

Literature

Section A – Task Book

VCE Examination – Thursday 31 October 2024

- Reading time is **15 minutes**: 3.00 pm to 3.15 pm
- Writing time is **2 hours**: 3.15 pm to 5.15 pm

Approved materials

- An English and/or bilingual printed dictionary

Materials supplied

- **Section A** – Task Book of 36 pages
- **Section B** – Task Book of 64 pages
- Answer Book

Instructions

- You are required to respond to **two** questions based on **one** passage from **one** text selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this Task Book.
- The text you select for **Section A** must be from a different category (novels, plays, short stories, other literature, poetry) than the text you select for **Section B**. You must **not** write on two texts from the same category. Students who write on two texts from the same category will receive a score of zero for one section.
- Complete your responses for each section in the correct part of the Answer Book.
- Write your responses in English.

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

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Section A – Developing interpretations

Instructions

- There are two questions for each text in **Section A**. You **must** answer **both** questions for your chosen text.
 - One passage has been set for each text. The set passage has been reproduced as it appears in the nominated version of the text.
 - You must use the set passage as the basis of your responses to both questions. In your responses, refer in detail to the set passage and your selected text.
 - Your selected text for **Section A** must be from a different category than your selected text for **Section B**.
 - Indicate in the Answer Book which text you have selected.
 - Your responses will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 34 of this book.
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Novels

Text no. 1 Thea Astley, *Drylands*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of storytelling is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Yes, stories were formed with words, [...] during that racket.

Thea Astley, *Drylands*,
Text Classics, 2018
pp. 194–195

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.

Novels**Text no. 2** Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of uncertainty is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Was Grace unconscious at the time [...] Or simply guilty.

Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*,
Virago Press, 2019
pp. 374–375

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Novels

Text no. 3 William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of endurance is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

PEABODY

I said, “I reckon a man [...]

“Hit’s what paw says,” he said.

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,

Vintage, 2004

pp. 227–228

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Novels**Text no. 4** Kazuo Ishiguro, **The Remains of the Day**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of judgement is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Mr Cardinal fell silent [...] his lordship's good judgement.'

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,

Faber & Faber, 2021

p. 325

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Novels

Text no. 5 Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of control is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Waking next morning [...] reminder of the passing of time.

Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*,
Text Publishing, 2019

pp. 129–130

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Novels**Text no. 6** Gerald Murnane, **The Plains**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of exploration is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Towards lunchtime in the almost empty bar, [...] and reveal it to others.'

Gerald Murnane, *The Plains*,
Text Classics, 2012
pp. 374–375

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Novels

Text no. 7 Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of obsession is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

There is some fascination, surely, when I am moved by the mere presence of such an one, even lying as she lay in a tomb fretted with age and heavy with the dust of centuries, though there be that horrid odour such as the lairs of the Count have had. Yes, I was moved – I, Van Helsing, with all my purpose and with my motive for hate – I was moved to a yearning for delay which seemed to paralyse my faculties and to clog my very soul. It may have been that the need of natural sleep, and the strange oppression of the air were beginning to overcome me. Certain it was that I was lapsing into sleep, the open-eyed sleep of one who yields to a sweet fascination, when there came through the snow-stilled air a long, low wail, so full of woe and pity that it woke me like the sound of a clarion. For it was the voice of my dear Madam Mina that I heard.

Then I braced myself again to my horrid task, and found by wrenching away tomb-tops one other of the sisters, the other dark one. I dared not pause to look on her as I had on her sister, lest once more I should begin to be enthralled; but I go on searching until, presently, I find in a high great tomb as if made to one much beloved that other fair sister which, like Jonathan I had seen to gather herself out of the atoms of the mist. She was so fair to look on, so radiantly beautiful, so exquisitely voluptuous, that the very instinct of man in me, which calls some of my sex to love and to protect one of hers, made my head whirl with new emotion. But God be thanked, that soul-wail of my dear Madam Mina had not died out of my ears; and, before the spell could be wrought further upon me, I had nerved myself to my wild work. By this time I had searched all the tombs in the chapel, so far as I could tell; and as there had been only three of these Un-Dead phantoms around us in the night, I took it that there were no more of active Un-dead existent. There was one great tomb more lordly than all the rest; huge it was, and nobly proportioned. On it was but one word

DRACULA

Novels**Text no. 8** Tara June Winch, **The Yield**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of identity is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

songlines – *yarang gudhi-dhuray*
[...] we call them Mulayndynang.

Tara June Winch, *The Yield*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2019

pp. 103–104

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Novels

Text no. 9 Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of consumerism is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

‘So, it’s decided then,’ [...] yours are the cheapest. [...]

Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*,
(Brian Nelson, trans.),
Oxford World's Classics, 2008

p. 39

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Plays**Text no. 10** Aeschylus, **The Persians**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of loss is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Enter ATOSSA, alone.

[...] among the Persian dead.

Aeschylus, 'The Persians', in *Prometheus Bound and
Other Plays*, (Philip Vellacott, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2001
pp. 139–140

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.

Plays

Text no. 11 Anton Chekhov, **Uncle Vanya**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of idleness is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: [...] It's decided now

[...] *Finita la commedia!*

Anton Chekhov, 'Uncle Vanya' in *Plays*,

(Peter Carson, trans.),

Penguin Classics, 2002

pp. 194–195

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Plays**Text no. 12** Joshua Harmon, **Admissions**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of privilege is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

SHERRI. I happen to think [...]

We have to know someone at Yale.

Joshua Harmon, *Admissions*,
Samuel French, 2019

pp. 35–36

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Plays

Text no. 13 Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of compromise is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

JOE. So, okay. [...] just a balls-out good news story. [...]

Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*,
Nick Hern Books, 2013
pp. 31–32

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Plays**Text no. 14** Joanna Murray-Smith, **Berlin**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of accountability is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

CHARLOTTE: Germany is more than [...] everyone wants
what we've got.

Joanna Murray-Smith, *Berlin*,
Currency Press, 2022

pp. 32–34

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Plays

Text no. 15 Suzan-Lori Parks, **Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of identity is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Part 1: A Measure of a Man

HERO. Father.

[...] I wish I was your real daddy.

Suzan-Lori Parks,
Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3),
Nick Hern Books, 2016
pp. 35–36

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Plays**Text no. 16** Edmond Rostand, **Cyrano de Bergerac**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of perception is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

FIRST MARQUIS.
[...] destiny's scissors.

This Cyrano –

Edmond Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*
(Anthony Burgess, trans.)
Nick Hern Books, 1991
pp. 15–16

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.

Plays

Text no. 17 William Shakespeare, **As You Like It**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of the pastoral is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

DUKE SENIOR Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind –
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery' – these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AMIENS I would not change it; happy is your grace
That can translate the stubbornness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 LORD Indeed, my lord.
The melancholy 'Jacques' grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
Today my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

1 LORD O yes, into a thousand similes.

Plays

Text no. 18 William Shakespeare, **The Winter's Tale**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of deception is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

LEONTES

Ha'not you seen, Camillo
(But that's past doubt – you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess –
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought – then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight. Say't, and justify't.

