VICTORIAN CURRICULUM AND ASSESSMENT AUTHORITY

Victorian Certificate of Education 2011

LITERATURE

Written examination

Thursday 10 November 2011

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

Tasks	*Marks*
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.

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Instructions

Write using black or blue pen.

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

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma*

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

1.

Mr. Knightley might quarrel with her, but Emma could not quarrel with herself. He was so much displeased, that it was longer than usual before he came to Hartfield again; and when they did meet, his grave looks shewed that she was not forgiven. She was sorry, but could not repent. On the contrary, her plans and proceedings were more and more justified, and endeared to her by the general appearances of the next few days.

The Picture, elegantly framed, came safely to hand soon after Mr. Elton's return, and being hung over the mantle-piece of the common sitting-room, he got up to look at it, and sighed out his half sentences of admiration just as he ought; and as for Harriet's feelings, they were visibly forming themselves into as strong and steady an attachment as her youth and sort of mind admitted. Emma was soon perfectly satisfied of Mr. Martin's being no otherwise remembered, than as he furnished a contrast with Mr. Elton, of the utmost advantage to the latter.

Her views of improving her little friend's mind, by a great deal of useful reading and conversation, had never yet led to more than a few first chapters, and the intention of going on to-morrow. It was much easier to chat than to study; much pleasanter to let her imagination range and work at Harriet's fortune, than to be labouring to enlarge her comprehension or exercise it on sober facts; and the only literary pursuit which engaged Harriet at present, the only mental provision she was making for the evening of life, was the collecting and transcribing all the riddles of every sort that she could meet with, into a thin quarto of hot-pressed paper, made up by her friend, and ornamented with cyphers and trophies.

* * *

2.

"Mrs. Weston's manners," said Emma, "were always particularly good. Their propriety, simplicity, and elegance, would make them the safest model for any young woman."

"And who do you think came in while we were there?"

Emma was quite at a loss. The tone implied some old acquaintance—and how could she possibly guess?

"Knightley!" continued Mrs. Elton;—"Knightley himself!—Was not it lucky?—for, not being within when he called the other day, I had never seen him before; and of course, as so particular a friend of Mr. E.'s, I had a great curiosity. 'My Friend Knightley' had been so often mentioned, that I was really impatient to see him; and I must do my cara sposo the justice to say that he need not be ashamed of his friend. Knightley is quite the gentleman. I like him very much. Decidedly, I think, a very gentleman-like man."

Happily it was now time to be gone. They were off; and Emma could breathe.

"Insufferable woman!" was her immediate exclamation. "Worse than I had supposed. Absolutely insufferable! Knightley!—I could not have believed it. Knightley!—never seen him in her life before, and call him Knightley!—and discover that he is a gentleman! A little upstart, vulgar being, with her Mr. E., and her *cara sposo*, and her resources, and all her airs of pert pretension and under-bred finery. Actually to discover that Mr. Knightley is a gentleman! I doubt whether he will return the compliment, and discover her to be a lady. I could not have believed it! And to propose that she and I should unite to form a musical club! One would fancy we were bosom friends! And Mrs. Weston!—Astonished that the person who had brought me up should be a gentlewoman! Worse and worse. I never met with her equal. Much beyond my hopes. Harriet is disgraced by any comparison. Oh! what would Frank Churchill say to her, if he were here? How angry and how diverted he would be! Ah! there I am—thinking of him directly. Always the first person to be thought of! How I catch myself out! Frank Churchill comes as regularly into my mind!"—

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

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1: Novels

1 – 1 Jane Austen: *Emma* – continued

3.

"Pray, Emma," said he, "may I ask in what lay the great amusement, the poignant sting of the last word given to you and Miss Fairfax? I saw the word, and am curious to know how it could be so very entertaining to the one, and so very distressing to the other."

Emma was extremely confused. She could not endure to give him the true explanation; for though her suspicions were by no means removed, she was really ashamed of having ever imparted them. "Oh!" she cried in evident embarrassment, "it all meant nothing; a mere joke among ourselves."

"The joke," he replied gravely, "seemed confined to you and Mr. Churchill."

He had hoped she would speak again, but she did not. She would rather busy herself about any thing than speak. He sat a little while in doubt. A variety of evils crossed his mind. Interference—fruitless interference. Emma's confusion, and the acknowledged intimacy, seemed to declare her affection engaged. Yet he would speak. He owed it to her, to risk any thing that might be involved in an unwelcome interference, rather than her welfare; to encounter any thing, rather than the remembrance of neglect in such a cause.

"My dear Emma," said he at last, with earnest kindness, "do you think you perfectly understand the degree of acquaintance between the gentleman and lady we have been speaking of?"

"Between Mr. Frank Churchill and Miss Fairfax? Oh! yes, perfectly.—Why do you make a doubt of it?"

"Have you never at any time had reason to think that he admired her, or that she admired him?"

"Never, never!"—she cried with a most open eagerness—"Never, for the twentieth part of a moment, did such an idea occur to me. And how could it possibly come into your head?"

"I have lately imagined that I saw symptoms of attachment between them—certain expressive looks, which I did not believe meant to be public."

"Oh! you amuse me excessively. I am delighted to find that you can vouchsafe to let your imagination wander—but it will not do—very sorry to check you in your first essay—but indeed it will not do. There is no admiration between them, I do assure you; and the appearances which have caught you, have arisen from some peculiar circumstances—feelings rather of a totally different nature:—it is impossible exactly to explain:—there is a good deal of nonsense in it—but the part which is capable of being communicated, which is sense, is, that they are as far from any attachment or admiration for one another, as any two beings in the world can be. That is, I *presume* it to be so on her side, and I can *answer* for its being so on his. I will answer for the gentleman's indifference."

She spoke with a confidence which staggered, with a satisfaction which silenced, Mr. Knightley.

* * *

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1: Novels

1 – 2 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.

When I told Milicent of my engagement, she rather provoked me by her manner of taking it. After staring a moment in mute surprise, she said –

'Well Helen, I suppose I ought to congratulate you – and I *am* glad to see you so happy; but I did not think you would take him; and I can't help feeling surprised that you should like him so much.'

'Why so?'

'Because you are so superior to him in every way, and there's something so bold – and reckless about him – so, I don't know how – but I always feel a wish to get out of his way, when I see him approach.'

'You are timid, Milicent, but that's no fault of his.'

'And then his look,' continued she. 'People say he's handsome, and of course he is, but *I* don't *like* that kind of beauty; and I wonder that you should.'

'Why so, pray?'

'Well, you know, I think there's nothing noble or lofty in his appearance.'

'In fact, you wonder that I can like anyone so unlike the stilted heroes of romance? Well! give me my flesh and blood lover, and I'll leave all the Sir Herberts and Valentines to you – if you can find them.'

'I don't want them,' said she. 'I'll be satisfied with flesh and blood too – only the spirit must shine through and predominate. But don't you think Mr Huntingdon's face is too red?'

'No!' cried I, indignantly. 'It is not red at all. There is just a pleasant glow – a healthy freshness in his complexion, the warm, pinky tint of the whole harmonizing with the deeper colour of the cheeks, exactly as it ought to do. I hate a man to be red and white, like a painted doll – or all sickly white, or smoky black, or cadaverous yellow!'

'Well, tastes differ – but *I* like pale or dark,' replied she. 'But, to tell you the truth Helen, I had been deluding myself with the hope that you would one day be my sister. I expected Walter would be introduced to you next season; and I thought you would like him, and was certain he would like you; and I flattered myself I should thus have the felicity of seeing the two persons I like best in the world – except mamma – united in one. He mayn't be exactly what you would call handsome, but he's far more distinguished-looking, and nicer and better than Mr Huntingdon; – and I'm sure you would say so, if you knew him.'

'Impossible, Milicent! You think so, because you're his sister; and, on that account, I'll forgive you; but nobody else should so disparage Arthur Huntingdon to me, with impunity.'

* * *

2.

Next time Mrs Hargrave calls, I shall hail her advent as quite a relief. I have a good mind to ask Arthur's leave to invite the old lady to stay with us till our guests depart. I think I will. She will take it as a kind attention, and, though I have little relish for her society, she will be truly welcome as a third to stand between Lady Lowborough and me.

The first time the latter and I were alone together, after that unhappy evening, was an hour or two after breakfast on the following day, when the gentlemen were gone out after the usual time spent in the writing of letters, the reading of newspapers, and desultory conversation. We sat silent for two or three minutes. She was busy with her work and I was running over the columns of a paper from which I had extracted all the pith some twenty minutes before. It was a moment of painful embarrassment to me, and I thought it must be infinitely more so to her; but it seems I was mistaken. She was the first to speak; and, smiling with the coolest assurance, she began, –

'Your husband was merry last night, Helen: is he often so?'

My blood boiled in my face; but it was better she should seem to attribute his conduct to this than to anything else.

'No,' replied I, 'and never will be so again I trust.'

'You gave him a curtain lecture, did you?'

'No; but I told him I disliked such conduct, and he promised me not to repeat it.'

'I *thought* he looked rather subdued this morning,' she continued; 'and you, Helen; you've been weeping I see – that's our grand resource, you know – but doesn't it make your eyes smart? – and do you always find it to answer?'

'I never cry for effect; nor can I conceive how anyone can.'

'Well, I don't know: I never had occasion to try it; – but I think if Lowborough were to commit such improprieties, I'd make *him* cry. I don't wonder at your being angry, for I'm sure I'd give my husband a lesson he would not soon forget for a lighter offence than that. But then he never *will* do anything of the kind; for I keep him in too good order for that.'

'Are you sure you don't arrogate too much of the credit to yourself? Lord Lowborough was quite as remarkable for his abstemiousness for some time before you married him, as he is now, I have heard.'

'Oh, about the *wine* you mean – yes, he's safe enough for that. And as to looking askance to another woman – he's safe enough for that too, while I live, for he worships the very ground I tread on.'

