

Victorian Certificate of Education
Year**LITERATURE**
Written examination**Day Date****Reading time: *.** to *.** (15 minutes)****Writing time: *.** to *.** (2 hours)****TASK BOOK****Structure of book**

<i>Section</i>	<i>Number of questions</i>	<i>Number of questions to be answered</i>	<i>Number of marks</i>
A	30	1	20
B	30	1	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, correction fluid/tape and dictionaries.
- No calculator is allowed in this examination.

Materials supplied

- Task book of 68 pages, including **assessment criteria** on page 68
- One or more answer books

The task

- You are required to complete two pieces of writing: one for Section A and one for Section B.
- Each piece of writing must be based on a text selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.
- Each selected text must be from a different category (novels, plays, short stories, other literature, poetry). You must **not** write on two texts from the same category. Students who write on two texts from the same category will receive a score of zero for one of their responses.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the answer book(s).
- In the answer book(s), indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the examination

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

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

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4.	Simon Leys	<i>The Death of Napoleon</i>	4	14–15
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9.	Virginia Woolf	<i>Mrs Dalloway</i>	4	24–25

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12.	Euripides	<i>The Bacchae</i>	5	30–31
13.	Brian Friel	<i>The Freedom of the City</i>	5	32–33
14.	Hannie Rayson	<i>Two Brothers</i>	5	34–35
15.	William Shakespeare	<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i>	5	36–37
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20.	Katherine Mansfield	<i>The Collected Stories</i>	5	46–47

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21.	Truman Capote	<i>In Cold Blood</i>	6	48–49
22.	Chloe Hooper	<i>The Tall Man</i>	6	50–51
23.	George Orwell	<i>Down and Out in Paris and London</i>	6	52–53
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Poetry**Text number****Page****Section A****Section B**

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29.	Adrienne Rich	<i>The Fact of a Doorframe: Selected Poems 1950–2001</i>	6	64–65
30.	Christina Rossetti	<i>Selected Poems</i>	6	66–67
Assessment criteria				68

SECTION A – Literary perspectives**Instructions for Section A**

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing in response to the topic set for **one** text.

Your selected text must be used as the basis for your response to the topic. You are required to produce an interpretation of the text using one literary perspective to inform your view.

Your selected text for Section A must be from a different category than your selected text for Section B.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section A is worth 20 marks.

Novels**1. Jane Austen, *Persuasion***

Consider the extent to which the characters in *Persuasion* are oppressed by society's rules and expectations.

2. Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

Reflect on the idea that none of the characters in *Jane Eyre* are truly independent.

3. John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

In *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles opens up new ways of examining society's values. Discuss.

4. Simon Leys, *The Death of Napoleon*

Discuss the proposition that Leys's novella is primarily concerned with the identity and function of the self.

5. Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*

Despite its fantasy elements, *Love in the Time of Cholera* is pervaded by a sense of death and decay. To what extent do you agree?

6. Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*

In what ways does McCarthy conform to or depart from the genre of the American Western in *All the Pretty Horses*?

7. Ian McEwan, *Atonement*

How do the narrative perspectives of *Atonement* suggest that truth is an elusive notion?

8. Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*

Consider the proposition that White exposes the small-mindedness of a materialistic society in *The Aunt's Story*.

9. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*

In *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf constructs the title character as a woman dependent on others for her identity. Discuss.

Plays

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

In *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the characters and the audience are both confronted by unpleasant truths. Discuss.

11. Jack Davis, *No Sugar*

In what ways does Davis depict unequal access to power in *No Sugar*?

12. Euripides, *The Bacchae*

Consider the proposition that, in *The Bacchae*, Euripides exposes the power of the repressed passions and desires that threaten civilised society.

13. Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*

How does Friel show that justice serves the interest of those in power in this play?

14. Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Two Brothers*, Rayson shows that the struggle for power is damaging to both the family and society.

15. William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare sets up irreconcilable oppositions between the ordered, sterile world of Rome and the chaotic, seductive world of Egypt. Discuss.

16. William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

Consider the proposition that, in *The Tempest*, Shakespeare suggests that the values of a civilised society are not always civilised.

17. Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*

The characters in Stoppard's *Arcadia* are preoccupied with the search for certainty in an unpredictable universe. Discuss.

Short stories

18. Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*

Consider the proposition that Carey's disempowered characters in *Collected Stories* are burdened by a sense of emasculation and failure.

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

The characters in Chekhov's stories fail to establish fulfilling relationships because they struggle with a sense of who they are. To what extent do you agree?

20. Katherine Mansfield, *The Collected Stories*

In *The Collected Stories*, Mansfield's female characters are independent women with a social conscience and a strong sense of self. Discuss.

Other literature

21. Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*

In this text, Capote suggests that both the Clutter family and their killers are victims of an unequal society. Discuss.

22. Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*

In what ways have the stories of the Palm Islanders in *The Tall Man* been shaped by white Australians?

23. George Orwell, *Down and Out in Paris and London*

To what extent does the narrative voice in this text reveal Orwell to be an inescapable product of his own cultural context?

24. Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Istanbul: Memories and the City*, Istanbul is reconstructed by Orhan Pamuk's childhood memories.

Poetry

25. William Blake, *Blake's Poetry and Designs*

In what ways do the set poems from *Blake's Poetry and Designs* invite us to condemn hypocrisy and social inequality?

26. TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

The set poems from this text show that although the poet challenges traditional forms, his values remain conservative. Discuss.

27. Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*

Consider the proposition that, in Heaney's translation of *Beowulf*, individual heroism is never as important as responsibility to the community.

28. Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*

In the set poems from *Max is Missing*, Porter challenges the ways in which people view the everyday world. Discuss.

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

Reflect on the notion that the set poems from this text speak strongly to those who are oppressed because of their gender, class or social status.

