



Victorian Certificate of Education 2013

LITERATURE

Written examination

Friday 8 November 2013

Reading time: 11.45 am to 12.00 noon (15 minutes)

Writing time: 12.00 noon to 2.00 pm (2 hours)

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

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

- Students are permitted to bring into the examination room: pens, pencils, highlighters, erasers, sharpeners and rulers.
- Students are NOT permitted to bring into the examination room: blank sheets of paper, white out liquid/tape and 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 section**.
- Each piece of writing is worth half of the total assessment for the examination.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the script book(s).
- Write the **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 examination

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

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

Instructions

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 sections.

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

1. Find 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.

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Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Persuasion*

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

1.

Soon, however, she began to reason with herself, and try to be feeling less. Eight years, almost eight years had passed, since all had been given up. How absurd to be resuming the agitation which such an interval had banished into distance and indistinctness! What might not eight years do? Events of every description, changes, alienations, removals,—all, all must be comprised in it; and oblivion of the past—how natural, how certain too! It included nearly a third part of her own life.

Alas! with all her reasonings, she found, that to retentive feelings eight years may be little more than nothing.

Now, how were his sentiments to be read? Was this like wishing to avoid her? And the next moment she was hating herself for the folly which asked the question.

On one other question, which perhaps her utmost wisdom might not have prevented, she was soon spared all suspense; for after the Miss Musgroves had returned and finished their visit at the Cottage, she had this spontaneous information from Mary:

“Captain Wentworth is not very gallant by you, Anne, though he was so attentive to me. Henrietta asked him what he thought of you, when they went away; and he said, ‘You were so altered he should not have known you again.’”

Mary had no feelings to make her respect her sister’s in a common way; but she was perfectly unsuspecting of inflicting any peculiar wound.

“Altered beyond his knowledge!” Anne fully submitted, in silent, deep mortification. Doubtless it was so; and she could take no revenge, for he was not altered, or not for the worse. She had already acknowledged it to herself, and she could not think differently, let him think of her as he would. No; the years which had destroyed her youth and bloom had only given him a more glowing, manly, open look, in no respect lessening his personal advantages. She had seen the same Frederick Wentworth.

“So altered that he should not have known her again!” These were words which could not but dwell with her. Yet she soon began to rejoice that she had heard them. They were of sobering tendency; they allayed agitation; they composed, and consequently must make her happier.

Frederick Wentworth had used such words, or something like them, but without an idea that they would be carried round to her. He had thought her wretchedly altered, and, in the first moment of appeal, had spoken as he felt. He had not forgiven Anne Elliot. She had used him ill; deserted and disappointed him; and worse, she had shewn a feebleness of character in doing so, which his own decided, confident temper could not endure. She had given him up to oblige others. It had been the effect of over-persuasion. It had been weakness and timidity.

He had been most warmly attached to her, and had never seen a woman since whom he thought her equal; but, except from some natural sensation of curiosity, he had no desire of meeting her again. Her power with him was gone for ever.

* * *

2.

Though they had now been acquainted a month, she could not be satisfied that she really knew his character. That he was a sensible man, an agreeable man,—that he talked well, professed good opinions, seemed to judge properly and as a man of principle,—this was all clear enough. He certainly knew what was right, nor could she fix on any one article of moral duty evidently transgressed; but yet she would have been afraid to answer for his conduct. She distrusted the past, if not the present. The names which occasionally dropt of former associates, the allusions to former practices and pursuits, suggested suspicions not favourable of what he had been. She saw that there had been bad habits; that Sunday-travelling had been a common thing; that there had been a period of his life (and probably not a short one) when he had been, at least, careless on all serious matters; and, though he might now think very differently, who could answer for the true sentiments of a clever, cautious man, grown old enough to appreciate a fair character? How could it ever be ascertained that his mind was truly cleansed?

Mr. Elliot was rational, discreet, polished,—but he was not open. There was never any burst of feeling, any warmth of indignation or delight, at the evil or good of others. This, to Anne, was a decided imperfection. Her early impressions were incurable. She prized the frank, the open-hearted, the eager character beyond all others. Warmth and enthusiasm did captivate her still. She felt that she could so much more depend upon the sincerity of those who sometimes looked or said a careless or a hasty thing, than of those whose presence of mind never varied, whose tongue never slipped.

Mr. Elliot was too generally agreeable. Various as were the tempers in her father’s house, he pleased them all. He endured too well,—stood too well with everybody. He had spoken to her with some degree of openness of Mrs. Clay; had appeared completely to see what Mrs. Clay was about, and to hold her in contempt; and yet Mrs. Clay found him as agreeable as anybody.

Lady Russell saw either less or more than her young friend, for she saw nothing to excite distrust. She could not imagine a man more exactly what he ought to be than Mr. Elliot; nor did she ever enjoy a sweeter feeling than the hope of seeing him receive the hand of her beloved Anne in Kellynch church, in the course of the following autumn.

* * *

Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Persuasion* – continued

3.

“To see you,” cried he, “in the midst of those who could not be my well-wishers, to see your cousin close by you, conversing and smiling, and feel all the horrible eligibilities and proprieties of the match! To consider it as the certain wish of every being who could hope to influence you! Even, if your own feelings were reluctant or indifferent, to consider what powerful supports would be his! Was it not enough to make the fool of me which I appeared? How could I look on without agony? Was not the very sight of the friend who sat behind you, was not the recollection of what had been, the knowledge of her influence, the indelible, immovable impression of what persuasion had once done—was it not all against me?”

“You should have distinguished,” replied Anne. “You should not have suspected me now; the case so different, and my age so different. If I was wrong in yielding to persuasion once, remember that it was to persuasion exerted on the side of safety, not of risk. When I yielded, I thought it was to duty; but no duty could be called in aid here. In marrying a man indifferent to me, all risk would have been incurred, and all duty violated.”

“Perhaps I ought to have reasoned thus,” he replied, “but I could not. I could not derive benefit from the late knowledge I had acquired of your character. I could not bring it into play: it was overwhelmed, buried, lost in those earlier feelings which I had been smarting under year after year. I could think of you only as one who had yielded, who had given me up, who had been influenced by any one rather than by me. I saw you with the very person who had guided you in that year of misery. I had no reason to believe her of less authority now.—The force of habit was to be added.”

“I should have thought,” said Anne, “that my manner to yourself might have spared you much or all of this.”

“No, no! your manner might be only the ease which your engagement to another man would give. I left you in this belief; and yet—I was determined to see you again. My spirits rallied with the morning, and I felt that I had still a motive for remaining here.”

At last Anne was at home again, and happier than any one in that house could have conceived. All the surprise and suspense, and every other painful part of the morning dissipated by this conversation, she re-entered the house so happy as to be obliged to find an alloy in some momentary apprehensions of its being impossible to last. An interval of meditation, serious and grateful, was the best corrective of every thing dangerous in such high-wrought felicity; and she went to her room, and grew steadfast and fearless in the thankfulness of her enjoyment.

* * *

Section A: Novels

2 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

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

1.

... I turned the stiff door-handle which, for a second or two, resisted my efforts. 'What should I see besides Aunt Reed in the apartment? – a man or a woman?' The handle turned, the door unclosed, and passing through, and curtsying low, I looked up at – a black pillar! – such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sable-clad shape standing erect on the rug; the grim face at the top was like a carved mask, placed above the shaft by way of capital.

Mrs Reed occupied her usual seat by the fireside; she made a signal to me to approach; I did so, and she introduced me to the stony stranger with the words –

'This is the little girl respecting whom I applied to you.'

He – for it was a man – turned his head slowly towards where I stood, and having examined me with the two inquisitive-looking gray eyes which twinkled under a pair of bushy brows, said solemnly, and in a bass voice –

'Her size is small; what is her age?'

'Ten years.'

'So much?' was the doubtful answer; and he prolonged his scrutiny for some minutes. Presently he addressed me –

'Your name, little girl?'

'Jane Eyre, sir.'

In uttering these words I looked up: he seemed to me a tall gentleman, but then I was very little; his features were large, and they and all the lines of his frame were equally harsh and prim.

'Well, Jane Eyre, and are you a good child?'

Impossible to reply to this in the affirmative: my little world held a contrary opinion: I was silent. Mrs Reed answered for me by an expressive shake of the head, adding soon, 'Perhaps the less said on that subject the better, Mr Brocklehurst.'

'Sorry indeed to hear it! She and I must have some talk;' and bending from the perpendicular, he installed his person in the arm-chair, opposite Mrs Reed's. 'Come here,' he said.

I stepped across the rug: he placed me square and straight before him. What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! what a great nose! and what a mouth! and what large prominent teeth!

'No sight so sad as that of a naughty child,' he began, 'especially a naughty little girl. Do you know where the wicked go after death?'

'They go to hell,' was my ready and orthodox answer.

'And what is hell? Can you tell me that?'

'A pit full of fire.'

'And should you like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there for ever?'

'No, sir.'

'What must you do to avoid it?'

I deliberated a moment: my answer, when it did come, was objectionable: 'I must keep in good health, and not die.'

* * *

2.