'Indeed! and are you sure you deserve it?'

'Why, as to that, I can't say: you know we're all fallible creatures, Helen; we none of us deserve to be worshipped. But are *you* sure your darling Huntingdon deserves all the love you give to *him*?'

I knew not what to answer to this. I was burning with anger; but I suppressed all outward manifestations of it, and only bit my lip and pretended to arrange my work.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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1: Novels

1 – 2 Anne Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* – continued

3.

The coachman pocketed his fee and drove away, leaving me not walking up the park, but pacing to and fro before its gates, with folded arms and eyes fixed upon the ground – an overwhelming force of images, thoughts, impressions crowding on my mind, and nothing tangibly distinct but this: – My love had been cherished in vain; my hope was gone for ever; I must tear myself away at once, and banish or suppress all thoughts of her like the remembrance of a wild, mad dream. Gladly would I have lingered round the place for hours, in the hope of catching at least one distant glimpse of her before I went, but it must not be: I must not suffer her to see me; for what could have brought me hither but the hope of reviving her attachment, with a view hereafter to obtain her hand? And could I bear that she should think me capable of such a thing? – of presuming upon the acquaintance – the *love* if you will – accidentally contracted, or rather forced upon her against her will, when she was an unknown fugitive, toiling for her own support, apparently without fortune, family or connections – to come upon her now, when she was reinstated in her proper sphere, and claim a share in her prosperity, which, had it never failed her, would most certainly have kept her unknown to me for ever? and this too, when we had parted sixteen months ago, and she had expressly forbidden me to hope for a reunion in this world – and never sent me a line or a message from that day to this? No! The very idea was intolerable.

And even, if she should have a lingering affection for me still, ought I to disturb her peace by awakening those feelings? to subject her to the struggles of conflicting duty and inclination – to whichsoever side the latter might allure, or the former imperatively call her – whether she should deem it her duty to risk the slights and censures of the world, the sorrow and displeasure of those she loved, for a romantic idea of truth and constancy to me, or to sacrifice her individual wishes to the feelings of her friends and her own sense of prudence and the fitness of things? No – and I would not! I would go at once, and she should never know that I had approached the place of her abode; for though I might disclaim all idea of ever aspiring to her hand, or even of soliciting a place in her friendly regard, her peace should not be broken by my presence, nor her heart afflicted by the sight of my fidelity.

'Adieu then, dear Helen, for ever! – Forever adieu!'

So said I – and yet I could not tear myself away.

* * *

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1: Novels

1 – 3 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House*

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

1.

Dinner was over, and my godmother and I were sitting at the table before the fire. The clock ticked, the fire clicked; not another sound had been heard in the room, or in the house, for I don't know how long. I happened to look timidly up from my stitching, across the table, at my godmother, and I saw in her face, looking gloomily at me, 'It would have been far better, little Esther, that you had had no birthday; that you had never been born!'

I broke out crying and sobbing, and I said, 'O, dear godmother, tell me, pray do tell me, did mama die on my birthday?'

'No,' she returned. 'Ask me no more, child!'

'O, do pray tell me something of her. Do now, at last, dear godmother, if you please! What did I do to her? How did I lose her? Why am I so different from other children, and why is it my fault, dear godmother? No, no, no, don't go away. O, speak to me!'

I was in a kind of fright beyond my grief; and I had caught hold of her dress, and was kneeling to her. She had been saying all the while, 'Let me go!' But now she stood still.

Her darkened face had such power over me, that it stopped me in the midst of my vehemence. I put up my trembling little hand to clasp hers, or to beg her pardon with what earnestness I might, but withdrew it as she looked at me, and laid it on my fluttering heart. She raised me, sat in her chair, and standing me before her, said, slowly, in a cold, low voice – I see her knitted brow, and pointed finger:

'Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers. The time will come – and soon enough – when you will understand this better, and will feel it too, as no one save a woman can. I have forgiven her;' but her face did not relent; 'the wrong she did to me, and I say no more of it, though it was greater than you will ever know – than any one will ever know, but I, the sufferer. For yourself, unfortunate girl, orphaned and degraded from the first of these evil anniversaries, pray daily that the sins of others be not visited upon your head, according to what is written. Forget your mother, and leave all other people to forget her who will do her unhappy child that greatest kindness. Now, go!'

She checked me, however, as I was about to depart from her – so frozen as I was! – and added this:

'Submission, self-denial, diligent work, are the preparations for a life begun with such a shadow on it. You are different from other children, Esther, because you were not born, like them, in common sinfulness and wrath. You are set apart.'

* * *

2.

'This is a horrible house,' says Mr Guppy, shutting down the window. 'Give me some water, or I shall cut my hand off.'

He so washes, and rubs, and scrubs, and smells, and washes, that he has not long restored himself with a glass of brandy, and stood silently before the fire, when Saint Paul's bell strikes twelve, and all those other bells strike twelve from their towers of various heights in the dark air, and in their many tones. When all is quiet again, the lodger says:

'It's the appointed time at last. Shall I go?'

Mr Guppy nods, and gives him a 'lucky touch' on the back; but not with the washed hand, though it is his right hand.

He goes down-stairs; and Mr Guppy tries to compose himself, before the fire, for waiting a long time. But in no more than a minute or two the stairs creak, and Tony comes swiftly back.

'Have you got them?'

'Got them! No. The old man's not there.'

He has been so horribly frightened in the short interval, that his terror seizes the other, who makes a rush at him, and asks loudly, 'What's the matter?'

'I couldn't make him hear, and I softly opened the door and looked in. And the burning smell is there – and the soot is there, and the oil is there – and he is not there!' – Tony ends this with a groan.

Mr Guppy takes the light. They go down, more dead than alive, and holding one another, push open the door of the back shop. The cat has retreated close to it, and stands snarling – not at them; at something on the ground, before the fire. There is very little fire left in the grate, but there is a smouldering suffocating vapour in the room, and a dark greasy coating on the walls and ceiling. The chairs and table, and the bottle so rarely absent from the table, all stand as usual. On one chair-back, hang the old man's hairy cap and coat.

'Look!' whispers the lodger, pointing his friend's attention to these objects with a trembling finger. 'I told you so. When I saw him last, he took his cap off, took out the little bundle of old letters, hung his cap on the back of the chair – his coat was there already, for he had pulled that off, before he went to put the shutters up – and I left him turning the letters over in his hand, standing just where that crumbled black thing is upon the floor.'

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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1: Novels

1 – 3 Charles Dickens: *Bleak House* – continued

3.

On these occasions I frequently found Richard absent. At other times he would be writing, or reading papers in the Cause, at that table of his, so covered with papers, which was never disturbed. Sometimes I would come upon him, lingering at the door of Mr Vholes's office. Sometimes I would meet him in the neighbourhood, lounging about, and biting his nails. I often met him wandering in Lincoln's Inn, near the place where I had first seen him, O how different, how different!

That the money Ada brought him was melting away with the candles I used to see burning after dark in Mr Vholes's office, I knew very well. It was not a large amount in the beginning; he had married in debt; and I could not fail to understand, by this time, what was meant by Mr Vholes's shoulder being at the wheel – as I still heard it was. My dear made the best of housekeepers, and tried hard to save; but I knew that they were getting poorer and poorer every day.

She shone in the miserable corner like a beautiful star. She adorned and graced it so, that it became another place. Paler than she had been at home, and a little quieter than I had thought natural when she was yet so cheerful and hopeful, her face was so unshadowed, that I half believed she was blinded by her love for Richard to his ruinous career.

I went one day to dine with them, while I was under this impression. As I turned into Symond's Inn, I met little Miss Flite coming out. She had been to make a stately call upon the wards in Jarndyce, as she still called them, and had derived the highest gratification from that ceremony. Ada had already told me that she called every Monday at five o'clock, with one little extra white bow in her bonnet, which never appeared there at any other time, and with her largest reticule of documents on her arm.

'My dear!' she began. 'So delighted! How do you do! So glad to see you. And you are going to visit our interesting Jarndyce wards? *To* be sure! Our beauty is at home, my dear, and will be charmed to see you.'

'Then Richard is not come in yet?' said I. 'I am glad of that, for I was afraid of being a little late.'

'No, he is not come in,' returned Miss Flite. 'He has had a long day in court. I left him there, with Vholes. You don't like Vholes, I hope? *Don't* like Vholes. Dan-gerous man!'

'I am afraid you see Richard oftener than ever now?' said I.

'My dearest,' returned Miss Flite, 'daily and hourly. You know what I told you of the attraction on the Chancellor's table? My dear, next to myself he is the most constant suitor in court.'

* * *

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1: Novels

1 – 4 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.

He thought again of his bungalow with horror. Good heavens, the stupid girl had taken him at his word! What was he to do? 'Yes, all that is settled,' he cried. 'I invite you all to see me in the Marabar Caves.'

'I shall be delighted.'

'Oh, that is a most magnificent entertainment compared to my poor sweets. But has not Miss Quested visited our caves already?'

'No. I've not even heard of them.'

'Not heard of them?' both cried. 'The Marabar Caves in the Marabar Hills?'

'We hear nothing interesting up at the Club. Only tennis and ridiculous gossip.'

The old man was silent, perhaps feeling that it was unseemly of her to criticize her race, perhaps fearing that if he agreed she would report him for disloyalty. But the young man uttered a rapid 'I know'.

'Then tell me everything you will, or I shall never understand India. Are they the hills I sometimes see in the evening? What are these caves?'

Aziz undertook to explain, but it presently appeared that he had never visited the caves himself – had always been 'meaning' to go, but work or private business had prevented him, and they were so far. Professor Godbole chaffed him pleasantly. 'My dear young sir, the pot and the kettle! Have you ever heard that useful proverb?'

'Are they large caves?' she asked.

'No, not large.'

'Do describe them, Professor Godbole.'