CAMILLO I would not be a stander-by to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so without
 My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this, which to reiterate were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh, a note infallible
Of breaking honesty? Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours minutes? Noon midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing,
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO No, no, my lord.

LEONTES It is. You lie, you lie!

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAMILLO Who does infect her?

LEONTES Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia, who, if I
Had servants true about me that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. [...]

Short stories

Text no. 19 Ted Chiang, **Stories of Your Life and Others**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of belief is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Tower of Babylon

[...] In running his gaze [...]
Should he climb such a thing?

Ted Chiang, *Stories of Your Life and Others*,
Picador, 2020

p. 9

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.

Short stories**Text no. 20** Alice Munro, **Dance of the Happy Shades**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of reputation is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

An Ounce of Cure

[...] The extraordinary publicity [...] let him unbury his own catastrophes.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000
pp. 89–90

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Short stories

Text no. 21 Elizabeth Tan, **Smart Ovens for Lonely People**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of the modern world is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Ron Swanson's Stencilled 'Stache

2. Sensory

You know what happened next. [...] why do you dance?

Elizabeth Tan, *Smart Ovens for Lonely People*,
Brio Books, 2020

pp. 85–87

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Other literature**Text no. 22** James Baldwin, **The Fire Next Time**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of ignorance is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

DOWN AT THE CROSS**Letter from a Region in My Mind**

The American Negro [...] what they know about *him*.)

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2017

pp. 86–87

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.

Other literature

Text no. 23 Mary Seacole, **Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of self-perception is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

I was born in the town of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, some time in the present century. As a female, and a widow, I may be well excused giving the precise date of this important event. But I do not mind confessing that the century and myself were both young together, and that we have grown side by side into age and consequence. I am a Creole, and have good Scotch blood coursing in my veins. My father was a soldier, of an old Scotch family; and to him I often trace my affection for a camp-life, and my sympathy with what I have heard my friends call 'the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war.' Many people have also traced to my Scotch blood that energy and activity which are not always found in the Creole race, and which have carried me to so many varied scenes: and perhaps they are right. I have often heard the term 'lazy Creole' applied to my country people; but I am sure I do not know what it is to be indolent. All my life long I have followed the impulse which led me to be up and doing; and so far from resting idle anywhere, I have never wanted inclination to rove, nor will powerful enough to find a way to carry out my wishes. That these qualities have led me into many countries, and brought me into some strange and amusing adventures, the reader, if he or she has the patience to get through this book, will see. Some people, indeed, have called me quite a female Ulysses. I believe that they intended it as a compliment; but from my experience of the Greeks, I do not consider it a very flattering one.

It is not my intention to dwell at any length upon the recollections of my childhood. My mother kept a boarding-house in Kingston, and was, like very many of the Creole women, an admirable doctress, in high repute with the officers of both services, and their wives, who were from time to time stationed at Kingston. It was very natural that I should inherit her tastes; and so I had from early youth a yearning for medical knowledge and practice which has never deserted me. When I was a very young child I was taken by an old lady, who brought me up in her household among her own grandchildren, and who could scarcely have shown me more kindness had I been one of them; indeed, I was so spoiled by my kind patroness that, but for being frequently with my mother, I might very likely have grown up idle and useless. But I saw so much of her, and of her patients, that the ambition to become a doctress early took firm root in my mind; and I was very young when I began to make use of the little knowledge I had acquired from watching my mother, upon a great sufferer – my doll.

Other literature**Text no. 24** Tim Winton, **The Boy Behind the Curtain**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of change is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Sea Change

Federal environment minister Tony Burke [...] that hope hasn't faded.

Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*,
Penguin Books, 2016
pp. 283–284

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Poetry

Text no. 25 Emily Dickinson, **The Complete Poems**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of isolation is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

441

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me

c. 1862

Poetry**Text no. 26** Carol Ann Duffy, **The World's Wife**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of liberation is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Eurydice

He'd been told [...]
drowned silence of the dead.

Carol Ann Duffy, *The World's Wife*,
Picador, 2017

pp. 60–62

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.

Poetry

Text no. 27 Sarah Holland-Batt, **The Hazards**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of danger is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

The Hazards

How calm, how sudden [...] my life, my life.

Sarah Holland-Batt, *The Hazards*,
University of Queensland Press, 2015

pp. 89–90

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Poetry**Text no. 28** Kenneth Slessor, **Selected Poems**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of life and death is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Winter Dawn

At five I wake, [...]

Waken me with old earth, keep me awake!

Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*,
A & R Classics, HarperCollins Publishers, 2014

pp. 16–17

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Poetry

Text no. 29 Ellen van Neerven, *Throat*

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of longing is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

I used to have a name (for this)

I'm a long way from Mununjali land
[...]

I'll have the river

Ellen van Neerven, *Throat*,
University of Queensland Press, 2020

pp. 111–112

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.

Poetry

Text no. 30 William Butler Yeats, **WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney**

Question 1 (6 marks)

Explore the significance of the passage below in the text.

Question 2 (14 marks)

Using the passage as a focus, discuss the ways in which the concept of the passing of time is endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised by the text.

Among School Children

I

I walk through the long schoolroom questioning;
A kind old nun in a white hood replies;
The children learn to cipher and to sing,
To study reading-books and histories,
To cut and sew, be neat in everything
In the best modern way – the children's eyes
In momentary wonder stare upon
A sixty-year-old smiling public man.

II

I dream of a Ledaean body, bent
Above a sinking fire, a tale that she
Told of a harsh reproof, or trivial event
That changed some childish day to tragedy –
Told, and it seemed that our two natures blent
Into a sphere from youthful sympathy,
Or else, to alter Plato's parable,
Into the yolk and white of the one shell.

III

And thinking of that fit of grief or rage
I look upon one child or t'other there
And wonder if she stood so at that age –
For even daughters of the swan can share
Something of every paddler's heritage –
And had that colour upon cheek or hair,
And thereupon my heart is driven wild:
She stands before me as a living child.

IV

Her present image floats into the mind –
Did Quattrocento finger fashion it
Hollow of cheek as though it drank the wind
And took a mess of shadows for its meat?
And I though never of Ledaean kind
Had pretty plumage once – enough of that,
Better to smile on all that smile, and show
There is a comfortable kind of old scarecrow.

V

What youthful mother, a shape upon her lap
Honey of generation had betrayed,
And that must sleep, shriek, struggle to escape
As recollection or the drug decide,
Would think her son, did she but see that shape
With sixty or more winters on its head,
A compensation for the pang of his birth,
Or the uncertainty of his setting forth?

VI

Plato thought nature but a spume that plays
Upon a ghostly paradigm of things;
Solider Aristotle played the taws
Upon the bottom of a king of kings;
World-famous golden-thighed Pythagoras
Fingered upon a fiddle-stick or strings
What a star sang and careless Muses heard:
Old clothes upon old sticks to scare a bird.