30. Christina Rossetti, *Selected Poems*

Discuss the idea that the set poems from this text are as much about self-fulfilment and life as they are about self-restraint and death.

SECTION B – Close analysis**Instructions for Section B**

You are required to complete **one** piece of writing based on **one** text in response to the task set.

Three passages have been set for every text. The set passages are presented in the order in which they appear in the nominated version of the text. The set passages are also reproduced as they appear in the nominated version of the text.

You must use **two or more** of the set passages as the basis for a discussion about the selected text.

In your response, refer in detail to the set passages and the selected text. You may include minor references to other texts.

Your selected text for Section B must be from a different category than your selected text for Section A.

In the answer book, indicate which section you are responding to and the text number of your selected text.

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 68 of this book.

Section B is worth 20 marks.

Novels

1. Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Persuasion*.

1.

Anne Elliot, with all her claims of birth, beauty, and mind, to throw herself away at nineteen; involve herself at nineteen in an engagement with a young man, who had nothing but himself to recommend him, and no hopes of attaining affluence, but in the chances of a most uncertain profession, and no connexions to secure even his farther rise in that profession; would be, indeed, a throwing away, which she grieved to think of! Anne Elliot, so young; known to so few, to be snatched off by a stranger without alliance or fortune; or rather sunk by him into a state of most wearing, anxious, youth-killing dependance! It must not be, if by any fair interference of friendship, any representations from one who had almost a mother's love, and mother's rights, it would be prevented.

Captain Wentworth had no fortune. He had been lucky in his profession, but spending freely, what had come freely, had realized nothing. But, he was confident that he should soon be rich;—full of life and ardour, he knew that he should soon have a ship, and soon be on a station that would lead to every thing he wanted. He had always been lucky; he knew he should be so still.—Such confidence, powerful in its own warmth, and bewitching in the wit which often expressed it, must have been enough for Anne; but Lady Russell saw it very differently.—His sanguine temper, and fearlessness of mind, operated very differently on her. She saw in it but an aggravation of the evil. It only added a dangerous character to himself. He was brilliant, he was headstrong.—Lady Russell had little taste for wit; and of any thing approaching to imprudence a horror. She deprecated the connexion in every light.

Such opposition, as these feelings produced, was more than Anne could combat. Young and gentle as she was, it might yet have been possible to withstand her father's ill-will, though unsoftened by one kind word or look on the part of her sister;—but Lady Russell, whom she had always loved and relied on, could not, with such steadiness of opinion, and such tenderness of manner, be continually advising her in vain.

* * *

2.

"I wish," said Henrietta, very well pleased with her companion, "I wish Lady Russell lived at Uppercross, and were intimate with Dr. Shirley. I have always heard of Lady Russell, as a woman of the greatest influence with every body! I always look upon her as able to persuade a person to any thing! I am afraid of her, as I have told you before, quite afraid of her, because she is so very clever; but I respect her amazingly, and wish we had such a neighbour at Uppercross."

Anne was amused by Henrietta's manner of being grateful, and amused also, that the course of events and the new interests of Henrietta's views should have placed her friend at all in favour with any of the Musgrove family; she had only time, however, for a general answer, and a wish that such another woman were at Uppercross, before all subjects suddenly ceased, on seeing Louisa and Captain Wentworth coming towards them. They came also for a stroll till breakfast was likely to be ready; but Louisa recollecting, immediately afterwards, that she had something to procure at a shop, invited them all to go back with her into the town. They were all at her disposal.

When they came to the steps, leading upwards from the beach, a gentleman at the same moment preparing to come down, politely drew back, and stopped to give them way. They ascended and passed him; and as they passed, Anne's face caught his eye, and he looked at her with a degree of earnest admiration, which she could not be insensible of. She was looking remarkably well; her very regular, very pretty features, having the bloom and freshness of youth restored by the fine wind which had been blowing on her complexion, and by the animation of eye which it had also produced. It was evident that the gentleman, (completely a gentleman in manner) admired her exceedingly. Captain Wentworth looked round at her instantly in a way which shewed his noticing of it. He gave her a momentary glance,—a glance of brightness, which seemed to say, "That man is struck with you,—and even I, at this moment, see something like Anne Elliot again."

* * *

Novels

1. Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

3.

She now felt a great inclination to go to the outer door; she wanted to see if it rained. Why was she to suspect herself of another motive? Captain Wentworth must be out of sight. She left her seat, she would go, one half of her should not be always so much wiser than the other half, or always suspecting the other of being worse than it was. She would see if it rained. She was sent back, however, in a moment by the entrance of Captain Wentworth himself, among a party of gentlemen and ladies, evidently his acquaintance, and whom he must have joined a little below Milsom-street. He was more obviously struck and confused by the sight of her, than she had ever observed before; he looked quite red. For the first time, since their renewed acquaintance, she felt that she was betraying the least sensibility of the two. She had the advantage of him, in the preparation of the last few moments. All the over-powering, blinding, bewildering, first effects of strong surprise were over with her. Still, however, she had enough to feel! It was agitation, pain, pleasure, a something between delight and misery.

He spoke to her, and then turned away. The character of his manner was embarrassment. She could not have called it either cold or friendly, or any thing so certainly as embarrassed.

After a short interval, however, he came towards her and spoke again. Mutual enquiries on common subjects passed; neither of them, probably, much the wiser for what they heard, and Anne continuing fully sensible of his being less at ease than formerly. They had, by dint of being so very much together, got to speak to each other with a considerable portion of apparent indifference and calmness; but he could not do it now. Time had changed him, or Louisa had changed him. There was consciousness of some sort or other. He looked very well, not as if he had been suffering in health or spirits, and he talked of Uppercross, of the Musgroves, nay, even of Louisa, and had even a momentary look of his own arch significance as he named her; but yet it was Captain Wentworth not comfortable, not easy, not able to feign that he was.