'It will be a great honour.' He drew up his chair and an expression of tension came over his face. Taking the cigarette-box, she offered to him and to Aziz, and lit up herself. After an impressive pause he said: 'There is an entrance in the rock which you enter, and through the entrance is the cave.'

'Something like the caves at Elephanta?'

'Oh no, not at all; at Elephanta there are sculptures of Siva and Parvati. There are no sculptures at Marabar.'

'They are immensely holy, no doubt,' said Aziz, to help on the narrative.

'Oh no, oh no.'

'Still, they are ornamented in some way.'

'Oh no.'

'Well, why are they so famous? We all talk of the famous Marabar Caves. Perhaps that is our empty brag.'

'No, I should not quite say that.'

'Describe them to this lady, then.'

'It will be a great pleasure.' He forewent the pleasure, and Aziz realized that he was keeping back something about the caves.

* * *

2.

But Mrs Moore showed no inclination to be helpful. A sort of resentment emanated from her. She seemed to say: 'Am I to be bothered for ever?' Her Christian tenderness had gone, or had developed into a hardness, a just irritation against the human race; she had taken no interest at the arrest, asked scarcely any questions, and had refused to leave her bed on the awful last night of Mohurram, when an attack was expected on the bungalow.

'I know it's all nothing; I must be sensible, I do try – ' Adela continued, working again towards tears. 'I shouldn't mind if it had happened anywhere else; at least I really don't know where it did happen.'

Ronny supposed that he understood what she meant: she could not identify or describe the particular cave, indeed almost refused to have her mind cleared up about it, and it was recognized that the defence would try to make capital out of this during the trial. He reassured her: the Marabar Caves were notoriously like one another; indeed, in the future they were to be numbered in sequence with white paint.

'Yes, I mean that, at least not exactly; but there is this echo that I keep on hearing.'

'Oh, what of the echo?' asked Mrs Moore, paying attention to her for the first time.

'I can't get rid of it.'

'I don't suppose you ever will.'

Ronny had emphasized to his mother that Adela would arrive in a morbid state, yet she was being positively malicious.

'Mrs Moore, what is this echo?'

'Don't you know?'

'No – what is it? Oh, do say! I felt you would be able to explain it . . . this will comfort me so . . .'

'If you don't know, you don't know; I can't tell you.'

'I think you're rather unkind not to say.'

'Say, say, say,' said the old lady bitterly. 'As if anything can be said! I have spent my life in saying or in listening to sayings; I have listened too much. It is time I was left in peace. Not to die,' she added sourly. 'No doubt you expect me to die, but when I have seen you and Ronny married, and seen the other two and whether they want to be married – I'll retire then into a cave of my own.' She smiled, to bring down her remark into ordinary life and thus add to its bitterness. 'Somewhere where no young people will come asking questions and expecting answers. Some shelf.'

* * *

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THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

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1: Novels

1 – 4 E M Forster: *A Passage to India* – continued

3.

He found Aziz overtired and dispirited, and he determined not to allude to their misunderstanding until the end of the evening; it would be more acceptable then. He made a clean breast about the Club – said he had only gone under compulsion, and should never attend again unless the order was renewed. 'In other words, probably never; for I am going quite soon to England.'

'I thought you might end in England,' he said very quietly, then changed the conversation. Rather awkwardly they ate their dinner, then went out to sit in the Mogul garden-house.

'I am only going for a little time. On official business. My service is anxious to get me away from Chandrapore for a bit. It is obliged to value me highly, but does not care for me. The situation is somewhat humorous.'

'What is the nature of the business? Will it leave you much spare time?'

'Enough to see my friends.'

'I expected you to make such a reply. You are a faithful friend. Shall we now talk about something else?'

'Willingly. What subject?'

'Poetry,' he said, with tears in his eyes. 'Let us discuss why poetry has lost the power of making men brave. My mother's father was also a poet, and fought against you in the Mutiny. I might equal him if there was another mutiny. As it is, I am a doctor, who has won a case and has three children to support, and whose chief subject of conversation is official plans.'

'Let us talk about poetry.' He turned his mind to the innocuous subject. 'You people are sadly circumstanced. What ever are you to write about? You cannot say "The rose is faded" for evermore. We know it's faded. Yet you can't have patriotic poetry of the "India, my India" type, when it's nobody's India.'

'I like this conversation. It may lead to something interesting.'

'You are quite right in thinking that poetry must touch life. When I knew you first, you used it as an incantation.'

'I was a child when you knew me first. Everyone was my friend then. The Friend: a Persian expression for God. But I do not want to be a religious poet either.'

'I hoped you would be.'

'Why, when you yourself are an atheist?'

'There is something in religion that may not be true, but has not yet been sung.'

'Explain in detail.'

'Something that the Hindus have perhaps found.'

'Let them sing it.'

'Hindus are unable to sing.'

'Cyril, you sometimes make a sensible remark. That will do for poetry for the present. Let us now return to your English visit.'

'We haven't discussed poetry for two seconds,' said the other, smiling.

* * *

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1: Novels

1 – 5 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights*

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

1.

The old woman wore circular black spectacles, . . . When she told Thomas that afternoon he did not believe a word.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

pp 56–57

2.

What in retrospect disturbed Lucy . . . Isaac called softly. His voice floated on the night.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

p 157

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

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1: Novels

1 – 5 Gail Jones: *Sixty Lights* – continued

3.

The photographs of Violet and Thomas showed . . . and not the subject. It was enough. It was her gift.

Gail Jones, *Sixty Lights*,
Vintage, Random House, 2005

pp 235–236

www.theallpapers.com

1: Novels

1 – 6 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.

Against the sky, between the clouds, he can see him once again on his white horse, reviewing the front line of his troops, while the long row of busbies and rifles begins to waver and sway like a wheatfield under the wind, and a thousand voices, hoarse with fever and smoke, roar in unison, "Long live the Emperor!"

But he quickly looks down again; his mobile features become almost repulsive as he adds, scarcely moving his lips, "Between you and me, Napoleon was a vampire. It was our blood that kept him going. You should have seen him in the evenings after a battle. The toughest veterans of the Guard were crying from sheer exhaustion, but there he was, passing among us, fresh as a daisy; he would look at the dead and wounded, wading through the blood. That's where his energy came from. Take me, for instance – he's gouged out my eye and bitten off my leg. Look, I can see that you are a man of the world. You, you're not one of those tourists full of warm tea and gherkin sandwiches. Perhaps you've been a soldier, too? Well then, I'll show you my war wounds! I don't show them to just anyone, you know! There are always English tourists who would gladly pay extra, just to have a look, but they haven't got a hope! It's none of their business! But between the two of us, it's quite different. You and I, we speak the same language – no need to stand on ceremony."

As he finishes his patter, he begins to unwrap his stump from the empty trouser leg, which was furled around itself and secured with a large rusty safety pin. He performs the unswaddling like a professional, with quick, precise gestures. The whole routine has something ritualistic and vaguely obscene about it. But at the end of it, when he raises his head, he realises that his customer has already left some time ago and is heading downhill towards the village. "Hey, friend! Don't go yet! Wait a minute!"

Hopping on his crutch, he immediately gives chase. Napoleon has nearly reached the village when he finally catches up with him, grabbing him by his coat-tails in a last desperate lunge.

* * *

2.

The strange brotherhood slowly dispersed through the park; two of its members passed in front of Napoleon without seeing him, but in the shadows Napoleon himself began to tremble violently as he recognised their clothing at last. The key to the mystery came to him in a flash – and this normally fearless man felt himself for a moment transfixed with terror. Was it really possible that the medical officer had planned to trap him like this? Was he really capable of such a dreadful scheme?

One of the walkers came and sat on the same bench as Napoleon but did not look at him. Like his companions, he was wearing some sort of shabby fancy dress, improvised from bits and pieces, a patched-up mixture of cheap finery and rags which attempted to reproduce the classical dress of Napoleon in the field, as it was always pictured in the popular imagination: grey frock coat, white waistcoat and trousers, *grand cordon* around his neck, riding books*; a wooden sword completed the outfit. As for the famous little hat, it was made of thick paper, fairly carefully sewn and stuck together, and daubed with Indian ink.

Napoleon stared at him, hypnotised: under the grotesque disguise, a frightful thing to behold, the pale face bore the stamp of pensive nobility; the thin lips indicated inflexible resolve; under the paper hat, the staring eyes, accentuated by a drooping lock of hair, probed the depths of the night. It was as if, through the years, the relentless effort of thought – or rather of the single obsession that had taken the place of bygone thoughts – had succeeded in slowly modifying the features of his physical exterior to make it conform to the strict likeness of the Emperor. This miserable wreck presented an image of his model a thousand times more faithful, more worthy and more convincing than the unlikely bald fruiterer who, seated beside him, was examining him with such amazement.

* * *

* The passage is printed according to the original text; however, 'boots' is what is intended by the author.

*The Death of Napoleo*n by Simon Leys (Black Inc. 2006)

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

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1: Novels

1 – 6 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon* – continued

3.

There is a cool hand on his forehead. The Ostrich bends over his with infinite tenderness. His tense, knotted brain relaxes a little and his tongue loosens: ". . . Name? . . . Name?"

He is appalled to hear himself saying at last, "What is MY name?" but it is too late to try again. Where would he find the strength to correct his mistake, to rephrase it, to link the heavy words together one after the other like a train, what-is-your-name, and send the convoy off again towards the light that has now vanished?

The Ostrich bends down to his pillow and whispers, "Eugène, your name is Eugène . . . " When he hears these words he gives a sudden desperate start, which she misinterprets, for she immediately adds even more softly and closer to his ear, as if it were a secret, "Napoleon, you are my Napoleon." The sweetness of these last words cuts him to the heart, it is the finish, he falls backwards. As he sinks even farther, he is still holding her hand, and for a moment longer he can feel her cool soft hand in his. Then soon this last link slips from his grasp.

