I take some comfort in the fact that it is only a minor outbreak. At home we're talking epidemic!'

DICK: Oh, very funny. What about this statement – this is a country that's rife with xenophobia and anti-intellectualism? Like that bit too did you?

MARGE: No. But the media force them to give an opinion.

DICK: No. No. Look if she has any intelligence, any common sense, she makes it abundantly clear to her interviewer that her perceptions about a place, [that she hasn't lived in for ten years], are obviously going to be outdated. And all that stuff about the father.

MARGE: But she's right! There's a whole generation of old boys like that.

DICK: Yeah, there is. But they do not represent 'the spirit of Australian life' or whatever she said. Not any more. That's the whole point. The woman's out of touch.

*Pause.*

Okay if I ring Kelly at the office?

MARGE: Why?

DICK: I think I'll get her to track down this Moynihan woman in London. I've got an idea for a piece on Australia's image problem abroad. This could fit in very nicely.

\* \* \*

2.

EDWIN: Things change in ten years Meg.

MEG: No. They haven't. That's just it. It's like there's this highly elasticised thread that's tied around us three and it stretches from Australia to Britain and to the States and all of a sudden it's just given out and thwack we're flung back together again. And we're just the same little girls, but this time in women's bodies. And we don't know any more than when we started out. [*Sighing*] I'm beginning to feel quite middle aged.

EDWIN: I'm not surprised. This town feels like everyone in it was born into middle age. D'you know, the only conversations I've had since we arrived have been about children and compost.

MEG: People don't know what to say to us. Grief makes people realise how inadequate they are.

EDWIN: Yes.

*Pause.*

Tell me, does anything ever happen here?

MEG: No. People live out quiet prosaic ineffectual lives and then they die. And the other people spend the rest of their lives utterly emotionally crippled by the experience. That seems to be the pattern.

*Silence.*

EDWIN: I must say, Hilary is quite a remarkable woman isn't she?

MEG: Why do you say that?

EDWIN: The way she copes with things.

MEG: Oh, yes. Hilary copes. She 'copes' because she shuts down. That's the way she lives her life. She doesn't let herself feel. She doesn't think about things too deeply. It's like she made a decision a long time ago that she was done with crying. Nothing or nobody was ever going to hurt her again. So she 'copes' magnificently and people think she's so strong, so remarkable. I don't. I think she's a coward.

*Silence.*

EDWIN: I think you're being very unfair. I can't imagine what it must be like for her. She's had to deal with three deaths. All of them tragic. I can't even begin to think how one would ever really deal with that.

MEG: No, perhaps you can't.

EDWIN: And I don't think you can either.

MEG: They were my parents too, Edwin. . .

EDWIN: I know.

MEG: And I was here, remember, when Gary died.

EDWIN: I know. But he wasn't your husband Meg.

MEG: No, he wasn't my husband. But I loved him. That's what you don't understand. I loved him too.

\* \* \*



## 2: Plays

### 2 – 6 Hannie Rayson: *Hotel Sorrento* – continued

3.

HIL: I've never owned anything in my whole life. Damn you!  
I never even owned my own marriage. Damn you. Damn  
you. . .

*MEG stands at the door.*

And damn you!

*MEG is silent.*

MEG: It's about time you started. It's about time we all started.  
To own what's happened to us.

PIPPA: Why Meg? So we can all write best-sellers?

MEG: Yes. All right, let's talk about best-sellers. I wrote that  
book. And I didn't steal anything from you or you or anyone  
else who wants to lay claims to ownership.

HIL: But you don't Meg. You don't own what's happened.  
Don't you see that?

MEG: No. I only own my story. And that's a very small thing.

PIPPA: Oh, yes it's your book. Your story all right. It's got your  
name written all over it. But it's our integrity. That's what  
you've stolen.

*Silence.*

MEG: Is that what you think? Do you really believe that I have  
robbed you of your integrity? Because if I'm guilty of that,  
I'll recall every single copy of that book from every publisher  
and every bookshop in the world. I'll withdraw it from the  
Booker prize right now . . . if that's what you think.

