

Victorian Certificate of Education
YearLITERATURE
SECTION B
Written examination

Day Date

Reading time: *.*.* to *.*.* (15 minutes)

Writing time: *.*.* to *.*.* (2 hours)

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

<i>Number of questions</i>	<i>Number of questions to be answered</i>	<i>Number of marks</i>
30	1	20

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

Materials supplied

- Task book of 34 pages, including **assessment criteria for Section A** on page 34
- Task book of 64 pages, including **assessment criteria for Section B** on page 64
- One answer book

The task

- 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.

Instructions

- Write your **student number** in the space provided on the front cover of the answer book.
- Complete each section in the correct part of the answer book.
- You may ask the supervisor for extra answer books.
- All written responses must be in English.

At the end of the examination

- Place all other used answer books inside the front cover of the first answer book.

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

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

You are required to complete one task based on one text.

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

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

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

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

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

Your response will be assessed according to the assessment criteria set out on page 64 of this book.

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Novels

Text no. 1 Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Baron in the Trees*.

1.

I yearned to follow him [...] the horn gilt and hanging on her neck by a chain.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 1998

pp. 113 and 114

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

2.

My brother soon made himself useful [...] which would burn up the trees with everyone on them.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 1998

pp. 202 and 203

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

Novels

Text no. 1 Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

3.

Youth soon passes on earth [...] They came on singing: '*De mon pays ... De mon pays ... De mon pays ...*' like a trio of drunks.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*, Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 1998

pp. 276 and 277

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

Novels

Text no. 2 Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

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

1.

Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—still knitting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colours of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the centre. And the river was there—fascinating—deadly—like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. *Bon voyage*.

“In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I undertook amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to.

“I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am not used to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy—I don't know—something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly. People were arriving, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinising the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. *Ave!* Old knitter of black wool. *Morituri te salutant*. Not many of these she looked at ever saw her again—not half, by a long way.

* * *

2.

A torn curtain of red twill hung in the doorway of the hut, and flapped sadly in our faces. The dwelling was dismantled; but we could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There remained a rude table—a plank on two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and by the door I picked up a book. It had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a state of extremely dirty softness; but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with white cotton thread, which looked clean yet. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was, ‘An Inquiry into some Points of Seamanship,’ by a man Towzer, Towson—some such name—Master in his Majesty's Navy. The matter looked dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures, and the copy was sixty years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with the greatest possible tenderness, lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson or Towzer was inquiring earnestly into the breaking strain of ships' chains and tackle, and other such matters. Not a very enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, thought out so many years ago, luminous with another than a professional light. The simple old sailor, with his talk of chains and purchases, made me forget the jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real. Such a book being there was wonderful enough; but still more astounding were the notes pencilled in the margin, and plainly referring to the text. I couldn't believe my eyes! They were in cipher! Yes, it looked like cipher. Fancy a man lugging with him a book of that description into this nowhere and studying it—and making notes—in cipher at that! It was an extravagant mystery.

“I had been dimly aware for some time of a worrying noise, and when I lifted my eyes I saw the wood-pile was gone, and the manager, aided by all the pilgrims, was shouting at me from the river-side. I slipped the book into my pocket. I assure you to leave off reading was like tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship.

“I started the lame engine ahead. ‘It must be this miserable trader—this intruder,’ exclaimed the manager, looking back malevolently at the place we had left. ‘He must be English,’ I said. ‘It will not save him from getting into trouble if he is not careful,’ muttered the manager darkly. I observed with assumed innocence that no man was safe from trouble in this world.

“The current was more rapid now, the steamer seemed at her last gasp, the stern-wheel flopped languidly and I caught myself listening on tiptoe for the next beat of the float, for in sober truth I expected the wretched thing to give up every moment. It was like watching the last flickers of a life. But still we crawled. Sometimes I would pick out a tree a little way ahead to measure our progress towards Kurtz by, but I lost it invariably before we got abreast. To keep the eyes so long on one thing was too much for human patience. The manager displayed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fumed and took to arguing with myself whether or no I would talk openly with

Novels

Text no. 2 Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Kurtz; but before I could come to any conclusion it occurred to me that my speech or my silence, indeed any action of mine, would be a mere futility. What did it matter what any one knew or ignored? What did it matter who was manager? One gets sometimes such a flash of insight. The essentials of this affair lay deep under the surface, beyond my reach, and beyond my power of meddling.

* * *

3.

“The manager appeared silently in the doorway; I stepped out at once and he drew the curtain after me. The Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was staring at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance.