After whirling down through dull blue-green depths, at last he begins to fall more slowly, and now he is floating, almost still. The night is nearly over and a grey dawn is breaking beneath his eyelids. Far away, and muffled by distance, drums are rolling and fifes are playing their shrill notes. The regiments are marching to the front line; the din of men and stamping horses increases. The sound of the fifes is as sharp as early-morning air – and all the while, those drums keep beating. From time to time, quite close, can be heard the snorting of a restive horse, the tinkling of a harness, brief commands reverberating over the serried ranks.

And now a huge red sun emerges out of the mist, the sun that shines on victory mornings. It rises in the sky, a sky bright with rainbow-coloured clouds.

How vast the plain is! It is vaster than all the plains on earth, pale and shifting; it is the boundless sea, the sea without memory! And with his arm extended in a broad sweeping gesture, pointing to the day-star as it rises, Nigger-Nicholas exults in his innocent triumph.

* * *

*The Death of Napoleo*n by Simon Leys (Black Inc. 2006)

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1: Novels

1 – 7 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

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

1.

When they stepped into the room, into the light . . . her face from her sister and half buried it in Leon's jacket.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathan Cape, Random House, 2001

pp 110–111

2.

Soon there were only the sounds of steady . . . and Jackson in his arms, across the park. So heavy!

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathan Cape, Random House, 2001

pp 261–262

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1: Novels

1 – 7 Ian McEwan: *Atonement* – continued

3.

She spoke slowly. ‘I’m very very sorry . . . a new draft, an atonement, and she was ready to begin.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Jonathan Cape, Random House, 2001

pp 348–349

www.theallpapers.com

1: Novels

1 – 8 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

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

1.

It was on a dreary night of November, that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! – Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch – the miserable monster whom I had created.

* * *

2.

'These wonderful narrations inspired me with strange feelings. Was man, indeed, at once so powerful, so virtuous, and magnificent, yet so vicious and base? He appeared at one time a mere scion of the evil principle, and at another as all that can be conceived as noble and godlike. To be a great and virtuous man appeared the highest honour that can befall a sensitive being; to be base and vicious, as many on record have been, appeared the lowest degradation, a condition more abject than that of the blind mole or harmless worm. For a long time I could not conceive how one man could go forth to murder his fellow, or even why there were laws and governments; but when I heard details of vice and bloodshed, my wonder ceased, and I turned away with disgust and loathing.

'Every conversation of the cottagers now opened new wonders to me. While I listened to the instructions which Felix bestowed upon the Arabian, the strange system of human society was explained to me. I heard of the division of property, of immense wealth and squalid poverty; of rank, descent, and noble blood.

'The words induced me to turn towards myself. I learned that the possessions most esteemed by your fellow creatures were, high and unsullied descent united with riches. A man might be respected with only one of these advantages; but without either he was considered, except in very rare instances, as a vagabond and a slave, doomed to waste his powers for the profits of the chosen few! And what was I? Of my creation and creator I was absolutely ignorant, but I knew that I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was, besides, endued with a figure hideously deformed and loathsome; I was not even of the same nature as man. I was more agile than they and could subsist upon coarser diet; I bore the extremes of heat and cold with less injury to my frame; my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked around I saw and heard of none like me. Was I, then, a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled and whom all men disowned?

'I cannot describe to you the agony that these reflections inflicted upon me: I tried to dispel them, but sorrow only increased with knowledge. Oh, that I had forever remained in my native wood, nor known nor felt beyond the sensations of hunger, thirst and heat!

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

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1: Novels

1 – 8 Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein* – continued

3.

'Wretch!' I said, 'it is well that you come here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a torch into a pile of buildings; and when they are consumed, you sit among the ruins, and lament the fall. Hypocritical fiend! if he whom you mourn still lived, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accursed vengeance. It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power.'

'Oh, it is not thus – not thus,' interrupted the being; 'yet such must be the impression conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow-feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed, that I wished to be participated. But now, that virtue has become to me a shadow, and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone, while my sufferings shall endure; when I die, I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of honour and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No guilt, no mischief, no malignity, no misery, can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins, I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation; I am alone.

'You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and his misfortunes. But, in the detail which he gave you of them, he could not sum up the hours and months of misery which I endured, wasting in impotent passions. For while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires.

* * *

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1: Novels

1 – 9 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story*

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

1.

'What do you think about, Frank?' she asked . . . 'There will be such a downpour,' she said thickly, biting a blade of grass.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 80–81

2.

Theodora took the nautilus . . . a crisis in which even I cannot protect you, and as for your moon, it is lost.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 212–213

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

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1: Novels

1 – 9 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story* – continued

3.

'My name is Holstius,' he said, watching . . . watched the rough texture of his coat for the first indications of decay.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage, Random House, 1994

pp 276–277

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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.

The court house at Northam, morning . . . I sentence you to six weeks imprisonment with hard labour.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 34–35

2.

Moore River Native settlement, a clearing . . .
JOE: [*stunned*] The bastards.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 61–62

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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2: Plays

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

3.

Superintendent's Office, Moore River, day . . .
BILLY: Ne'mine, ne'mine.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998

pp 107–108

www.theallpapers.com

2: Plays

2 – 2 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

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

1.

CHORUS: Blest is the happy man . . . Stung with the maddening trance Of Dionysus!

Euripides, *The Bacchae*,
Penguin Classics, 1973

pp 194–195

2.

DIONYSUS [*with an authoritative shout*] Wait! . . .
PENTHEUS: You are right; I must first go to spy on them.

Euripides, *The Bacchae*,
Penguin Classics, 1973

pp 220–221

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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2: Plays

2 – 2 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

3.

CADMUS: O cruel hour, that brings a bitter truth to light! . . .
Ponder the death of Pentheus, and believe in gods.

Euripides, *The Bacchae*,
Penguin Classics, 1973

pp 238–239

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2: Plays

2 – 3 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.

Blackout.

The lights go up on an office very much like the last one . . .
Do you have problems with women?

Dario Fo, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2005

pp 16–17

2.

Superintendent (*introducing the* **Maniac**, *who is busy . . .*
Maniac (*into the* **Inspector***'s ear*) Calm, casual

Dario Fo, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2005

pp 56–57

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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2: Plays

2 – 3 Dario Fo: *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* – continued

3.

The **Journalist** *has been standing behind the* **Maniac** . . .
Inspector Bertozzo, are you crazy?

Dario Fo, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*,
Methuen Student Edition, 2005

pp 80–81

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2: Plays

2 – 4 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen*

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

1.

Heisenberg Shall I be able to suggest a walk?

Bohr I don't think we shall be going for any walks. Whatever he has to say he can say where everyone can hear it.

Margrethe Some new idea he wants to try out on you, perhaps.

Bohr What can it be, though? Where are we off to next?

Margrethe So now of course your curiosity's aroused, in spite of everything.

Heisenberg So now here I am, walking out through the autumn twilight to the Bohrs' house at Ny-Carlsberg. Followed, presumably, by my invisible shadow. What am I feeling? Fear, certainly – the touch of fear that one always feels for a teacher, for an employer, for a parent. Much worse fear about what I have to say. About how to express it. How to broach it in the first place. Worse fear still about what happens if I fail.

Margrethe It's not something to do with the war?

Bohr Heisenberg is a theoretical physicist. I don't think anyone has yet discovered a way you can use theoretical physics to kill people.

Margrethe It couldn't be something about fission?

Bohr Fission? Why would he want to talk to me about fission?

Margrethe Because you're working on it.

Bohr Heisenberg isn't.

Margrethe Isn't he? Everybody else in the world seems to be. And you're the acknowledged authority.

Bohr He hasn't published on fission.

Margrethe It was Heisenberg who did all the original work on the physics of the nucleus. And he consulted you then, he consulted you at every step.

Bohr That was back in 1932. Fission's only been around for the last three years.

Margrethe But if the Germans were developing some kind of weapon based on nuclear fission . . .

Bohr My love, no one is going to develop a weapon based on nuclear fission.

Margrethe But if the Germans were trying to, Heisenberg would be involved.

Bohr There's no shortage of good German physicists.

Margrethe There's no shortage of good German physicists in America or Britain.

Bohr The Jews have gone, obviously.

Heisenberg Einstein, Wolfgang Pauli, Max Born . . . Otto Frisch, Lise Meitner. . . . We led the world in theoretical physics! Once.

Margrethe So who is there still working in Germany?

* * *

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THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 29 www.theallpapers.com

2: Plays

2 – 4 Michael Frayn: *Copenhagen* – continued

2.

Bohr My dear Heisenberg! My dear boy!

Heisenberg Yes, but by then the reactor would have been running.

Bohr I should have been there to look after you.

Heisenberg That's all we could think of at the time. To get the reactor running, to get the reactor running.

Bohr You always needed me there to slow you down a little. Your own walking lump of cadmium.

Heisenberg If I had died then, what should I have missed? Thirty years of attempting to explain. Thirty years of reproach and hostility. Even you turned your back on me.

Margrethe You came to Copenhagen again. You came to Tisvilde.

Heisenberg It was never the same.

Bohr No. It was never the same.

Heisenberg I sometimes think that those final few weeks at Haigerloch were the last happy time in my life. In a strange way it was very peaceful. Suddenly we were out of all the politics of Berlin. Out of the bombing. The war was coming to an end. There was nothing to think about except the reactor. And we didn't go mad, in fact. We didn't work all the time. There was a monastery on top of the rock above our cave. I used to retire to the organ-loft in the church, and play Bach fugues.

Margrethe Look at him. He's lost. He's like a lost child. He's been out in the woods all day, running here, running there. He's shown off, he's been brave, he's been cowardly. He's done wrong, he's done right. And now the evening's come, and all he wants is to go home, and he's lost.

Heisenberg Silence.

Bohr Silence.

Margrethe Silence.

Heisenberg And once again the tiller slams over, and Christian is falling.

Bohr Once again he's struggling towards the lifebuoy.