'... Why, you have saved my life! – snatched me from a horrible and excruciating death! and you walk past me as if we were mutual strangers! At least shake hands.'

He held out his hand; I gave him mine: he took it first in one, then in both his own.

'You have saved my life: I have a pleasure in owing you so immense a debt. I cannot say more. Nothing else that has being would have been tolerable to me in the character of creditor for such an obligation: but you: it is different – I feel your benefit no burden, Jane.'

He paused; gazed at me: words almost visible trembled on his lips – but his voice was checked.

'Good-night again, sir. There is no debt, benefit, burden, obligation, in the case.'

'I knew,' he continued, 'you would do me good in some way, at some time; – I saw it in your eyes when I first beheld you: their expression and smile did not' – (again he stopped) – 'did not' (he proceeded hastily) 'strike delight to my very inmost heart so for nothing. People talk of natural sympathies; I have heard of good genii: there are grains of truth in the wildest fable. My cherished preserver, good-night!'

Strange energy was in his voice, strange fire in his look.

'I am glad I happened to be awake,' I said: and then I was going.

'What! you *will* go?'

'I am cold, sir.'

'Cold? Yes – and standing in a pool! Go, then, Jane; go!' But he still retained my hand, and I could not free it. I bethought myself of an expedient.

'I think I hear Mrs Fairfax move, sir,' said I.

'Well, leave me:' he relaxed his fingers, and I was gone.

I regained my couch, but never thought of sleep. Till morning dawned I was tossed on a buoyant but unquiet sea, where billows of trouble rolled under surges of joy. I thought sometimes I saw beyond its wild waters a shore, sweet as the hills of Beulah; and now and then a freshening gale, wakened by hope, bore my spirit triumphantly towards the bourne: but I could not reach it, even in fancy – a counteracting breeze blew off land, and continually drove me back. Sense would resist delirium: judgment would warn passion. Too feverish to rest, I rose as soon as day dawned.

* * *

Section A: Novels

2 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* – continued

3.

... The Impossible – that is, my marriage with St John – was fast becoming the Possible. All was changing utterly with a sudden sweep. Religion called – Angels beckoned – God commanded – life rolled together like a scroll – death’s gates opening, showed eternity beyond: it seemed, that for safety and bliss there, all here might be sacrificed in a second. The dim room was full of visions.

‘Could you decide now?’ asked the missionary. The inquiry was put in gentle tones: he drew me to him as gently. Oh, that gentleness! how far more potent is it than force! I could resist St John’s wrath: I grew pliant as a reed under his kindness. Yet I knew all the time, if I yielded now, I should not the less be made to repent, some day, of my former rebellion. His nature was not changed by one hour of solemn prayer: it was only elevated.

‘I could decide if I were but certain,’ I answered: ‘were I but convinced that it is God’s will I should marry you, I could vow to marry you here and now – come afterwards what would!’

‘My prayers are heard!’ ejaculated St John. He pressed his hand firmer on my head, as if he claimed me: he surrounded me with his arm, *almost* as if he loved me (I say *almost* – I knew the difference – for I had felt what it was to be loved; but, like him, I had now put love out of the question, and thought only of duty). I contended with my inward dimness of vision, before which clouds yet rolled. I sincerely, deeply, fervently longed to do what was right; and only that. ‘Show me, show me the path!’ I entreated of Heaven. I was excited more than I had ever been; and whether what followed was the effect of excitement the reader shall judge.

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited while the flesh quivered on my bones.

‘What have you heard? What do you see?’ asked St John. I saw nothing, but I heard a voice somewhere cry –

‘Jane! Jane! Jane!’ – nothing more.

* * *

Section A: Novels

3 John Fowles: *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

1.

Laziness was, I am afraid, Charles's distinguishing trait. Like many of his contemporaries he sensed that the earlier self-responsibility of the century was turning into self-importance: that what drove the new Britain was increasingly a desire to seem respectable, in place of the desire to do good for good's sake. He knew he was over-fastidious. But how could one write history with Macaulay so close behind? Fiction or poetry, in the midst of the greatest galaxy of talent in the history of English literature? How could one be a creative scientist, with Lyell and Darwin still alive? Be a statesman, with Disraeli and Gladstone polarizing all the available space?

You will see that Charles set his sights high. Intelligent idlers always have, in order to justify their idleness to their intelligence. He had, in short, all the Byronic ennui with neither of the Byronic outlets: genius and adultery.

But though death may be delayed, as mothers with marriageable daughters have been known to foresee, it kindly always comes in the end. Even if Charles had not had the further prospects he did, he was an interesting young man. His travels abroad had regrettably rubbed away some of that patina of profound humourlessness (called by the Victorians earnestness, moral rectitude, probity, and a thousand other misleading names) that one really required of a proper English gentleman of the time. There was outwardly a certain cynicism about him, a sure symptom of an inherent moral decay; but he never entered society without being ogled by the mamas, clapped on the back by the papas and simpered at by the girls. Charles quite liked pretty girls and he was not averse to leading them, and their ambitious parents, on. Thus he had gained a reputation for aloofness and coldness, a not unmerited reward for the neat way – by the time he was thirty he was as good as a polecat at the business – he would sniff the bait and then turn his tail on the hidden teeth of the matrimonial traps that endangered his path.

His uncle often took him to task on the matter; but as Charles was quick to point out, he was using damp powder. The old man would grumble.

'I never found the right woman.'

'Nonsense. You never looked for her.'

'Indeed I did. When I was your age . . .'

'You lived for your hounds and the partridge season.'

* * *

2.

'Mr Smithson, what I beg you to understand is not that I did this shameful thing, but why I did it. Why I sacrificed a woman's most precious possession for the transient gratification of a man I did not love.' She raised her hands to her cheeks. 'I did it so that I should never be the same again. I did it so that people *should* point at me, *should* say, there walks the French Lieutenant's Whore – oh yes, let the word be said. So that they should know I have suffered, and suffer, as others suffer in every town and village in this land. I could not marry that man. So I married shame. I do not mean that I knew what I did, that it was in cold blood that I let Varguennes have his will of me. It seemed to me then as if I threw myself off a precipice or plunged a knife into my heart. It was a kind of suicide. An act of despair, Mr Smithson. I know it was wicked . . . blasphemous, but I knew no other way to break out of what I was. If I had left that room, and returned to Mrs Talbot's, and resumed my former existence, I know that by now I should be truly dead . . . and by my own hand. What has kept me alive is my shame, my knowing that I am truly not like other women. I shall never have children, a husband, and those innocent happinesses they have. And they will never understand the reason for my crime.' She paused, as if she was seeing what she said clearly herself for the first time. 'Sometimes I almost pity them. I think I have a freedom they cannot understand. No insult, no blame, can touch me. Because I have set myself beyond the pale. I am nothing, I am hardly human any more. I am the French Lieutenant's Whore.'

Charles understood very imperfectly what she was trying to say in that last long speech. Until she had come to her strange decision at Weymouth, he had felt much more sympathy for her behaviour than he had shown; he could imagine the slow, tantalizing agonies of her life as a governess; how easily she might have fallen into the clutches of such a plausible villain as Varguennes; but this talk of freedom beyond the pale, of marrying shame, he found incomprehensible. And yet in a way he understood, for Sarah had begun to weep towards the end of her justification. Her weeping she hid, or tried to hide; that is, she did not sink her face in her hands or reach for a handkerchief, but sat with her face turned away. The real reason for her silence did not dawn on Charles at first.

But then some instinct made him stand and take a silent two steps over the turf, so that he could see the profile of that face. He saw the cheeks were wet, and he felt unbearably touched; disturbed; beset by a maze of cross-currents and swept hopelessly away from his safe anchorage of judicial, and judicious, sympathy.

* * *

JR Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Vintage, 2005;
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Section A: Novels

3 John Fowles: *The French Lieutenant's Woman* – continued

3.

I said earlier that we are all poets, though not many of us write poetry; and so are we all novelists, that is, we have a habit of writing fictional futures for ourselves, although perhaps today we incline more to put ourselves into a film. We screen in our minds hypotheses about how we might behave, about what might happen to us; and these novelistic or cinematic hypotheses often have very much more effect on how we actually do behave, when the real future becomes the present, than we generally allow.

Charles was no exception; and the last few pages you have read are not what happened, but what he spent the hours between London and Exeter imagining might happen. To be sure he did not think in quite the detailed and coherent narrative manner I have employed; nor would I swear that he followed Mrs Poulteney's postmortal career in quite such interesting detail. But he certainly wished her to the Devil, so it comes to almost the same thing.

Above all he felt himself coming to the end of a story; and to an end he did not like. If you noticed in those last two chapters an abruptness, a lack of consonance, a betrayal of Charles's deeper potentiality and a small matter of his being given a life-span of very nearly a century and a quarter; if you entertained a suspicion, not uncommon in literature, that the writer's breath has given out and he has rather arbitrarily ended the race while he feels he's still winning, then do not blame me; because all these feelings, or reflections of them, were very present in Charles's own mind. The book of his existence, so it seemed to him, was about to come to a distinctly shabby close.