VII

Both nuns and mothers worship images,
But those the candles light are not as those
That animate a mother's reveries,
But keep a marble or a bronze repose.
And yet they too break hearts – O Presences
That passion, piety or affection knows,
And that all heavenly glory symbolise –
O self-born mockers of man's enterprise;

VIII

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

Assessment criteria for Section A

Question 1 of Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

- exploration of the significance of the set passage in the context of the whole text
- analysis of the significance of the set passage, demonstrated through the use of textual evidence
- ability to write coherently, expressively and fluently as appropriate to the task.

Question 2 of Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

- understanding of the ideas, views and values that arise from the concept identified in the question
 - analysis of the ways in which the concept identified in the question is represented in the set passage and the whole text, demonstrated through the use of textual evidence
 - exploration of how the relevant ideas, views and values of the text can be endorsed, challenged and/or marginalised
 - ability to write coherently, expressively and fluently as appropriate to the task.
-

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Literature

Section B – Task Book

VCE Examination – Thursday 31 October 2024

- Reading time is **15 minutes**: 3.00 pm to 3.15 pm
- Writing time is **2 hours**: 3.15 pm to 5.15 pm

Approved materials

- An English and/or bilingual printed dictionary

Materials supplied

- **Section A** – Task Book of 36 pages
- **Section B** – Task Book of 64 pages
- Answer Book

Instructions

- You are required to complete **one** task based on **one** text selected from the list on pages 2 and 3 of this Task Book.
- The text you select for **Section B** must be from a different category (novels, plays, short stories, other literature, poetry) than the text you select for **Section A**. You must **not** write on two texts from the same category. Students who write on two texts from the same category will receive a score of zero for one section.
- Complete your responses for each section in the correct part of the Answer Book.
- Write your responses in English.

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

Contents	pages
Text list _____	2–3
Section B (1 question, 20 marks) _____	4–63
Assessment criteria for Section B _____	64

Section B – Close analysis

Instructions

- You are required to complete **one** task based on **one** text.
- Three passages have been set for each text. The set passages are presented in the order in which they appear in the nominated version of the text. The set passages are also reproduced as they appear in the nominated version of the text.
- You must use **two or more** of the set passages as the basis for a discussion about the selected text.
- In your response, refer in detail to the set passages and the selected text. You may include minor references to other texts.
- Your selected text for **Section B** must be from a different category than your selected text for **Section A**.
- Indicate in the Answer Book which text you have selected.
- Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 64 of this book.

Text list

Novels

Text no.		pages
1	Thea Astley, Drylands _____	4–5
2	Margaret Atwood, Alias Grace _____	6–7
3	William Faulkner, As I Lay Dying _____	8–9
4	Kazuo Ishiguro, The Remains of the Day _____	10–11
5	Joan Lindsay, Picnic at Hanging Rock _____	12–13
6	Gerald Murnane, The Plains _____	14–15
7	Bram Stoker, Dracula _____	16–17
8	Tara June Winch, The Yield _____	18–19
9	Émile Zola, The Ladies' Paradise _____	20–21

Plays

Text no.		
10	Aeschylus, The Persians _____	22–23
11	Anton Chekhov, Uncle Vanya _____	24–25
12	Joshua Harmon, Admissions _____	26–27
13	Lucy Kirkwood, Chimerica _____	28–29
14	Joanna Murray-Smith, Berlin _____	30–31
15	Suzan-Lori Parks, Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3) _____	32–33
16	Edmond Rostand, Cyrano de Bergerac _____	34–35
17	William Shakespeare, As You Like It _____	36–37
18	William Shakespeare, The Winter's Tale _____	38–39

Short stories

Text no.		pages
19	Ted Chiang, Stories of Your Life and Others _____	40–41
20	Alice Munro, Dance of the Happy Shades _____	42–43
21	Elizabeth Tan, Smart Ovens for Lonely People _____	44–45

Other literature

Text no.		
22	James Baldwin, The Fire Next Time _____	46–47
23	Mary Seacole, Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands ____	48–49
24	Tim Winton, The Boy Behind the Curtain _____	50–51

Poetry

Text no.		
25	Emily Dickinson, The Complete Poems _____	52–53
26	Carol Ann Duffy, The World's Wife _____	54–55
27	Sarah Holland-Batt, The Hazards _____	56–57
28	Kenneth Slessor, Selected Poems _____	58–59
29	Ellen van Neerven, Throat _____	60–61
30	William Butler Yeats, WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney ____	62–63

Novels

Text no. 1 Thea Astley, *Drylands*

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

1.

Here I am in a natural cavern [...] how I could have begun.

Thea Astley, *Drylands*,
Text Classics, 2018
pp. 27–29

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.

‘Pack your bag,’ Fred ordered, [...] go, Fred, and leave me be.’

Thea Astley, *Drylands*,
Text Classics, 2018
pp. 179–180

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Novels**Text no. 1** Thea Astley, **Drylands**

3.

‘It’s im-bloody-possible in there,’ [...] who were
down south [...]

Thea Astley, *Drylands*,
Text Classics, 2018

pp. 203–204

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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.

Novels

Text no. 2 Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*

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

1.

Today Dr. Jordan looks more disarranged [...] what these worries might be.

Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*,
Virago Press, 2019

pp. 168–169

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2.

What should I tell Dr. Jordan [...] It might have happened.

Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*,
Virago Press, 2019

pp. 342–343

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Novels**Text no. 2** Margaret Atwood, **Alias Grace**

3.

[...] Someday over a glass of sherry [...] led only by
marsh-lights.

Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*,
Virago Press, 2019

pp. 489–490

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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.

Novels**Text no. 3** William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *As I Lay Dying*.

1.

DARL

“She wanted that like she wants [...] “I would not keep her waiting.”

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage, 2004
pp. 15–16

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.

DEWEY DELL

I heard that my mother is dead. I wish [...] I believe in God.

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage, 2004
pp. 107–108

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.

Novels**Text no. 3** William Faulkner, **As I Lay Dying**

3.

WHITFIELD

“Rise,” He said; “repair to that home [...] even though he was not there.

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage, 2004
pp. 166–168

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.

Novels**Text no. 4** Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*

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

1.

The fellow did not seem to understand me, [...] and our present staffing problems.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2021

pp. 25–26

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.

‘Miss Kenton, if you are under the impression [...] Miss Kenton had alluded to.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2021

pp. 57–58

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.

Novels**Text no. 4** Kazuo Ishiguro, **The Remains of the Day**

3.

So it was, then, that while [...] Darlington Hall rather unexpectedly.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2021

pp. 222–223

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.

Novels**Text no. 5** Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Picnic at Hanging Rock*.

1.

Everyone agreed that the day was just right [...] nobody will ever know.

Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*,
Text Publishing, 2019

pp. 5–6

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.

[...] *As Lake View will be closed* [...] away with his umbrella.

Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*,
Text Publishing, 2019

pp. 165–166

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.