Margrethe Once again I look up from my work, and there's Niels in the doorway, silently watching me . . .

* * *

3.

Heisenberg Listen, in my paper what we're trying to locate is not a free electron off on its travels through a cloud chamber, but an electron when it's at home, moving around inside an atom . . .

Bohr And the uncertainty arises not, as you claim, through its indeterminate recoil when it's hit by an incoming photon . . .

Heisenberg Plain language, plain language!

Bohr This *is* plain language.

Heisenberg Listen . . .

Bohr The language of classical mechanics.

Heisenberg Listen! Copenhagen is an atom. Margrethe is its nucleus. About right, the scale? Ten thousand to one?

Bohr Yes, yes.

Heisenberg Now, Bohr's an electron. He's wandering about the city somewhere in the darkness, no one knows where. He's here, he's there, he's everywhere and nowhere. Up in Faelled Park, down at Carlsberg. Passing City Hall, out by the harbour. I'm a photon. A quantum of light. I'm despatched into the darkness to find Bohr. And I succeed, because I manage to collide with him . . . But what's happened? Look – he's been slowed down, he's been deflected! He's no longer doing exactly what he was so maddeningly doing when I walked into him!

Bohr But, Heisenberg, Heisenberg! You also have been deflected! If people can see what's happened to you, to their piece of light, then they can work out what must have happened to me! The trouble is knowing what's happened to you! Because to understand how people see you we have to treat you not just as a particle, but as a wave. I have to use not only your particle mechanics, I have to use the Schrödinger wave function.

Heisenberg I know – I put it in a postscript to my paper.

Bohr Everyone remembers the paper – no one remembers the postscript. But the question is fundamental. Particles are things, complete in themselves. Waves are disturbances in something else.

Heisenberg I know. Complementarity. It's in the postscript.

Bohr They're either one thing or the other. They can't be both. We have to choose one way of seeing them or the other. But as soon as we do we can't know everything about them.

* * *

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2: Plays

2 – 5 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.

(*A* PRIEST *in a surplice appears on the battlements* . . .
VOICE 1: Blew most of them to smithereens.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2001

pp 124–125

2.

SKINNER: Last round before closing. Come on . . . a straight answer, and I promise you there'll be no trouble.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2001

pp 157–158

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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2: Plays

2 – 5 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City* – continued

3.

All three have their hands above their heads . . . And now the first of the coffins.

Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2001

pp 167–168

www.theallpapers.com

2: Plays

2 – 6 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers*

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

1.

Friday night 8.30 pm. The remote seaside weekender of the Benedict family. The cliff-top house is in darkness. A savage wind is blowing off the sea.

HAZEM *is asleep on the couch.*

Tyres on gravel. A sweep of headlights casts shadows. Footsteps on the gravel. The external light switches on automatically, casting an eerie light in the room. There is the sound of the key in the door. It opens.

As EGGS *reaches for the light switch,* HAZEM *leaps up.* EGGS *shouts out in terror and strikes out at* HAZEM. *The men tumble and flail. Their bodies smash against furniture. A vase smashes to the ground.* EGGS *overpowers him.* EGGS *punches him over and over with a hellish fury; blows to the face and gut.* HAZEM *collapses.*

EGGS *seizes a fishing-knife. He is winded and bleeding.* HAZEM *stirs.* EGGS *lunges at him pointing the knife.*

HAZEM: You!
EGGS: Christ!
HAZEM: You kill my family. Finish the job.

HAZEM *struggles and is overpowered again.*

EGGS: How the hell did you get in?
HAZEM: You murdered my wife. My children.

There is another struggle.

EGGS: Jesus!
HAZEM: Murderer!

EGGS *menaces him with the knife at his throat.*

I want the people to know.
EGGS: And how will the people know, my friend? Nobody's watching.

HAZEM *lunges.* EGGS *drives the knife into* HAZEM*'s belly. He folds over and falls to the floor.*

EGGS *stares at the body in horror. He paces around and around the body. He holds his hand out to it, in case it jumps up. As though he is trying to make a point but can't think what it is. He begins to hit himself with odd repetitive gestures and mounting aggression.*

Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up!

He screams and kicks him.

Do you hear me?! Get up!

He is kicking him repeatedly.

What are you doing here? This is my house. This is your fault. You come here and you try and kill people. [*Pause.*] Whoa. Bleeding. So much bleeding. Hang on. Hang on. Hang on. Hang on. Here. Here. Here. Here.

He runs off and returns with a tea-towel which he scrunches into a ball and pushes tentatively into the wound. Then he springs back and starts to clap his hands together in big spastic claps.

Nope, nope, nope.

He begins to retch and then vomits over the back of the couch. Eventually spent, he reaches for his mobile phone and his composure.

[*Into the mobile*] Jamie? What time is it? Eight-thirty. Okay. Look I'm at the beach house now. How far away are you? No listen, we have a situation.

Outside, it is dark and raining.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 33
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2: Plays

2 – 6 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers* – continued

2.

EGGS: We're fighters, you and me. Do you understand what I'm saying, Lachlan? We hold on / and we fight.
LACHLAN: But what you and I are doing is wrong.
EGGS: No. No. What you and I are doing requires fierce / strength of mind—
FI: Eggs, why are you doing / this? Why do you have to—?
EGGS: Fiona, do you mind—*do you mind*?! I'm talking / to my son.
LACHLAN: People died out there, Dad.
EGGS: People always die, Lachlan. People live and then they die. And the terrible failing about people like my brother is that they can't face it.
LACHLAN: I can't either.
EGGS: Oh, yes you can. Because inside here [*thumping him on the chest*] there's fire. We burn, you and me. We boil inside until our guts are blistered. But we never ever give up. Because we know we're the ones who have to take action. We're the ones who have to make decisions that affect a great many people's lives. And that means sometimes we have to make a decision that affects their deaths. Ever killed a man, Lock?
LACHLAN: No.
EGGS: But you wonder about it, don't you? Every man does. I have a gun. The enemy soldier has a gun. Can I pull the trigger? Some men can't, you know. They just can't do it. And they're the pricks who end up dead. [*He pulls out the knife.*] Do you recognise this?
LACHLAN: My fishing knife.
EGGS: Oh yeah, look. 'LB'. You burnt your initials in the handle. It's surprisingly easy, Lockie, when you stick the knife in. It's like the whole universe is resisting. Like when a plane takes off. Every rivet is straining and shuddering and all of nature is fighting against this massive thing straining to leave the earth. You think you'll never do it and then all of a sudden you're flying: the blade cuts through to the soft warm life inside. And the stupid prick is looking at you in disbelief. His eyes pop out like prawns. And you can feel the life flowing out of him and into you. My God, you've never felt so gloriously alive. Self-defence, Lachlan. One on one. Civilisation versus anarchy. Him or me.

He hands him the knife.

There you go, Mr Principal Warfare Officer. I've blooded it for you.

He leaves. Silence.

* * *

3.

TOM *sits at the table with the knife unwrapped before him. He hears a car pulling into the drive and hastily hides the knife in a drawer.* HARRY *and* EGGS *enter.*

TOM: What is it? What's happened?
EGGS: Harry has something to tell you.
TOM: What is it, Harry?
HARRY: Dad. I think I'm in a bit of strife.
TOM: What?

ANGELA *appears in her nightie.*

ANGELA: What's going on?
EGGS: The boy's a drug addict. He's been caught on video. Fortunately for all of us, the people who nailed him aren't police.
TOM: I don't believe this. You gave me your word.
ANGELA: Stand by him, Tom.
HARRY: That Ecstasy in the car—it wasn't mine. I swear to God. I was set up.
TOM: Jesus, Harry.
HARRY: Dad. I've just been in a bit of a bad way.
ANGELA: What are you doing here, Eggs?
EGGS: I've been keeping an eye on him. More than you can say for yourself. Obviously.
TOM: I thought you had it under control.
HARRY: So did I.
ANGELA: Where were you, Harry?
HARRY: At a party. In West Melbourne.
ANGELA: [*to* EGGS] And you just happened to be passing by, did you? On your way home to Camberwell at four o'clock in the morning.
EGGS: I got a phone call.
ANGELA: From whom?
HARRY: These two thugs.
EGGS: You forget I lost my son.
ANGELA: I haven't forgotten, but I'm having trouble making the connection.
EGGS: Then you're more stupid than I thought.
ANGELA: Excuse me!
TOM: Eggs, please.
EGGS: The boy is under surveillance. Marty was the first casualty, so you'll appreciate why I'm taking a personal interest in this. You've got a problem here. A very big problem.
ANGELA: And paying thugs to rough him up is your idea of looking out for his welfare.
EGGS: I couldn't give a damn about his welfare. The only issue for you is whether I hand him over to the police.
TOM: Ange. Can you take Harry.
HARRY: I'm not dealing, Dad. I'm not.
TOM: Uh-huh. I need to talk to Eggs. Alone. Go on. Please.
ANGELA: Tom. Do whatever he wants. We can't win this. Please. I beg you. Don't let him take our boy.

They exit.

* * *

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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

. . .

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing – no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by th'nose, gives me the lie i'th'throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha, 'swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should ha' fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Oh, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of the dear murderèd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't, foh! About, my brains. Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick. If a do blench,
I know my course.

* * *

2.