And the 'I', that entity who found such slickly specious reasons for consigning Sarah to the shadows of oblivion, was not myself; it was merely the personification of a certain massive indifference in things – too hostile for Charles to think of as 'God' – that had set its malevolent inertia on the Ernestina side of the scales; that seemed an inexorable onward direction as fixed as that of the train which drew Charles along.

I was not cheating when I said that Charles had decided, in London that day after his escapade, to go through with his marriage; that was his official decision, just as it had once been his official decision (reaction might be a more accurate word) to go into Holy Orders. Where I have cheated was in analysing the effect that three-word letter continued to have on him. It tormented him, it obsessed him, it confused him. The more he thought about it the more Sarah-like that sending of the address – and nothing more – appeared. It was perfectly in key with all her other behaviour, and to be described only by oxymoron; luring-receding, subtle-simple, proud-begging, defending-accusing.

* * *

Section A: Novels

4 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.

2.

He climbed the ladder and stepped out onto the deck.

Nigger-Nicholas, who was waiting there for him, was literally dancing with delight. With the triumphant expression of an artist unveiling his masterpiece, and a wide sweeping gesture that took in the whole stretch of the horizon, he showed him the dawn breaking over the ocean.

It was indeed an extraordinary sight.

The sky was divided between night and dawn – blue-black from the west to the zenith, pearl-white in the east – and was completely filled with the most fantastic cloud architecture one could possibly imagine. The night breeze had erected huge unfinished palaces, colonnades, towers and glaciers, and then had abandoned this heavenly chaos in solemn stillness, to be a pedestal for the dawn. The highest crest of a wind-blown cumulus was already brushed with yellow, the first beam of daylight against the roof of fading night, whereas the lower regions of the clouds were still sunk in darkness, where one could vaguely make out deep gorges, shadowy peaks, rows of cliffs and blue chasms, nocturnal snowfields and wide expanses of purple lava. The entire sky was caught in an interrupted surge of energy, frozen in motionless chaos. Above the smooth, translucent sea, everything was in a state of suspense, waiting for the sun.

Nigger-Nicholas, who was eagerly watching for the cabin-hand's reaction, was not disappointed. Under the spell of that extravagant splendour, so unexpectedly presented to him, Napoleon was momentarily made one with Eugène, reconciled with himself by the impact of an ecstasy that obliterated both his dream of glory and his present humiliating condition.

Nigger-Nicholas was usually quite indifferent to sunrises. However, he felt very pleased with the success of his initiative, and above all, he was proud of his own perspicacity. He had been able to pick out Napoleon from the common sailors, for whom he had nothing but contempt; from the beginning, he had guessed that this was a different breed of man – almost his equal. And now his diagnosis had been fully confirmed: the cabin-hand had obviously not been brought up on the same diet of lard and mouldy biscuits as those ignorant sailors.

* * *

Sitting down at the table in front of him, Napoleon did not bother, even as a formality, to question him about the reasons for his abrupt departure or his supposed inheritance. Calmly, and with that superb ability to brush aside unimportant details – an ability which usually characterises genius and which is akin in its effect to natural catastrophes – he came straight to the point that concerned him. The medical officer, who, in the meantime, had recovered a degree of composure, tried to stand up to the first assault without flinching.

“You know who I am,” said Napoleon. And without leaving him the time to deal with his first statement – for the medical officer would have taken advantage of it to reply, “You are a prosperous melon merchant” – he went on, “And I need you.”

The medical officer, avoiding his master's eyes, lit a cigar. “It's too late,” he mumbled into his moustache, staring at the bottom of his glass.

“This is the situation,” continued Napoleon, pretending not to have heard the last remark – or perhaps it had really escaped his attention, as the pursuit of a brilliant idea usually made him deaf to any comment that did not accord with his own views.

“It's too late,” repeated the medical officer in a louder voice. He summoned all his energy, but still did not dare to raise his eyes to the person he was speaking to. While the latter, disconcerted by this obstinate reaction, tapped the table rather impatiently with his plump white hand, the medical officer, like an old cart horse baulking for the first time at the touch of the shafts and kicking out blindly in all directions, went on almost in a shout, “It's too late! I tell you, it's too late!”

His voice grew hoarse. His glass was empty; he gulped down the one opposite. He was struggling now, like a desperate man, to preserve this grim new freedom that he had only just won. Hesitantly, he stretched out his arm and gripped Napoleon by the lapel of his frock coat; at last his yellow eyes came to rest, unsteadily meeting the Other's gaze. “Believe me, just concentrate on making your fortune in watermelons and your future will be a thousand times more enviable than you can imagine. You don't believe me? Come on, then, come with me, and YOU'LL SEE! . . .” Then he added more quietly, “It's not far from here,” in a voice soft and sly.

* * *

Section A: Novels

4 Simon Leys: *The Death of Napoleon* – continued

3.

The Ostrich kept moving aimlessly around them, rummaging about among the pots and pans, shifting chairs from one place to another.

The ordeal seemed to last forever; they had to drink an aperitif, eat a meal, have coffee, sip liqueurs, smoke a cigar.

And still the silence continued.

Napoleon felt dizzy, he began seeing things. Instead of the brown overcoat opposite him, he sometimes thought he saw a long dustcoat and a cloth skullcap; and from the food the Ostrich had prepared, delicious though it was, there suddenly rose the stale refectory odour that he had smelled one evening deep inside a walled garden. It made him feel sick. He forced himself to take a copious second helping to overcome the feeling, but it was such a struggle to keep control of himself that, although his eating habits were normally very frugal and discreet, he suddenly began to devour his food in the most repulsive manner, chewing like a hyena. The Ostrich, who was astonished and appalled by this noisy, messy feeding frenzy, was by now close to tears. As for Quinton, he observed his subject shrewdly, nodding his head with the knowing expression of an expert.

*

AFTER QUINTON LEFT, Napoleon made a dreadful scene. He could almost have beaten the Ostrich. He smashed a china coffeepot and two vases. The Ostrich wept floods of tears. Moans arose here and there from children crouched in corners. Everyone was frightfully unhappy; they seemed to feel that it was the end of an era that would never return.

In the days and weeks that followed, they nonetheless tried to go on with their lives as though nothing had happened. The Ostrich swore to him that she would never, never again take it upon herself to call a doctor. And Napoleon, for his part, resolved once more never to try to include the poor woman in a secret that was obviously too much for her to cope with. No further word about the whole affair was exchanged between them, and on the surface their life went on as before – but only on the surface. Previously, during the long hours they spent alone together in the evenings, silence had wrapped them round in a warm feeling of security, whereas now it became unbearable, loaded with permanent menace.

* * *

Section A: Novels

5 Gabriel García Márquez: *Love in the Time of Cholera*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Love in the Time of Cholera*.

1.

Dr. Juvenal Urbino used to say ... closed it with a resounding snap.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*, Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2007

pp. 117–118

2.

... He would take off his frock coat ... to the Arcade to ask him to be the child's godfather.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*, Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2007

pp. 171–172

Section A: Novels

5 Gabriel García Márquez: *Love in the Time of Cholera* – continued

3.

She was ready at eleven o'clock ... "It is all the river we have left," said the Captain.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*,
Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2007

pp. 330–331

Section A: Novels

6 Cormac McCarthy: *All the Pretty Horses*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *All the Pretty Horses*.

1.

... They heard somewhere in that tenantless night ...
Rawlins was asleep.

Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*, Pan
Macmillan, London, 2010
pp. 31–32

2.

You're goin back down there, aint you? said Rawlins ...
better off you are than him.

Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*, Pan
Macmillan, London, 2010
pp. 217–218

Section A: Novels

6 Cormac McCarthy: *All the Pretty Horses* – continued

3.

I almost done it again ... Yessir. I appreciate it.

Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*, Pan
Macmillan, London, 2010

pp. 300–301

Section A: Novels

7 Ian McEwan: *Atonement*

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

1.

She had read the note standing shamelessly in the centre of the entrance hall, immediately sensing the danger contained by such crudity. Something irreducibly human, or male, threatened the order of their household, and Briony knew that unless she helped her sister, they would all suffer. It was also clear that she would have to be helped in a delicate, tactful manner. Otherwise, as Briony knew from experience, Cecilia would turn on her.

These thoughts preoccupied her as she washed her hands and face and chose a clean dress. The socks she wanted to wear were not to be found, but she wasted no time in hunting. She put on some others, strapped on her shoes and sat at her desk. Downstairs, they were drinking cocktails and she would have at least twenty minutes to herself. She could brush her hair on the way out. Outside her open window a cricket was singing. A sheaf of foolscap from her father's office was before her, the desk light threw down its comforting yellow patch, the fountain pen was in her hand. The orderly troupe of farm animals lined along the window-sill and the strait-laced dolls poised in the various rooms of their open-sided mansion waited for the gem of her first sentence. At that moment, the urge to be writing was stronger than any notion she had of what she might write. What she wanted was to be lost to the unfolding of an irresistible idea, to see the black thread spooling out from the end of her scratchy silver nib and coiling into words. But how to do justice to the changes that had made her into a real writer at last, and to her chaotic swarm of impressions, and to the disgust and fascination she felt? Order must be imposed. She should begin, as she had decided earlier, with a simple account of what she had seen at the fountain. But that episode in the sunlight was not quite so interesting as the dusk, the idle minutes on the bridge lost to daydreaming, and then Robbie appearing in the semi-darkness, calling to her, holding in his hand the little white square that contained the letter that contained the word. And what did the word contain?

