

Victorian Certificate of Education
2014LITERATURE
Written examination

Friday 7 November 2014

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

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

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

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

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

Materials supplied

- Task book of 64 pages, including the **Assessment criteria** and a checklist on page 64.
- One or more answer books. All answer books contain unruled (rough work only) pages for making notes, plans and drafts if you wish.

The task

- You are required to complete **two** pieces of writing based on **two texts** selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this task book.
- Each text must be chosen from a **different section**.
- Each piece of writing is worth half of the total assessment for the examination.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover(s) of the answer book(s).
- Write the **text numbers** of your selected texts on the front cover(s) of your answer book(s).
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the examination

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

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

Instructions

Write using black or blue pen.

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

The list is divided into five sections.

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

1. Find the texts on which you wish to write.
2. Three passages have been set for every text.
3. The passages are printed in the order in which they appear in the texts.
4. For each of your selected texts, you must use one or more of the passages as the basis for a discussion of that text.
5. In your pieces of writing, refer in detail to the passage or passages and the texts. You may include minor references to other texts.

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Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Persuasion*

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

1.

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.”

* * *

Section A: Novels

1 Jane Austen: *Persuasion* – continued

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.

* * *

Section A: Novels

2 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*

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

1.

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.’

* * *

Section A: Novels

2 Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* – continued

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.’

* * *

Section A: Novels

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

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

1.

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 when this examination is published on the VCAA website. 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

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Section A: Novels

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

3.

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

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

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Section A: Novels

4 Miles Franklin: *My Brilliant Career*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *My Brilliant Career*.

1.

Weariness! Weariness!

A few light wind-smitten clouds made wan streaks across the white sky, haggard with the fierce relentless glare of the afternoon sun. Weariness was written across my mother's delicate careworn features, and found expression in my father's knitted brows and dusty face. Blackshaw was weary, and said so, as he wiped the dust, made mud with perspiration, off his cheeks. I was weary—my limbs ached with the heat and work. The poor beast stretched at our feet was weary. All nature was weary, and seemed to sing a dirge to that effect in the furnace-breath wind which roared among the trees on the low ranges at our back and smote the parched and thirsty ground. All were weary, all but the sun. He seemed to glory in his power, relentless and untiring, as he swung boldly in the sky, triumphantly leering down upon his helpless victims.

Weariness! Weariness!

This was life—my life—my career, my brilliant career! I was fifteen—fifteen! A few fleeting hours and I would be old as those around me. I looked at them as they stood there, weary, and turning down the other side of the hill of life. When young, no doubt they had hoped for, and dreamed of, better things—had even known them. But here they were. This had been their life; this was their career. It was, and in all probability would be, mine too. My life—my career—my brilliant career!

Weariness! Weariness!

* * *

2.

I looked, and looked again in pleased surprise. I beheld a young girl with eyes and skin of the clearest and brightest, and lips of brilliant scarlet, and a chest and pair of arms which would pass muster with the best. If Nature had been in bad humour when moulding my face, she had used her tools craftily in forming my figure. Aunt Helen had proved a clever maid and dressmaker. My pale blue cashmere dress fitted my fully developed yet girlish figure to perfection. Some of my hair fell in cunning little curls on my forehead; the remainder, tied simply with a piece of ribbon, hung in thick waves nearly to my knees. My toilet had altered me almost beyond recognition. It made me look my age—sixteen years and ten months—whereas before, when dressed carelessly and with my hair plastered in a tight coil, people not knowing me would not believe that I was under twenty. Joy and merriment lit up my face, which glowed with youth, health, and happiness, which rippled my lips in smiles, which displayed a splendid set of teeth, and I really believe that on that night I did not look out of the way ugly.

I was still admiring my reflection when aunt Helen returned to say that Everard and uncle Julius were smoking on the veranda and asking for me.

“What do you think of yourself, Sybylla?”

“Oh, aunt Helen, tell me that there is something about me not completely hideous!”

She took my face between her hands, saying:

“Silly child, there are some faces with faultless features, which would receive nothing more than an indifferent glance while beside other faces which might have few if any pretensions to beauty. Yours is one of those last mentioned.”

“But that does not say I am not ugly.”

“No one would dream of calling you plain, let alone ugly; brilliant is the word which best describes you.”

* * *

Section A: Novels

4 Miles Franklin: *My Brilliant Career* – continued

3.

*But the toughest lives are brittle,
And the bravest and the best
Lightly fall—it matters little;
Now I only long for rest.*

To weary hearts throbbing slowly in hopeless breasts the sweetest thing is rest.

And my heart is weary. Oh, how it aches tonight—not with the ache of a young heart passionately crying out for battle, but with the slow dead ache of an old heart returning vanquished and defeated!

Enough of pessimistic snarling and grumbling! Enough! Enough! Now for a lilt of another theme:

I am proud that I am an Australian, a daughter of the Southern Cross, a child of the mighty bush. I am thankful I am a peasant, a part of the bone and muscle of my nation, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, as man was meant to do. I rejoice I was not born a parasite, one of the blood-suckers who loll on velvet and satin, crushed from the proceeds of human sweat and blood and souls.

Ah, my sunburnt brothers!—sons of toil and of Australia! I love and respect you well, for you are brave and good and true. I have seen not only those of you with youth and hope strong in your veins, but those with pathetic streaks of grey in your hair, large families to support, and with half a century sitting upon your work-laden shoulders. I have seen you struggle uncomplainingly against flood, fire, disease in stock, pests, drought, trade depression, and sickness, and yet have time to extend your hands and hearts in true sympathy to a brother in misfortune, and spirits to laugh and joke and be cheerful.