Novels**Text no. 5** Joan Lindsay, **Picnic at Hanging Rock**

3.

Extract from a Melbourne newspaper, dated [...] *to remain forever unsolved.*

Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*,
Text Publishing, 2019

pp. 246–247

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.

Novels

Text no. 6 Gerald Murnane, *The Plains*

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

1.

I told them a story almost devoid [...] an endless series of plains.

Gerald Murnane, *The Plains*,
Text Classics, 2012

pp. 11–12

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.

Not only my years of reading [...] that he has no claim to.

Gerald Murnane, *The Plains*,
Text Classics, 2012

pp. 114–116

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.

Novels**Text no. 6** Gerald Murnane, **The Plains**

3.

But the philosophy of the plains [...] she might never appear again.

Gerald Murnane, *The Plains*,
Text Classics, 2012

pp. 129–131

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.

Novels

Text no. 7 Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

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

1.

I tried it harder, and found that it was not really locked, but that the resistance came from the fact that the hinges had fallen somewhat, and the heavy door rested on the floor. Here was an opportunity which I might not have again, so I exerted myself, and with many efforts forced it back so that I could enter. I was now in a wing of the castle further to the right than the rooms I knew and a storey lower down. From the windows I could see that the suite of rooms lay along to the south of the castle, the windows of the end room looking out both west and south. On the latter side, as well as to the former, there was a great precipice. The castle was built on the corner of a great rock, so that on three sides it was quite impregnable, and great windows were placed here where sling, or bow, or culverin could not reach, and consequently light and comfort, impossible to a position which had to be guarded, were secured. To the west was a great valley, and then, rising far away, great jagged mountain fastnesses, rising peak on peak, the sheer rock studded with mountain ash and thorn, whose roots clung in cracks and crevices and crannies of the stone. This was evidently the portion of the castle occupied in bygone days, for the furniture had more air of comfort than any I had seen. The windows were curtainless, and the yellow moonlight, flooding in through the diamond panes, enabled one to see even colours, whilst it softened the wealth of dust which lay over all and disguised in some measure the ravages of time and the moth. My lamp seemed to be of little effect in the brilliant moonlight, but I was glad to have it with me, for there was a dread loneliness in the place which chilled my heart and made my nerves tremble. Still, it was better than living alone in the rooms which I had come to hate from the presence of the Count, and after trying a little to school my nerves, I found a soft quietude come over me. Here I am, sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love-letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance. And yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere 'modernity' cannot kill.

2.

We gazed so eagerly that Arthur rose, for he had been seated on the ground, and came and looked too; and then a glad, strange light broke over his face and dispelled altogether the gloom of horror that lay upon it.

There, in the coffin lay no longer the foul Thing that we had so dreaded and grown to hate that the work of her destruction was yielded as a privilege to the one best entitled to it, but Lucy as we had seen her in her life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity. True that there were there, as we had seen them in life, the traces of care and pain and waste; but these were all dear to us, for they marked her truth to what we knew. One and all we felt that the holy calm that lay like sunshine over the wasted face and form was only an earthly token and symbol of the calm that was to reign for ever.

Van Helsing came and laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder, and said to him: –

'And now, Arthur, my friend, dear lad, am I not forgiven?'

The reaction of the terrible strain came as he took the old man's hand in his, and raising it to his lips, pressed it, and said: –

'Forgiven! God bless you that you have given my dear one her soul again, and me peace.' He put his hands on the Professor's shoulder, and laying his head on his breast, cried for a while silently, whilst we stood unmoving. When he raised his head Van Helsing said to him: –

'And now, my child, you may kiss her. Kiss her dead lips if you will, as she would have you to, if for her to choose. For she is not a grinning devil now – not any more a foul Thing for all eternity. No longer she is the devil's Un-Dead. She is God's true dead, whose soul is with Him!'

Arthur bent and kissed her, and then we sent him and Quincey out of the tomb; the Professor and I sawed the top off the stake, leaving the point of it in the body. Then we cut off the head and filled the mouth with garlic. We soldered up the leaden coffin, screwed on the coffin-lid, and gathering up our belongings, came away. When the Professor locked the door he gave the key to Arthur.

Outside the air was sweet, the sun shone, and the birds sang, and it seemed as if all nature were tuned to a different pitch. There was gladness and mirth and peace everywhere, for we were at rest ourselves on one account, and we were glad, though it was with a tempered joy.

Novels**Text no. 7 Bram Stoker, *Dracula***

3.

‘What shall we do exactly?’ asked Mr Morris laconically. The Professor paused before replying: –

‘We shall at the first board that ship; then, when we have identified the box, we shall place a branch of the wild rose on it. This we shall fasten, for when it is there none can emerge; so at least says the superstition. And to superstition must we trust at the first; it was man’s faith in the early, and it have its root in faith still. Then, when we get the opportunity that we seek, when none are near to see, we shall open the box, and – and all will be well.’

‘I shall not wait for any opportunity,’ said Morris. ‘When I see the box I shall open it and destroy the monster, though there were a thousand men looking on, and if I am to be wiped out for it the next moment!’ I grasped his hand instinctively and found it as firm as a piece of steel. I think he understood my look; I hope he did.

‘Good boy,’ said Dr Van Helsing. ‘Brave boy. Quincey is all man, God bless him for it. My child, believe me none of us shall lag behind or pause from any fear. I do but say what we may do – what we must do. But, indeed, indeed we cannot say what we shall do. There are so many things which may happen and their ways and their ends are so various that until the moment we may not say. We shall all be armed, in all ways; and when the time for the end has come, our effort shall not be lack. Now let us today put all our affairs in order. Let all things which touch on others dear to us, and who on us depend, be complete; for none of us can tell what, or when, or how, the end may be. As for me, my own affairs are regulate; and as I have nothing else to do, I shall go make arrangement for the travel. I shall have all tickets and so forth for our journey.’

There was nothing further to be said, and we parted. I shall now settle up all my affairs of earth, and be ready for whatever may come . . .

Later. – It is all done; my will is made, and all complete. Mina if she survive is my sole heir. If it should not be so, then the others who have been so good to us shall have the remainder.

It is now drawing towards the sunset; Mina’s uneasiness calls my attention to it. I am sure that there is something on her mind which the time of exact sunset will reveal. These occasions are becoming harrowing times for us all, for each sunrise and sunset opens up some new danger – some new pain, which however, may in God’s will be means to a good end. I write all these things in the diary since my darling must not hear them now; but if it may be that she can see them again, they shall be ready.

She is calling to me.

Novels**Text no. 8** Tara June Winch, **The Yield**

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

1.

By the river is where Albert [...] and had nothing to show.

Tara June Winch, *The Yield*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2019

pp. 5–6

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2.

‘This is tokenism, man. [...] sick to the guts, sick in that place.

Tara June Winch, *The Yield*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2019

pp. 261–263

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Novels**Text no. 8** Tara June Winch, **The Yield**

3.