*Pause.*

But I always thought that integrity was something that  
couldn't be given or taken away. That it was the only thing  
a person could own.

*Silence.*

D'you know why I came home? Because I wanted to see if  
I could fit into this family again. I wanted to see if the three  
of us could be together. I want to know now, whether you  
two think it's possible?

*Silence.*

You'll never forgive me, will you, for writing about  
something that we couldn't talk about.

HIL: Did we ever try? Did we ever really try?

*The three women maintain their position in a freeze.  
Music plays.*

SCENE NINETEEN

*Music continues as the three women maintain their freeze.*

AUCTIONEER: [voice over] Ladies and gentlemen. I'd like to  
take this opportunity to welcome you all to the auction of  
number one Ti-Tree Road, Sorrento. It's not often that a  
property in such a glorious location as this, comes on to  
the market and we're very pleased indeed to be offering it  
to you today.

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet*

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

1.

HAMLET . . . You were sent for – and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ To what end my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer can charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ (*To Guildenstern*) What say you?

HAMLET (*Aside*) Nay then I have an eye of you. – If you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire – why, it appeareth no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals – and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me – no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o’th’sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely – or the blank verse shall halt for’t.

\* \* \*

2.

*Enter GHOST*

HAMLET A king of shreds and patches –  
Save me and hover o’er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! – What would your gracious figure?

GERTRUDE Alas he’s mad!

HAMLET Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That lapsed in time and passion lets go by  
Th’important acting of your dread command? Oh say!

GHOST Do not forget. This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.  
Oh step between her and her fighting soul:  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET How is it with you lady?

GERTRUDE Alas, how is’t with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with th’incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th’alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAMLET On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.  
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable. – Do not look upon me,  
Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects. Then what I have to do  
Will want true colour: tears perchance for blood.

GERTRUDE To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET Do you see nothing there?

GERTRUDE Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?

GERTRUDE No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET Why, look you there – look how it steals away –  
My father in his habit as he lived –  
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

*Exit Ghost*

GERTRUDE This is the very coinage of your brain.  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET Ecstasy?

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will reword, which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet* – continued

3.

LAERTES                               Lay her i'th'earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring. I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET                               What, the fair Ophelia!

GERTRUDE   Sweets to the sweet, farewell.               *[Scattering flowers]*  
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.  
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,  
And not t'have strewed thy grave.

LAERTES                               Oh treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Deprived thee of. Hold off the earth awhile  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.  
   *Leaps in the grave*  
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
T'o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET *[Advancing]*       What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.  
   *[Laertes climbs out of the grave]*

LAERTES                               The devil take thy soul. *[Grappling with him]*

HAMLET   Thou pray'st not well.  
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,  
For though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

CLAUDIUS   Pluck them asunder.

GERTRUDE                               Hamlet, Hamlet!

ALL   Gentlemen!

HORATIO   Good my lord, be quiet.  
   *[The Attendants part them].*

HAMLET   Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

GERTRUDE   O my son, what theme?

HAMLET   I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

CLAUDIUS   Oh he is mad Laertes.

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 8 William Shakespeare: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

1.

BEATRICE . . . Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEONATO You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO Well then, go you into hell?

BEATRICE No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids.' So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANTONIO (*to Hero*) Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEATRICE Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

LEONATO Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEATRICE Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

\* \* \*

2.

CLAUDIO . . .

There, Leonato, take her back again,  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.  
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
All you that see her, that she were a maid  
By these exterior shows? But she is none;  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed.  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,  
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,  
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity –

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say. If I have known her,  
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.  
No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too large,  
But, as a brother to his sister, showed  
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO

And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO

Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it.  
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus, or those pampered animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO

Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

DON PEDRO

What should I speak?  
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEONATO

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

DON JOHN

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

BENEDICK

This looks not like a nuptial.

HERO

True? O God!

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

### 2 – 8 William Shakespeare: *Much Ado About Nothing* – continued

3.

LEONATO

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,  
That, when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

BORACHIO

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO

Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed  
Mine innocent child?