“Dark human shapes could be made out in the distance, flitting indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two bronze figures, leaning on tall spears, stood in the sunlight, under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

“She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

“She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water’s edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb pain mingled with the fear of some struggling, half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us without a stir, and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped as if her heart had failed her. The young fellow by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life had depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and at the same time the swift shadows darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. A formidable silence hung over the scene.

“She turned away slowly, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets before she disappeared.

* * *

Novels

Text no. 3 Miles Franklin, *My Brilliant Career*

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

1.

The curse of Eve being upon my poor mother in those days, she was unable to follow her husband. Pride forbade her appealing to her neighbours, so on me devolved the duty of tracking my father from one pub to another and bringing him home.

Had I done justice to my mother's training I would have honoured my paternal parent in spite of all this, but I am an individual ever doing things I oughtn't at the time I shouldn't.

Coming home, often after midnight, with my drunken father talking maudlin conceited nonsense beside me, I developed curious ideas on the fifth commandment. Those journeys in the spring-cart through the soft faint starlight were conducive to thought. My father, like most men when under the influence of liquor, would allow no one but himself to handle the reins, and he was often so incapable that he would keep turning the horse round and round in the one place. It is a marvel we never met with an accident. I was not nervous, but quite content to take whatever came, and our trusty old horse fulfilled his duty, ever faithfully taking us home along the gum-tree-lined road.

My mother had taught me from the Bible that I should honour my parents, whether they were deserving of honour or not.

Dick Melvyn being my father did not blind me to the fact that he was a despicable, selfish, weak creature, and as such I despised him with the relentlessness of fifteen, which makes no allowance for human frailty and weakness. Disgust, not honour, was the feeling which possessed me when I studied the matter.

Towards mother I felt differently. A woman is but the helpless tool of man—a creature of circumstances.

Seeing my father beside me, and thinking of his infant with its mother, eating her heart out with anxiety at home, this was the reasoning which took possession of me. Among other such inexpressible thoughts I got lost, grew dizzy, and drew back appalled at the spirit which was maturing within me. It was a grim lonely one, which I vainly tried to hide in a bosom which was not big or strong enough for its comfortable habitation. It was as a climbing plant without a pole—it groped about the ground, bruised itself, and became hungry searching for something strong to which to cling. Needing a master-hand to train and prune, it was becoming rank and sour.

* * *

2.

I put it down to his conceit. I thought that he fancied he could win any woman, and me without the least palaver or trouble. I felt annoyed. I said aloud, "I will become engaged to you;" to myself I added, "Just for a little while, the more to surprise and take the conceit out of you when the time comes."

Now that I understand his character I know that it was not conceit, but just his quiet unpretending way. He had meant all his actions towards me, and had taken mine in return.

"Thank you, Sybylla, that is all I want. We will talk about the matter some other time. I will go up to Caddagat next Sunday. You have surprised me nearly out of my wits," here he laughed. "I never dreamt you would say yes so easily, just like any other girl. I thought I would have a lot of trouble with you."

He approached me and was stooping to kiss me. I cannot account for my action or condemn it sufficiently. It was hysterical—the outcome of an over-strung, highly excitable, and nervous temperament. Perhaps my vanity was wounded, and my tendency to strike when touched was up in arms. The calm air of ownership with which Harold drew near annoyed me, or, as Sunday-school teachers would explain it, Satan got hold of me. He certainly placed a long strong riding-whip on the table beneath my hand. As Harold stooped with the intention of pressing his lips to mine, I quickly raised the whip and brought it with all my strength right across his face. The instant the whip had descended I would have smashed my arm on the doopost to recall that blow. But that was impossible. It had left a great weal on the healthy sun-tanned skin. His moustache had saved his lips, but it had caught his nose, the left cheek, had blinded the left eye, and had left a cut on the temple from which drops of blood were rolling down his cheek and staining his white coat. A momentary gleam of anger shot into his eyes and he gave a gasp, whether of surprise, pain, or annoyance, I know not. He made a gesture towards me. I half expected and fervently wished he would strike. The enormity of what I had done paralysed me. The whip fell from my fingers and I dropped onto a low lounge behind me, and placing my elbows on my knees crouchingly buried my face in my hands; my hair tumbled softly over my shoulders and reached the floor, as though to sympathetically curtain my humiliation. Oh, that Harold would thrash me severely! It would have infinitely relieved me. I had done a mean unwomanly thing in thus striking a man, who by his great strength and sex was debarred retaliation. I had committed a violation of self-respect and common decency; I had given a man an ignominious blow in the face with a riding-whip. And that man was Harold Beecham, who with all his strength and great stature was so wondrously gentle—who had always treated my whims and nonsense with something like the amused tolerance held by a great Newfoundland for the pranks of a kitten.

* * *

Novels

Text no. 3 Miles Franklin, *My Brilliant Career*

3.