And August is still there in Massacre Plains, [...] because of who they truly were.

Tara June Winch, *The Yield*,
Hamish Hamilton, 2019

pp. 308–309

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.

Novels

Text no. 9 Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

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

1.

'She's really pretty!' whispered Mouret [...] know how to take her leave.

Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*,
(Brian Nelson, trans.),
Oxford World's Classics, 2008

pp. 56–57

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.

Each morning, during his tour [...] forced to do so by necessity and habit.

Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*,
(Brian Nelson, trans.),
Oxford World's Classics, 2008

pp. 153–154

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.

Novels**Text no. 9** Émile Zola, **The Ladies' Paradise**

3.

[...] Newspapers and walls were [...] Mouret had nothing but luck!

Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*,
(Brian Nelson, trans.),
Oxford World's Classics, 2008
pp. 392–393

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.

Plays

Text no. 10 Aeschylus, *The Persians*

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

1.

ATOSSA: And are they skilled in archery? [...]
Over the drowning tide.

Aeschylus, 'The Persians', in *Prometheus Bound and Other Plays*, (Philip Vellacott, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2001

pp. 129–130

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.

MESSENGER: [...] The Persians knew their error; [...] and on every eastern race!

Aeschylus, 'The Persians', in *Prometheus Bound and Other Plays*, (Philip Vellacott, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2001

pp. 133–135

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.

Plays**Text no. 10** Aeschylus, **The Persians**

3.

Enter XERXES, his clothes torn; [...]

Her sons who went to war.

Aeschylus, 'The Persians', in *Prometheus Bound and
Other Plays*, (Philip Vellacott, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2001

pp. 147–148

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.

Plays

Text no. 11 Anton Chekhov, **Uncle Vanya**

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

1.

ASTROV: Have I changed a lot [...]

It was well said.

Anton Chekhov, 'Uncle Vanya' in *Plays*,
(Peter Carson, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp. 145–146

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.

VOYNITSKY: The rain will pass now and all nature [...]

I find all that deeply hateful.

Anton Chekhov, 'Uncle Vanya' in *Plays*,
(Peter Carson, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2002

pp. 161–163

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.

Plays**Text no. 11** Anton Chekhov, **Uncle Vanya**

3.

ASTROV: Isn't it strange [...]

We'll never see each other again.

Anton Chekhov, 'Uncle Vanya' in *Plays*,
(Peter Carson, trans.),
Penguin Classics, 2002

p. 195

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Plays**Text no. 12** Joshua Harmon, **Admissions**

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

1.

ROBERTA. I try and see people for who they [...] They don't read Moby Dick anymore.

Joshua Harmon, *Admissions*,
Samuel French, 2019

pp. 13–14

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.

CHARLIE. [...] And I just thought like, how [...] Just me. Just me.

Joshua Harmon, *Admissions*,
Samuel French, 2019

pp. 26–27

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.

Plays**Text no. 12** Joshua Harmon, **Admissions**

3.

CHARLIE. You guys make no sense. [...]

You're a hypocrite.

Joshua Harmon, *Admissions*,
Samuel French, 2019

pp. 68–69

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.

Plays

Text no. 13 Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*

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

1.

ZHANG LIN. When I look back, it seems [...] of this footage ever being televised.

Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*,
Nick Hern Books, 2013

pp. 69–70

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.

GUARD. Chinese law states it is illegal to incite [...] just subject to interpretation.

Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*,
Nick Hern Books, 2013

pp. 95–96

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Plays**Text no. 13** Lucy Kirkwood, **Chimerica**

3.

TESS. [...] okay so, so let's talk [...]

I've got it now.

Lucy Kirkwood, *Chimerica*,
Nick Hern Books, 2013

pp. 109–110

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Plays**Text no. 14** Joanna Murray-Smith, **Berlin**

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

1.

She laughs. They stare at each other. [...]
serial killer would say though, isn't it?

Joanna Murray-Smith, *Berlin*,
Currency Press, 2022

pp. 8–10

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2.

TOM: Time began at one a.m. [...]
that same principle is true now.

Joanna Murray-Smith, *Berlin*,
Currency Press, 2022

pp. 28–30

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Plays**Text no. 14** Joanna Murray-Smith, **Berlin**

3.

TOM: I can't leave without the painting. [...]

it wasn't German. It was *human*.

Joanna Murray-Smith, *Berlin*,

Currency Press, 2022

pp. 44–45

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Plays

Text no. 15 Suzan-Lori Parks, *Father Comes Home from the Wars* (Parts 1, 2 & 3)

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Father Comes Home from the Wars* (Parts 1, 2 & 3).

1.

Part 1: A Measure of a Man

HOMER. Did you all know [...]
Not another word.

Suzan-Lori Parks,
Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3),
Nick Hern Books, 2016

pp. 44–45

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.

Part 2: A Battle in the Wilderness

HERO. You a Colored man? [...]
You'll belong to yourself.

Suzan-Lori Parks,
Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3),
Nick Hern Books, 2016

pp. 77–79

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.

Plays**Text no. 15** Suzan-Lori Parks, **Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)**

3.

Part 3: The Union of my Confederate Parts

ODYSSEY DOG (*aside*). This is one of those [...]
I would never ever come.

Suzan-Lori Parks,
Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3),
Nick Hern Books, 2016
pp. 104–105

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Plays

Text no. 16 Edmond Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

1.

LE BRET. [...] My God, who is [...] shadowed on the garden wall.

Edmond Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*,
(Anthony Burgess, trans.)
Nick Hern Books, 1991
pp. 38–39

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.

CHRISTIAN. If only I
Had the words – [...] your lips, my soul.

Edmond Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*,
(Anthony Burgess, trans.)
Nick Hern Books, 1991
pp. 78–79

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.

Plays**Text no. 16** Edmond Rostand, **Cyrano de Bergerac**

3.

CHRISTIAN (*frightened*). What do you [...]
You are my soul.

Edmond Rostand, *Cyrano de Bergerac*,
(Anthony Burgess, trans.)
Nick Hern Books, 1991

pp. 143–145

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.

Plays

Text no. 17 William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *As You Like It*.

1.

ROSALIND Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE Aye, now am I in Arden, the more fool I!
When I was at home I was in a better place; but
travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

ROSALIND Aye, be so, good Touchstone. Look you who
comes here:

A young man and an old in solemn talk.

CORIN That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

CORIN I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.

But if thy love were ever like to mine –

As sure I think did never man love so –

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS O thou didst then never love so heartily.

If thou remembrest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.

O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit

ROSALIND Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE And I mine: I remember when I was in love,
I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that
for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the
kissing of her batler and the cow's dugs that her pretty
chapped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing
of a peasecod instead of her, from whom I took two
cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping
tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers
run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in Nature,
so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit
till I break my shins against it.

2.