It did not surprise, but it grieved Anne to observe that Elizabeth would not know him. She saw that he saw Elizabeth, that Elizabeth saw him, that there was complete internal recognition on each side; she was convinced that he was ready to be acknowledged as an acquaintance, expecting it, and she had the pain of seeing her sister turn away with unalterable coldness.

* * *

Novels

2. Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Jane Eyre*.

1.

My world had for some years been in Lowood: my experience had been of its rules and systems; now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse, to seek real knowledge of life amidst its perils.

I went to my window, opened it, and looked out. There were the two wings of the building; there was the garden; there were the skirts of Lowood; there was the hilly horizon. My eye passed all other objects to rest on those most remote, the blue peaks. It was those I longed to surmount; all within their boundary of rock and heath seemed prison-ground, exile limits. I traced the white road winding round the base of one mountain, and vanishing in a gorge between two. How I longed to follow it farther! I recalled the time when I had travelled that very road in a coach; I remembered descending that hill at twilight. An age seemed to have elapsed since the day which brought me first to Lowood, and I had never quitted it since. My vacations had all been spent at school. Mrs Reed had never sent for me to Gateshead; neither she nor any of her family had ever been to visit me. I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer world. School-rules, school-duties, school habits and notions, and voices, and faces, and phrases, and costumes, and preferences, and antipathies: such was what I knew of existence. And now I felt that it was not enough. I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gasped; for liberty I uttered a prayer; it seemed scattered on the wind then faintly blowing. I abandoned it and framed a humbler supplication. For change, stimulus. That petition, too, seemed swept off into vague space. 'Then,' I cried, half desperate, 'grant me at least a new servitude!'

* * *

2.

'I tell you I must go!' I retorted, roused to something like passion. 'Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton? – a machine without feelings? and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! – I have as much soul as you – and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh; – it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal – as we are!'

'As we are!' repeated Mr Rochester – 'so,' he added, inclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips: 'so, Jane!'

'Yes, so, sir,' I rejoined: 'and yet not so; for you are a married man – or as good as a married man, and wed to one inferior to you – to one with whom you have no sympathy – whom I do not believe you truly love; for I have seen and heard you sneer at her. I would scorn such a union: therefore I am better than you – let me go!'

'Where, Jane? To Ireland?'

'Yes – to Ireland. I have spoken my mind, and can go anywhere now.'

'Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation.'

'I am no bird; and no net ensnares me; I am a free human being with an independent will, which I now exert to leave you.'

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

'And your will shall decide your destiny,' he said: 'I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions.'

'You play a farce, which I merely laugh at.'

'I ask you to pass through life at my side – to be my second self, and best earthly companion.'

'For that fate you have already made your choice, and must abide by it.'

'Jane, be still a few moments: you are over-excited: I will be still too.'

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel-walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut: it wandered away – away – to an indefinite distance – it died. The nightingale's song was then the only voice of the hour: in listening to it, I again wept. Mr Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke; he at last said –

'Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another.'

'I will never again come to your side: I am torn away now, and cannot return.'

'But, Jane, I summon you as my wife: it is you only I intend to marry.'

* * *

Novels

2. Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

3.

‘I am no better than the old lightning-struck chestnut-tree in Thornfield orchard,’ he remarked ere long. ‘And what right would that ruin have to bid a budding woodbine cover its decay with freshness?’

‘You are no ruin, sir – no lightning-struck tree: you are green and vigorous. Plants will grow about your roots, whether you ask them or not, because they take delight in your bountiful shadow; and as they grow they will lean towards you, and wind round you, because your strength offers them so safe a prop.’

Again he smiled: I gave him comfort.

‘You speak of friends, Jane?’ he asked.

‘Yes, of friends,’ I answered rather hesitatingly: for I knew I meant more than friends, but could not tell what other word to employ. He helped me.

‘Ah! Jane. But I want a wife.’

‘Do you, sir?’

‘Yes: is it news to you?’

‘Of course: you said nothing about it before.’

‘Is it unwelcome news?’

‘That depends on circumstances, sir – on your choice.’

‘Which you shall make for me, Jane. I will abide by your decision.’

‘Choose then, sir – *her who loves you best*.’

‘I will at least choose – *her I love best*. Jane, will you marry me?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘A poor blind man, whom you will have to lead about by the hand?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘A crippled man, twenty years older than you, whom you will have to wait on?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Truly, Jane?’

‘Most truly, sir.’

‘Oh! my darling! God bless you and reward you!’

‘Mr Rochester, if ever I did a good deed in my life – if ever I thought a good thought – if ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer – if ever I wished a righteous wish – I am rewarded now. To be your wife is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth.’

‘Because you delight in sacrifice.’

‘Sacrifice! What do I sacrifice? Famine for food, expectation for content. To be privileged to put my arms round what I value – to press my lips to what I love – to repose on what I trust: is that to make a sacrifice? If so, then certainly I delight in sacrifice.’

‘And to bear with my infirmities, Jane: to overlook my deficiencies.’

‘Which are none, sir, to me. I love you better now, when I can really be useful to you, than I did in your state of proud independence, when you disdained every part but that of the giver and protector.’

* * *

Novels

3. John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

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

1.

The couple moved to where ...
the scientist, the despiser of novels.

JR Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage, 2005
pp. 10 and 11

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Then Sarah could quite literally ...
It was not Doctor Grogan.

JR Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage, 2005
pp. 252 and 253

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

3. John Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*

3.

‘I thought your mistress ...
friendship would be to hurt her most.

JR Fowles, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*,
Vintage, 2005
pp. 466–468

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

4. Simon Leys, *The Death of Napoleon*

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

1.

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.

* * *

2.

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.

* * *

Novels

4. Simon Leys, *The Death of Napoleon*

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.