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, you nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no mo marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit*

OPHELIA Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down,
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Enter KING *and* POLONIUS

CLAUDIUS Love? His affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POLONIUS It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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2: Plays

2 – 7 William Shakespeare: *Hamlet* – continued

3.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?
CLOWN For no man sir.
HAMLET What woman then?
CLOWN For none neither.
HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?
CLOWN One that was a woman sir, but rest her soul she's dead.
HAMLET How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it: the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long has thou been grave-maker?
CLOWN Of all the days i'th'year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.
HAMLET How long is that since?
CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born, he that is mad and sent into England.
HAMLET Ay marry, why was he sent into England?
CLOWN Why, because a was mad. A shall recover his wits there, or if a do not, 'tis no great matter there.
HAMLET Why?
CLOWN 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.
HAMLET How came he mad?
CLOWN Very strangely they say.
HAMLET How, strangely?
CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
HAMLET Upon what ground?
CLOWN Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here man and boy thirty years.
HAMLET How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?
CLOWN Faith, if a be not rotten before a die, as we have many pocky corses nowadays that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight year, or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.
HAMLET Why he more than another?
CLOWN Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull hath lien you i'th'earth three and twenty years.
HAMLET Whose was it?
CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?
HAMLET Nay I know not.
CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
HAMLET This?
CLOWN E'en that.
HAMLET Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas poor Yorick! I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times – and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.

* * *

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2: Plays

2 – 8 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*

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

1.

PROSPERO
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!
Enter Caliban
CALIBAN
As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
PROSPERO
For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stiches, that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first
Thou strok'st me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile –
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax – toads, beetles, bats – light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o'th'island.
PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
CALIBAN
O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
MIRANDA Abhorrèd slave
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
CALIBAN
You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

* * *

2.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log
FERDINAND
There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy, least when I do it.
Enter Miranda, and Prospero following at a distance
MIRANDA Alas, now pray you
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you. When this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
FERDINAND O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
MIRANDA If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
FERDINAND No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo
While I sit lazy by.
MIRANDA It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PROSPERO (*aside*) Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 37
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2: Plays

2 – 8 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest* – continued

3.

PROSPERO
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir. *Exit*
PROSPERO (*tracing a circle*)
Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid –
Weak masters though ye be – I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music – which even now I do –
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.
Solemn music. Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in the like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed;

* * *

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3: Short stories

3 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904.*

1.

Man in a case

'Kovalenko grabbed him by the collar from behind . . . faintest hope of its possibility lend wings to the soul?

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904*,
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 71–72

2.

Ionych

All around was silence. The stars looked down . . . 'Oh, I really ought to lose some weight!'

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904*,
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 122–123

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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3: Short stories

3 – 1 Anton Chekhov: *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904* – continued

3.

The Lady with the Little Dog

'Have you been long in Yalta, madam?' . . . pathetic about her,' he thought as he fell asleep.

Anton Chekhov, *The Lady with the Little Dog and Other Stories 1896–1904*,
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp 225–226

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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

The young man—or youth, for he would not be more than twenty, now advanced and stood in the inner doorway. March, already under the influence of his strange, soft, modulated voice, stared at him spell-bound. He had a ruddy, roundish face, with fairish hair, rather long, flattened to his forehead with sweat. His eyes were blue, and very bright and sharp. On his cheeks, on the fresh ruddy skin were fine, fair hairs, like a down, but sharper. It gave him a slightly glistening look. Having his heavy sack on his shoulders, he stooped, thrusting his head forward. His hat was loose in one hand. He stared brightly, very keenly from girl to girl, particularly at March, who stood pale, with great dilated eyes, in her belted coat and puttees, her hair knotted in a big crisp knot behind. She still had the gun in her hand. Behind her, Banford, clinging to the sofa-arm, was shrinking away, with half-averted head.

"I thought my grandfather still lived here?—I wonder if he's dead."

"We've been here for three years," said Banford, who was beginning to recover her wits, seeing something boyish in the round head with its rather long, sweaty hair.

"Three years! You don't say so!—And you don't know who was here before you?"

"I know it was an old man, who lived by himself."

"Ay!—Yes, that's him!—And what became of him then?"

"He died.—I know he died—"

"Ay! He's dead then!"

The youth stared at them without changing colour or expression. If he had any expression, besides a slight baffled look of wonder, it was one of sharp curiosity concerning the two girls, sharp, impersonal curiosity, the curiosity of that round young head.

But to March he was the fox. Whether it was the thrusting forward of the head, or the glisten of fine whitish hairs on the ruddy cheek-bones, or the bright, keen eyes, that can never be said: but the boy was to her the fox, and she could not see him otherwise.

* * *

2.

The Captain's Doll

But she was restless. She pressed her arms into her lap, as if the holding them bent had wearied her. Then she looked at the little clock on his writing table. It was long after dinner-time—why hadn't he come? She sighed rather exasperated. She was tired of her doll.

Putting aside her basket of silks, she went to one of the windows. Outside the stars seemed white, and very near. Below was the dark agglomeration of the roofs of houses, a fume of light came up from beneath the darkness of roofs, and a faint breakage of noise from the town far below. The room seemed high, remote, in the sky.

She went to the table and looked at his letter-clip with letters in it and at his sealing-wax and his stamp-box, touching things and moving them a little, just for the sake of the contact, not really noticing what she touched. Then she took a pencil, and in stiff Gothic characters began to write her name—Johanna zu Rassentlow—time after time her own name—and then once, bitterly, curiously, with a curious sharpening of her nose: Alexander Hepburn.

But she threw the pencil down, having no more interest in her writing. She wandered to where the large telescope stood near a further window, and stood for some minutes with her fingers on the barrel, where it was a little brighter from his touching it. Then she drifted restlessly back to her chair. She had picked up her puppet when she heard him on the stairs. She lifted her face and watched as he entered.

"Hello, you there!" he said quietly, as he closed the door behind him. She glanced at him swiftly, but did not move nor answer.

He took off his overcoat, with quick, quiet movements, and went to hang it up on the pegs. She heard his step, and looked again. He was like the doll, a tall, slender, well-bred man in uniform. When he turned, his dark eyes seemed very wide open. His black hair was going grey at the temples—the first touch.

She was sewing her doll. Without saying anything, he wheeled round the chair from the writing-table, so that he sat with his knees almost touching her. Then he crossed one leg over the other. He wore fine tartan socks. His ankles seemed slender and elegant, his brown shoes fitted as if they were part of him. For some moments he watched her as she sat sewing. The light fell on her soft, delicate hair, that was full of strands of gold and of tarnished gold and shadow. She did not look up.

In silence he held out his small, naked-looking brown hand, for the doll. On his forearm were black hairs.

She glanced up at him. Curious how fresh and luminous her face looked in contrast to his.

"Do you want to see it?" she asked, in natural English.

"Yes," he said.

She broke off her thread of cotton and handed him the puppet. He sat with one leg thrown over the other, holding the doll in one hand, and smiling inscrutably with his dark eyes. His hair, parted perfectly on one side, was jet black and glossy.

"You've got me," he said at last, in his amused, melodious voice.

* * *

Pages 40–41, D H Lawrence, Three Novellas: The Fox/The Captain's Doll/The Ladybird, London: Penguin Classics, 2006.
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THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

3: Short stories

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

3.

The Ladybird

Then suddenly he felt her fingertips touch his arm, and a flame went over him that left him no more a man. He was something seated in flame, in flame unconscious, seated erect, like an Egyptian king-god in the statues. Her finger-tips slid down him, and she herself slid down in a strange silent rush, and he felt her face against his closed feet and ankles, her hands pressing his ankles. He felt her brow and hair against his ankles, her face against his feet, and there she clung in the dark, as if in space below him. He still sat erect and motionless. Then he bent forward and put his hand on her hair.

"Do you come to me?" he murmured. "Do you come to me?"

The flame that enveloped him seemed to sway him silently.

"Do you really come to me?" he repeated. "But we have nowhere to go."

He felt his bare feet wet with her tears. Two things were struggling in him, the sense of eternal solitude, like space, and the rush of dark flame that would throw him out of his solitude, towards her.

He was thinking too. He was thinking of the future. He had no future in the world: of that he was conscious. He had no future in this life. Even if he lived on, it would only be a kind of enduring.—But he felt that in the afterlife the inheritance was his. He felt the afterlife belonged to him.

Future in the world he could not give her. Life in the world he had not to offer her. Better go on alone. Surely better go on alone.

But then the tears on his feet: and her face that would watch him as he left her! No no.—The next life was his. He was master of the afterlife. Why fear for this life? Why not take the soul she offered him? Now and forever, for the life that would come when they both were dead. Take her into the underworld. Take her in to the dark Hades with him, like Francesca and Paolo. And in hell hold her fast, queen of the underworld, himself master of the underworld. Master of the life to come. Father of the soul that would come after.

"Listen," he said to her softly. "Now you are mine. In the dark you are mine. And when you die you are mine. But in the day you are not mine, because I have no power in the day. In the night, in the dark, and in death, you are mine. And that is forever. No matter if I must leave you. I shall come again from time to time. In the dark you are mine. But in the day I cannot claim you. I have no power in the day, and no place. So remember. When the darkness comes, I shall always be in the darkness of you. And as long as I live, from time to time I shall come to find you, when I am able to, when I am not a prisoner. But I shall have to go away soon. So don't forget—you are the night-wife of the ladybird, while you live and even when you die."

* * *

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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.

Prelude

Her face was heart-shaped, wide at the brows and with a pointed chin—but not too pointed. Her eyes, her eyes were perhaps her best feature; they were such a strange uncommon colour—greeny blue with little gold points in them.

She had fine black eyebrows and long lashes—so long, that when they lay on her cheeks you positively caught the light in them, someone or other had told her.

Her mouth was rather large. Too large? No, not really. Her underlip protruded a little; she had a way of sucking it in that somebody else had told her was awfully fascinating.

Her nose was her least satisfactory feature. Not that it was really ugly. But it was not half as fine as Linda's. Linda really had a perfect little nose. Hers spread rather—not badly. And in all probability she exaggerated the spreadiness of it just because it was her nose, and she was so awfully critical of herself. She pinched it with a thumb and first finger and made a little face. . . .

Lovely, lovely hair. And such a mass of it. It had the colour of fresh fallen leaves, brown and red with a glint of yellow. When she did it in a long plait she felt it on her backbone like a long snake. She loved to feel the weight of it dragging her head back, and she loved to feel it loose, covering her bare arms. "Yes, my dear, there is no doubt about it, you really are a lovely little thing."