BORACHIO

Yea, even I alone.

LEONATO

No, not so, villain, thou beliest thyself –  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.  
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO

I know not how to pray your patience,  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinned I not  
But in mistaking.

DON PEDRO

By my soul, nor I;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEONATO

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,  
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,  
Possess the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died; and if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb  
And sing it to her bones, sing it tonight.  
Tomorrow morning come you to my house;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us.  
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO

O noble sir!  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.  
I do embrace your offer, and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

\* \* \*

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 9 Sophocles: *Antigone*

---

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

1.

Sophocles, *Antigone*,  
translated by E F Watling in *The Theban Plays*,  
Penguin, 2004  
pp 126–127

2.

Sophocles, *Antigone*  
translated by E F Watling in *The Theban Plays*,  
Penguin, 2004  
pp 142–143

## 2: Plays

---

### 2 – 9 Sophocles: *Antigone* – continued

---

3.

Sophocles, *Antigone*  
translated by E F Watling in *The Theban Plays*,  
Penguin, 2004  
pp 157–158

### 3: Short stories

---

#### 3 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories*.

1.

2.

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 54–55

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 272–273



### 3: Short stories

---

#### 3 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories* – continued

---

3.

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and  
Other Stories*, Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 319–320

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 2 D H Lawrence: *Three Novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird*.

1.

##### *The Fox*

He sounded hurt. And his voice had such a curious power over her; making her feel loose and relaxed. She struggled somewhere for her own power. She felt for a minute that she was lost—lost—lost. The word seemed to rock in her as if she were dying. Suddenly again she spoke.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said, in a brief and transient stroke of scorn. "What nonsense! I'm old enough to be your mother."

"Yes I do know what I'm talking about. Yes I do," he persisted softly, as if he were producing his voice in her blood. "I know quite well what I'm talking about. You're not old enough to be my mother. That isn't true. And what does it matter even if it was. You can marry me whatever age we are. What is age? What is age to me? And what is age to you! Age is nothing."

A swoon went over her as he concluded. He spoke rapidly—in the rapid Cornish fashion—and his voice seemed to sound in her somewhere where she was helpless against it. "Age is nothing!" The soft, heavy insistence of it made her sway dimly out there in the darkness. She could not answer.

A great exultance leaped like fire over his limbs. He felt he had won.

"I want to marry you, you see. Why shouldn't I?" he proceeded, soft and rapid. He waited for her to answer. In the dusk he saw her almost phosphorescent. Her eyelids were dropped, her face half-averted and unconscious. She seemed to be in his power. But he waited, watchful. He dared not yet touch her.

"Say then," he said. "Say then you'll marry me. Say—say?" He was softly insistent.

"What?" she asked, faint, from a distance, like one in pain. His voice was now unthinkably near and soft. He drew very near to her.

"Say yes."

"Oh I can't," she wailed helplessly, half articulate, as if semi-conscious, and as if in pain, like one who dies. "How can I?"

"You can," he said softly, laying his hand gently on her shoulder as she stood with her head averted and dropped, dazed. "You can. Yes, you can. What makes you say you can't? You can. You can." And with awful softness he bent forward and just touched her neck with his mouth and his chin.

"Don't!" she cried, with a faint mad cry like hysteria, starting away and facing round on him. "What do you mean?" But she had no breath to speak with. It was as if she was killed.

"I mean what I say," he persisted softly and cruelly. "I want you to marry me. I want you to marry me. You know that, now, don't you? You know that, now? Don't you? Don't you?"

\* \* \*

2.

##### *The Captain's Doll*

When I was a boy I caught a bird, a black-cap, and I put it in a cage. And I loved that bird. I don't know why, but I loved it. I simply loved that bird. All the gorse, and the heather, and the rock, and the hot smell of yellow gorse-blossom, and the sky that seemed to have no end to it, when I was a boy, everything that I almost was *mad* with, as boys are, seemed to me to be in that little, fluttering black-cap. And it would peck its seed as if it didn't quite know what else to do; and look round about, and begin to sing. But in quite a few days it turned its head aside and died. Yes, it died.—I never had the feeling again, that I got from that black-cap when I was a boy—not until I saw her. And then I felt it all again. I felt it all again. And it was the same feeling. I knew, quite soon I knew, that she would die. She would pick her seed and look round in the cage just the same. But she would die in the end.—Only it would last much longer.—But she would die in the cage, like the black-cap."