She wrote, 'There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.'

Surely it was not too childish to say there had to be a story; and this was the story of a man whom everybody liked, but about whom the heroine always had her doubts, and finally she was able to reveal that he was the incarnation of evil. But wasn't she – that was, Briony the writer – supposed to be so worldly now as to be above such nursery-tale ideas as good and evil? There must be some lofty, god-like place from which all people could be judged alike, not pitted against each other, as in some lifelong hockey match, but seen noisily jostling together in all their glorious imperfection. If such a place existed, she was not worthy of it. She could never forgive Robbie his disgusting mind.

* * *

2.

He would be cleared. From the way it looked here, where you could hardly be bothered to lift your feet to step over a dead woman's arm, he did not think he would be needing apologies or tributes. To be cleared would be a pure state. He dreamed of it like a lover, with a simple longing. He dreamed of it in the way other soldiers dreamed of their hearths or allotments or old civilian jobs. If innocence seemed elemental here, there was no reason why it should not be so back in England. Let his name be cleared, then let everyone else adjust their thinking. He had put in time, now they must do the work. His business was simple. Find Cecilia and love her, marry her, and live without shame.

But there was one part in all this that he could not think through, one indistinct shape that the shambles twelve miles outside Dunkirk could not reduce to a simple outline. Briony. Here he came against the outer edge of what Cecilia called his generous spirit. And his rationality. If Cecilia were to be reunited with her family, if the sisters were close again, there would be no avoiding her. But could he accept her? Could he be in the same room? Here she was, offering a possibility of absolution. But it was not for him. He had done nothing wrong. It was for herself, for her own crime which her conscience could no longer bear. Was he supposed to feel grateful? And yes, of course, she was a child in nineteen thirty-five. He had told himself, he and Cecilia had told each other, over and again. Yes, she was just a child. But not every child sends a man to prison with a lie. Not every child is so purposeful and malign, so consistent over time, never wavering, never doubted. A child, but that had not stopped him daydreaming in his cell of her humiliation, of a dozen ways he might find revenge. In France once, in the bitterest week of winter, raging drunk on cognac, he had even conjured her onto the end of his bayonet. Briony and Danny Hardman. It was not reasonable or just to hate Briony, but it helped.

* * *

Section A: Novels

7 Ian McEwan: *Atonement* – continued

3.

She felt the memories, the needling details, like a rash, like dirt on her skin: Lola coming to her room in tears, her chafed and bruised wrists, and the scratches on Lola's shoulder and down Marshall's face; Lola's silence in the darkness at the lakeside as she let her earnest, ridiculous, oh so prim younger cousin, who couldn't tell real life from the stories in her head, deliver the attacker into safety. Poor vain and vulnerable Lola with the pearl-studded choker and the rose-water scent, who longed to throw off the last restraints of childhood, who saved herself from humiliation by falling in love, or persuading herself she had, and who could not believe her luck when Briony insisted on doing the talking and blaming. And what luck that was for Lola – barely more than a child, prised open and taken – to marry her rapist.

' . . . Therefore if any man can show any just cause, why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.'

Was it really happening? Was she really rising now, with weak legs and empty contracting stomach and stuttering heart, and moving along the pew to take her position in the centre of the aisle, and setting out her reasons, her just causes, in a defiant untrembling voice as she advanced in her cape and headdress, like a bride of Christ, towards the altar, towards the open-mouthed vicar who had never before in his long career been interrupted, towards the congregation of twisted necks, and the half-turned white-faced couple? She had not planned it, but the question, which she had quite forgotten, from the *Book of Common Prayer*, was a provocation. And what were the impediments exactly? Now was her chance to proclaim in public all the private anguish and purge herself of all that she had done wrong. Before the altar of this most rational of churches.

But the scratches and bruises were long healed, and all her own statements at the time were to the contrary. Nor did the bride appear to be a victim, and she had her parents' consent. More than that, surely; a chocolate magnate, the creator of Amo. Aunt Hermione would be rubbing her hands. That Paul Marshall, Lola Quincey and she, Briony Tallis, had conspired with silence and falsehoods to send an innocent man to jail? But the words that had convicted him had been her very own, read out loud on her behalf in the Assize Court. The sentence had already been served. The debt was paid. The verdict stood.

* * *

Section A: Novels

8 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.

'Yes,' said the man, 'it's as good a way of passing your life. So long as it passes. Put it in a house and it stops, it stands still. That's why some take to the mountains, and the others say they're crazy.'

By this time they had come to the bridge just below Meroë, and this year there was quite a lot of water in the creek, there under the bridge it flowed fast. And for a moment they hung over the rails and looked at the water which flowed under, and they felt good, the man from his full belly, and the children from the solemnity of what they scarcely understood.

'They say they're crazy,' yawned the man. 'And perhaps they're right. Though who's crazy and who isn't? Can you tell me that, young Theodora Goodman? I bet you couldn't.'

He looked at her with a fierce eye, of which the fierceness was not for her.

'I would come if I could,' said Theodora.

'Yes,' said the man. 'You would.'

'Don't be silly,' said Fanny. 'You're a girl.'

'I would come,' said Theodora.

Her voice was so heavy she could hardly lift it. Her voice tolled like a leaden bell.

'You'll see a lot of funny things, Theodora Goodman. You'll see them because you've eyes to see. And they'll break you. But perhaps you'll survive. No girl that was thrown down by lightning on her twelfth birthday, and then got up again, is going to be swallowed easy by rivers of fire.'

And now Theodora began to think that perhaps the man was a little bit mad, but she loved him for his madness even, for it made her warm.

'Now I must be going,' said the man. 'And you young ladies walk off home.'

'Good-bye,' said Fanny, shaking hands. 'Perhaps you will feel hungry and come again.'

'I'm inclined to say I'd eat my hat, but perhaps for your sakes, perhaps,' said the man.

'When?' asked Fanny.

'August seventeenth, next year,' said the man.

'Good-bye,' said Theodora.

'Good-bye,' he said.

When he had gone Theodora realized that he had not looked at her again, but somehow this did not seem to matter. They sat beneath the shaggy tree in the night of snow, and the snow as it fell melted, on entering the circle of their warmth. She rose and fell on the breathing of the tree.

'What did he mean,' said Fanny, 'by August seventeenth next year? Do you suppose he will come again?'

'That is what he said,' said Theodora.

But she knew already that he would not come. In all that she did not know there was this certainty. She began to feel that knowing this might be the answer to many of the mysteries. And she felt afraid for what was prepared. The magpies sang cold in the warm air of Meroë.

* * *

2.

... Then it happened at last. I am going to have a baby, Fanny said. She felt that perhaps she ought to cry, and she did. She relaxed, and thought with tenderness of the tyranny she would exercise.

'I must take care of myself,' she said. 'Perhaps I shall send for Theodora, to help about the house.'

So Theodora went to Audley, into a wilderness of parquet and balustrades. There was very little privacy. Even in her wardrobe the contemptuous laughter of maids hung in the folds of her skirts.

'God, Theodora is ugly,' said Frank. 'These days she certainly looks a fright.'

The servants knew, and took up his contempt. Miss Goodman, an old maid, they said, a scarecrow in a mushroom hat. She wore long shapeless dresses of striped voile, which made her look an oblong with a head and legs.

Fanny heard laughter, she heard Frank, but she did not speak, because she did not care enough, in her condition, in a boudoir cap. She looked at her fair plump face and wiped the sweat from a wrinkle with a pink puff. She made little grimaces for her figure, but only as a matter of course. Because her figure, like her self-importance, had momentarily swelled.

Sometimes Fanny talked to Theodora about My Baby.

'You've no idea, Theo,' she used to say. 'It's most solemn. As a sensation, I mean.'

'I don't doubt,' said Theodora.

She pushed her needle through the flannel. She sat with her head bent, so that you could not see, and really, Fanny said, she sometimes wondered why she had sent for Theodora, she was less than human, she was no advantage at all.

Fanny Parrott finally had her child. It was a girl, whom they called Marie Louise.

'Sounds fancy,' Frank said, out of his slow, red face.

'It's most distinguished,' Fanny replied.

Theodora took the baby outside, where the landscape was less pink, and the baby learned to stare at her with solemn eyes. The baby's head trembled like a flower. It was reminiscent of the tender unprotected moments of her own retrospective awkwardness. So Theodora loved the child. Theodora became beautiful as stone, in her stone arms the gothic child.

'She is sweet,' said Fanny. 'Ugly, of course. But sweet. Give her to me, Theo. My baby. My little sweet.'

And at once Theodora was ugly as stone, awkwardness in her empty hands.

* * *

Section A: Novels

8 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story* – continued

3.