PHOEBE I would not be thy executioner;

I fly thee for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Now counterfeit to swoon, why, now fall down

Or, if thou canst not, O for shame, for shame,

Lie not to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

SILVIUS

O dear Phoebe,

If ever – as that 'ever' may be near –

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

PHOEBE

But till that time

Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND [*Coming forward*] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother

That you insult, exult, and all at once

Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,

As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed,

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary

Of Nature's sale-work – Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too. –

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship. –

You, foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman.

Plays**Text no. 17 William Shakespeare, *As You Like It***

3.

ROSALIND [...] He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o'th'shoulder; but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight – I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO Of a snail?

ROSALIND Aye, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO What's that?

ROSALIND Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now and I were your very, very Rosalind?

ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking – God warrant us – matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO What, of my suit?

ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love; Leander, he would have lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time – and worms have eaten them – but not for love.

Plays

Text no. 18 William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

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

1.

POLIXENES [...] My affairs
Do even drag me homeward, which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES Tongue-tied our queen? Speak you.

HERMIONE I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaimed – say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE To tell he longs to see his son were strong.
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
[To Polixenes] Yet of your royal presence
I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefixed for's parting – yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'th'clock behind
What lady she her lord. – You'll stay?

POLIXENES No, madam.

HERMIONE Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES I may not, verily.

HERMIONE Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars
with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go – a lady's 'verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest. So you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks.
How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? By your dread 'verily',
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES Your guest, then, madam.

To be your prisoner should import offending,
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

HERMIONE Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.
You were pretty lordings then?

POLIXENES We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.

2.

PAULINA Good my liege, I come –
And I beseech you hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils
Than such as most seem yours – I say I come
From your good Queen.

LEONTES Good Queen!

PAULINA Good Queen, my lord, good Queen, I say
'good Queen',
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

LEONTES [To Lords] Force her hence.

PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me! On mine own accord, I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the baby]

LEONTES Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door!
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAULINA Not so;

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad – which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEONTES Traitors!

Will you not push her out? [To Antigonus]

Give her the bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Plays

Text no. 18 William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

PAULINA [*To Antigonus*] For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
 Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness
 Which he has put upon't.

LEONTES He dreads his wife.

PAULINA So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
 You'd call your children yours.

LEONTES A nest of traitors!

ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.

PAULINA Nor I, nor any
 But one that's here, and that's himself: for he
 The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
 His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
 (For as the case now stands, it is a curse
 He cannot be compelled to't) once remove
 The root of his opinion, which is rotten
 As ever oak or stone was sound.

3.

PERDITA Even here undone!
 I was not much afeared, for once or twice
 I was about to speak and tell him plainly
 The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. [*To Florizel*] Will't please you,
 sir, be gone?
 I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care; this dream of mine
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
 But milk my ewes and weep.

CAMILLO Why, how now, father!
 Speak ere thou diest.

SHEPHERD I cannot speak nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know.
 [*To Florizel*] O sir,
 You have undone a man of fourscore-three
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father died,
 To lie close by his honest bones; but now
 Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
 Where no priest shovels in dust. [*To Perdita*]
 O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and
 wouldst adventure
 To mingle faith with him! Undone, undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have lived
 To die when I desire. *Exit*

FLORIZEL [*To Perdita*]
 Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afeared; delayed,
 But nothing altered. What I was, I am:
 More straining on for plucking back, not following
 My leash unwillingly.

CAMILLO Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper. At this time
 He will allow no speech (which I do guess
 You do not purpose to him), and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
 Come not before him.

FLORIZEL I not purpose it.
 I think, Camillo?

CAMILLO Even he, my lord.

PERDITA [*To Florizel*] How often have I told you
 'twould be thus?
 How often said my dignity would last
 But till 'twere known?

FLORIZEL It cannot fail but by
 The violation of my faith; and then
 Let nature crush the sides o'th'earth together
 And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks.
 From my succession wipe me, father; I
 Am heir to my affection.

Short stories

Text no. 19 Ted Chiang, *Stories of Your Life and Others*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Stories of Your Life and Others*.

1.

Story of Your Life

I'll feel elated at this evidence [...] to make love,
to make you.

Ted Chiang, *Stories of Your Life and Others*,
Picador, 2020
pp. 170–171

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2.

Seventy-two Letters

'Why, once we have human reproduction [...] composition of the population thereafter.'

Ted Chiang, *Stories of Your Life and Others*,
Picador, 2020
pp. 219–220

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Short stories**Text no. 19** Ted Chiang, **Stories of Your Life and Others**

3.

Liking What You See: A Documentary

‘Beauty is the promise of happiness.’[...]
clear skin and blemished skin.

Ted Chiang, *Stories of Your Life and Others*,
Picador, 2020
pp. 283–286

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Short stories**Text no. 20** Alice Munro, **Dance of the Happy Shades**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Dance of the Happy Shades*.

1.

The Shining Houses

“[...] She’s got part of her house [...] admire each other for being drunk.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000
pp. 27–28

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2.

Day of the Butterfly

“You haven’t had hardly any Cracker Jack [...] name when she took attendance.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000
pp. 108–109

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Short stories**Text no. 20** Alice Munro, **Dance of the Happy Shades**

3.

A Trip to the Coast

She heard the screen door shut; [...] “and ship me home cold.”

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,

Vintage, 2000

pp. 190–191

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Short stories**Text no. 21** Elizabeth Tan, **Smart Ovens for Lonely People**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Smart Ovens for Lonely People*.

1.

Eighteen Bells Karaoke Castle (Sing Your Heart Out)

3! 2! 1! If you want a guaranteed night [...] and don't actually realise it.

Elizabeth Tan, *Smart Ovens for Lonely People*,
Brio Books, 2020

pp. 29–31

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.

Washing Day

There were theories, of course. [...] foolish for ever feeling worthy of.

Elizabeth Tan, *Smart Ovens for Lonely People*,
Brio Books, 2020

pp. 108–109

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.

Short stories**Text no. 21** Elizabeth Tan, **Smart Ovens for Lonely People**

3.

The Meal Channel

The counter stalled at [...] desirous and shiny planet.

Elizabeth Tan, *Smart Ovens for Lonely People*,

Brio Books, 2020

pp. 202–203

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Other literature**Text no. 22** James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

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

1.

DOWN AT THE CROSS**Letter from a Region in My Mind**

I had heard a great deal, long before [...] as though they were being jolted.

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2017

pp. 46–48

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2.

DOWN AT THE CROSS**Letter from a Region in My Mind**

Elijah's intensity and the bitter isolation [...] has been perishing here so long!

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2017

pp. 66–67

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Other literature**Text no. 22** James Baldwin, **The Fire Next Time**

3.

DOWN AT THE CROSS**Letter from a Region in My Mind**

And today, a hundred years after [...] gestures that are now described as ‘tokenism’.

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2017

pp. 74–75

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Other literature

Text no. 23 Mary Seacole, *Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands*.

1.

For a few days the terrible disease made such slow progress amongst us that we almost hoped it had passed on its way and spared us; but all at once it spread rapidly, and affrighted faces and cries of woe soon showed how fatally the destroyer was at work. And in so great request were my services, that for days and nights together I scarcely knew what it was to enjoy two successive hours' rest.