* * *

Novels

5. Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*

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

1.

“Fermina,” he said, “I have waited for this opportunity ...
than about her dead husband.

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

pp. 50 and 51

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

But, indifferent to the uproar ...
with a wave of her hand.

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

pp. 101 and 102

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

5. Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*

3.

He knew that she was sitting ...
on the stairs at the door.

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

pp. 255 and 256

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

6. Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*

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

1.

At the hour he'd always choose ...
across the plains to Mexico.

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

pp. 5 and 6

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Rawlins looked at John Grady ...
pitched it into the weeds.

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

pp. 182 and 183

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

6. Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*

3.

When they got to the room ...
he could hear roosters calling.

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

pp. 260 and 261

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

7. Ian McEwan, *Atonement*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Atonement*.

1.

She had read the note standing shamelessly ... Robbie his disgusting mind.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Vintage, 2007
pp. 114 and 115

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

He would be cleared ... or just to hate Briony, but it helped.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Vintage, 2007
pp. 228 and 229

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

7. Ian McEwan, *Atonement*

3.

She felt the memories ... The verdict stood.

Ian McEwan, *Atonement*,
Vintage, 2007

pp. 324 and 325

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

8. Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*

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

1.

'I shall know everything,' ... the lightning that had struck the oak.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage Classics, 2008

pp. 40 and 41

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

'Bare,' smiled Moraïtis, for a fresh discovery ... which he could not pay anyone to take.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage Classics, 2008

pp. 108 and 109

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

8. Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*

3.

The nun's feet touched grass ... what to say to an Honourable.

Patrick White, *The Aunt's Story*,
Vintage Classics, 2008
pp. 256 and 257

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Novels

9. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Mrs Dalloway*.

1.

The aeroplane turned and raced and swooped exactly where it liked, swiftly, freely, like a skater –

‘That’s an E,’ said Mrs. Bletchley –
or a dancer –

‘It’s toffee,’ murmured Mr. Bowley –
(and the car went in at the gates and nobody looked at it),
and shutting off the smoke, away and away it rushed, and the smoke faded and assembled itself round the broad white shapes of the clouds.

It had gone; it was behind the clouds. There was no sound. The clouds to which the letters E, G, or L had attached themselves moved freely, as if destined to cross from West to East on a mission of the greatest importance which would never be revealed, and yet certainly so it was – a mission of the greatest importance. Then suddenly, as a train comes out of a tunnel, the aeroplane rushed out of the clouds again, the sound boring into the ears of all people in the Mall, in the Green Park, in Piccadilly, in Regent Street, in Regent’s Park, and the bar of smoke curved behind and it dropped down, and it soared up and wrote one letter after another – but what word was it writing?

Lucrezia Warren Smith, sitting by her husband’s side on a seat in Regent’s Park in the Broad Walk, looked up.

‘Look, look, Septimus!’ she cried. For Dr. Holmes had told her to make her husband (who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts) take an interest in things outside himself.

So, thought Septimus, looking up, they are signalling to me. Not indeed in actual words; that is, he could not read the language yet; but it was plain enough, this beauty, this exquisite beauty, and tears filled his eyes as he looked at the smoke words languishing and melting in the sky and bestowing upon him in their inexhaustible charity and laughing goodness one shape after another of unimaginable beauty and signalling their intention to provide him, for nothing, for ever, for looking merely, with beauty, more beauty! Tears ran down his cheeks.

* * *

2.

She had gone up into the tower alone and left them blackberrying in the sun. The door had shut, and there among the dust of fallen plaster and the litter of birds’ nests how distant the view had looked, and the sounds came thin and chill (once on Leith Hill, she remembered), and Richard, Richard! she cried, as a sleeper in the night starts and stretches a hand in the dark for help. Lunching with Lady Bruton, it came back to her. He has left me; I am alone for ever, she thought, folding her hands upon her knee.

Peter Walsh had got up and crossed to the window and stood with his back to her, flicking a bandanna handkerchief from side to side. Masterly and dry and desolate he looked, his thin shoulder-blades lifting his coat slightly; blowing his nose violently. Take me with you, Clarissa thought impulsively, as if he were starting directly upon some great voyage; and then, next moment, it was as if the five acts of a play that had been very exciting and moving were now over and she had lived a lifetime in them and had run away, had lived with Peter, and it was now over.

Now it was time to move, and, as a woman gathers her things together, her cloak, her gloves, her opera-glasses, and gets up to go out of the theatre into the street, she rose from the sofa and went to Peter.

And it was awfully strange, he thought, how she still had the power, as she came tinkling, rustling, still had the power as she came across the room, to make the moon, which he detested, rise at Bourton on the terrace in the summer sky.

‘Tell me,’ he said, seizing her by the shoulders. ‘Are you happy, Clarissa? Does Richard——’

The door opened.

‘Here is my Elizabeth,’ said Clarissa, emotionally, histrionically, perhaps.

‘How d’y do?’ said Elizabeth coming forward.

The sound of Big Ben striking the half-hour struck out between them with extraordinary vigour, as if a young man, strong, indifferent, inconsiderate, were swinging dumb-bells this way and that.

‘Hullo, Elizabeth!’ cried Peter, stuffing his handkerchief into his pocket, going quickly to her, saying ‘Good-bye Clarissa’ without looking at her, leaving the room quickly, and running downstairs and opening the hall door.

‘Peter! Peter!’ cried Clarissa, following him out on to the landing. ‘My party to-night! Remember my party to-night!’ she cried, having to raise her voice against the roar of the open air, and, overwhelmed by the traffic and the sound of all the clocks striking, her voice crying ‘Remember my party to-night!’ sounded frail and thin and very far away as Peter Walsh shut the door.

* * *

Novels

9. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs Dalloway*

3.