And for my sisters a great love and pity fills my heart. Daughters of toil, who scrub and wash and mend and cook, who are dressmakers, paperhangers, milkmaids, gardeners, and candlemakers all in one, and yet have time to be cheerful and tasty in your homes, and make the best of the few oases to be found along the narrow dusty track of your existence. Would that I were more worthy to be one of you—more a typical Australian peasant—cheerful, honest, brave!

I love you, I love you. Bravely you jog along with the rope of class distinction drawing closer, closer, tighter, tighter around you: a few more generations and you will be as enslaved as were ever the moujiks of Russia. I see it and know it, but I cannot help you. My ineffective life will be trod out in the same round of toil,—I am only one of yourselves, I am only an unnecessary, little, bush commoner, I am only a—woman!

* * *

Section A: Novels

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

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

1.

“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

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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

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Section A: Novels

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

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

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Section A: Novels

6 Cormac McCarthy: *All the Pretty Horses*

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

1.

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

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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

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Section A: Novels

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

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

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Section A: Novels

7 Michael Ondaatje: *The Cat's Table*

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

1.

'We seem to be at the cat's table ...
the Head Steward, and the Captain.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011

pp. 9–11

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

Adults are always prepared ...
closed the door behind her.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011

pp. 123–125

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Section A: Novels

7 Michael Ondaatje: *The Cat's Table* – continued

3.

‘... Thank you for coming, Michael.’ ...
‘It’s possible. But I think I just wanted to help her. You know.’

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, 2011
pp. 271 and 272

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Section A: Novels

8 Patrick White: *The Aunt's Story*

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

1.

'I shall know everything,' Theodora said.

To wrap it up and put it in a box. This is the property of Theodora Goodman. But until this time, things floated out of reach. She put out her hand, they bobbed and were gone. She listened to the voices that murmured the other side of the wall. Or she followed the Syrian as darkness fell, and the Syrian's brown silence did not break, the sky just failed to flow through.

'How can you know? It's silly,' said Fanny. 'I shall have a blue silk dress, and a necklace of pearls, and a handsome husband, and six children, and I shall go visiting in the houses of my friends.'

Father once said to Mother that Fanny would always ask the questions that have answers.

And Mother was annoyed and said, 'Turn your toes out, Theodora. And run and do your hair. You look a fright.'

It was not surprising.

Theodora Goodman was altogether unsurprised. On her twelfth birthday the big oak in front was struck by lightning, and from three hundred yards Theodora was thrown to the ground. Gertie said it was an act of God. But Theodora picked herself up, out of the event, it was one of the things that happened, and which it was still not possible to explain, like Pearl Brawne, and Mother's moods, and the Syrian. So Theodora picked herself up and gave a rather pale laugh, because naturally she had been frightened, and went to look at a calf that had just been born.

It was this same day too, the day of the lightning, that a man came who had been Father's friend once, when Father had been prospecting, it seems. The man was sitting on the veranda, late in the morning, when Theodora walked round.

'I came to see your father,' the man said.

He had a beard, like a prophet, greyer than Father's, thick and big.

'Did you?' said Theodora.

'Yes,' said the man. 'You had a bit of a storm. That's a bad bit of business.'

He pointed to the tree.

'That is an act of God,' said Theodora. 'I was three hundred yards away, but I survived.'

'It is sometimes like that,' the man said.

And now Theodora decided to sit down, because something warm and close had been established with the man.

'Perhaps they will ask you to stay to dinner,' she mused, almost as if she did not belong.

'I dunno,' said the man. 'Sometimes it's different when they settle down.'

He sounded melancholy. And suddenly the lightning trembled in Theodora, that she had not felt, the lightning that had struck the oak.

* * *

2.

'Bare,' smiled Moraïtis, for a fresh discovery. 'Greece, you see, is a bare country. It is all bones.'

'Like Meroë,' said Theodora.

'Please?' said Moraïtis.

'I too come from a country of bones.'

'That is good,' said Moraïtis solemnly. 'It is easier to see.'

He sat forward with his legs apart, his body crouched, his small muscular Greek hands clasped between taut knees. Theodora looked at his thinking hands.

'You see, I am a peasant,' said Moraïtis. 'I am very conscious of the shape of the country. I come from the Peloponnese. It is rich, fat, purple country, but underneath you can feel the bones. Many people were killed there. Greeks die often,' he said.

All the time he was thinking with his hands, feeling his way from object to object, and his hands struggled together to contain the mystery of death.

'Greeks are happiest dying,' smiled Moraïtis. 'Their memorials do not reflect this fatality. All the Greek monuments suggest a continuity of life. The theatre at Epidaurus, you have seen it, and Sounion? Pure life. But the Greeks are born to die.'

'I have not seen it,' said Theodora. 'I have seen nothing.'

'It is not necessary to see things,' said Moraïtis. 'If you know.'

But now he had left her. He had begun to take some fresh path. He pursued it, upright now, drumming and humming, sometimes looking out this way and that through the thicket of other people's conversation, seeing and surprised.

Marion Neville looked at a little wristwatch set with small diamonds and rubies and said that they must go.

So it was time.

'Good-bye, Miss Goodman,' said Moraïtis. 'I shall remember we are compatriots in the country of the bones.'

'What is all this?' asked Huntly Clarkson.

'Nothing,' said Theodora. 'We were indulging in a flight.'

Huntly knew then that the door had closed. This, perhaps, was the extent of his relationship with Theodora Goodman. She closed doors, and he was left standing on his handsome mahogany interior, which was external, fatally external, outside Theodora Goodman's closed door. Huntly Clarkson stood and wanted to overcome his humiliation, which he could not pay anyone to take.

* * *

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Section A: Novels

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

3.

The nun's feet touched grass. So that Theodora smiled now. And the man in the perfect shirt was encouraged. He leaned forward to tell the populations of Kansas City, St Louis, Buffalo, and Detroit.

So they were getting somewhat at last.