At the words her bosom lifted; she took a long breath of delight, half closing her eyes.

But even as she looked the smile faded from her lips and eyes. Oh, God, there she was, back again, playing the same old game. False—false as ever. False as when she'd written to Nan Pym. False even when she was alone with herself, now.

What had that creature in the glass to do with her, and why was she staring? She dropped down to one side of her bed and buried her face in her arms.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so miserable—so frightfully miserable. I know that I'm silly and spiteful and vain; I'm always acting a part. I'm never my real self for a moment." And plainly, plainly, she saw her false self running up and down the stairs, laughing a special trilling laugh if they had visitors, standing under the lamp if a man came to dinner, so that he should see the light on her hair, pouting and pretending to be a little girl when she was asked to play the guitar. Why? She even kept it up for Stanley's benefit. Only last night when he was reading the paper her false self had stood beside him and leaned against his shoulder on purpose. Hadn't she put her hand over his, pointing out something so that he should see how white her hand was beside his brown one.

How despicable! Despicable! Her heart was cold with rage. "It's marvellous how you keep it up," said she to the false self.

* * *

2.

At the Bay

Well, she was married to him. And what was more she loved him. Not the Stanley whom every one saw, not the everyday one; but a timid, sensitive, innocent Stanley who knelt down every night to say his prayers, and who longed to be good. Stanley was simple. If he believed in people—as he believed in her, for instance—it was with his whole heart. He could not be disloyal; he could not tell a lie. And how terribly he suffered if he thought anyone—she—was not being dead straight, dead sincere with him! "This is too subtle for me!" He flung out the words, but his open, quivering, distraught look was like the look of a trapped beast.

But the trouble was—here Linda felt almost inclined to laugh, though heaven knows it was no laughing matter—she saw *her* Stanley so seldom. There were glimpses, moments, breathing spaces of calm, but all the rest of the time it was like living in a house that couldn't be cured of the habit of catching fire, or a ship that got wrecked every day. And it was always Stanley who was in the thick of the danger. Her whole time was spent in rescuing him, and restoring him, and calming him down, and listening to his story. And what was left of her time was spent in the dread of having children.

Linda frowned; she sat up quickly in her steamer chair and clasped her ankles. Yes, that was her real grudge against life; that was what she could not understand. That was the question she asked and asked, and listened in vain for the answer. It was all very well to say it was the common lot of women to bear children. It wasn't true. She, for one, could prove that wrong. She was broken, made weak, her courage was gone, through child-bearing. And what made it doubly hard to bear was, she did not love her children. It was useless pretending. Even if she had had the strength she never would have nursed and played with the little girls. No, it was as though a cold breath had chilled her through and through on each of those awful journeys; she had no warmth left to give them. As to the boy—well, thank heaven, mother had taken him; he was mother's, or Beryl's, or anybody's who wanted him. She had hardly held him in her arms. She was so indifferent about him, that as he lay there . . . Linda glanced down.

The boy had turned over. He lay facing her, and he was no longer asleep. His dark-blue, baby eyes were open; he looked as though he was peeping at his mother. And suddenly his face dimpled; it broke into a wide, toothless smile, a perfect beam, no less.

"I'm here!" that happy smile seemed to say. "Why don't you like me?"

There was something so quaint, so unexpected about that smile that Linda smiled herself. But she checked herself and said to the boy coldly, "I don't like babies."

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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3: Short stories

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

3.

Sixpence

Dicky looked up. His lips were quivering, but his eyes were dry. He hadn't made a sound or shed a tear. Only he swallowed and said huskily, "I haven't done my teeth, Daddy."

But at the sight of that little face Edward turned, and, not knowing what he was doing, he bolted from the room, down the stairs, and out into the garden. Good God! What had he done? He strode along and hid in the shadow of the pear tree by the hedge. Whipped Dicky—whipped his little man with a slipper—and what the devil for? He didn't even know. Suddenly he barged into his room—and there was the little chap in his night-shirt. Dicky's father groaned and held on to the hedge. And he didn't cry. Never a tear. If only he'd cried or got angry. But that "Daddy"! And again he heard the quivering whisper. Forgiving like that without a word. But he'd never forgive himself—never. Coward! Fool! Brute! And suddenly he remembered the time when Dicky had fallen off his knee and sprained his wrist while they were playing together. He hadn't cried then, either. And that was the little hero he had just whipped.

Something's got to be done about this, thought Edward. He strode back to the house, up the stairs, into Dicky's room. The little boy was lying in bed. In the half-light his dark head, with the square fringe, showed plain against the pale pillow. He was lying quite still, and even now he wasn't crying. Edward shut the door and leaned against it. What he wanted to do was to kneel down by Dicky's bed and cry himself and beg to be forgiven. But, of course, one can't do that sort of thing. He felt awkward, and his heart was wrung.

"Not asleep yet, Dicky?" he said lightly.

"No, Daddy."

Edward came over and sat on his boy's bed, and Dicky looked at him through his long lashes.

"Nothing the matter, little chap, is there?" said Edward, half whispering.

"No-o, Daddy," came from Dicky.

Edward put out his hand, and carefully he took Dicky's hot little paw.

"You—you mustn't think any more of what happened just now, little man," he said huskily. "See? That's all over now. That's forgotten. That's never going to happen again. See?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"So the thing to do now is to buck up, little chap," said Edward, "and to smile." And he tried himself an extraordinary trembling apology for a smile. "To forget all about it—to—eh? Little man. . . . Old boy. . . ."

* * *

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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.

‘This was written for the *Insiderkomitee*?’ I ask . . . socialism in an untainted corner of the world.

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,
Text Publishing, 2003

pp 84–85

2.

‘Mind if I smoke?’ she asks . . . It was in the east, and it was really the last straw.’

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,
Text Publishing, 2003

pp 140–141

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4: Other literature

4 – 1 Anna Funder: *Stasiland* – continued

3.

'. . . the young mother says. 'But it all became crudely . . .
airy rooms, some time in the next 375 years.

Anna Funder, *Stasiland*,
Text Publishing, 2003

pp 268–269

www.theallpapers.com

4: Other literature

4 – 2 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man*

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

1.

Most parents on Palm Island were allowed to raise . . . red eyes when the lights turned out on the football field.'

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, Penguin imprint, 2008

pp 58–61

2.

Peter Davis asked: 'Are you swearing on oath . . . *Do you still think you were?*

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, Penguin imprint, 2008

pp 236–237

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4: Other literature

4 – 2 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man* – continued

3.

Elizabeth was standing in the coat she was sharing . . . 'You did a fantastic job,' she said.

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton, Penguin imprint, 2008

pp 260–261

www.theallpapers.com

4: Other literature

4 – 3 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul Memories and the City*

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

1.

If I had cause for complaint it was my inability . . . thankful that most were safely on the streets outside.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul Memories and the City*, Faber & Faber, 2005

pp 22–23

2.

On stormy days, my mother used to say . . . tables and sofas identical to the ones in our own sitting room.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul Memories and the City*, Faber & Faber, 2005

pp 192–193

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4: Other literature

4 – 3 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul Memories and the City* – continued

3.

I sensed that what had plunged me into this wretched . . . meant that I had to stop seeing the city as a painting, or as a landscape.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul Memories and the City*,
Faber & Faber, 2005

pp 290–291

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4: Other literature

4 – 4 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.

While my mother and I ate breakfast the next morning . . .
'That thing stays,' she said when she saw it.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989

pp 24–26

2.

Whenever I was told to think about something, my mind . . .
'You're going,' he repeated.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989

pp 131–132

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4: Other literature

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

3.

When we are green, still half-created, we believe . . . closes behind his back like a trap sprung too late.

Tobias Wolff, *This Boy's Life*,
Bloomsbury, 1989

pp 241–242

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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.

The Lake

At dusk she walks to the lake. On shore
a few egrets are pinpointing themselves
in the mud. Swallows gather the insect lint

off the velvet reed-heads and fly up through
the drapery of willows. It is still hot.
Those clouds look like drawn-out lengths

of wool untwilled by clippers. The egrets
are poised now – moons just off the wane –
and she thinks, too, how their necks are

curved like fingernails held out for manicure.
She walks the track that's a draft of the lake
and gazes at where light nurses the wounded

capillaries of a scribbly gum. A heron on one leg
has the settled look of a compass, though soon,
in flight, it will have the gracility of silk

when it's wound away. She has always loved
the walks here, the egrets stepping from
the lute music of their composure, the mallards

shaking their tails into the chiffon wakes,
the herons fletching their beaks with moths
or grasshoppers, the ibis scything the rushes

or poking at their ash-soft tail feathers.
Soon the pelicans will sail in, fill and filter
the pink. Far off, she can see where tannin

has seeped from the melaleucas, a burgundy
stain slow as her days spent amongst tiles and
formica. She's glad now she's watching water

shift into the orange-tipped branches of a
she-oak, a wren flick its notes towards the wand
of another's twitching tail. There's an oriole

trilling at the sun, a coveted berry, a few
cicadas still rattling their castanets. She loves
those casuarinas, far off, combed and groomed,

trailing their branches: a troupe of orang-utans
with all that loping, russet hair; and when
the wind gets into them, there's a sound as if

seeds were being sorted, or feet shuffled amongst
the quiet gusts of maracas. Soon the lights on
the opposite shore will come on *like little*

electric fig seeds and she will walk back
listening to frogs croak in the rushes, the bush
fill with the slow cisterns of crickets, her head

with the quiet amplitude of – Keats perhaps,
or a breeze consigning ripples to the bank;
the sun, an emblazoned lifebuoy, still afloat.

* * *

2.