‘Clarissa!’ That voice! It was Sally Seton! Sally Seton! after all these years! She loomed through a mist. For she hadn’t looked like *that*, Sally Seton, when Clarissa grasped the hot-water can. To think of her under this roof, under this roof! Not like that!

All on top of each other, embarrassed, laughing, words tumbled out – passing through London; heard from Clara Haydon; what a chance of seeing you! So I thrust myself in – without an invitation ...

One might put down the hot-water can quite composedly. The lustre had left her. Yet it was extraordinary to see her again, older, happier, less lovely. They kissed each other, first this cheek, then that, by the drawing-room door, and Clarissa turned, with Sally’s hand in hers, and saw her rooms full, heard the roar of voices, saw the candlesticks, the blowing curtains, and the roses which Richard had given her.

‘I have five enormous boys,’ said Sally.

She had the simplest egotism, the most open desire to be thought first always, and Clarissa loved her for being still like that. ‘I can’t believe it!’ she cried, kindling all over with pleasure at the thought of the past.

But alas, Wilkins; Wilkins wanted her; Wilkins was emitting in a voice of commanding authority, as if the whole company must be admonished and the hostess reclaimed from frivolity, one name:

‘The Prime Minister,’ said Peter Walsh.

The Prime Minister? Was it really? Ellie Henderson marvelled. What a thing to tell Edith!

One couldn’t laugh at him. He looked so ordinary. You might have stood him behind a counter and bought biscuits – poor chap, all rigged up in gold lace. And to be fair, as he went his rounds, first with Clarissa, then with Richard escorting him, he did it very well. He tried to look somebody. It was amusing to watch. Nobody looked at him. They just went on talking, yet it was perfectly plain that they all knew, felt to the marrow of their bones, this majesty passing; this symbol of what they all stood for, English society. Old Lady Bruton, and she looked very fine too, very stalwart in her lace, swam up, and they withdrew into a little room which at once became spied upon, guarded, and a sort of stir and rustle rippled through every one, openly: the Prime Minister!

Lord, lord, the snobbery of the English! thought Peter Walsh, standing in the corner. How they loved dressing up in gold lace and doing homage! There! That must be – by Jove it was – Hugh Whitbread, snuffing round the precincts of the great, grown rather fatter, rather whiter, the admirable Hugh!

* * *

Plays

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

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

1.

HONEY [*to GEORGE, brightly*]: I didn't know until just a minute ago that you had a son.

[...]

GEORGE [*incredulous*]: Really? Well, you're quite right. . . . We'll leave that sort of talk to Martha.

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

Vintage, 2001

pp. 22–24

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

HONEY [*focusing*]: I know these people. . . .

[...]

NICK: DAMAGING!! TO ME!!

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

Vintage, 2001

pp. 77 and 78

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

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

3.

GEORGE [*oh, so patiently*]: Well, Martha, while you were out
of the room [...]

MARTHA [...] I WILL NOT LET YOU DO THAT!

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

pp. 122–124

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

11. Jack Davis, *No Sugar*

Use two or more of the set passages 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 and 21

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

JOE: Okay [...]

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

Jack Davis, *No Sugar*,
Currency Press, 1998
pp. 68 and 69

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

11. Jack Davis, *No Sugar*

3.

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

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

pp. 97 and 98

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

12. Euripides, *The Bacchae*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Bacchae*.

1.

PENTHEUS:

... Those still at large [...]

TEIRESIAS:

[...] such a man is a peril to the state.

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

pp. 198–200

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

CHORUS:

... Where are you, Dionysus? [...]

The doors open and DIONYSUS appears.

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

pp. 210 and 211

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

12. Euripides, *The Bacchae*

3.

AGAUË:

Father! Now you may boast [...]

CADMUS: [...] Come, to look is no great task.

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

pp. 236–238

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

13. Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*

Use two or more of the set passages 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: Plays I, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 107 and 108

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

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

Brian Friel, 'The Freedom of the City', in
Brian Friel: Plays I, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 126 and 127

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

13. Brian Friel, *The Freedom of the City*

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: Plays I, Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 139 and 140

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

14. Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Two Brothers*.

1.

Laughter.

FI: People sometimes ask—

[...]

ANGELA: Give them all a round of applause, please!

Applause.

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

pp. 4 and 5

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

TOM: Thank you for agreeing to see my client... Minister.

[...]

HAZEM: [...] They stand and watch—and my family is dead.

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

pp. 38 and 39

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

14. Hannie Rayson, *Two Brothers*

3.

EGGS *enters wearing his dark-blue suit* [...] Australia is answering the call.

Blackout.

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

pp. 81 and 82

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

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

1.

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA
 ANTONY No further, sir.
 CAESAR You take from me a great part of myself;
 Use me well in't. – Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond
 Shall pass on thy approval. – Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue which is set
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherished.
 ANTONY Make me not offended
 In your distrust.
 CAESAR I have said.
 ANTONY You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
 We will here part.
 CAESAR Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
 The elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.
 OCTAVIA My noble brother! [*She weeps*]
 ANTONY The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on. – Be cheerful.
 OCTAVIA [*To Caesar*] Sir, look well to my husband's house; and –
 CAESAR What, Octavia?
 OCTAVIA I'll tell you in your ear.
 [*She whispers to Caesar*]
 ANTONY Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue – the swansdown
 feather,
 That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.
 ENOBARBUS [*Aside to Agrippa*] Will Caesar weep?
 AGRIPPA [*Aside to Enobarbus*] He has a cloud in's face.
 ENOBARBUS [*Aside to Agrippa*]
 He were the worse for that were he a horse,
 So is he being a man.
 AGRIPPA [*Aside to Enobarbus*] Why, Enobarbus,
 When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
 He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
 ENOBARBUS [*Aside to Agrippa*]
 That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
 What willingly he did confound, he wailed,
 Believe't, till I wept too.
 CAESAR No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
 Outgo my thinking on you.
 ANTONY Come, sir, come,

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
 Look, here I have you [*Embracing him*]; thus I let
 you go,
 And give you to the gods.
 CAESAR Adieu. Be happy!
 LEPIDUS Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way!
 CAESAR Farewell, farewell!
Kisses Octavia
 ANTONY Farewell!
Trumpets sound. Exeunt [in separate groups]

* * *

Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

2.