Dear Harold,

I will not get a chance of speaking to you in the morning, so write. Never mention marriage to me again. I have firmly made up my mind—it must be No. It will always be a comfort to me in the years to come to know that I was loved once, if only for a few hours. It is not that I do not care for you, as I like you better than any man I have ever seen; but I do not mean ever to marry. When you lost your fortune I was willing to accede to your request, as I thought you wanted me; but now that you are rich again you will not need me. I am not good enough to be your wife, for you are a good man; and better, because you do not know you are good. You may feel uncomfortable or lonely for a little while, because, when you make up your mind, you are not easily thwarted; but you will find that your fancy for me will soon pass. It is only a fancy, Hal. Take a look in the glass, and you will see reflected there the figure of a stalwart man who is purely virile, possessing not the slightest attribute of the weaker sex, therefore your love is merely a passing flame. I do not impute fickleness to you, but merely point out a masculine characteristic, and that you are a man, and only a man, pure and unadulterated. Look around, and from the numbers of good women to be found on every side choose one who will make you a fitter helpmeet, a more conventional comrade, than I could ever do. I thank you for the inestimable honour you have conferred upon me; but keep it till you find some one worthy of it, and by and by you will be glad that I have set you free.

Good-bye, Hal!

Your sincere and affec. friend,
Sybylla Penelope Melvyn.

Then I crept into bed beside my little sister, and though the air inside had not cooled, and the room was warm, I shivered so that I clasped the chubby, golden-haired little sleeper in my arms that I might feel something living and real and warm.

“Oh, Rory, Rory!” I whispered, raining upon her lonely-hearted tears. “In all the world is there never a comrade strong and true to teach me the meaning of this hollow, grim little tragedy—life? Will it always be this ghastly aloneness? Why am I not good and pretty and simple like other girls? Oh, Rory, Rory, why was I ever born? I am of no use or pleasure to any one in all the world!”

* * *

Novels

Text no. 4 Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

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

1.

Margaret had never spoken of Helstone since she left it, except just naming the place incidentally. She saw it in dreams more vivid than life, and as she fell away to slumber at nights her memory wandered in all its pleasant places. But her heart was opened to this girl: ‘Oh, Bessy, I loved the home we have left so dearly! I wish you could see it. I cannot tell you half its beauty. There are great trees standing all about it, with their branches stretching long and level, and making a deep shade of rest even at noonday. And yet, though every leaf may seem still, there is a continual rushing sound of movement all around – not close at hand. Then sometimes the turf is as soft and fine as velvet; and sometimes quite lush with the perpetual moisture of a little, hidden, tinkling brook near at hand. And then in other parts there are billowy ferns – whole stretches of fern; some in the green shadow; some with long streaks of golden sunlight lying on them – just like the sea.’

‘I have never seen the sea,’ murmured Bessy. ‘But go on.’

‘Then, here and there, there are wide commons, high up as if above the very tops of the trees –’

‘I’m glad of that. I felt smothered like down below. When I have gone for an out, I’ve always wanted to get high up and see far away, and take a deep breath o’ fulness in that air. I get smothered enough in Milton, and I think the sound yo’ speak of among the trees, going on for ever and ever, would send me dazed; it’s that made my head ache so in the mill. Now on these commons I reckon there is but little noise?’

‘No,’ said Margaret; ‘nothing but here and there a lark high in the air. Sometimes I used to hear a farmer speaking sharp and loud to his servants; but it was so far away that it only reminded me pleasantly that other people were hard at work in some distant place, while I just sat on the heather and did nothing.’

‘I used to think once that if I could have a day of doing nothing, to rest me – a day in some quiet place like that yo’ speak on – it would maybe set me up. But now I’ve had many days o’ idleness, and I’m just as weary o’ them as I was o’ my work. Sometimes I’m so tired out I think I cannot enjoy heaven without a piece of rest first. I’m rather afeard o’ going straight there without getting a good sleep in the grave to set me up.’

‘Don’t be afraid, Bessy,’ said Margaret, laying her hand on the girl’s; ‘God can give you more perfect rest than even idleness on earth, or the dead sleep of the grave can do.’

* * *

2.

Margaret felt intuitively, that in an instant all would be uproar; the first touch would cause an explosion, in which, among such hundreds of infuriated men and reckless boys, even Mr Thornton’s life would be unsafe, – that in another instant the stormy passions would have passed their bounds, and swept away all barriers of reason, or apprehension of consequence. Even while she looked, she saw lads in the background stooping to take off their heavy wooden clogs – the readiest missile they could find; she saw it was the spark to the gunpowder, and, with a cry, which no one heard, she rushed out of the room, down stairs, – she had lifted the great iron bar of the door with an imperious force – had thrown the door open wide – and was there, in face of that angry sea of men, her eyes smiting them with flaming arrows of reproach. The clogs were arrested in the hands that held them – the countenances, so fell not a moment before, now looked irresolute, and as if asking what this meant. For she stood between them and their enemy. She could not speak, but held out her arms towards them till she could recover breath.