In her turn, Theodora tried to remember some population of her own. But she could not. She tried to remember some unusual game that is played after adolescence. Because it was time, she saw, that she contributed to ease the expression on the man's face, that was an expression of expectation, and sympathy, and pain. But she could not. And the man, sitting back, said that, anyway, it would be fine for her folks to have her back home after so much travelling around. It would be safe. The man had read his papers, it seemed. Europe, he said, was a powder magazine, all hell was waiting to be let loose. Then he sat back. He had done his duty. He had composed life into a small, white, placid heap.

Theodora remembered she was in America and going home. She remembered the letter to Fanny in which she had written:

My dear Fanny,

I am writing to say that I have seen and done, and the time has come at last to return to Abyssinia. Because I like to allow for events, I cannot say when I shall be with you, but probably some time in the spring, that is, of course, your Abyssinian spring ...

'Theo is coming home,' announced Fanny Parrott. 'What is more, she appears to be quite mad.'

Fanny dug at her cup, to sweeten her annoyance with the dregs of sugar. With the tips of her teeth she bit the half-melted sugar and looked apprehensively at her safe room. A room is safest at breakfast. At Audley the mail arrived in the afternoon, but Fanny had deferred Theodora's letter, waiting for the safer moment of stiff, sweet porridge, and the consoling complacency of bacon fat, when she too was stronger. Though even so.

'Well?' said Frank, who was fitting bacon, lean, fat, lean, half a kidney, a square of toast, and a little gravy, on to his fork.

Thought was slow and comfortable as breakfast. No one should destroy Frank Parrott. He was stronger than Theodora. He wiped the gravy from his mouth.

'We are not committed to Theo,' he said. 'Theo has always led her own life.'

If guilt stirred, and impinged on Frank Parrott's conscience, it quickly congealed. He swallowed down a mouthful of fat meat, and felt personally absolved.

'But she is *my* sister,' Fanny said.

'Well?'

'I have my conscience,' said Fanny.

As if this wistful thing might break.

'And I cannot bear it if you sit there saying *well*. I would rather you made no comment.'

Because she had begun to enjoy nerves. It was one of the many peculiarities which made her superior to Frank, and which a man accepted. Besides, his financial status and social position justified a wife who had nerves, and could pronounce French, and knew what to say to an Honourable.

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Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway*

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

1.

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.

* * *

Section A: Novels

9 Virginia Woolf: *Mrs Dalloway* – continued

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!

* * *

Section B: Plays

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

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

1.

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

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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 when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

Section B: Plays

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

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

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Section B: Plays

11 Euripides: *The Bacchae*

Use one or more of the passages selected 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 when this examination is published on the VCAA website. 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

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Section B: Plays

11 Euripides: *The Bacchae* – continued

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

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Section B: Plays

12 Henrik Ibsen: *A Doll's House*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *A Doll's House*.

1.

HELMER: What do they call little birds who are always making money fly?

NORA: Yes, I know – ducks-and-drakes! But let's do what I said, Torvald, and then I'll have time to think of something that I really want. Now, that's very sensible, isn't it?

HELMER [*smiling*]: Oh, very. That is, it would be if you really kept the money I give you, and actually bought something for yourself with it. But if it goes in with the housekeeping, and gets spent on all sorts of useless things, then I only have to pay out again.

NORA: Oh, but, Torvald –

HELMER: You can't deny it, little Nora, now can you? [*Putting an arm round her waist*] It's a sweet little bird, but it gets through a terrible amount of money. You wouldn't believe how much it costs a man when he's got a little song bird like you!

NORA: Oh, how *can* you say that? I really do save all I can.

HELMER [*laughing*]: Yes, that's very true – 'all you can'. But the thing is, you *can* 't!

NORA [*nodding and smiling happily*]: Ah, if you only knew what expenses we skylarks and squirrels have, Torvald.

HELMER: What a funny little one you are! Just like your father – always on the look-out for all the money you can get, but the moment you have it, it seems to slip through your fingers and you never know what becomes of it. Well, I must take you as you are – it's in your blood. Oh yes, Nora, these things are hereditary.

NORA: I wish I'd inherited more of papa's good qualities.

HELMER: And I wouldn't want you to be any different from what you are – just my sweet little song bird. But now I come to think of it, you look rather – rather – how shall I put it? – rather as if you've been up to mischief today.

NORA: Do I?

HELMER: Yes, you certainly do. Look me straight in the face.

NORA [*looking at him*]: Well?

HELMER [*wagging a finger at her*]: Surely your sweet tooth didn't get the better of you in town today?

NORA: No . . . how could you think that?

HELMER: Didn't Little Sweet-Tooth just look in at the confectioner's?

NORA: No, honestly, Torvald.

HELMER: Not to taste one little sweet?

NORA: No, of course not.

HELMER: Not even to nibble a macaroon or two?

NORA: No, Torvald, really; I promise you.

HELMER: There, there, of course I was only joking.

NORA [*going to the table on the right*]: I wouldn't do anything that you don't like.

* * *

2.

NORA: Well, would that matter?

HELMER: No, of course not! So long as an obstinate little woman got her own way! So I'm to make a laughing-stock of myself before the whole staff – with everybody saying that I can be swayed by all sorts of outside influences? I should soon have to face the consequences, I can tell you. Besides, there's one thing which makes it quite impossible for Krogstad to stay at the Bank so long as I'm Manager.

NORA: What?

HELMER: Perhaps at a pinch I might have overlooked his moral failings –

NORA: Yes, Torvald, couldn't you?

HELMER: And I hear that he's quite a good worker, too. But he was at school with me – it was one of those unfortunate friendships that one so often comes to regret later in life. I may as well tell you frankly that we were on Christian-name terms, and he's tactless enough to keep it up still – in front of everyone! In fact, he seems to think he has a *right* to be familiar with me, and out he comes with 'Torvald this' and 'Torvald that' all the time. I tell you, it's most unpleasant for me – he'll make my position in the Bank quite intolerable.