And here I must pause to set myself right with my kind reader. He or she will not, I hope, think that, in narrating these incidents, I am exalting my poor part in them unduly. I do not deny (it is the only thing indeed that I have to be proud of) that I *am* pleased and gratified when I look back upon my past life, and see times now and then, and places here and there, when and where I have been enabled to benefit my fellow-creatures suffering from ills my skill could often remedy. Nor do I think that the kind reader will consider this feeling an unworthy one. If it be so, and if, in the following pages, the account of what Providence has given me strength to do on larger fields of action be considered vain or egotistical, still I cannot help narrating them, for my share in them appears to be the one and only claim I have to interest the public ear. Moreover I shall be sadly disappointed, if those years of life which may be still in store for me are not permitted by Providence to be devoted to similar usefulness. I am not ashamed to confess – for the gratification is, after all, a selfish one – that I love to be of service to those who need a woman's help. And wherever the need arises – on whatever distant shore – I ask no greater or higher privilege than to minister to it.

2.

[...] very often the men would say, 'I'm going in with my master to-night, Mrs Seacole; come and look after him, if he's hit;' and so often as this happened I would pass the night restlessly, awaiting with anxiety the morning, and yet dreading to hear the news it held in store for me. I used to think it was like having a large family of children ill with fever, and dreading to hear which one had passed away in the night.

And as often as the bad news came, I thought it my duty to ride up to the hut of the sufferer and do my woman's work. But I felt it deeply. How could it be otherwise? There was one poor boy in the Artillery, with blue eyes and light golden hair, whom I nursed through a long and weary sickness, borne with all a man's spirit, and whom I grew to love like a fond old-fashioned mother. I thought if ever angels watched over any life, they would shelter his; but one day, but a short time after he had left his sick-bed, he was struck down on his battery, working like a young hero. It was a long time before I could banish from my mind the thought of him as I saw him last, the yellow hair, stiff and stained with his life-blood, and the blue eyes closed in the sleep of death. Of course, I saw him buried, as I did poor H—— V——, my old Jamaica friend, whose kind face was so familiar to me of old. Another good friend I mourned bitterly – Captain B——, of the Coldstreams – a great cricketer. He had been with me on the previous evening, had seemed dull, but had supped at my store, and on the following morning a brother officer told me he was shot dead while setting his pickets, which made me ill and unfit for work for the whole day. Mind you, a day was a long time to give to sorrow in the Crimea.

I could give many other similar instances, but why should I sadden myself or my readers? Other have described the horrors of those fatal trenches; but their real history has never been written, and perhaps it is as well that so harrowing a tale should be left in oblivion.

Other literature**Text no. 23 Mary Seacole, *Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands***

3.

Some three weeks before the Crimea was finally evacuated, we moved from our old quarters to Balaclava, where we had obtained permission to fit up a store for the short time which would elapse before the last red coat left Russian soil. The poor old British Hotel! We could do nothing with it. The iron house was pulled down, and packed up for conveyance home, but the Russians got all of the out-houses and sheds which was not used as fuel. All the kitchen fittings and stoves, that had cost us so much, fell also into their hands. I only wish some cook worthy to possess them has them now. We could sell nothing. Our horses were almost given away, our large stores of provisions, etc., were at any one's service. It makes my heart sick to talk of the really alarming sacrifices we made. The Russians crowded down ostensibly to purchase, in reality to plunder. Prime cheeses, which had cost us tenpence a pound, were sold to them for less than a penny a pound; for wine, for which we had paid forty-eight shillings a dozen, they bid four shillings. I could not stand this, and in a fit of desperation, I snatched up a hammer and broke up case after case, while the bystanders held out their hands and caught the ruby stream. It may have been wrong, but I was too excited to think. There was no more of my own people to give it to, and I would rather not present it to our old foes.

We were among the last to leave the Crimea. Before going I borrowed a horse, easy enough now, and rode up the old well-known road – how unfamiliar in its loneliness and quiet – to Cathcart's Hill. I wished once more to impress the scene upon my mind. It was a beautifully clear evening, and we could see miles away across the darkening sea. I spent some time there with my companions, pointing out to each other the sites of scenes we all remembered so well. There were the trenches, already becoming indistinguishable, out of which, on the 8th of September, we had seen the storming parties tumble in confused and scattered bodies, before they ran up the broken height of the Redan. There the Malakhoff, into which we had also seen the luckier French pour in one unbroken stream; below lay the crumbling city and the quiet harbour, with scarce a ripple on its surface, while around stretched away the deserted huts for miles. It was with something like regret that we said to one another that the play was fairly over, that peace had rung the curtain down, and that we, humble actors in some of its most stirring scenes, must seek engagements elsewhere.

Other literature**Text no. 24** Tim Winton, **The Boy Behind the Curtain**

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

1.

A Space Odyssey at Eight

On and on the epic rolled, serenely refusing [...] endures as companion and intermediary.

Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*,
Penguin Books, 2016

pp. 23–24

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2.

Repatriation

[...] Beside the pale little tree I stare [...] a little uneasy in the moonlight.

Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*,
Penguin Books, 2016

pp. 75–76

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Other literature**Text no. 24** Tim Winton, **The Boy Behind the Curtain**

3.

Barefoot in the Temple of Art

With the familiar past behind me, [...] strode out of the place
like a man in boots.

Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*,
Penguin Books, 2016
pp. 295–296

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Poetry

Text no. 25 Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

1.

254

“Hope” is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of Me.

c. 1861

2.

258

There’s a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the Seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

c. 1861

Poetry**Text no. 25** Emily Dickinson, **The Complete Poems**

3.

389

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House,
As lately as Today –
I know it, by the numb look
Such Houses have – alway –

The Neighbors rustle in and out –
The Doctor – drives away –
A Window opens like a Pod –
Abrupt – mechanically –

Somebody flings a Mattress out –
The Children hurry by –
They wonder if it died – on that –
I used to – when a Boy –

The Minister – goes stiffly in –
As if the House were His –
And He owned all the Mourners – now –
And little Boys – besides –

And then the Milliner – and the Man
Of the Appalling Trade –
To take the measure of the House –

There'll be that Dark Parade –

Of Tassels – and of Coaches – soon –
It's easy as a Sign –
The Intuition of the News –
In just a Country Town –

c. 1862

Poetry

Text no. 26 Carol Ann Duffy, **The World's Wife**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Carol Ann Duffy.

1.

Mrs Faust

[...]
Faust was in. *A word*, he said,
[...]
didn't have a soul to sell.

Carol Ann Duffy, *The World's Wife*,
Picador, 2017

pp. 26–27

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2.

Circe

I'm fond, nereids and nymphs, [...]
pig on the spit once again.

Carol Ann Duffy, *The World's Wife*,
Picador, 2017

pp. 47–48

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Poetry**Text no. 26** Carol Ann Duffy, **The World's Wife**

3.