‘Oh, do not use violence! He is one man, and you are many;’ but her words died away, for there was no tone in her voice; it was but a hoarse whisper. Mr Thornton stood a little on one side; he had moved away from behind her, as if jealous of anything that should come between him and danger.

‘Go!’ said she, once more (and now her voice was like a cry). ‘The soldiers are sent for – are coming. Go peaceably. Go away. You shall have relief from your complaints, whatever they are.’

‘Shall them Irish blackguards be packed back again?’ asked one from out the crowd, with fierce threatening in his voice.

‘Never, for your bidding!’ exclaimed Mr Thornton. And instantly the storm broke. The hootings rose and filled the air – but Margaret did not hear them. Her eye was on the group of lads who had armed themselves with their clogs some time before. She saw their gesture – she knew its meaning, – she read their aim. Another moment, and Mr Thornton might be smitten down, – he whom she had urged and goaded to come to this perilous place. She only thought how she could save him. She threw her arms around him; she made her body into a shield from the fierce people beyond. Still, with his arms folded, he shook her off.

‘Go away,’ said he, in his deep voice. ‘This is no place for you.’

‘It is!’ said she. ‘You did not see what I saw.’ If she thought her sex would be a protection, – if, with shrinking eyes she had turned away from the terrible anger of these men, in any hope that ere she looked again they would have paused and reflected, and slunk away, and vanished, she was wrong. Their reckless passion had carried them too far to stop – at least had carried some of them too far; for it is always the savage lads, with their love of cruel excitement, who head the riot – reckless to what bloodshed it may lead. A clog whizzed through the air. Margaret’s fascinated eyes watched its progress; it missed its aim, and she turned sick with affright, but changed not her position, only hid her face on Mr Thornton’s arm. Then she turned and spoke again:

Novels

Text no. 4 Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

‘For God’s sake! do not damage your cause by this violence. You do not know what you are doing.’ She strove to make her words distinct.

A sharp pebble flew by her, grazing forehead and cheek, and drawing a blinding sheet of light before her eyes. She lay like one dead on Mr Thornton’s shoulder. Then he unfolded his arms, and held her encircled in one for an instant:

‘You do well!’ said he. ‘You come to oust the innocent stranger. You fall – you hundreds – on one man; and when a woman comes before you, to ask you for your own sakes to be reasonable creatures, your cowardly wrath falls upon her! You do well!’ They were silent while he spoke. They were watching, open-eyed and open-mouthed, the thread of dark-red blood which wakened them up from their trance of passion. Those nearest the gate stole out ashamed; there was a movement through all the crowd – a retreating movement. Only one voice cried out:

‘Th’ stone were meant for thee; but thou wert sheltered behind a woman!’

* * *

3.

‘[...] A working man can hardly be made to feel and know how much his employer may have laboured in his study at plans for the benefit of his workpeople. A complete plan emerges like a piece of machinery, apparently fitted for every emergency. But the hands accept it as they do machinery, without understanding the intense mental labour and forethought required to bring it to such perfection. But I would take an idea, the working out of which would necessitate personal intercourse; it might not go well at first, but at every hitch interest would be felt by an increasing number of men, and at last its success in working come to be desired by all, as all had borne a part in the formation of the plan; and even then I am sure that it would lose its vitality, cease to be living, as soon as it was no longer carried on by that sort of common interest which invariably makes people find means and ways of seeing each other, and becoming acquainted with each other’s characters and persons, and even tricks of temper and modes of speech. We should understand each other better, and I’ll venture to say we should like each other more.’

‘And you think they may prevent the recurrence of strikes?’

‘Not at all. My utmost expectation only goes so far as this – that they may render strikes not the bitter, venomous sources of hatred they have hitherto been. A more hopeful man might imagine that a closer and more genial intercourse between classes might do away with strikes. But I am not a hopeful man.’

Suddenly, as if a new idea had struck him, he crossed over to where Margaret was sitting, and began, without preface, as if he knew she had been listening to all that had passed:

‘Miss Hale, I had a round-robin from some of my men – I suspect in Higgins’ handwriting – stating their wish to work for me, if ever I was in a position to employ men again on my own behalf. That was good, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes. Just right. I am glad of it,’ said Margaret, looking up straight into his face with her speaking eyes, and then dropping them under his eloquent glance. He gazed back at her for a minute, as if he did not know exactly what he was about. Then sighed; and saying, ‘I knew you would like it,’ he turned away, and never spoke to her again until he bid her a formal ‘good night.’