Enter ANTONY

ANTONY All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Begone!

[Exit Scarus]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O, this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them home,
Whose bosom was my crown, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA Why is my lord enraged against his love?
ANTONY Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians!
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like be shown
Of all thy sex; most monster-like be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparèd nails!

Exit Cleopatra

'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'th'moon,
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dies for't. Eros, ho! *Exit*

* * *

3.

CLEOPATRA His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

DOLABELLA Cleopatra –
CLEOPATRA Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA Gentle madam, no.
CLEOPATRA You lie up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet t' imagine
An Antony were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

DOLABELLA Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA I thank you, sir.
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?
DOLABELLA I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
CLEOPATRA Nay, pray you, sir.
DOLABELLA Though he be honourable –
CLEOPATRA He'll lead me then in triumph.
DOLABELLA Madam, he will, I know't.

* * *

Plays

16. William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Tempest*.

1.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring – then like reeds, not hair –
Was the first man that leaped; cried 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here!'

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o'th'fleet?

ARIEL Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship, in the deep nook where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermudas, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o'th'fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work.
What is the time o'th'day?

ARIEL Past the mid-season.

PROSPERO At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO How now? Moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

* * *

2.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th'world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO (*aside*) Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND (*kneels*) My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand!
Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda, in different directions

PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal, but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supertime must I perform
Much business appertaining.

Exit

* * *

Plays

16. William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

3.

Spoken by Prospero

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Exit

* * *

Plays

17. Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Arcadia*.

1.

Thomasina When you stir your rice pudding [...]
Thomasina Oh! I see now! The answer is perfectly obvious.

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

pp. 8–10

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Hannah You've left out everything [...]
Bernard [...] And he killed Chater.

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

pp. 80 and 81

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Plays

17. Tom Stoppard, *Arcadia*

3.

From the portfolio [...]

Valentine Only for lunatics and poets.

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

pp. 105–107

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

18. Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Collected Stories*.

1.

‘Peeling’

Several times a week ...
arranging dolls on the landing.

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

pp. 116 and 117

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

‘The Chance’

6.

I started to write ...
She patted the chair again.

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

pp. 378 and 379

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

18. Peter Carey, *Collected Stories*

3.

'He Found Her Late in Summer'

For a long time ...
a waste of time.

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

pp. 401 and 402

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

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

Use two or more of the set passages 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 and 84

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

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 and 289

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

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

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 and 308

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Short stories

20. Katherine Mansfield, *The Collected Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages 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.

* * *

Short stories

20. Katherine Mansfield, *The Collected Stories*

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.

* * *

Other literature

21. Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*

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

1.

Outside the drugstore ...
invulnerable, 'totally masculine'.)

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008
pp. 27 and 28

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Shouting, the auctioneer praised his wares ...
clasped it over her mouth.

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008
pp. 271 and 272

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

21. Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*

3.

‘... Our state provides ... and your consciences.’

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,
Penguin Books, 2008

pp. 304 and 305

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

22. Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*

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

1.

Lex faced the police ...
until help arrived.

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton (Penguin imprint), 2008
pp. 69 and 70

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

I wondered how many ...
this was a drama of revenge.

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton (Penguin imprint), 2008
pp. 204 and 205

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

22. Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*

3.

What had Chris Hurley dreamt ...
and some had their hair shaved.

Chloe Hooper, *The Tall Man*,
Hamish Hamilton (Penguin imprint), 2008
pp. 242 and 243

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

23. George Orwell, *Down and Out in Paris and London*

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

1.

My hotel was called the Hôtel des Trois Moineaux. It was a dark, rickety warren of five storeys, cut up by wooden partitions into forty rooms. The rooms were small and inveterately dirty, for there was no maid, and Madame F., the *patronne*, had no time to do any sweeping. The walls were as thin as matchwood, and to hide the cracks they had been covered with layer after layer of pink paper, which had come loose and housed innumerable bugs. Near the ceiling long lines of bugs marched all day like columns of soldiers, and at night came down ravenously hungry, so that one had to get up every few hours and kill them in hecatombs. Sometimes when the bugs got too bad one used to burn sulphur and drive them into the next room; whereupon the lodger next door would retort by having *his* room sulphured, and drive the bugs back. It was a dirty place, but homelike, for Madame F. and her husband were good sorts. The rent of the rooms varied between thirty and fifty francs a week.

The lodgers were a floating population, largely foreigners, who used to turn up without luggage, stay a week and then disappear again. They were of every trade – cobblers, bricklayers, stonemasons, navvies, students, prostitutes, rag-pickers. Some of them were fantastically poor. In one of the attics there was a Bulgarian student who made fancy shoes for the American market. From six to twelve he sat on his bed, making a dozen pairs of shoes and earning thirty-five francs; the rest of the day he attended lectures at the Sorbonne. He was studying for the Church, and books of theology lay face-down on his leather-strewn floor. In another room lived a Russian woman and her son, who called himself an artist. The mother worked sixteen hours a day, darning socks at twenty-five centimes a sock, while the son, decently dressed, loafed in the Montparnasse cafés. One room was let to two different lodgers, one a day worker and the other a night worker. In another room a widower shared the same bed with his two grown-up daughters, both consumptive.

There were eccentric characters in the hotel. The Paris slums are a gathering-place for eccentric people – people who have fallen into solitary, half-mad grooves of life and given up trying to be normal or decent. Poverty frees them from ordinary standards of behaviour, just as money frees people from work. Some of the lodgers in our hotel lived lives that were curious beyond words.