NORA: You surely can't mean that, Torvald!

HELMER: Oh? Why not?

NORA: Well – that's such a petty reason.

HELMER: What do you mean? Petty? Do you think I'm petty?

NORA: No, Torvald dear – far from it; that's just why –

TORVALD: Never mind! You said my motives were petty, so I must be petty too. Petty! Very well, we'll settle this matter once and for all. [*He goes to the hall door and calls*] Helena!

NORA: What are you going to do?

HELMER [*searching among his papers*]: Settle things.

[*The MAID comes in.*]

Here, take this letter downstairs at once, find a messenger, and get him to deliver it. Immediately, mind. The address is on it. Wait – here's the money.

MAID: Yes, sir. [*She goes with the letter.*]

HELMER [*collecting his papers*]: There, little Miss Stubborn!

NORA [*breathless*]: Torvald . . . what was in that letter?

HELMER: Krogstad's notice.

NORA: Call it back, Torvald – there's still time. Oh Torvald, call it back, for my sake – for your own sake – for the children's sake. Listen, Torvald, you don't know what that letter can do to us all.

TORVALD: It's too late.

NORA: Yes . . . it's too late.

* * *

Section B: Plays

12 Henrik Ibsen: *A Doll's House* – continued

3.

NORA [*wild-eyed, groping round her she seizes HELMER's domino and pulls it round herself. She speaks in hoarse, rapid, broken whispers*]: I shall never see him again! Never – never – never! [*She throws the shawl over her head.*] And never see the children again either – never, never again. The water's black, and cold as ice – and deep . . . so deep. . . . Oh, if only it were all over! He has it now – he's reading it. . . . Oh no, no – not yet! Good-bye, Torvald – good-bye, my children –

[*She is about to rush out through the hall, when HELMER flings his door open and stands there with the open letter in his hand.*]

HELMER: Nora!

NORA [*with a loud cry*]: Ah . . . !

HELMER: What is all this? Do you know what's in this letter?

NORA: Yes, I know. Let me go – let me out!

HELMER [*holding her back*]: Where are you going?

NORA [*struggling to free herself*]: You shan't save me, Torvald!

HELMER [*taken aback*]: It's true! So what it says here is true?

How terrible! No, no, it's not possible – it *can't* be true.

NORA: It *is* true. I've loved you more than anything in the world.

HELMER: Now don't let's have any silly excuses.

NORA [*taking a step towards him*]: Torvald . . . !

HELMER: You wretched woman – what have you done?

NORA: Let me go. You *shan't* take the blame – I won't let you suffer for me.

HELMER: We won't have any melodrama. [*Locking the front door*] Here you shall stay until you've explained yourself.

Do you realize what you've done? Answer me – do you realize?

NORA [*looking fixedly at him, her expression hardening as she speaks*]: Yes, now I'm beginning to realize everything.

HELMER [*pacing about the room*]: What a terrible awakening!

For these last eight years you've been my joy and my pride – and now I find that you're a liar, a hypocrite – even worse – a criminal! Oh, the unspeakable ugliness of it all! Ugh!

[*NORA looks fixedly at him without speaking. He stops in front of her.*]

I might have known that something of this sort would happen – I should have foreseen it. All your father's shiftless character – Be quiet! – all your father's shiftless character has come out in you. No religion, no morality, no sense of duty . . . So this is what I get for condoning his fault! I did it for your sake, and this is how you repay me!

NORA: Yes – like this.

HELMER: You've completely wrecked my happiness, you've ruined my whole future! Oh, it doesn't bear thinking of. I'm in the power of a man without scruples; he can do what he likes with me – ask what he wants of me – order me about as he pleases, and I dare not refuse. And I'm brought so pitifully low all because of a shiftless woman!

NORA: Once I'm out of the way, you'll be free.

* * *

Section B: Plays

13 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers*

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

1.

Laughter.

FI: People sometimes ask—

TOM: People are always asking—

EGGS: People ask me, ‘Why do you do it? What’s in it for you?’

FI: —‘What’s it like being a politician’s wife?’

TOM: —‘How can you possibly speak out so candidly when your brother is the Minister for Home Security?’ And the truth is—

EGGS: The truth is—

FI: The truth is, politics is a harsh and unforgiving business.

TOM: —we are both driven to engage with the most divisive struggle facing this country today—

TOM & EGGS: [*together*] The struggle for a fair go.

Applause. Whistles.

ANGELA *enters*.

ANGELA: All right, settle down please, Year Ten. Farouk. We’ve just got the results from this year’s state maths competition.

And congratulations go to Fatima Abdulla, Troy Lim and Suzie Lee, who all won Honourable Mentions!

EGGS: A fair go for people with energy and vision.

TOM: For people who are born in some dead-end street—in Melbourne, or Sydney or Afghanistan

EGGS: And the proper role for those of us in government is to get out of the way.

TOM: And we look to government to step in and take responsibility—

EGGS: To make space for those men who have the passion to shape the future.

FI: You girls are the future. You are the adventurers, the dreamers and tomorrow’s leaders who we will look to—to run things.

TOM: Now, more than ever, there is a powerful and contemptuous class of men running this country. Running the planet!

EGGS: In a way, running things is small beer, but sharing a sublime moment with a fellow who we know to be clubbable—that is the finest wine of all.

ANGELA: And congratulations to every single one of you who entered: Jim Pappachristos, Franco Priolo, Steve Koutafides, Mohammed Buzek...

EGGS: Each of you has made a remarkable success of his life. Together, you are a bloody inspiration—

ANGELA: ... Diem Quoc, Thuy Quoc, Slobodan Jevic...