As Mr Lennox took his departure, Margaret said, with a blush that she could not repress, and with some hesitation,

‘Can I speak to you tomorrow? I want your help about – something.’

‘Certainly. I will come at whatever time you name. You cannot give me a greater pleasure than by making me of any use. At eleven? Very well.’

His eye brightened with exultation. How she was learning to depend upon him! It seemed as if any day now might give him the certainty, without having which he had determined never to offer to her again.

* * *

Novels

Text no. 5 Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*

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

1.

We considered ourselves good at vacuuming [...] the familiar rut they have made for themselves.

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

pp. 79–81

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

2.

I remember still how we moved [...] So we entered the Mediterranean with our eyes wide open.

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

pp. 139 and 140

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

Novels

Text no. 5 Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*

3.

WE SLIPPED INTO ENGLAND IN THE DARK. AFTER ALL our time [...] in the horde of passengers coming off the boat.

Michael Ondaatje, *The Cat's Table*,
Jonathan Cape, London, 2011
pp. 284 and 285

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

Novels

Text no. 6 Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

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

1.

Drenched with spray, Bobby Wabalanginy stood [...] King George Town people call this place now.

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, Sydney, 2013

pp. 9–11

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

2.

As a much older man on the harbour [...] Women no longer see an old man like him.

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, Sydney, 2013

pp. 158–160

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

Novels

Text no. 6 Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*

3.

But what about the whales? [...] Would they find a lone whale?

Kim Scott, *That Deadman Dance*,
Picador, Sydney, 2013

pp. 338–340

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

Novels

Text no. 7 Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

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

1.

Henny sat dreaming, with the letter [...] marriage is so heavily veiled and conventionally interned.

Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*,
The Miegunyah Press, Carlton, 2017

pp. 4 and 5

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

2.

Louie and Sam chatted for a while [...] He laughed, “You can’t help it: you are myself.”

Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*,
The Miegunyah Press, Carlton, 2017

pp. 131 and 132

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

Novels

Text no. 7 Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*

3.

True, the world was all ears and eyes [...] crushed to earth would rise again, fresher from her mud bath.

Christina Stead, *The Man Who Loved Children*,
The Miegunyah Press, Carlton, 2017

pp. 501 and 502

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

Novels

Text no. 8 Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

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

1.

Now, with his sensibility to presages [...] an instant the fascination of exoticism as well as that of local beauty.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 2007
pp. 55–57

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

2.

NOVEMBER, 1860
AS MEETINGS due to the marriage contract [...] able in any way to discern its origins.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 2007
pp. 102 and 103

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

Novels

Text no. 8 Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*

3.

There was or had been a senate in [...] the sin which we Sicilians never forgive is simply that of 'doing' at all.

Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, *The Leopard*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, London, 2007

pp. 134–136

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

Novels

Text no. 9 Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

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

1.

Laverde handed her the cassette like a soldier [...] When I opened my eyes Laverde was no longer there.

Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*,
Anne McLean (trans.), Bloomsbury Publishing,
London, 2012

pp. 42 and 43

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

2.

The first Monday of 1970 [...] Sometimes it's infuriating but I have no right to complain.

Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*,
Anne McLean (trans.), Bloomsbury Publishing,
London, 2012

pp. 201–203

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

Novels

Text no. 9 Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

3.

But maybe the strangest thing that afternoon was [...] a hippopotamus was studying us gravely.

Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*,
Anne McLean (trans.), Bloomsbury Publishing,
London, 2012

pp. 270 and 271

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

Plays

Text no. 10 Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

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

1.

CLYTAEMNESTRA:

The city's ours – in our hands this very day!
I can hear the cries in crossfire rock the walls.
Pour oil and wine in the same bowl,
what have you, friendship? A struggle to the end.
So with the victors and the victims – outcries,
you can hear them clashing like their fates.

They are kneeling by the bodies of the dead,
embracing men and brothers, infants over
the aged loins that gave them life, and sobbing,
as the yoke constricts their last free breath,
for every dear one lost.

And the others,
there, plunging breakneck through the night –
the labour of battle sets them down, ravenous,
to breakfast on the last remains of Troy.
Not by rank but chance, by the lots they draw,
they lodge in the houses captured by the spear,
settling in so soon, released from the open sky,
the frost and dew. Lucky men, off guard at last,
they sleep away their first good night in years.

If only they are revering the city's gods,
the shrines of the gods who love the conquered land,
no plunderer will be plundered in return.
Just let no lust, no mad desire seize the armies
to ravish what they must not touch –
overwhelmed by all they've won!