‘You cannot reconcile joy and sorrow,’ Holstius said. ‘Or flesh and marble, or illusion and reality, or life and death. For this reason, Theodora Goodman, you must accept. And you have already found that one constantly deludes the other into taking fresh shapes, so that there is sometimes little to choose between the reality of illusion and the illusion of reality. Each of your several lives is evidence of this.’

Resistance had gone out of her as she lay, her head against the knees of Holstius, receiving peace, whether it was from his words, and she was not altogether sure that he spoke, or from his hands. His hands touched the bones of her head under the damp hair. They soothed the wounds.

Later it seemed to be morning where her head lay. There was a weal on her cheek where the chair had eaten, numb but not painful, for she was in no such inferior state to experience pain. Light was beginning. It was already yellow, but not yet strong. Theodora turned her head and saw the brown bird with the velvet eye. Even at close quarters it was not critical, and might even have perched on the rail of the chair, of whose inanimacy Theodora Goodman was still a mere extension. Only when she drew her legs across the boards to restore her body to its working shape, the bird lifted its immaculate feet, bunched, trod the air, still undecided whether to settle, drooped, gathered, flirted its wings, opened out, and flew through the door. Then Theodora made the additional effort and stood on her feet. The numbness of her whole body left her with intensely clear vision. The almost empty daylight room had a pleasing innocence of detail and shape.

Walking through the back door, which, she remembered, was the way Holstius had come, she went amongst the trees. They were of a deciduous variety on that side of the house, still green, but washed out, exhausted by the summer. Her feet sank in the soil before water, which trickled out of tufted grass, to fill and overflow from a rusted tin. She took the brown water, burying her face in hands and water, till it ran down, and afterwards, in rivulets, in devious directions, under her dress, against her skin. The water made her laugh. She looked at the world with eyes blurred by water, but a world curiously pure, expectant, undistorted. She could almost have read a writing on the bark of any given tree.

Later Theodora returned to the house, and in a fit of comfortable conscience brought an old iron bowl that she had seen on a shelf, to fill, to clean the floor of her house. Because Holstius would return some time during the day. She knew. In this she was positive. In fact, she shaded her eyes already against the blue smoke, rising from the valleys and creating a distance. She looked through the trees for the tree walking, which in time would become Holstius. She smiled to herself as she anticipated the recognition of his kind eyes.

* * *

Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

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

1.

2.

'It is time,' said Rezia.

The word 'time' split its husk; poured its riches over him; and from his lips fell like shells, like shavings from a plane, without his making them, hard, white, imperishable, words, and flew to attach themselves to their places in an ode to Time; and an immortal ode to Time. He sang. Evans answered from behind the tree. The dead were in Thessaly, Evans sang, among the orchids. There they waited till the War was over, and now the dead, now Evans himself –

'For God's sake don't come!' Septimus cried out. For he could not look upon the dead.

But the branches parted. A man in grey was actually walking towards them. It was Evans! But no mud was on him; no wounds; he was not changed. I must tell the whole world, Septimus cried, raising his hand (as the dead man in the grey suit came nearer), raising his hand like some colossal figure who has lamented the fate of man for ages in the desert alone with his hands pressed to his forehead, furrows of despair on his cheeks, and now sees light on the desert's edge which broadens and strikes the iron-black figure (and Septimus half rose from his chair), and with legions of men prostrate behind him he, the giant mourner, receives for one moment on his face the whole –

'But I am so unhappy, Septimus,' said Rezia, trying to make him sit down.

The millions lamented; for ages they had sorrowed. He would turn round, he would tell them in a few moments, only a few moments more, of this relief, of this joy, of this astonishing revelation –

'The time, Septimus,' Rezia repeated. 'What is the time?'

He was talking, he was starting, this man must notice him. He was looking at them.

'I will tell you the time,' said Septimus, very slowly, very drowsily, smiling mysteriously at the dead man in the grey suit. As he sat smiling, the quarter struck – the quarter to twelve.

And that is being young, Peter Walsh thought as he passed them. To be having an awful scene – the poor girl looked absolutely desperate – in the middle of the morning. But what was it about, he wondered; what had the young man in the overcoat been saying to her to make her look like that; what awful fix had they got themselves into, both to look so desperate as that on a fine summer morning? The amusing thing about coming back to England, after five years, was the way it made, anyhow the first days, things stand out as if one had never seen them before; lovers squabbling under a tree; the domestic family life of the parks. Never had he seen London look so enchanting – the softness of the distances; the richness; the greenness; the civilisation, after India, he thought, strolling across the grass.

* * *

... And the sound of the bell flooded the room with its melancholy wave; which receded, and gathered itself together to fall once more, when she heard, distractingly, something fumbling, something scratching at the door. Who at this hour? Three, good Heavens! Three already! For with overpowering directness and dignity the clock struck three; and she heard nothing else; but the door handle slipped round and in came Richard! What a surprise! In came Richard, holding out flowers. She had failed him, once at Constantinople; and Lady Bruton, whose lunch parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not asked her. He was holding out flowers – roses, red and white roses. (But he could not bring himself to say he loved her; not in so many words.)

But how lovely, she said, taking his flowers. She understood; she understood without his speaking; his Clarissa. She put them in vases on the mantelpiece. How lovely they looked! she said. And was it amusing, she asked? Had Lady Bruton asked after her? Peter Walsh was back. Mrs. Marsham had written. Must she ask Ellie Henderson? That woman Kilman was upstairs.

'But let us sit down for five minutes,' said Richard.

It all looked so empty. All the chairs were against the wall. What had they been doing? Oh, it was for the party; no, he had not forgotten the party. Peter Walsh was back. Oh yes; she had had him. And he was going to get a divorce; and he was in love with some woman out there. And he hadn't changed in the slightest. There she was, mending her dress . . .

'Thinking of Bourton,' she said.

'Hugh was at lunch,' said Richard. She had met him too! Well, he was getting absolutely intolerable. Buying Evelyn necklaces; fatter than ever; an intolerable ass.

'And it came over me "I might have married you",' she said, thinking of Peter sitting there in his little bow-tie; with that knife, opening it, shutting it. 'Just as he always was, you know.'

They were talking about him at lunch, said Richard. (But he could not tell her he loved her. He held her hand. Happiness is this, he thought.) They had been writing a letter to the *Times* for Millicent Bruton. That was about all Hugh was fit for.

'And our dear Miss Kilman?' he asked. Clarissa thought the roses absolutely lovely; first bunched together; now of their own accord starting apart.

'Kilman arrives just as we've done lunch,' she said. 'Elizabeth turns pink. They shut themselves up. I suppose they're praying.'

Lord! He didn't like it; but these things pass over if you let them.

'In a mackintosh with an umbrella,' said Clarissa.

He had not said 'I love you'; but he held her hand. Happiness is this, is this, he thought.

* * *

Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway* – continued

3.

Odd, incredible; she had never been so happy. Nothing could be slow enough; nothing last too long. No pleasure could equal, she thought, straightening the chairs, pushing in one book on the shelf, this having done with the triumphs of youth, lost herself in the process of living, to find it, with a shock of delight, as the sun rose, as the day sank. Many a time had she gone, at Bourton when they were all talking, to look at the sky; or seen it between people's shoulders at dinner; seen it in London when she could not sleep. She walked to the window.

It held, foolish as the idea was, something of her own in it, this country sky, this sky above Westminster. She parted the curtains; she looked. Oh, but how surprising! – in the room opposite the old lady stared straight at her! She was going to bed. And the sky. It will be a solemn sky, she had thought, it will be a dusky sky, turning away its cheek in beauty. But there it was – ashen pale, raced over quickly by tapering vast clouds. It was new to her. The wind must have risen. She was going to bed, in the room opposite. It was fascinating to watch her, moving about, that old lady, crossing the room, coming to the window. Could she see her? It was fascinating, with people still laughing and shouting in the drawing-room, to watch that old woman, quite quietly, going to bed alone. She pulled the blind now. The clock began striking. The young man had killed himself; but she did not pity him; with the clock striking the hour, one, two, three, she did not pity him, with all this going on. There! the old lady had put out her light! the whole house was dark now with this going on, she repeated, and the words came to her, Fear no more the heat of the sun. She must go back to them. But what an extraordinary night! She felt somehow very like him – the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living. The clock was striking. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. But she must go back. She must assemble. She must find Sally and Peter. And she came in from the little room.

* * *

Section B: Plays

10 Edward Albee: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*.

1.

GEORGE: Martha's a Romantic at heart ... You don't want to waste good liquor . . . not on your salary.

Edward Albee, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*,
Vintage, 2001

pp. 43–45

2.

GEORGE [MARTHA goes. GEORGE speaks to the empty hallway]: ... NICK: [*uncertainly*]: No. . . .

Edward Albee, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*,
Vintage, 2001

pp. 54–56

Section B: Plays

10 Edward Albee: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* – continued

3.

MARTHA: You didn't have to have him die, George ...

MARTHA: Just . . . us?

GEORGE: Yes.

Edward Albee, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*,
Vintage, 2001

pp. 126–128

Section B: Plays

11 Jack Davis: *No Sugar*

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

1.