"But she loved the cage. She loved her clothes and her jewels. She must have loved her house and her furniture and all that with a perfect frenzy."

"She did. She did. But like a child with playthings. Only they were big, marvellous playthings to her. Oh yes, she was never away from them. She never forgot her things—her trinkets and her furs and her furniture. She never got away from them for a minute. And everything in her mind was mixed up with them."

"Dreadful!" said Hannele.

"Yes, it was dreadful," he answered.

"Dreadful," repeated Hannele.

"Yes quite. Quite! And it got worse. And her way of talking got worse. As if it bubbled off her lips.—But her eyes never lost their brightness, they never lost that fairy look. Only I used to see fear in them. Fear of everything—even all the things she surrounded herself with. Just like my black-cap used to look out of his cage—so bright and sharp, and yet as if he didn't know that it was just the cage that was between him and the outside. He thought it was inside himself, the barrier. He thought it was part of his own nature, to be shut in. And she thought it was part of her own nature.—And so they both died."

"What I can't see," said Hannele, "is what she would have done outside her cage. What other life could she have, except her *bibelots* and her furniture and her talk—?"

"Why none. There *is* no life outside, for human beings."

"Then there's nothing," said Hannele.

"That's true. In a great measure, there's nothing."

"Thank you," said Hannele.

There was a long pause.

\* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 2 D H Lawrence: *Three Novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird* – continued

#### 3.

##### *The Ladybird*

The room was in complete darkness. There was no moon outside. She could not see him.

"Where can I sit down?" she said abruptly.

"I will take you to the couch," he said, putting out his hand and touching her in the dark. She shuddered.

She found the couch and sat down. It was quite dark.

"What were you singing?" she said rapidly.

"I am so sorry. I did not think anyone could hear."

"What was it you were singing?"

"A song of my country."

"Had it any words?"

"Yes, it is a woman who was a swan, and who loved a hunter by the marsh. So she became a woman and married him and had three children. Then in the night one night the king of the swans called to her to come back, or else he would die. So slowly she turned into a swan again, and slowly she opened her wide, wide wings, and left her husband and her children."

There was silence in the dark room. The Count had been really startled, startled out of his mood of the song into the day-mood of human convention. He was distressed and embarrassed by Daphne's presence in his dark room. She, however, sat on and did not make a sound. He too sat down in a chair by the window. It was everywhere dark. A wind was blowing in gusts outside. He could see nothing inside his room: only the faint, faint strip of light under the door. But he could feel her presence in the darkness. It was uncanny, to feel her near in the dark, and not to see any sign of her, nor to hear any sound.

She had been wounded in her bewitched state, by the contact with the everyday human being in him. But now she began to relapse into her spell, as she sat there in the dark. And he too, in the silence, felt the world sinking away from him once more, leaving him once more alone on a darkened earth, with nothing between him and the infinite dark space. Except now her presence. Darkness answering to darkness, and deep answering to deep. An answer, near to him, and invisible.

But he did not know what to do. He sat still and silent as she was still and silent. The darkness inside the room seemed alive like blood. He had no power to move. The distance between them seemed absolute.

Then suddenly, without knowing, he went across in the dark, feeling for the end of the couch. And he sat beside her on the couch. But he did not touch her. Neither did she move. The darkness flowed about them thick like blood, and time seemed dissolved in it. They sat with the small, invisible distance between them, motionless, speechless, thoughtless.

\* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 3 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories*

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

1.

##### *Bliss*

Miss Fulton moved towards the hall and Bertha was following when Harry almost pushed past.

"Let me help you."

Bertha knew that he was repenting his rudeness—she let him go. What a boy he was in some ways—so impulsive—so—simple.