The run for home
and safety waits, the swerve at the post,
the final lap of the gruelling two-lap race.
And even if the men come back with no offence
to the gods, the avenging dead may never rest –
Oh let no new disaster strike! And here
you have it, what a woman has to say.
Let the best win out, clear to see.
A small desire but all that I could want.

LEADER:

Spoken like a man, my lady, loyal,
full of self-command. I've heard your sign
and now your vision.

*Reaching towards her as she turns and
re-enters the palace.*

Now to praise the gods.
The joy is worth the labour.

* * *

2.

AGAMEMNON:

First,
with justice I salute my Argos and my gods,
my accomplices who brought me home and won
my rights from Priam's Troy – the just gods.
No need to hear our pleas. Once for all
they consigned their lots to the urn of blood,
they pitched on death for men, annihilation
for the city. Hope's hand, hovering
over the urn of mercy, left it empty.
Look for the smoke – it is the city's seamark,
building even now.

The storms of ruin live!
Her last dying breath, rising up from the ashes
sends us gales of incense rich in gold.

For that we must thank the gods with a sacrifice
our sons will long remember. For their mad outrage
of a queen we raped their city – we were right.
The beast of Argos, foals of the wild mare,
thousands massed in armour rose on the night
the Pleiades went down, and crashing through
their walls our bloody lion lapped its fill,
gorging on the blood of kings.

Our thanks to the gods,
long drawn out, but it is just the prelude.

*CLYTAEMNESTRA approaches with
her women; they are carrying dark
red tapestries. AGAMEMNON turns
to the leader.*

And your concern, old man, is on my mind.
I hear you and agree, I will support you.
How rare, men with the character to praise
a friend's success without a trace of envy,
poison to the heart – it deals a double blow.
Your own losses weigh you down but then,
look at your neighbour's fortune and you weep.
Well I know. I understand society,
the flattering mirror of the proud.

* * *

Plays

Text no. 10 Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

3.

AEGISTHUS:

You say! you slaves at the oars –
while the master on the benches cracks the whip?
You'll learn, in your late age, how much it hurts
to teach old bones their place. We have techniques –
chains and the pangs of hunger,
two effective teachers, excellent healers.
They can even cure old men of pride and gall.
Look – can't you see? The more you kick
against the pricks, the more you suffer.

LEADER:

You, pathetic –
the king had just returned from battle.
You waited out the war and fouled his lair,
you planned my great commander's fall.

AEGISTHUS:

Talk on –
you'll scream for every word, my little Orpheus.
We'll see if the world comes dancing to your song,
your absurd barking – snarl your breath away!
I'll make you dance, I'll bring you all to heel.

LEADER:

You rule Argos? You who schemed his death
but cringed to cut him down with your own hand?

AEGISTHUS:

The treachery was the woman's work, clearly.
I was a marked man, his enemy for ages.
But I will use his riches, stop at nothing
to civilize his people. All but the rebel:
him I'll yoke and break –
no cornfed colt, running free in the traces.
Hunger, ruthless mate of the dark torture-chamber,
trains her eyes upon him till he drops!

LEADER:

Coward, why not kill the man yourself?
Why did the woman, the corruption of Greece
and the gods of Greece, have to bring him down?
Orestes –

If he still sees the light of day,
bring him home, good Fates, home to kill
this pair at last. Our champion in slaughter!

AEGISTHUS:

Bent on insolence? Well, you'll learn, quickly.
At them, men – you have your work at hand!

*His men draw swords; the old men
take up their sticks.*

LEADER:

At them, fist at the hilt, to the last man –

AEGISTHUS:

Fist at the hilt, I'm not afraid to die.

LEADER:

It's death you want and death you'll have –
we'll make that word your last.

*CLYTAEMNESTRA moves between
them, restraining AEGISTHUS.*

CLYTAEMNESTRA:

No more, my dearest,
no more grief. We have too much to reap
right here, our mighty harvest of despair.
Our lives are based on pain. No bloodshed now.

* * *

Plays

Text no. 11 Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

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

1.

NORA: But . . . Oh, I see what you mean – you think perhaps Torvald might be able to do something for you.

[...]

NORA: [...] It was I who saved Torvald's life.

Henrik Ibsen, 'A Doll's House', in *A Doll's House and Other Plays*, Peter Watts (trans.), Penguin Books, London, 1965

pp. 158 and 159

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

2.

HELMER: But, Nora dear, you look tired out – have you been rehearsing too much?

[...]

NORA: So it does.

Henrik Ibsen, 'A Doll's House', in *A Doll's House and Other Plays*, Peter Watts (trans.), Penguin Books, London, 1965

pp. 203 and 204

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

Plays

Text no. 11 Henrik Ibsen, *A Doll's House*

3.