EGGS: Because today, all energy and vigour is coming from our side of politics.

TOM: They’re not interested in democracy.

EGGS: This government has, I believe, acted with extraordinary courage—

TOM: They’re not interested in human rights.

EGGS: —on border issues particularly.

ANGELA: ... Ali Ghozina, Branko Jenkiewicz, Maria Carbone, Maria Cricenti...

TOM: They’re only interested in achieving phenomenal profits for people like themselves.

ANGELA: ... Ulli Pangabeen, Kazuhiro Yamakaze...

EGGS: We are now the true radicals—

FI: You are now the caretakers of the future.

EGGS: —because we know that the individual is the only person who can take responsibility for his—*or her*—own life...

ANGELA: ... Zevi Savvidis, Abdul Abdulla, and Sally Walker.

TOM: But keep the faith. Because there is a core of decency deep in the heart of every Australian—

EGGS: And we despise the predilection of the Left to run Australia down.

FI: So seize your future, girls. Make it your own.

TOM: So have a good one, all right!

EGGS: So here’s to us! And God bless every one of you!

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

Applause.

* * *

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first published by Currency Press

Section B: Plays

13 Hannie Rayson: *Two Brothers* – continued

2.

TOM: Thank you for agreeing to see my client... Minister.
 EGGS: [*to TOM*] My pleasure... Mr Benedict. Do you want to wait outside? Unless you've learnt Arabic I think Mr Al Ayad and I can manage.
 TOM: I'm his lawyer.
 EGGS: Just as a matter of interest, are you planning to accompany the other twelve thousand people who want residency visas?
 TOM: Probably. Until you start to honour your legal responsibilities.
 EGGS: And what are they? In particular?
 TOM: Protecting basic human rights would be a start.
 EGGS: No, that's where you start. Top of my list is protecting Australia.
 HAZEM: I want to live in this country. Here is good. This democracy.
 TOM: My client would make a very fine Australian citizen.
 HAZEM: I work hard. Good for eco-nomic. I no harm to people.
 EGGS: Well, good for you, Mr Al Ayad.
 TOM: Hazem, I think the Minister would like to hear what happened on the twenty-fifth of December (Christmas morning, in fact) when the *Kelepesan* capsized.
 EGGS: All ears. Do go on, Mr Al Ayad.
 HAZEM: All of us are in the water. People are screaming for help. And I see three ships. But they do not help.
 EGGS: And how does that affect the government?
 HAZEM: One was Australia Navy ship.
 EGGS: How do you know that it was an Australian Navy ship?
 HAZEM: It flies Australia flag.
 EGGS: You saw that did you? At four a.m. You saw the flag?
 HAZEM: Yes. Is dark. But big light—
 EGGS: With respect, Mr Al Ayad, you'd been in the ocean all night. You were suffering terrible physical and psychological distress. It's much more likely that you imagined a ship.
 HAZEM: No. I saw ship. Three ship.
 EGGS: I can assure you that any Navy ship would have been in there like a shot. My own son is a naval officer and he's pulled hundreds of people like you out of the drink, Mr Al Ayad. There was no Navy ship.
 HAZEM: You lie. There was Navy ship. And they let my family drown. They stand and watch—and my family is dead.

* * *

3.

EGGS *enters wearing his dark-blue suit and striped tie. He is accompanied by FI in a tailored suit and LACHLAN in his naval uniform. FI and EGGS are smiling and laughing, as he prepares to address REPORTERS in his new role as Prime Minister of Australia.*

EGGS: My fellow Australians. My parliamentary colleagues have done me the great and unexpected honour of choosing me as their leader. As the twenty-sixth Prime Minister of Australia, I make you this pledge: I will lead this country with honesty and integrity. In this time of global unrest, I will not flinch from a Prime Minister's most sacred duty—to defend the security of our homeland and to protect her people. And we will uphold the three great Australian principles: free markets, free speech and a fair go.
 REPORTER: What will be your first act as Prime Minister?
 EGGS: To take my wife Fi and my son Gunnery Officer Lachlan Benedict out for a celebratory lunch.
 REPORTER: Mrs Benedict. Will you be moving into the Lodge in Canberra?
 FI: No, I think the former Prime Minister has created a precedent. We'll be moving all our clobber into Kirribilli.
 REPORTER: No regrets?
 FI: [*laughing*] Heavens no. Kirribilli? No.
 REPORTER: Gunnery Officer Benedict. As a member of our defence force, you must be pleased to have a PM who's tough on terror. Any comment?
 LACHLAN *stares at the REPORTER, struggling with his emotions.*
 FI: Lachlan?
The press conference bristles with anticipation.
 EGGS: You know, my son Lockie represents a great Aussie tradition. He is one of our quiet heroes. The heir to those men and women who have led the fight against evil in two World Wars. In Korea, Vietnam and the Middle East.
 And in that fight, we have learned a bitter lesson: that the forces of evil never rest—and they cannot be appeased.
 My fellow Australians, we are engaged in a mighty battle for civilisation itself. And I know that the burden of sacrifice will fall most heavily on our brave service men and women. But at stake is the security of the world we hand to our children.
 Tonight, the spirit of Anzac is stirring in the land. Once again, Australia is answering the call.

Blackout.

* * *

Section B: Plays

14 William Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra* – continued

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 crownet, 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
 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 propertied
 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.

* * *

Section B: Plays

15 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*

Use one or more of the passages selected 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

* * *

Section B: Plays

15 William Shakespeare: *The Tempest* – continued

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

* * *

Section B: Plays

16 George Bernard Shaw: *Pygmalion*

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

1.