* * *

2.

Is a *plongeur*'s work really necessary to civilization? We have a vague feeling that it must be 'honest' work, because it is hard and disagreeable, and we have made a sort of fetish of manual work. We see a man cutting down a tree, and we make sure that he is filling a social need, just because he uses his muscles; it does not occur to us that he may only be cutting down a beautiful tree to make room for a hideous statue. I believe it is the same with a *plongeur*. He earns his bread in the sweat of his brow, but it does not follow that he is doing anything useful; he may be only supplying a luxury which, very often, is not a luxury.

As an example of what I mean by luxuries which are not luxuries, take an extreme case, such as one hardly sees in Europe. Take an Indian rickshaw puller, or a gharri pony. In any Far Eastern town there are rickshaw pullers by the hundred, black wretches weighing eight stone, clad in loincloths. Some of them are diseased; some of them are fifty years old. For miles on end they trot in the sun or rain, head down, dragging at the shafts, with the sweat dripping from their grey moustaches. When they go too slowly the passenger calls them *bahinchut*. They earn thirty or forty rupees a month, and cough their lungs out after a few years. The gharri ponies are gaunt, vicious things that have been sold cheap as having a few years' work left in them. Their master looks on the whip as a substitute for food. Their work expresses itself in a sort of equation – whip plus food equals energy; generally it is about sixty per cent whip and forty per cent food. Sometimes their necks are encircled by one vast sore, so that they drag all day on raw flesh. It is still possible to make them work, however; it is just a question of thrashing them so hard that the pain behind outweighs the pain in front. After a few years even the whip loses its virtue, and the pony goes to the knacker. These are instances of unnecessary work, for there is no real need for gharries and rickshaws; they only exist because Orientals consider it vulgar to walk. They are luxuries, and, as anyone who has ridden in them knows, very poor luxuries. They afford a small amount of convenience, which cannot possibly balance the suffering of the men and animals.

Similarly with the *plongeur*. He is a king compared with a rickshaw puller or a gharri pony, but his case is analogous. He is the slave of a hotel or a restaurant, and his slavery is more or less useless. For, after all, where is the *real* need of big hotels and smart restaurants? They are supposed to provide luxury, but in reality they provide only a cheap, shoddy imitation of it.

* * *

Other literature

23. George Orwell, *Down and Out in Paris and London*

3.

Paddy was my mate for about the next fortnight, and, as he was the first tramp I had known at all well, I want to give an account of him. I believe that he was a typical tramp and there are tens of thousands in England like him.

He was a tallish man aged about thirty-five, with fair hair going grizzled and watery blue eyes. His features were good, but his cheeks had lank and had that greyish, dirty-in-the-grain look that comes of a bread and margarine diet. He was dressed, rather better than most tramps, in a tweed shooting-jacket and a pair of very old evening trousers with the braid still on them. Evidently the braid figured in his mind as a lingering scrap of respectability, and he took care to sew it on again when it came loose. He was careful of his appearance altogether, and carried a razor and bootbrush that he would not sell, though he had sold his 'papers' and even his pocket-knife long since. Nevertheless, one would have known him for a tramp a hundred yards away. There was something in his drifting style of walk, and the way he had of hunching his shoulders forward, essentially abject. Seeing him walk, you felt instinctively that he would sooner take a blow than give one.

He had been brought up in Ireland, served two years in the war, and then worked in a metal polish factory, where he had lost his job two years earlier. He was horribly ashamed of being a tramp, but he had picked up all a tramp's ways. He browsed the pavements unceasingly, never missing a cigarette-end, or even an empty cigarette packet, as he used the tissue paper for rolling cigarettes. On our way into Edbury he saw a newspaper parcel on the pavement, pounced on it, and found that it contained two mutton sandwiches, rather frayed at the edges; these he insisted on my sharing. He never passed an automatic machine without giving a tug at the handle, for he said that sometimes they are out of order and will eject pennies if you tug at them. He had no stomach for crime, however. When we were in the outskirts of Romton, Paddy noticed a bottle of milk on a doorstep, evidently left there by mistake. He stopped, eyeing the bottle hungrily.

'Christ!' he said, 'dere's good food goin' to waste. Somebody could knock dat bottle off, eh? Knock it off easy.'

I saw that he was thinking of 'knocking it off' himself. He looked up and down the street; it was a quiet residential street and there was nobody in sight. Paddy's sickly, chap-fallen face yearned over the milk. Then he turned away, saying gloomily:

'Best leave it. It don't do a man no good to steal. T'ank God, I ain't never stolen nothin' yet.'

It was funk, bred of hunger, that kept him virtuous. With only two or three sound meals in his belly, he would have found courage to steal the milk.

He had two subjects of conversation, the shame and come-down of being a tramp, and the best way of getting a free meal.

* * *

Other literature

24. Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*

Use two or more of the set passages 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 and 85

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

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 and 186

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Other literature

24. Orhan Pamuk, *Istanbul: Memories and the City*

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 and 266

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

25. William Blake, *Blake's Poetry and Designs*

Use two or more of the set passages 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, & eccho back her sighs.

The End

* * *

Poetry

25. William Blake, *Blake's Poetry and Designs*

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.

* * *

Poetry

26. TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of TS Eliot.

1.

Rhapsody on a Windy Night

Twelve o'clock ...
That cross and cross across her brain.'

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 16–18

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Ash-Wednesday

III

At the first turning ...
but speak the word only.

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

p. 89

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

26. TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

3.

Journey of the Magi

‘A cold coming we had of it ...
I should be glad of another death.

TS Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909–1962*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 99 and 100

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

27. Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*

Use two or more of the set passages 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 and 8

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

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

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

pp. 82 and 83

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to
reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and
closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

27. Seamus Heaney (trans.), *Beowulf*

3.