NEVILLE: Can you take down a note for the Minister, please?
... well away from any residences.

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

pp. 20–21

2.

JOE: Okay ... JOE: [*exploding*] Jesus! [*Indicating running*]
We're doin' this tonight ...

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

pp. 68–69

Section B: Plays

11 Jack Davis: *No Sugar* – continued

3.

SISTER: It gives me great pleasure ... That's why we're
gradually
Fading away.

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*, Currency Press, 1998
pp. 97–98

Section B: Plays

12 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

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

1.

The reason why I have chosen Thebes ... join them in their holy dance.

Euripides, 'The Bacchae', in *The Bacchae and Other Plays*, Philip Vellacott (trans.), Penguin Classics, London, 1973
pp. 192–193

2.

CHORUS:

I shrink from speaking freely before the king ... PENTHEUS:
Bring out my armour, there! – That is enough from you.

Euripides, 'The Bacchae', in *The Bacchae and Other Plays*, Philip Vellacott (trans.), Penguin Classics, London, 1973
pp. 218–220

Section B: Plays

12 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

3.

CHORUS:

I grieve for your fate ... *Lured to a shameful death by the
anger of a god.*

Euripides, 'The Bacchae', in *The Bacchae and Other
Plays*, Philip Vellacott (trans.), Penguin Classics,
London, 1973
pp. 240–241

*Explanation for italics

The italicised text replaces missing lines in the original text and is an attempt to guess the content of the missing lines, based on other historical sources. The use of italics does not need comment.

Section B: Plays

13 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.

The stage is in darkness except for the apron ... (The PRIEST moves on to SKINNER. The three SOLDIERS return and drag LILY off.)

Brian Friel, 'The Freedom of the City', in *Brian Friel's: Plays 1*, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 107–108

Section B: Plays

13 Brian Friel: *The Freedom of the City* – continued

2.

(An ARMY PRESS OFFICER *appears* ...
MICHAEL *gets to his feet*.)

Brian Friel, 'The Freedom of the City', in *Brian Friel's:
Plays 1*, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 126–127

3.

SKINNER: Before you go, take a look out the window ...
MICHAEL: ... ultimately we must win.

Brian Friel, 'The Freedom of the City', in *Brian Friel's:
Plays 1*, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 139–140

Section B: Plays

14 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers*

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

1.

LACHLAN: What did you do in Iraq? ... ANGELA: Hazem was there, Lockie. He saw an Australian Navy ship. He saw it with his own eyes.

Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*, Currency Press,
Sydney, 2005

pp. 35–36

2.

TOM: Hazem is an ordinary man ... JAMIE: For God's sake! You don't talk to anyone without consulting me first. I trust I've made myself clear.

Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*, Currency Press,
Sydney, 2005

pp. 51–52

Section B: Plays

14 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers* – continued

3.

LACHLAN *enters*.

EGGS: Hi, Lockie. How's it going ... EGGS: No. I can see that.

Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*, Currency Press,
Sydney, 2005

pp. 75–76

Section B: Plays

15 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra*

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

1.

Enter CAESAR reading a letter, LEPIDUS, and their train

CAESAR You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smells of sweat. Say this becomes him –
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish – yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't. But to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgement.

* * *

2.

MAECENAS She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square
to her.

ENOBARBUS When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his
heart upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well
for her.

ENOBARBUS I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion – cloth of gold, of tissue –
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA O rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers. The silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i'th'market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th'air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes ate only.

* * *

William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, M Berry and M Clamp (eds), Cambridge University Press, 1994,
pp. 29, 57–59 and 199–201

Section B: Plays

15 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra* – continued

3.

DERCETUS I am called Dercetus.
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served. Whilst he stood up and spoke
 He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

CAESAR What is't thou say'st?

DERCETUS I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

CAESAR The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack. The round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets
 And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

DERCETUS He is dead, Caesar,
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 [He offers the sword]
 I robbed his wound of it. Behold it stained
 With his most noble blood.

CAESAR Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA And strange it is
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

MAECENAS His taints and honours
 Waged equal with him.

AGRIPPA A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

MAECENAS When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

CAESAR O Antony,
 I have followed thee to this; but we do launch
 Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle – that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this ...

* * *

Section B: Plays

16 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*

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

1.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity – who being then appointed
 Master of this design – did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities
 Which since have steaded much. So of his gentleness,
 Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
 From mine own library with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA

Would I might

But ever see that man.

PROSPERO

Now I arise.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived, and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you, sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
 Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
 And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.

Miranda sleeps

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
 Approach, my Ariel! Come!

Enter Ariel

ARIEL

All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding, task
 Ariel and all his quality.

* * *

2.

SEBASTIAN

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
 Much feater than before. My brother's servants
 Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
 'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
 And melt ere they molest. Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon;
 If he were that which now he's like – that's dead –
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
 And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together,

And when I rear my hand, do you the like
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

Enter Ariel with music

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth –
 For else his project dies – to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear

While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber and beware.
 Awake, awake!

* * *

Section B: Plays

16 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest* – continued

3.

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
 His mother was a witch, and one so strong
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command without her power.
 These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil –
 For he's a bastard one – had plotted with them
 To take my life. Two of these fellows you
 Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
 Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
 last, that I fear me will never out of my bones. I shall
 not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO O touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a
 cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o'the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO

This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportioned in his manners
 As in his shape. – Go, sirrah, to my cell.
 Take with you your companions. As you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
 And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
 Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
 And worship this dull fool!

* * *

Section B: Plays

17 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia*

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

1.

Lady Croom Your drawing is a very wonderful transformation ... This is a garden for *The Castle of Otranto* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho* ...

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993

pp. 18–19

2.

Valentine ... When your Thomasina was doing maths ...
Valentine ... It's all very, very noisy out there ...

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993

pp. 60–63

Section B: Plays

17 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia* – continued

3.

Valentine *(to her)* Got it! ... *Bernard, in unconvincing Regency dress, enters carrying a bottle.*

Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*, Faber and Faber, 1993

pp. 122–123

Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories*

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

1.

'Do You Love Me?'

12. *The Cartographers' Fall*

I don't know when ... The world needs Cartographers,' my
father said ...

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*, Vintage, Australia, 2005

pp. 11–12

2.

Room No. 5 (Escribo)

We have been here before ... You say, it was dirty.

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*, Vintage, Australia, 2005

pp. 88–89

Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories* – continued

3.

A Windmill in the West

He lies on the bunk ... the windmill clanking.

Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*, Vintage, Australia, 2005

p. 135

Section C: Short stories

19 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.

Gooseberries

Ivan Ivanych paced the room ... ‘May I wish you all a very good night!’

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

pp. 83–84

2.

Disturbing the Balance

Almost every evening ... the slightest pleasure . . .

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

pp. 288–289

Section C: Short stories

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

3.

The Bishop

Within an hour of the haemorrhage ... drunken shouts rang
out.

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

pp. 307–308

Section C: Short stories

20 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories*

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

1.

The Little Governess

“I wonder what the time is,” asked the little governess. “My watch has stopped. I forgot to wind it in the train last night. We’ve seen such a lot of things that I feel it must be quite late.” “Late!” He stopped in front of her laughing and shaking his head in a way she had begun to know. “Then you have not really enjoyed yourself. Late! Why, we have not had any ice-cream yet!” “Oh, but I have enjoyed myself,” she cried, distressed, “more than I can possibly say. It has been wonderful! Only Frau Arnholdt is to be at the hotel at six and I ought to be there by five.” “So you shall. After the ice-cream I shall put you into a cab and you can go there comfortably.” She was happy again. The chocolate ice-cream melted—melted in little sips a long way down. The shadows of the trees danced on the tablecloths, and she sat with her back safely turned to the ornamental clock that pointed to twenty-five minutes to seven. “Really and truly,” said the little governess earnestly, “this has been the happiest day of my life. I’ve never even imagined such a day.” In spite of the ice-cream her grateful baby heart glowed with love for the fairy grandfather.

So they walked out of the garden down a long alley. The day was nearly over. “You see those big buildings opposite,” said the old man. “The third storey—that is where I live. I and the old housekeeper who looks after me.” She was very interested. “Now just before I find a cab for you, will you come and see my little ‘home’ and let me give you a bottle of the attar of roses I told you about in the train? For remembrance?” She would love to. “I’ve never seen a bachelor’s flat in my life,” laughed the little governess.

The passage was quite dark. “Ah, I suppose my old woman has gone out to buy me a chicken. One moment.” He opened a door and stood aside for her to pass, a little shy but curious, into a strange room. She did not know quite what to say. It wasn’t pretty. In a way it was very ugly—but neat, and, she supposed, comfortable for such an old man. “Well, what do you think of it?” He knelt down and took from a cupboard a round tray with two pink glasses and a tall pink bottle. “Two little bedrooms beyond,” he said gaily, “and a kitchen. It’s enough, eh?” “Oh, quite enough.” “And if ever you should be in Munich and care to spend a day or two—why, there is always a little nest—a wing of a chicken, and a salad, and an old man delighted to be your host once more and many many times, dear little Fräulein!” He took the stopper out of the bottle and poured some wine into the two pink glasses. His hand shook and the wine spilled over the tray. It was very quiet in the room. She said: “I think I ought to go now.”