THE NOTE TAKER. Simply phonetics. The science of speech. Thats my profession: also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER. Oh, yes, Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with £80 a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town: but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them –

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl –

THE NOTE TAKER [*explosively*] Woman: cease this detestable boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

THE FLOWER GIRL [*with feeble defiance*] Ive a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere – no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and The Bible: and dont sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL [*quite overwhelmed, looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE NOTE TAKER [*whipping out his book*] Heavens! what a sound! [*He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL [*ticked by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself*] Garn!

THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English.

THE FLOWER GIRL. What's that you say?

THE NOTE TAKER. Yes, you squashed cabbage leaf, you disgrace to the noble architecture of these columns, you incarnate insult to the English language: I could pass you off as the Queen of Sheba. [*To the Gentleman*] Can you believe that?

* * *

2.

PICKERING. I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable.

DOOLITTLE. Course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS [*revolted*] Do you mean to say that you would sell your daughter for £50?

DOOLITTLE. Not in a general way I wouldnt; but to oblige a gentleman like you I'd do a good deal, I do assure you.

PICKERING. Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE [*unabashed*] Cant afford them, Governor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, you know. But if Liza is going to have a bit out of this, why not me too?

HIGGINS [*troubled*] I dont know what to do, Pickering. There can be no question that as a matter of morals it's a positive crime to give this chap a farthing. And yet I feel a sort of rough justice in his claim.

DOOLITTLE. Thats it, Governor. Thats all I say. A father's heart, as it were.

PICKERING. Well, I know the feeling; but really it seems hardly right –

DOOLITTLE. Dont say that, Governor. Dont look at it that way. What am I, Governors both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: thats what I am. Think of what that means to a man. It means that he's up agen middle class morality all the time. If theres anything going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: 'Youre undeserving; so you cant have it.' But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I dont need less than a deserving man: I need more. I dont eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. I want a bit of amusement, cause I'm a thinking man. I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low. Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving. What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you. I aint pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and thats the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

* * *

Section B: Plays

16 George Bernard Shaw: *Pygmalion* – continued

3.

LIZA. Oh, I'm only a squashed cabbage leaf –

PICKERING [*impulsively*] No.

LIZA [*continuing quietly*] – but I owe so much to you that I should be very unhappy if you forgot me.

PICKERING. It's very kind of you to say so. Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. It's not because you paid for my dresses. I know you are generous to everybody with money. But it was from you that I learnt really nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? You see it was so very difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language on the slightest provocation. And I should never have known that ladies and gentlemen didn't behave like that if you hadn't been there.

HIGGINS. Well!!

PICKERING. Oh, that's only his way, you know. He doesn't mean it.

LIZA. Oh, I didn't mean it either, when I was a flower girl. It was only my way. But you see I did it; and that's what makes the difference after all.

PICKERING. No doubt. Still, he taught you to speak; and I couldn't have done that, you know.

LIZA [*trivially*] Of course: that is his profession.

HIGGINS. Damnation!

LIZA [*continuing*] It was just like learning to dance in the fashionable way: there was nothing more than that in it. But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING. What?

LIZA [*stopping her work for a moment*] Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. [*She resumes her stitching*]. And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you. Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors –

PICKERING. Oh, that was nothing.

LIZA. Yes: things that showed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullery-maid; though of course I know you would have been just the same to a scullery-maid if she had been let into the drawing room. You never took off your boots in the dining room when I was there.

PICKERING. You mustn't mind that. Higgins takes off his boots all over the place.

LIZA. I know. I am not blaming him. It is his way, isn't it? But it made such a difference to me that you didn't do it. You see, really and truly, apart from the things anyone can pick up (the dressing and the proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

MRS HIGGINS. Please don't grind your teeth, Henry.

* * *

Section B: Plays

17 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia*

Use one or more of the passages selected 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 when this examination is published on the VCAA website. 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

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Section B: Plays

17 Tom Stoppard: *Arcadia* – continued

3.

From the portfolio ...

Valentine Only for lunatics and poets.

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

pp. 105–107

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Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories*

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

1.

'Peeling'

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

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

pp. 116 and 117

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2.

'The Chance'

6.

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

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

pp. 378 and 379

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Section C: Short stories

18 Peter Carey: *Collected Stories* – continued

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

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Section C: Short stories

19 Cate Kennedy: *Dark Roots*

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

1.

'Dark Roots'

While you're at the chemist, you buy another box of hair dye promising those living colour highlights. Your hair needs a wash—you glance at it in one of the make-up mirrors. Dark roots are showing through, an abrupt line drawn against the scalp like a growth ring on a tree, exposing a weak moment where you succumbed to vanity. Since you dyed it the chemicals have lightened it; the auburn highlights have disappeared. It looks kind of yellowish. Brassy, your mother would call it. Time to go to a salon and have a cut and colour, she would say, with that complacent little sigh acknowledging the mysterious burden of female duty.

You should leave it there, to grow out. But there is grey amongst the dark hair, a nasty cigarette-ash colour you tell yourself you haven't noticed before. In the privacy of your own bathroom you shake together the contents of two ammonia-smelling bottles of chemicals and cover up those roots. Even as you sit waiting the allotted time, feeling vain and foolish but wanting lustrous highlighted hair for the weekend, you happen to glance in the afternoon light at your neck and see the downy hairs on your chin and throat are silhouetted, and they are dark.

In strong light you can see them perfectly clearly. Another side-effect, just as the contraceptive packet predicted. So, naturally, you grab the tweezers and pull them out. But when you tilt your head into that hard light you see dark hairs coming through on your upper lip, too. Jesus, no. If you start yanking these you'll never be able to stop, you'll be like one of those bristly old women with moustaches, stiff hairs you can feel when you kiss.

So. More vigilance, you think, grimacing. Pluck and cover. Smirking into the mirror, then deciding it's one joke you'll never be able to tell him.