Dawn
(*after Hayden Carruth*)

Beyond, towards the Licchavi hills,
smoke the colour of wolves loops
along a quiet ridge. The sky is perfect

for flutes, voices keeping clear pitch,
a koel calling through dew-fraught air.
I sit, settling into my breath, thoughts

calming, heightening distant plateaux
of dust, and the angle of the southward
opening plain. The first vulture circles,

swoops, rides another dusty current.
I hear distant tinkling, bells on greasy
slopes, women readying tea behind

faint glass. The last stars are gone,
the whitewashed moon; and from
the valley, calf-notes pure as breath

blown from sheoga wood. I smile –
smile again, because even this dusty,
yellow valley seems a basin awash

with Gangetic benediction. Not yet
am I a sorrowful man. Not yet. A koel
calls again from a silvery eastern sky.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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5: Poetry

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

3.

Path

The night is quiet and the fires are silent,
a wind blows away the itinerant storm.
Directionless once, but now I can orient

my mind against what's waning, absent;
I can give each feeling the subtlest form.
The night is quiet and the fires are silent,

my feet are slow, but the earth is patient,
I follow the heart like a compass-worm.
Directionless once, but now I can orient

out from my thought's divided quotient:
the depleted house, the blossoming home.
The night is quiet and the fires are silent,

and I know all earthly life is transient,
but wherever I tread I'll never do harm.
Directionless once, but now I can orient

my steps toward what's latent, salient –
though night is still, and the stars undrawn.
Directionless once, but now I can orient
a path towards an earth-less gradient.

* * *

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5: Poetry

5 – 2 William Blake: *Blake's Poetry and Designs*

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

1.

The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep.
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said.
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,

And by came an Angel who had a bright key
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

* * *

2.

LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear.
In every voice; in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh:
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

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5: Poetry

5 – 2 William Blake: *Blake's Poetry and Designs* – continued

3.

Mary

Sweet Mary the first time she ever was there
Came into the Ball room among the Fair
The young Men & Maidens around her throng
And these are the words upon every tongue

An Angel is here from the heavenly Climes
Or again does return the Golden times
Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray
She opens her lips tis the Month of May

Mary moves in soft beauty & conscious delight
To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the Night
Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the Fair
That sweet Love & Beauty are worthy our care

In the Morning the Villagers rose with delight
And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night
And Mary arose among Friends to be free
But no Friend from henceforward thou Mary shalt see

Some said she was proud some calld her a whore
And some when she passed by shut to the door
A damp cold came oer her her blushes all fled
Her lillies & roses are blighted & shed

O why was I born with a different Face
Why was I not born like this Envious Race
Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand
And then set me down in an envious Land

To be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a Dove
And not to raise Envy is calld Christian Love
But if you raise Envy your Merits to blame
For planting such spite in the weak & the tame

I will humble my Beauty I will not dress fine
I will keep from the Ball & my Eyes shall not shine
And if any Girls Lover forsakes her for me
I'll refuse him my hand & from Envy be free

She went out in Morning attird plain & neat
Proud Marys gone Mad said the Child in the Street
She went out in Morning in plain neat attire
And came home in Evening bespattered with mire

She trembled & wept sitting on the Bed side
She forgot it was Night & she trembled & cried
She forgot it was Night she forgot it was Morn
Her soft Memory imprinted with Faces of Scorn

With Faces of Scorn & with Eyes of disdain
Like foul Fiends inhabiting Marys mild Brain
She remembers no Face like the Human Divine
All Faces have Envy sweet Mary but thine

And thine is a Face of sweet Love in Despair
And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care
And thine is a Face of wild terror & fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier

* * *

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5: Poetry

5 – 3 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems 1943–1995*

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

1.

Estuary

To Rex Hobcroft

Wind crosshatches shallow water.
Paddocks rest in the sea's arm.
Swamphens race through spikey grass.
A wire fence leans, a crazy stave
with sticks for barlines, wind for song.
Over us, interweaving light
with air and substance, ride the gulls.

Words in our undemanding speech
hover and blend with things observed.
Syllables flow in the tide's pulse.
My earliest memory turns in air:
Eclipse. Cocks crow, as if at sunset;
Grandmother, holding a smoked glass,
says to me, "*Look. Remember this.*"

Over the goldbrown sand my children
run in the wind. The sky's immense
with spring's new radiance. Far from here,
lying close to the final darkness,
a great-grandmother lives and suffers,
still praising life: another morning
on earth, cockcrow and changing light.

Over the skeleton of thought
mind builds a skin of human texture.
The eye's part of another eye
that guides it through the maze of light.
A line becomes a firm horizon.
All's as it was in the beginning.
Obscuring symbols melt away.

"*Remember this.*" I will remember
this quiet in which the questioning mind
allows reality to enter
its gateway as a friend, unchallenged,
to rest as a friend may, without speaking;
light falling like a benediction
on moments that renew the world.

* * *

2.

An Impromptu for Ann Jennings

Sing, memory, sing those seasons in the freezing
suburb of Fern Tree, a rock-shaded place
with tree ferns, gullies, snowfalls and eye-pleasing
prospects from paths along the mountain-face.

Nursing our babies by huge fires of wattle,
or pushing them in prams when it was fine,
exchanging views on diet, or Aristotle,
discussing Dr Spock or Wittgenstein,

cleaning up infants and the floors they muddied,
bandaging, making ends and tempers meet —
sometimes I'd mind your children while you studied,
or you'd take mine when I felt near defeat;

keeping our balance somehow through the squalling
disorder, or with anguish running wild
when sickness, a sick joke from some appalling
orifice of the nightwatch, touched a child;

think of it, woman: each of us gave birth to
four children, our new lords whose beautiful
tyrannic kingdom might restore the earth to
that fullness we thought lost beyond recall

when, in the midst of life, we could not name it,
when spirit cried in darkness, "*I will have . . .*"
but what? have what? There was no word to frame it,
though spirit beat at flesh as in a grave

from which it could not rise. But we have risen.
Caesar's we were, and wild, though we seemed tame.
Now we move where we will. Age is no prison
to hinder those whose joy has found its name.

We are our own. All Caesar's debts are rendered
in full to Caesar. Time has given again
a hundredfold those lives that we surrendered,
the love, the fruitfulness; but not the pain.

Before the last great fires we two went climbing
like gods or blessed spirits in summer light
with the quiet pulse of mountain water chiming
as if twenty years were one long dreaming night,

above the leafy dazzle of the streams
to fractured rock, where water had its birth,
and stood in silence, at the roots of dreams,
content to know: our children walk the earth.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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5: Poetry

5 – 3 Gwen Harwood: *Collected Poems 1943–1995* – continued

3.

Slate

We sat, ranked by examination,
those with the best marks at the back.
In undisguised discrimination
at the front sat the dim, the slack,
where they could not converse or fiddle;
and in the undistinguished middle
the hard triers, the fairly bright
laboured to get their set work right
not out of any love of study
but simply to escape the cane.
Somehow the teacher knew whose brain
was cleared by stirring, whose was muddy.
One vacant lad, condemned to go
from year to year in the front row,

was said to have three skulls, poor creature.
Everyone liked to feel his head
and demonstrate its curious feature:
ridge after ridge of bone instead
of brain. Bonehead was oddly charming.
His eagerness was so disarming
the whole class used him as a pet
though he was likely to forget
between instruction and retrieval
the object he was sent to find.
No angst stirred his unleavened mind.
He beamed, and hummed, and knew no evil.
The doctor's son, a clever skite,
found inexpressible delight

in cruelty. This boy collected,
or stole, unpleasant instruments;
with these, at playtime, he dissected
lizards and frogs, or spiked their vents
to see how long they took in dying.
One day the class, kept in for sighing
when Sir set homework, heard a squeak.
Being on our honour not to speak
while Sir was briefly absent (bearing
his cane as always) we turned round
and witnessed, as the source of sound,
a captive mouse, its torturer swearing
because the victim tried to bite.
The back row, silent out of fright,
did nothing, and the middle section
saw, but pretended not to look.
Bonehead, after a brief inspection,
stopped smiling; turned again and took
his slate out of its slot; descended
in fury, and with one blow ended
the wanton vivisector's sport.
Then revolution of a sort
broke out. The stricken head was gory.
We stamped and cheered our hero on.
The unhappy mouse was too far gone
to benefit from Bonehead's glory,
or squeak for victory, or curse
the arrangement of this universe.

* * *

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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.

'What kind of men are you who arrive . . . stands at the horizon, on its high ground.'

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2000

pp 10–11

2.

'. . . A few miles from here a frost-stiffened wood waits . . . and be the man I expect you to be.'

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2000

pp 45–46

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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5: Poetry

5 – 4 Seamus Heaney: *Beowulf* – continued

3.

Famous for his deeds a warrior may be . . . his worth and due
as a warrior were the greatest . . .'

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf*,
Faber & Faber, Allen & Unwin, 2000

pp 96–97

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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 the Sea

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores,—and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns,—till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be lightly moved, from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Ye, that have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;—
Or are your hearts disturb'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired.

* * *

2.

'If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd'

If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness;
Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of Poesy;
Let us inspect the Lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gain'd
By ear industrious, and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown,
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

* * *

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

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5: Poetry

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

3.

Ode on Melancholy

1

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
    Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
    By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
    Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
        Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
    For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
        And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
    Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
    And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
    Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
        Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
    Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
        And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
    And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
    Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
    Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
        Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
    His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
        And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

* * *

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5: Poetry

5 – 6 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Peter Porter.

1.

Max is Missing

The stars are there as mathematics is . . . How little he must miss them where he is?

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador an imprint of Pan Macmillan Ltd, 2000

pp 10–11

2.

Tasso's Oak

Down from the cloistered calm of San Onofrio . . . Would buttress him, its newness in his arms.

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador an imprint of Pan Macmillan Ltd, 2000

pp 38–39

THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

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5: Poetry

5 – 6 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing* – continued

3.

Sir Oran Haut-Ton on Forest Conservation

How can that fallen creature Man conceive . . . The ballot-box shall rattle with my bones.

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador an imprint of Pan Macmillan Ltd, 2000

pp 60–61

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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

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