* * *

2.

Miss Brill

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn’t painted? But it wasn’t till a little brown dog trotted on solemnly and then slowly trotted off, like a little “theatre” dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren’t only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn’t been there; she was part of the performance, after all. How strange she’d never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he’d been dead she mightn’t have noticed for weeks; she wouldn’t have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! “An actress!” The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. “An actress—are ye?” And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently: “Yes, I have been an actress for a long time.”

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill—a something, what was it?—not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men’s voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—moving. . . . And Miss Brill’s eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn’t know.

Just at that moment a boy and a girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father’s yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

* * *

Section C: Short stories

20 Katherine Mansfield: *The Collected Stories* – continued

3.

Taking the Veil

At that moment the future was revealed. Edna saw it all. She was astonished; it took her breath away at first. But, after all, what could be more natural? She would go into a convent. . . . Her father and mother do everything to dissuade her, in vain. As for Jimmy, his state of mind hardly bears thinking about. Why can't they understand? How can they add to her suffering like this? The world is cruel, terribly cruel! After a last scene when she gives away her jewellery and so on to her best friends—she so calm, they so broken-hearted—into a convent she goes. No, one moment. The very evening of her going is the actor's last evening at Port Willin. He receives by a strange messenger a box. It is full of white flowers. But there is no name, no card. Nothing? Yes, under the roses, wrapped in a white handkerchief, Edna's last photograph with, written underneath,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Edna sat very still under the trees; she clasped the black book in her fingers as though it were her missal. She takes the name of Sister Angela. Snip! Snip! All her lovely hair is cut off. Will she be allowed to send one curl to Jimmy? It is contrived somehow. And in a blue gown with a white head-band Sister Angela goes from the convent to the chapel, from the chapel to the convent with something unearthly in her look, in her sorrowful eyes, and in the gentle smile with which they greet the little children who run to her. A saint! She hears it whispered as she paces the chill, wax-smelling corridors. A saint! And visitors to the chapel are told of the nun whose voice is heard above the other voices, of her youth, her beauty, of her tragic, tragic love. "There is a man in this town whose life is ruined. . . ."

A big bee, a golden furry fellow, crept into a freesia, and the delicate flower leaned over, swung, shook; and when the bee flew away it fluttered still as though it were laughing. Happy, careless flower!

Sister Angela looked at it and said, "Now it is winter." One night, lying in her icy cell, she hears a cry. Some stray animal is out there in the garden, a kitten or a lamb or—well, whatever little animal might be there. Up rises the sleepless nun. All in white, shivering but fearless, she goes and brings it in. But next morning, when the bell rings for matins, she is found tossing in high fever . . . in delirium . . . and she never recovers. In three days all is over. The service has been said in the chapel, and she is buried in the corner of the cemetery reserved for the nuns, where there are plain little crosses of wood. Rest in Peace, Sister Angela. . . .

Now it is evening. Two old people leaning on each other come slowly to the grave and kneel down sobbing, "Our daughter! Our only daughter!" Now there comes another. He is all in black; he comes slowly. But when he is there and lifts his black hat, Edna sees to her horror his hair is snow-white. Jimmy! Too late, too late! The tears are running down his face; he is crying *now*. Too late, too late! The wind shakes the leafless trees in the churchyard. He gives one awful bitter cry.

Edna's black book fell with a thud to the garden path.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

21 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *In Cold Blood*.

1.

‘So I did,’ said Susan ... I saw the line had been cut.’

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*, Penguin Books, 2008
pp. 70–71

2.

Perry said, ‘You never wished me a Merry Christmas.’ ...
what happened out in Kansas.’

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*, Penguin Books, 2008
pp. 202–203

Section D: Other literature

21 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* – continued

3.

... 'I don't know why,' he said ... Do you, Don?'

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*, Penguin Books, 2008
pp. 290–291

Section D: Other literature

22 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man*

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

1.

On Palm Island, everyone has a story ... as if it is coming toward him.

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

pp. 129–130

2.

Roy seemed determined ... Pushing down.

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

p. 43

Section D: Other literature

22 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man* – continued

3.

PALM ISLAND
OFFICER
CLEARED
OVER CELL
DEATH

... I wanted to leave Townsville as fast as I could.

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

pp. 266–267

Section D: Other literature

23 George Orwell: *Down and Out in Paris and London*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Down and Out in Paris and London*.

1.

It is altogether curious, your first contact with poverty. You have thought so much about poverty – it is the thing you have feared all your life, the thing you knew would happen to you sooner or later; and it is all so utterly and prosaically different. You thought it would be quite simple; it is extraordinarily complicated. You thought it would be terrible; it is merely squalid and boring. It is the peculiar *lowness* of poverty that you discover first; the shifts that it puts you to, the complicated meanness, the crust-wiping.

You discover, for instance, the secrecy attaching to poverty. At a sudden stroke you have been reduced to an income of six francs a day. But of course you dare not admit it – you have got to pretend that you are living quite as usual. From the start it tangles you in a net of lies, and even with the lies you can hardly manage it. You stop sending clothes to the laundry, and the laundress catches you in the street and asks you why; you mumble something, and she, thinking you are sending the clothes elsewhere, is your enemy for life. The tobacconist keeps asking why you have cut down your smoking. There are letters you want to answer, and cannot, because stamps are too expensive. And then there are your meals – meals are the worst difficulty of all. Every day at meal-times you go out, ostensibly to a restaurant, and loaf an hour in the Luxembourg Gardens, watching the pigeons. Afterwards you smuggle your food home in your pockets. Your food is bread and margarine, or bread and wine, and even the nature of the food is governed by lies. You have to buy rye bread instead of household bread, because the rye loaves, though dearer, are round and can be smuggled in your pockets. This wastes you a franc a day. Sometimes, to keep up appearances, you have to spend sixty centimes on a drink, and go correspondingly short of food. Your linen gets filthy, and you run out of soap and razor-blades. Your hair wants cutting, and you try to cut it yourself, with such fearful results that you have to go to the barber after all, and spend the equivalent of a day's food. All day you are telling lies, and expensive lies.

You discover the extreme precariousness of your six francs a day. Mean disasters happen and rob you of food. You have spent your last eighty centimes on half a litre of milk, and are boiling it over the spirit lamp. While it boils a bug runs down your forearm; you give the bug a flick with your nail, and it falls plop! straight into the milk. There is nothing for it but to throw the milk away and go foodless.

* * *

2.

I believe that this instinct to perpetuate useless work is, at bottom, simply fear of the mob. The mob (the thought runs) are such low animals that they would be dangerous if they had leisure; it is safer to keep them too busy to think. A rich man who happens to be intellectually honest, if he is questioned about the improvement of working conditions, usually says something like this:

‘We know that poverty is unpleasant; in fact, since it is so remote, we rather enjoy harrowing ourselves with the thought of its unpleasantness. But don’t expect us to do anything about it. We are sorry for you lower classes, just as we are sorry for a cat with the mange, but we will fight like devils against any improvement of your condition. We feel that you are much safer as you are. The present state of affairs suits us, and we are not going to take the risk of setting you free, even by an extra hour a day. So, dear brothers, since evidently you must sweat to pay for our trips to Italy, sweat and be damned to you.’

This is particularly the attitude of intelligent, cultivated people; one can read the substance of it in a hundred essays. Very few cultivated people have less than (say) four hundred pounds a year, and naturally they side with the rich, because they imagine that any liberty conceded to the poor is a threat to their own liberty. Foreseeing some dismal Marxian Utopia as the alternative, the educated man prefers to keep things as they are. Possibly he does not like his fellow rich very much, but he supposes that even the vulgarest of them are less inimical to his pleasures, more his kind of people, than the poor, and that he had better stand by them. It is this fear of a supposedly dangerous mob that makes nearly all intelligent people conservative in their opinions.

Fear of the mob is a superstitious fear. It is based on the idea that there is some mysterious, fundamental difference between rich and poor, as though they were two different races, like negroes and white men. But in reality there is no such difference. The mass of the rich and the poor are differentiated by their incomes and nothing else, and the average millionaire is only the average dishwasher dressed in a new suit.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

23 George Orwell: *Down and Out in Paris and London* – continued

3.

... Bozo limped slowly, with a queer crab-like gait, half sideways, dragging his smashed foot behind him. He carried a stick in each hand and slung his box of colours over his shoulder. As we were crossing the bridge he stopped in one of the alcoves to rest. He fell silent for a minute or two, and to my surprise I saw that he was looking at the stars. He touched my arm and pointed to the sky with his stick.

‘Say, will you look at Aldebaran! Look at the colour. Like a – great blood orange!’

From the way he spoke he might have been an art critic in a picture gallery. I was astonished. I confessed that I did not know which Aldebaran was – indeed, I had never even noticed that the stars were of different colours. Bozo began to give me some elementary hints on astronomy, pointing out the chief constellations. He seemed concerned at my ignorance. I said to him, surprised:

‘You seem to know a lot about stars.’