It's a slippery slope, once you start on it, once you've ignored that knock in the engine for long enough and it starts to miss occasionally as you careen down some hill dazedly gripping the wheel.

* * *

2.

'The Light of Coincidence'

If I hadn't been thinking about Jung, I wouldn't have done it. But I sat there piecing the jigsaw together and it came to me that old Carl actually came from Vienna, and here I was at 2.30 in the morning reconstructing it, and I had to give a smile for the hidden camera when I realised that just one piece was missing, and it was a doorway. I got up and tore a hole in the plastic bag and emptied the heroin down the toilet. I thought of lots of things as I flushed it; money problems mainly, but most of all how suddenly, bone-achingly tired I was. I went to bed and slept without dreaming, and didn't wake up until the phone beat into my head and I picked it up and it was Lewis.

'I'm just calling about the violin,' he said, and my mouth went dry when I heard the uncharacteristic edge in his voice. 'Where did you say you picked it up?'

'Don't joke with me, now, Lewis,' I croaked. 'I'm skint.'

'I'm serious. I'm getting a bloke to come and look at it in an hour, but the shop's in a bit of an uproar, let me tell you. Mate, you should take out a ticket in the lottery.'

I gripped the phone. 'What are you saying? What's the violin worth?'

He laughed. 'The violin? Nothing, mate. It's a piece of crap. Worth about twenty bucks.'

There was a pause.

'I'm talking about the bow.'

'You've lost me.'

'The bow. The violin bow that came in the case. When I saw the inlay I knew you had something there, but I had to check with the Conservatorium to make sure.' He mentioned a foreign name that sounded like a brand of expensive vodka. 'What I can't understand is how it ended up at Camberwell market.'

'What's it worth?' I interrupted him. And I was tensing my stomach, ready for the blow, almost expecting it now.

'I'd say around \$700,' said Lewis.

Later, eating a crumpet and looking down at the city of Vienna, I notice the piece of jigsaw I thought was missing is in fact hidden under the ashtray. I just couldn't see it for looking.

I slide it out and fit it into place, feeling the whole configuration resist, and move slightly out of skew. I move it back with the flat of my hand, feeling it shift. Strengthen. Interlock.

* * *

Dark Roots by Cate Kennedy,
published by Scribe, 2006

Section C: Short stories

19 Cate Kennedy: *Dark Roots* – continued

3.

'Sea Burial'

He visibly winced at the word 'trafficking'. It offended his sensibilities. Well, Alan always kept his hands clean. He knew the value of good staff. Someone else opened doors, someone else changed gears. It's only good sense to have someone else who signs cheques. He was a businessman. The trouble was that woodcarvings were not, in the end, the business.

But he was confident that things would all be fixed up and he was right, of course. Alan had a broad range of acquaintances. He'd spent a good many years cultivating friends in high places, and quite a few in low. He'd survive.

No, what really bothered Alan after the inquiry, what really got him popping those heart tablets, was not the law, but someone outside the law, someone still on the outside with an axe to grind. I have to hand it to him. His instinct, as usual, was absolutely unerring.

I've been thinking today about the funeral, and me standing there holding the lilies, thinking my heart was going to break. I think maybe that it did break, or else something else broke. Something came away and drifted off like an empty boat.

It's the stupid little things, isn't it? What I couldn't stop crying at was the cheap yellow polyester lining of her coffin; all the tack and scrimping. Stapled onto the sides with a staplegun. And her stick-thin arms. I hadn't seen her in a year, so it was a shock, still. And the powdery make-up they'd slapped on over the needle tracks. They could have matched her skin-tone, surely. Just shown a bit of love. That wouldn't have taken two minutes.

Poor Alan. In the end he just wanted a refuge, I suppose. I remember him arriving home last Wednesday after laying low in Port Douglas for two months. I know how he would have spent that time. Looking over his shoulder and doing a lot of business by phone. He was a nervous wreck. He looked a hundred. Waiting for the shoe to drop, I suppose.

Still, he played his part as best he could. Fumbling with the dog's leash, brightly suggesting an early-morning walk over the headland.

I took Goldie off the leash, though. Let her meander with me past the guardrail and down to the bluff. It wasn't the first time we'd done it. I suppose it does look dangerous, with the sheer drop and the waves crashing below. It's only natural he would follow.

Say what you like, it has dignity, a sea burial. So silent and elemental, and so few witnesses.

'Alan gone again?' That's what the bridge ladies will say tomorrow with that mock sympathy, and I'll nod with a mock regretful smile. Then I'll deal the cards.

* * *

Section C: Short stories

20 Annie Proulx: *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*.

1.

'The Half-Skinned Steer'

The snow roared ...
watching for him all this time.

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain
and Other Stories*,
Harper Collins (Harper Perennial), 2006
pp. 40 and 41

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2.

'The Bunchgrass Edge of the World'

The plane flew over ...
you'd get to sit down.

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain
and Other Stories*,
Harper Collins (Harper Perennial), 2006
pp. 161 and 162

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Section C: Short stories

20 Annie Proulx: *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories* – continued

3.

'Brokeback Mountain'

“Jesus,” said Jack. “Ennis?” ...
Let be, let be.

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain
and Other Stories*,
Harper Collins (Harper Perennial), 2006
pp. 310 and 311

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Section D: Other literature

21 Julian Barnes: *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*.

1.

'The Stowaway'

I don't know how best to break this to you ...
its natural span.

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009

pp. 12 and 13

Due to copyright restrictions, the VCAA is unable to reproduce the full passage when this examination is published on the VCAA website. Instead, the opening and closing words of the passage have been provided.

2.

'The Wars of Religion'

In the second place ...
for their disobedience?

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009

pp. 75 and 76

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Section D: Other literature

21 Julian Barnes: *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters* – continued

3.

'The Dream'

'I don't want to sound ungrateful ...
as opposed to a bad scare?'

Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*,
Vintage, 2009

pp. 300 and 301

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Section D: Other literature

22 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood*

Use one or more of the passages selected 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

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2.

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

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

pp. 271 and 272

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Section D: Other literature

22 Truman Capote: *In Cold Blood* – continued

3.

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

Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*,

Penguin Books, 2008

pp. 304 and 305

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Section D: Other literature

23 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man*

Use one or more of the passages selected 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 when this examination is published on the VCAA website. 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

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Section D: Other literature

23 Chloe Hooper: *The Tall Man* – continued

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

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Section D: Other literature

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

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

1.

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 gharry 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 gharry 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 gharry 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.

* * *

Section D: Other literature

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

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.

* * *

Section E: Poetry

25 TS Eliot: *Collected Poems 1909–1962*

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

1.

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

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Section E: Poetry

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

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

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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

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Section E: Poetry

26 Seamus Heaney: *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Seamus Heaney.

1.

2.

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning ...
a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

p. 12

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Act of Union

I

Tonight, a first movement, a pulse ...
like opened ground, again.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 127 and 128

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Section E: Poetry

26 Seamus Heaney: *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996* – continued

3.

In Memoriam Francis Ledwidge

killed in France 31 July 1917

The bronze soldier ...
consort now underground.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, 2005

pp. 185 and 186

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Section E: Poetry

27 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing*

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

1.

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

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Section E: Poetry

27 Peter Porter: *Max is Missing* – continued

2.

Clichés as Clouds Above Calstock

Each epoch ...
as entropy and storm.

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

pp. 46 and 47

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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

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Section E: Poetry

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

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

1.

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

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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

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Section E: Poetry

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

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

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Section E: Poetry

29 Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems*

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

1.

THE WORLD.

By day she woos 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 woos 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.

Section E: Poetry

29 Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems* – continued

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.”

* * *

Section E: Poetry

30 Wisława Szymborska: *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

Use one or more of the passages selected as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Wisława Szymborska.

1.

The Museum

There have been plates but no appetite.
Wedding rings but no love returned
for at least three hundred years.

There is a fan—where are the rosy cheeks?
There are swords—where is the anger?
Nor does the lute twang at dusk.

For want of eternity ten thousand
old things have been assembled.
A mossy guard is having sweet dreams
his mustaches draped over a showcase.

Metals, earthenware, a bird's feather
quietly triumph in time.
Just the giggle of a sweet thing's pin from ancient Egypt.

The crown has outlasted the head.
The hand has lost out to the glove.
The right shoe has won out over the foot.

As for me, I'm alive, please believe me.
The race with my dress is still on.
You can't imagine my rival's will to win!
And how much it would like to outlast me!

* * *

2.

Pietà

In the small town where the hero was born:
seeing the monument, praising it for its size,
shooing two hens off the steps of the abandoned museum,
finding out where the mother lives,
knocking and pushing the creaking door open.
She holds herself erect, hair combed straight, eyes clear.
Saying I've come from Poland.
Exchanging pleasantries. Asking questions loud and clear.
Yes, she loved him very much. Yes, he was always like that.
Yes, she was standing by the prison wall then.
Yes, she heard the salvo.
Regretting not bringing a tape recorder
and movie camera. Yes, she knows what those things are.
On the radio she had read his last letter.
On the television she had sung old lullabies.
Once she had even acted in a film, staring into
the klieg lights till the tears came. Yes, she is moved by the
memory.
Yes, she's a little tired. Yes, it will pass.
Getting up. Expressing thanks. Saying goodbye. Going out,
walking past the next batch of tourists.

* * *

Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*,
Magnus J Krynski and Robert A Maguire (trans.); © 1981 Princeton University Press;
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THIS QUESTION IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

Section E: Poetry

30 Wisława Szymborska: *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska* – continued

3.

Life While You Wait

Life while you wait.
Performance without rehearsal.
Body without fitting.
Head without reflection.

I don't know the role I'm playing.
I only know it's mine, non-convertible.

What the play is about
I must guess only after it's begun.

Poorly prepared for the dignity of life,
I barely keep up with the pace of the action imposed.
I improvise, though I loathe improvisation.
At every step I stumble over my lack of expertise.
My way of life smacks of provincialism.
My instincts are those of a rank amateur.
Stage fright, although an excuse, is all the more humiliating.
Extenuating circumstances I perceive as cruel.

Not to be retracted are words and reflexes,
unfinished is the count of stars,
character buttoned up on the run like an overcoat—
these are the pitiful results of such haste.

If only one Wednesday could be practiced ahead of time,
or if only one Thursday could again be repeated!
But here it is nearly Friday, with a scenario I don't know.
Is it fair—I ask
(with hoarseness in my voice,
because I wasn't even allowed to clear my throat in the wings).

Illusory is the thought that this is just a pop quiz
taken on temporary premises. No.
I stand amid the scenery and see how solid it is.
I am struck by the accuracy of all the props.
The revolving stage has long been in operation.
Even the most distant nebulae have been switched on.
Ah, I have no doubt that this is opening night.
And whatever I may do
will be forever changed into that which I have done.

* * *

Assessment criteria

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

- understanding of the text demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation
- ability to write expressively and coherently to present an interpretation
- understanding of how views and values may be suggested in the text
- analysis of how key passages and/or moments in the text contribute to an interpretation
- analysis of the features of a text and how they contribute to an interpretation
- analysis and close reading of textual details to support a coherent and detailed interpretation of the text

A checklist for planning and revising

Have I included the text numbers of my chosen texts on the front covers of all answer books?

Have I written on texts from two different sections?

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

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

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

Have I expressed myself effectively and appropriately?

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

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

Are any alterations I have made clear to the reader?

END OF TASK BOOK