Demeter

Where I lived – winter and hard earth.
[...] shy mouth of a new moon.

Carol Ann Duffy, *The World's Wife*,
Picador, 2017
p. 76

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Poetry

Text no. 27 Sarah Holland-Batt, **The Hazards**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Sarah Holland-Batt.

1.

An Illustrated History of Settlement

Begins with a frame, as if to say [...]
And often leaves.

Sarah Holland-Batt, *The Hazards*,
University of Queensland Press, 2015

pp. 12–13

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2.

Approaching Paradise

Here in the white, white wing [...]
kneel down like seraphim.

Sarah Holland-Batt, *The Hazards*,
University of Queensland Press, 2015

pp. 19–20

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Poetry**Text no. 27** Sarah Holland-Batt, **The Hazards**

3.

Insurgency

How perfect the past is. [...]
who waits and waits.

Sarah Holland-Batt, *The Hazards*,
University of Queensland Press, 2015

p. 73

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Poetry

Text no. 28 Kenneth Slessor, **Selected Poems**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Kenneth Slessor.

1.

Realities

(To the etchings of Norman Lindsay)

Now the statues lean over [...]

Melt into Beauty's actuality!

Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*,
A & R Classics, HarperCollins Publishers, 2014

pp. 41–42

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2.

North Country

North Country, filled with gesturing wood, [...]

Dripping red with blood.

Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*,
A & R Classics, HarperCollins Publishers, 2014

pp. 111

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Poetry**Text no. 28** Kenneth Slessor, **Selected Poems**

3.

William Street

The red globes of light, [...]
I find it lovely.

Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*,
A & R Classics, HarperCollins Publishers, 2014

p. 118

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Poetry

Text no. 29 Ellen van Neerven, **Throat**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Ellen van Neerven.

1.

logonliveon

She's warned about that app.
[...] my screen has gone blank

Ellen van Neerven, *Throat*,
University of Queensland Press, 2020
pp. 9–11

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2.

Queens

for Candy Royalle

Read my terms and conditions
[...] we do without fear?

Ellen van Neerven, *Throat*,
University of Queensland Press, 2020
p. 64

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Poetry**Text no. 29** Ellen van Neerven, **Throat**

3.

Paper ships

[...]

Aunty and Uncle fight to stay

[...] and inhaled smoke

Ellen van Neerven, *Throat*,
University of Queensland Press, 2020

p. 126–128

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Poetry

Text no. 30 William Butler Yeats, **WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney**

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of William Butler Yeats.

1.

To a Shade

If you have revisited the town, thin Shade,
Whether to look upon your monument
(I wonder if the builder has been paid)
Or happier-thoughted when the day is spent
To drink of that salt breath out of the sea
When grey gulls flit about instead of men,
And the gaunt houses put on majesty:
Let these content you and be gone again;
For they are at their old tricks yet.

A man

Of your own passionate serving kind who had brought
In his full hands what, had they only known,
Had given their children's children loftier thought,
Sweeter emotion, working in their veins
Like gentle blood, has been driven from the place,
And insult heaped upon him for his pains,
And for his open-handedness, disgrace;
Your enemy, an old foul mouth, had set
The pack upon him.

Go, unquiet wanderer,

And gather the Glasnevin coverlet
About your head till the dust stops your ear,
The time for you to taste of that salt breath
And listen at the corners has not come:
You had enough of sorrow before death –
Away, away! You are safer in the tomb.

September 29, 1913

2.

Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931

Under my window-ledge the waters race,
Otters below and moor-hens on the top,
Run for a mile undimmed in Heaven's face
Then darkening through 'dark' Raftery's 'cellar' drop,
Run underground, rise in a rocky place
In Coole demesne, and there to finish up
Spread to a lake and drop into a hole.
What's water but the generated soul?

Upon the border of that lake's a wood
Now all dry sticks under a wintry sun,
And in a copse of beeches there I stood,
For Nature's pulled her tragic buskin on
And all the rant's a mirror of my mood:
At sudden thunder of the mounting swan
I turned about and looked where branches break
The glittering reaches of the flooded lake.

Another emblem there! That stormy white
But seems a concentration of the sky;
And, like the soul, it sails into the sight
And in the morning's gone, no man knows why;
And is so lovely that it sets to right
What knowledge or its lack had set awry,
So arrogantly pure, a child might think
It can be murdered with a spot of ink.

Sound of a stick upon the floor, a sound
From somebody that toils from chair to chair;
Beloved books that famous hands have bound,
Old marble heads, old pictures everywhere;
Great rooms where travelled men and children found
Content or joy; a last inheritor
Where none has reigned that lacked a name and fame
Or out of folly into folly came.

A spot whereon the founders lived and died
Seemed once more dear than life; ancestral trees,
Or gardens rich in memory glorified
Marriages, alliances and families,
And every bride's ambition satisfied.
Where fashion or mere fantasy decrees
We shift about – all that great glory spent –
Like some poor Arab tribesman and his tent.

Poetry

Text no. 30 William Butler Yeats, **WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney**

We were the last romantics – chose for theme
 Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
 Whatever's written in what poets name
 The book of the people; whatever most can bless
 The mind of man or elevate a rhyme;
 But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
 Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
 Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

3.

The Curse of Cromwell

You ask what I have found, and far and wide I go:
 Nothing but Cromwell's house and Cromwell's murderous
 crew,
 The lovers and the dancers are beaten into the clay,
 And the tall men and the swordsmen and the horsemen,
 where are they?
 And there is an old beggar wandering in his pride –
 His fathers served their fathers before Christ was crucified.
 O what of that, O what of that,
 What is there left to say?

All neighbourly content and easy talk are gone,
 But there's no good complaining, for money's rant is on.
 He that's mounting up must on his neighbour mount,
 And we and all the Muses are things of no account.
 They have schooling of their own, but I pass their schooling
 by,
 What can they know that we know that know the time to die?
 O what of that, O what of that,
 What is there left to say?

But there's another knowledge that my heart destroys,
 As the fox in the old fable destroyed the Spartan boy's,
 Because it proves that things both can and cannot be:
 That the swordsmen and the ladies can still keep company,
 Can pay the poet for a verse and hear the fiddle sound,
 That I am still their servant though all are under-ground.
 O what of that, O what of that,
 What is there left to say?

I came on a great house in the middle of the night,
 Its open lighted doorway and its windows all alight,
 And all my friends were there and made me welcome too;
 But I woke in an old ruin that the winds howled through;
 And when I pay attention I must out and walk
 Among the dogs and horses that understand my talk.
 O what of that, O what of that,
 What is there left to say?

Assessment criteria for Section B

Section B will be assessed against the following criteria:

- understanding of the text, demonstrated in a relevant and plausible interpretation of the text
 - analysis of the set passages and/or key moments and how they contribute to an interpretation of the text
 - close analysis of the language and literary features of the text and how they contribute to an interpretation of the text
 - ability to write coherently, expressively and fluently as appropriate to the task.
-