‘Not a great lot. I know a bit, though. I got two letters from the Astronomer Royal thanking me for writing about meteors. Now and again I go out at night and watch for meteors. The stars are a free show; it don’t cost anything to use your eyes.’

‘What a good idea! I should never have thought of it.’

‘Well, you got to take an interest in something. It don’t follow that because a man’s on the road he can’t think of anything but tea-and-two-slices.’

‘But isn’t it very hard to take an interest in things – things like stars – living this life?’

‘Screeving, you mean? Not necessarily. It don’t need turn you into a bloody rabbit – that is, not if you set your mind to it.’

‘It seems to have that effect on most people.’

‘Of course. Look at Paddy – a tea-swilling old moocher, only fit to scrounge for fag-ends. That’s the way most of them go. I despise them. But you don’t *need* get like that. If you’ve got any education, it don’t matter to you if you’re on the road for the rest of your life.’

‘Well, I’ve found just the contrary,’ I said. ‘It seems to me that when you take a man’s money away he’s fit for nothing from that moment.’

‘No, not necessarily. If you set yourself to it, you can live the same life, rich or poor. You can still keep on with your books and your ideas. You just got to say to yourself, “I’m a free man in *here*” ’ – he tapped his forehead – ‘and you’re all right.’

Bozo talked further in the same strain, and I listened with attention. He seemed a very unusual screever, and he was, moreover, the first person I had heard maintain that poverty did not matter.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

24 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.

... It was six years after Baudelaire ... from the sides of the
Galata Bridge ...

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006

pp. 84–85

Section D: Other literature

24 Orhan Pamuk: *Istanbul: Memories and the City* – continued

2.

All my life, starting in childhood ... Bosphorus can seem
like a duty.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006
pp. 185–186

3.

Between the ages of six and ten ... boys will be boys.

Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*,
Faber and Faber, 2006
pp. 265–266

Section E: Poetry

25 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.

Infant Joy

I have no name
I am but two days old—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name,—
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

* * *

2.

Visions of the Daughters of Albion

“... The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin
That pines for man shall awaken her womb to enormous joys
In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from
The lustful joy shall forget to generate, & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.
Are not these the places of religion? the rewards of continence!
The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?
Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude,
Where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of
desire.

Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!
Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders darken'd and cast out,
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain
wind!

Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water?
That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day:
To spin a web of age around him, grey and hoary! dark!
Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight.
Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton
With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold;
I'll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play
In lovely copulation bliss on bliss with Theotormon;
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.

Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor
Where the cold miser spreads his gold? or does the bright
cloud drop

On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that
brings

Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself
Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot
The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night.

The sea fowl takes the wintery blast for a cov'ring to her limbs:
And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
And trees, & birds, & beasts, & men behold their eternal joy.
Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!”

Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theotormon sits
Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

The End

* * *

Section E: Poetry

25 William Blake: *Blake's Poetry and Designs* – continued

3.

Song

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens far,
Where all his golden pleasures grow,

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

* * *

Section E: Poetry

26 TS Eliot: *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of TS Eliot.

1.

Portrait of a Lady

II

Now that lilacs are in bloom ...
Are these ideas right or wrong?

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*, Faber and
Faber, 2005
pp. 9–10

2.

Gerontion

Thou hast nor youth nor age ... Under a windy knob.

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*, Faber and
Faber, 2005
pp. 29–30

Section E: Poetry

26 TS Eliot: *Collected Poems 1909–1962* – continued

3.

Burnt Norton

I

Time present and time past ...
Point to one end, which is always present.

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*, Faber and
Faber, 2005
pp. 177–178

Section E: Poetry

27 Seamus Heaney (trans.): *Beowulf*

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

1.

So Grendel ruled in defiance of right ... he was the Lord's
outcast.

Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 7–8

2.

His name was Wiglaf ... came together in the combat.

Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 82–83

Section E: Poetry

27 Seamus Heaney (trans.): *Beowulf* – continued

3.

The Geat people built a pyre ... keenest to win fame.

Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 98–99

Section E: Poetry

28 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.

Streetside Poppies

After fifty years of writing poetry ...
down to a footsore gallantry of blooms.

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

pp. 5–6

2.

So Unimaginably Different and So Long Ago

We who would probably want to remake ...
God's length short of God.

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

p. 28

Section E: Poetry

28 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing* – continued

3.

Scrawled on Auden's Napkin

All the liberal decencies are stained ...
Defy the runes before a decent dinner.

Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*,
Picador, 2001

pp. 48–49

Section E: Poetry

29 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe: Selected Poems 1950–2001*

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

1.

Aunt Jennifer's Tigers

Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance ... Will go on prancing, proud
and unafraid.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002
p. 4

2.

Diving into the Wreck

I came to explore the wreck ... our names do not appear.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002
pp. 102–103

Section E: Poetry

29 Adrienne Rich: *The Fact of a Doorframe: Selected Poems 1950–2001* – continued

3.

Rusted Legacy

Imagine a city where nothing's ... each encysts a city.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:*

Selected Poems 1950–2001,

WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002

pp. 292–293

Section E: Poetry

30 Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Christina Rossetti.

1.

Remember.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

* * *

2.

Goblin Market.

Morning and evening
 Maids heard the goblins cry:
 "Come buy our orchard fruits,
 Come buy, come buy:
 Apples and quinces,
 Lemons and oranges,
 Plump unpecked cherries,
 Melons and raspberries,
 Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
 Swart-headed mulberries,
 Wild free-born cranberries,
 Crab-apples, dewberries,
 Pine-apples, blackberries,
 Apricots, strawberries;—
 All ripe together
 In summer weather,—
 Morns that pass by,
 Fair eves that fly;
 Come buy, come buy:
 Our grapes fresh from the vine,
 Pomegranates full and fine,
 Dates and sharp bullaces,
 Rare pears and greengages,
 Damsons and bilberries,
 Taste them and try:
 Currants and gooseberries,
 Bright-fire-like barberries,
 Figs to fill your mouth,
 Citrons from the South,
 Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
 Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening
 Among the brookside rushes,
 Laura bowed her head to hear,
 Lizzie veiled her blushes:
 Crouching close together
 In the cooling weather,
 With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
 With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
 "Lie close," Laura said,
 Pricking up her golden head:
 "We must not look at goblin men,
 We must not buy their fruits:
 Who knows upon what soil they fed
 Their hungry thirsty roots?"
 "Come buy," call the goblins
 Hobbling down the glen.
 "Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
 You should not peep at goblin men."
 Lizzie covered up her eyes,
 Covered close lest they should look;
 Laura reared her glossy head,
 And whispered like the restless brook:
 "Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,

Section E: Poetry

30 Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* – continued

Down the glen tramp little men.
 One hauls a basket,
 One bears a plate,
 One lugs a golden dish
 Of many pounds weight.
 How fair the vine must grow
 Whose grapes are so luscious;
 How warm the wind must blow
 Thro' those fruit bushes."
 "No," said Lizzie: "No, no, no;
 Their offers should not charm us,
 Their evil gifts would harm us."
 She thrust a dimpled finger
 In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
 Curious Laura chose to linger
 Wondering at each merchant man.
 One had a cat's face,
 One whisked a tail,
 One tramped at a rat's pace,
 One crawled like a snail,
 One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
 One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
 She heard a voice like voice of doves
 Cooing all together:
 They sounded kind and full of loves
 In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
 Like a rush-imbedded swan,
 Like a lily from the beck,
 Like a moonlit poplar branch,
 Like a vessel at the launch
 When its last restraint is gone.

* * *

3.

Memory.

I

I nursed it in my bosom while it lived,
 I hid it in my heart when it was dead;
 In joy I sat alone, even so I grieved
 Alone and nothing said.

I shut the door to face the naked truth,
 I stood alone—I faced the truth alone,
 Stripped bare of self-regard or forms or ruth
 Till first and last were shown.

I took the perfect balances and weighed;
 No shaking of my hand disturbed the poise;
 Weighed, found it wanting: not a word I said,
 But silent made my choice.

None know the choice I made; I make it still.
 None know the choice I made and broke my heart,
 Breaking mine idol: I have braced my will
 Once, chosen for once my part.

I broke it at a blow, I laid it cold,
 Crushed in my deep heart where it used to live.
 My heart dies inch by inch; the time grows old,
 Grows old in which I grieve.

II

I have a room whereinto no one enters
 Save I myself alone:
 There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
 There my life centres;

While winter comes and goes—oh tedious comer!—
 And while its nip-wind blows;
 While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose
 Of lavish summer.

If any should force entrance he might see there
 One buried yet not dead,
 Before whose face I no more bow my head
 Or bend my knee there;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather
 I watch there with clear eyes,
 And think how it will be in Paradise
 When we're together.

* * *

Assessment criteria

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

- understanding of the text demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation
- ability to write expressively and coherently to present an interpretation
- understanding of how views and values may be suggested in the text
- analysis of how key passages and/or moments in the text contribute to an interpretation
- analysis of the features of a text and how they contribute to an interpretation
- 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 text numbers of my chosen texts on the front covers of all script books?

Have I written on texts from two different sections?

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