And Eddie and she were left by the fire.

"I wonder if you have seen Bilks' new poem called *Table d'Hôte*," said Eddie softly. "It's so wonderful. In the last Anthology. Have you got a copy? I'd so like to show it to you. It begins with an *incredibly* beautiful line: 'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?'"

"Yes," said Bertha. And she moved noiselessly to a table opposite the drawing-room door and Eddie glided noiselessly after her. She picked up the little book and gave it to him; they had not made a sound.

While he looked it up she turned her head towards the hall. And she saw . . . Harry with Miss Fulton's coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her head bent. He tossed the coat away, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her violently to him. His lips said: "I adore you," and Miss Fulton laid her moonbeam fingers on his cheeks and smiled her sleepy smile. Harry's nostrils quivered; his lips curled back in a hideous grin while he whispered: "To-morrow," and with her eyelids Miss Fulton said: "Yes."

"Here it is," said Eddie. "'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?' It's so *deeply* true, don't you feel? Tomato soup is so *dreadfully* eternal."

"If you prefer," said Harry's voice, very loud, from the hall, "I can 'phone you a cab to come to the door."

"Oh, no. It's not necessary," said Miss Fulton, and she came up to Bertha and gave her the slender fingers to hold.

"Good-bye. Thank you so much."

"Good-bye," said Bertha.

Miss Fulton held her hand a moment longer.

"Your lovely pear tree!" she murmured.

And then she was gone, with Eddie following, like the black cat following the grey cat.

"I'll shut up shop," said Harry, extravagantly cool and collected.

"Your lovely pear tree—pear tree—pear tree!"

Bertha simply ran over to the long windows.

"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried.

But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still.

\* \* \*

2.

##### *The Garden-Party*

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore and they had no right to be in that neighbourhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

\* \* \*

### 3: Short stories

#### 3 – 3 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories* – continued

#### 3.

##### *The Woman at the Store*

“Good night all,” shouted Jo.

Jim and I sat on two sacks of potatoes. For the life of us we could not stop laughing. Strings of onions and half-hams dangled from the ceiling—wherever we looked there were advertisements for “Camp Coffee” and tinned meats. We pointed at them, tried to read them aloud—overcome with laughter and hiccoughs. The kid in the counter stared at us. She threw off her blanket and scrambled to the floor, where she stood in her grey flannel night-gown rubbing one leg against the other. We paid no attention to her.

“Wot are you laughing at?” she said uneasily.

“You!” shouted Jim. “The red tribe of you, my child.”

She flew into a rage and beat herself with her hands. “I won’t be laughed at, you curs—you.” He swooped down upon the child and swung her on to the counter.

“Go to sleep, Miss Smarty—or make a drawing—here’s a pencil—you can use Mumma’s account book.”

Through the rain we heard Jo creak over the boarding of the next room—the sound of a door being opened—then shut to.

“It’s the loneliness,” whispered Jim.

“One hundred and twenty-five different ways—alas! my poor brother!”

The kid tore out a page and flung it at me.

“There you are,” she said. “Now I done it ter spite Mumma for shutting me up ’ere with you two. I done the one she told me I never ought to. I done the one she told me she’d shoot me if I did. Don’t care! Don’t care!”

The kid had drawn the picture of the woman shooting at a man with a rook rifle and then digging a hole to bury him in.

She jumped off the counter and squirmed about on the floor biting her nails.

Jim and I sat till dawn with the drawing beside us. The rain ceased, the little kid fell asleep, breathing loudly. We got up, stole out of the whare, down into the paddock. White clouds floated over a pink sky—a chill wind blew; the air smelled of wet grass. Just as we swung into the saddle Jo came out of the whare—he motioned to us to ride on.

“I’ll pick you up later,” he shouted.

A bend in the road, and the whole place disappeared.

\* \* \*

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 1 Anna Funder: *Stasiland*

---

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

1.

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,  
Publishing, 2006  
pp 73–74

2.

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,  
Publishing, 2006  
pp 107–108

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 1 Anna Funder: *Stasiland* – continued

---

3.