NORA: [*after a short pause*]: Doesn't it strike you that there's something strange about the way we're sitting here?

[...]

NORA: [...] That's what our marriage has been, Torvald.

Henrik Ibsen, 'A Doll's House', in *A Doll's House and Other Plays*, Peter Watts (trans.), Penguin Books, London, 1965

pp. 225 and 226

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

Plays

Text no. 12 Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

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

1.

JEAN [*to Berenger*]: Instead of squandering all your spare money [...] *approaching from back-stage to front, in the left wings.*]

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.), in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*, Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2000

pp. 30–32

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

2.

JEAN: I tell you it's not as bad as all that. [...] JEAN [*from the bathroom in a very hoarse voice, difficult to understand*]: Utter rubbish!

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.), in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*, Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2000

pp. 79 and 80

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

Plays

Text no. 12 Eugène Ionesco, *Rhinoceros*

3.

BERENGER: Just the sight of them upsets me. [...]

BERENGER [*getting up*]: Well, I don't want to accept the situation.

Eugène Ionesco, 'Rhinoceros', Derek Prouse (trans.),
in *Rhinoceros, The Chairs, The Lesson*, Penguin
Modern Classics, London, 2000

pp. 91–93

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

Plays

Text no. 13 William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

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

1.

II.1 Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the People, Sicinius and Brutus.

MENENIUS The augurer tells me we shall have news tonight.
 BRUTUS Good or bad?
 MENENIUS Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.
 SICINIUS Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
 MENENIUS Pray you, who does the wolf love?
 SICINIUS The lamb.
 MENENIUS Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Martius.
 BRUTUS He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.
 MENENIUS He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.
 BOTH Well, sir.
 MENENIUS In what enormity is Martius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?
 BRUTUS He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.
 SICINIUS Especially in pride.
 BRUTUS And topping all others in boasting.
 MENENIUS This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?
 BOTH Why, how are we censured?
 MENENIUS Because you talk of pride now – will you not be angry?
 BOTH Well, well, sir, well.
 MENENIUS Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins and be angry at your pleasures – at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Martius for being proud?
 BRUTUS We do it not alone, sir.
 MENENIUS I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single. Your abilities are too infantlike for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!
 BRUTUS What then, sir?
 MENENIUS Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

* * *

2.

COMINIUS
 I have been i' th' marketplace; and, sir, 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness or by absence. All's in anger.
 MENENIUS
 Only fair speech.
 COMINIUS I think 'twill serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.
 VOLUMNIA He must, and will.
 Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
 CORIOLANUS
 Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce? Must I
 With my base tongue give to my noble heart
 A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't.
 Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
 This mold of Martius, they to dust should grind it
 And throw't against the wind. To th' marketplace!
 You have put me now to such a part which never
 I shall discharge to th' life.
 COMINIUS Come, come, we'll prompt you.
 VOLUMNIA
 I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.
 CORIOLANUS Well, I must do't.
 Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turned,
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,
 Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath received an alms! I will not do't,
 Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth
 And by my body's action teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.
 VOLUMNIA At thy choice, then.
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me,
 But owe thy pride thyself.
 CORIOLANUS Pray, be content.
 Mother, I am going to the marketplace.
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' th' way of flattery further.
 VOLUMNIA Do your will.

Exit Volumnia.

* * *

Plays

Text no. 13 William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*

3.

AUFIDIUS Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

CORIOLANUS
Traitor? how now?

AUFIDIUS Ay, traitor, Martius!

CORIOLANUS Martius?

AUFIDIUS
Ay, Martius, Caius Martius! Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
"Coriolanus" in Corioles?

You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome –
I say "your city" – to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him and men of heart
Looked wond'ring each at other.

CORIOLANUS Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUFIDIUS
Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

CORIOLANUS Ha!

AUFIDIUS No more.

CORIOLANUS
Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion –
Who wears my stripes impressed upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave – shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

FIRST LORD
Peace, both, and hear me speak.

CORIOLANUS
Cut me to pieces, Volsces. Men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy? False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. Boy?

AUFIDIUS Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

ALL CONSPIRATORS Let him die for't.

ALL PEOPLE Tear him to pieces! – Do it presently! –
He killed my son! – My daughter! – He killed my
cousin Marcus! He killed my father!

SECOND LORD
Peace, ho! No outrage. Peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offenses to us

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

CORIOLANUS O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUFIDIUS Insolent villain!

ALL CONSPIRATORS

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

*Draw the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who falls.
Aufidius stands on him.*

* * *

Plays

Text no. 14 William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

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

1.

ORSINO There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA Ay, but I know –

ORSINO What dost thou know?