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

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

pp. 98 and 99

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

28. Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Peter Porter.

1.

2.

The Philosophers' Garden

If on your way to The Tomb where today ...
fearful of fences.

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

pp. 43–45

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Clichés as Clouds Above Calstock

Each epoch ...
as entropy and storm.

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

pp. 46 and 47

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

28. Peter Porter, *Max is Missing*

3.

Ex Libris Senator Pococurante

Carchamish, this tedious performance ...
scribblings on a ouija-board.

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

pp. 72 and 73

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

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

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Adrienne Rich.

1.

Ideal Landscape

We had to take ...
those statues green and white.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002
p. 9

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Twenty-One Love Poems

V

This apartment full ...
ever after would be obsolete.

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002
pp. 145 and 146

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

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

3.

North American Time

I

When my dreams showed signs ...
verbal privilege

Adrienne Rich, *The Fact of a Doorframe:
Selected Poems 1950–2001*,
WW Norton & Co. (John Wiley), 2002
pp. 197 and 198

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Poetry

30. Christina Rossetti, *Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Christina Rossetti.

1.

THE WORLD.

By day she wooes me, soft, exceeding fair:
 But all night as the moon so changeth she;
 Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy
 And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
 By day she wooes me to the outer air,
 Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:
 But thro' the night, a beast she grins at me,
 A very monster void of love and prayer.
 By day she stands a lie: by night she stands
 In all the naked horror of the truth
 With pushing horns and clawed and clutching
 hands.
 Is this a friend indeed; that I should sell
 My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
 Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?

* * *

2.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

When all the over-work of life
 Is finished once, and fast asleep
 We swerve no more beneath the knife
 But taste that silence cool and deep;
 Forgetful of the highways rough,
 Forgetful of the thorny scourge,
 Forgetful of the tossing surge,
 Then shall we find it is enough?—
 How can we say 'enough' on earth;
 'Enough' with such a craving heart:
 I have not found it since my birth
 But still have bartered part for part.
 I have not held and hugged the whole,
 But paid the old to gain the new;
 Much have I paid, yet much is due,
 Till I am beggared sense and soul.
 I used to labour, used to strive
 For pleasure with a restless will:
 Now if I save my soul alive
 All else what matters, good or ill?
 I used to dream alone, to plan
 Unspoken hopes and days to come:—
 Of all my past this is the sum:
 I will not lean on child of man.
 To give, to give, not to receive,
 I long to pour myself, my soul.
 Not to keep back or count or leave
 But king with king to give the whole:
 I long for one to stir my deep—
 I have had enough of help and gift—
 I long for one to search and sift
 Myself, to take myself and keep.
 You scratch my surface with your pin;
 You stroke me smooth with hushing breath;—
 Nay pierce, nay probe, nay dig within,
 Probe my quick core and sound my depth.
 You call me with a puny call,
 You talk, you smile, you nothing do;
 How should I spend my heart on you,
 My heart that so outweighs you all?
 Your vessels are by much too strait;
 Were I to pour you could not hold,
 Bear with me: I must bear to wait
 A fountain sealed thro' heat and cold.
 Bear with me days or months or years;
 Deep must call deep until the end
 When friend shall no more envy friend
 Nor vex his friend at unawares.

Poetry

30. Christina Rossetti, *Selected Poems*

Not in this world of hope deferred,
 This world of perishable stuff;—
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceived that full ‘enough’:
 Here moans the separating sea,
 Here harvests fail, here breaks the heart;
 There God shall join and no man part,
 I full of Christ and Christ of me.

* * *

3.

L.E.L.

“Whose heart was breaking for a little love.”

Downstairs I laugh, I sport and jest with all;
 But in my solitary room above
 I turn my face in silence to the wall;
 My heart is breaking for a little love.
 Tho’ winter frosts are done,
 And birds pair every one,
 And leaves peep out, for springtide is begun.

I feel no spring, while spring is wellnigh blown,
 I find no nest, while nests are in the grove:
 Woe’s me for mine own heart that dwells alone,
 My heart that breaketh for a little love.
 While golden in the sun
 Rivulets rise and run,
 While lilies bud, for springtide is begun.

All love, are loved, save only I; their hearts
 Beat warm with love and joy, beat full thereof:
 They cannot guess, who play the pleasant parts,
 My heart is breaking for a little love.
 While beehives wake and whirr,
 And rabbit thins his fur,
 In living spring that sets the world astir.

I deck myself with silks and jewelry,
 I plume myself like any mated dove:
 They praise my rustling show, and never see
 My heart is breaking for a little love.
 While sprouts green lavender
 With rosemary and myrrh,
 For in quick spring the sap is all astir.

Perhaps some saints in glory guess the truth,
 Perhaps some angels read it as they move,
 And cry one to another full of ruth,
 “Her heart is breaking for a little love.”
 Tho’ other things have birth,
 And leap and sing for mirth,
 When springtime wakes and clothes and feeds the
 earth.

Yet saith a saint: “Take patience for thy scathe;”
 Yet saith an angel: “Wait, for thou shalt prove
 True best is last, true life is born of death,
 O thou, heart-broken for a little love.
 Then love shall fill thy girth,
 And love make fat thy dearth,
 When new spring builds new heaven and clean
 new earth.”

* * *

**END OF SECTION B
 TURN OVER**

Assessment criteria

Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

- development of an informed, relevant and plausible interpretation of the text
- understanding and analysis of the text, demonstrated through the use of textual evidence
- analysis and evaluation of the views and values foregrounded in the topic and underlying one literary perspective of the text, and awareness of how these views and values relate to the text
- expressive, fluent and coherent use of language and development of ideas

Section B will be assessed 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 the 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

END OF TASK BOOK