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,  
Publishing, 2006  
pp 202–203

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 2 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul*

---

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

1.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005  
pp 53–54

2.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005  
pp 215–216



## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 2 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul* – continued

---

3.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul*,  
Faber & Faber, 2005  
pp 283–284

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 3 Tobias Wolff: *This Boy's Life*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *This Boy's Life*.

1.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,  
Bloomsbury, 1989  
pp 82–83

2.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,  
Bloomsbury, 1989  
pp 110–111

## 4: Other literature

---

### 4 – 3 Tobias Wolff: *This Boy's Life* – continued

---

3.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,  
Bloomsbury, 1989  
pp 220–221

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 1 Judith Beveridge: *Wolf Notes*

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

1.

#### *Crew*

Grennan steering, cuts back the engine, throws  
another squid down the length  
of half the craft. Waist to neck, Davey strips off.  
His muscles build, then collapse  
as he cuts the squid into loops, all that flesh  
wobbling like the jowls of aging men.

I keep my eye on a line of decaying squalls  
where clouds are towing each other  
like bull-nosed tugs. I hear thunder, or what  
could be a wharf of shunting hulls.  
Grennan steers again. The sea is whitecaps,  
wind, the air the sound of frigate hawks

sending out acoustic flares. These men know  
their storms: those that drag slowly  
with their dredge-loads; those whose lightning  
is as quick as the fish that dart between  
the teeth of sharks; whose hail's as predatory  
as the eyes of barracuda, archerfish.

This one, they say, is nothing: a gull's amplified  
squalling into an air-furnaced blowhole;  
one you could shout Scotticisms into and not  
change the strength of the gusts.  
Grennan hauls up more squid. Davey's arms  
and shoulders, one long tattoo,

work to a pulsing blue. Some day, like Davey  
I'll cut up squid, pull them in like Grennan.  
I'll watch the night boil into a slough of ink,  
watch clouds – stacked up like hogsheads  
of blackest stout – empty thick and fast. I'll  
feel my muscles ripple arrow-pierced

hearts, crossbowed skulls, mermaid-ridden  
anchors, as I pull on the ropes; crazies  
all of us, testing our luck among thunderheads  
spanning skies like girders of pig-iron.

\* \* \*

2.

#### *The Kite*

Today I watched a boy fly his kite.  
It didn't crackle in the wind – but  
gave out a barely perceptible hum.

At a certain height, I'd swear I heard  
it sing. He could make it climb in  
any wind; could crank those angles up,

make it veer with the precision of  
an insect targeting a sting; then he'd  
let it roil in rapturous finesse, a tiny

bird in mid-air courtship. When  
lightning cracked across the cliff –  
(like quick pale flicks of yak-hair

fly-whisks) – he stayed steady. For  
so long he kept his arms up, as if  
he knew he'd hoist that kite enough.

I asked if it was made of special silk,  
if he'd used some particular string –  
and what he'd heard while holding it.

He looked at me from a distance,  
then asked about my alms bowl,  
my robes, and about that for which

a monk lives. It was then I saw  
I could tell him nothing in the cohort  
wind, that didn't sound illusory.

\* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 1 Judith Beveridge: *Wolf Notes* – continued

3.

#### *Apprentice*

It'll be dawn before the sawing's done; all night  
 cutting it up, yet by dark's end, a pine,  
 or cypress moon, fragrant, awaiting finish. I watch  
 the lathed curls roll off, sinuous as beach names  
 wound up in a nautilus. I love the axe's  
 deskwork prose, the four grades of night sky,  
 the thunder brought into sync with the cross-grain  
 gnarls. All night I work under lightning's  
 rough-edged saw. I rub at the rings, polish each  
 stump to a peak of well-logged summers. All night  
 getting a rhythm, sealing time under resin,  
 my sweat mixing with the dust, the saw singing  
 as it hits a burl, sandpaper lending wood a choice  
 of stars. Though I'm sore from the sticking  
 blades, though my heart is like a buck, rubbing  
 antlers on bark, though my hands seek concert  
 with the dark, by morning's first spill,  
 no stroke will be unrung, no tool-teased curl will  
 lie unswept, or be taken by wind; no wing-sown  
 whorl loom up to the levelling sun.  
 I love the silent gnarling, the ingrained refusals;  
 designs hewn from skies hardened by a splintering  
 glaze; sighs knurled into curses, moon-edged  
 rehearsals; words curling off a lumberman's tongue.  
 All night listening to the wood crack, to the saw  
 keen back. My heart coming hard again –  
 & again if the shrill stars of summer have sung.

\* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 2 William Blake

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of William Blake.

1.

*The SICK ROSE*

O Rose thou art sick.  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night  
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy:  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

\* \* \*

2.

*And did those feet in ancient time*

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon England's mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my Arrows of desire;  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green & pleasant Land.

Would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets.  
Numbers XI. ch 29 v.

\* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 2 William Blake – continued

3.

*What is the price of Experience . . .*

What is the price of Experience do men buy it for a song  
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No it is bought with the price

Of all that a man hath his house his wife his children  
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy  
And in the witherd field where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summers sun  
And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn  
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted  
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer  
To listen to the hungry ravens cry in wintry season  
When the red blood is filld with wine & with the marrow of lambs

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements  
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter  
house moan  
To see a god on every wind & a blessing on every blast  
To hear sounds of love in the thunder storm that destroys our  
enemies house  
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, & the sickness that  
cuts off his children  
While our olive & vine sing & laugh round our door & our children  
bring fruits & flowers

Then the groan & the dolor are quite forgotten & the slave grinding  
at the mill  
And the captive in chains & the poor in the prison, & the soldier in  
the field  
When the shatterd bone hath laid him groaning among the happier  
dead

It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity  
Thus could I sing & thus rejoice, but it is not so with me!

\* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 3 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems*

---

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

1.

*Father and Child*

**II Nightfall**

Gwen Harwood, *Collected Poems*,  
University of Queensland Press, 2003

p 276–277

2.

*The Secret Life of Frogs*

Gwen Harwood, *Collected Poems*,  
University of Queensland Press, 2003  
p 331–332



## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 3 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems* – continued

---

3.

*Night and Dreams*

IV

Gwen Harwood, *Collected Poems*,  
University of Queensland Press, 2003

p 400–401

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 4 Seamus Heaney: *Beowulf*

---

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

1.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,  
Faber & Faber, 2000  
p 14–15

2.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,  
Faber & Faber, 2000  
p 49–50

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 4 Seamus Heaney: *Beowulf* – continued

---

3.

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,  
Faber & Faber, 2000  
p 87–88

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 John Keats: *The Major Works*

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

1.

#### *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

\* \* \*

2.

#### *Ode on a Grecian Urn*

1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

## 5: Poetry

### 5 – 5 John Keats: *The Major Works* – continued

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

\* \* \*

3.

*'Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art'*

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priestlike task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masque  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
 No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable  
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death—

\* \* \*

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 6 Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems*

---

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Philip Larkin.

1.

*Home is so Sad*

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,  
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber,  
Allen & Unwin, 2003

p 88

2.

*Ambulances*

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,  
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber,  
Allen & Unwin, 2003

p 104

## 5: Poetry

---

### 5 – 6 Philip Larkin: *Collected Poems* – continued

---

3.

*Aubade*

Philip Larkin, *Collected Poems*,  
The Marvell Press and Faber & Faber,  
Allen & Unwin, 2003

p 109

### **Assessment criteria**

The examination will address all of the criteria. All students will be examined against the following criteria.

1. Understanding of the text demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation.
2. Ability to write expressively and coherently to present an interpretation.
3. Understanding of how views and values may be suggested in the text.
4. Analysis of how key passages and/or moments in the text contribute to an interpretation.
5. Analysis of the features of a text and how they contribute to an interpretation.
6. Analysis and close reading of textual details to support a coherent and detailed interpretation of the text.

### **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 expressed myself effectively and appropriately?

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**