VIOLA Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

ORSINO And what's her history?

VIOLA A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i'th'bud
Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers, too – and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

* * *

2.

MALVOLIO By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her
very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus makes she her
great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW Her c's, her u's, and her t's: why that?

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my
good wishes' – her very phrases! By your leave,
wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with
which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom
should this be? [*Opens the letter*]

FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? The
numbers altered! 'No man must know'! If this
should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO [*Reads*] I may command where I adore,
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

FABIAN A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO 'M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let
me see, let me see, let me see.
What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may
command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why,
this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no
obstruction in this, and the end – what should that
alphabetical position portend? If I could make that
resemble something in me – Softly! 'M.O.A.I.' –

SIR TOBY O ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as
rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO 'M' – Malvolio. 'M' – why, that begins my name!

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is
excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO 'M' – but then there is no consonancy in the
sequel that suffers under probation. 'A' should
follow, but 'O' does.

FABIAN And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry 'O'!

MALVOLIO And then 'I' comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see
more detraction at your heels than fortunes before
you.

Plays

Text no. 14 William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

MALVOLIO 'M.O.A.I.' This simulation is not as the former, and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose. [Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more! This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit*

* * *

3.

OLIVIA Stay!
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIOLA That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA Then think you right: I am not what I am.
OLIVIA I would you were as I would have you be.
VIOLA Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA [Aside] O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.
VIOLA By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so, adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLIVIA Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors to like his love.

Exeunt

* * *

Plays

Text no. 15 George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*

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

1.

MRS PEARCE [*returning*] This is the young woman, sir.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

HIGGINS [*brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, babylike, making an intolerable grievance of it*] Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. [*To the girl*] Be off with you: I don't want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. [*To Mrs Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instructions*] Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, we are proud! He ain't above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS. Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Good enough for yə-oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm coming to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em tə-oo: make no mistake.

HIGGINS [*stupid*] Well!!! [*Recovering his breath with a gasp*] What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL [*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay*] Ah-ah-oh-ow-ow-ow-oo! [*Wounded and whimpering*] I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

PICKERING [*gently*] But what is it you want?

THE FLOWER GIRL. I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of sellin' at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him – not asking any favor – and he treats me zif I was dirt.

* * *

2.

HIGGINS [*fervently*] Thank God it's over!

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No: it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING. You've never been broken in properly to the social routine. [*Strolling over to the piano*] I rather enjoy dipping into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all: they're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.

HIGGINS. Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. [*Rising*] However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Goodnight. [*He goes*].

HIGGINS [*following him*] Goodnight. [*Over his shoulder, at the door*] Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. [*He goes out*].

Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.

HIGGINS [*in despairing wrath outside*] What the devil have I done with my slippers? [*He appears at the door*].

* * *

Plays

Text no. 15 George Bernard Shaw, *Pygmalion*

3.

LIZA [...] You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS [*thunderstruck*] Freddy!!! that young fool! That poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand that I have made you a consort for a king?

LIZA. Freddy loves me: that makes him king enough for me. I don't want him to work: he wasn't brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS. Ha! ha! ha!

LIZA. I'll offer myself as an assistant to that hairyfaced Hungarian.

HIGGINS [*rising in a fury*] What! That impostor! that humbug! that toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. [*He lays hands on her*]. Do you hear?

LIZA [*defiantly non-resistant*] Wring away. What do I care? I knew you'd strike me some day. [*He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman*]. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You can't take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! [*Purposely dropping her aitches to annoy him*] That's done you, Enry Iggins, it az. Now I don't care that [*snapping her fingers*] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas. Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS [*wondering at her*] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? [*Rising*] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you can turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a millstone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors instead of only two men and a silly girl.

Mrs Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.

MRS HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS HIGGINS. Certainly not. He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Goodbye. [*She goes to the door*].

* * *

TURN OVER

Plays

Text no. 16 Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

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

1.

DODGE: Turn it off! Turn the damn thing off! What's it doing on?

[...] DODGE *sleeps on, undisturbed.*)

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage, New York, 2006

pp. 40 and 41

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

2.

SHELLY: Do you do much driving now?

[...]

(SHELLY *stares at the coat but doesn't move to take it.* [...])

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage, New York, 2006

pp. 76–78

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

Plays

Text no. 16 Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

3.

HALIE: Oh, shut up, Bradley! Just shut up!

[...]

DEWIS: Well, you can hardly blame others for not fulfilling
your hallucination.

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,
Vintage, New York, 2006

pp. 105 and 106

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

Plays

Text no. 17 Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

1.

MARGARET: You're the only drinkin' man I know that it never seems t' put fat on.

[...]

MARGARET: [...] Big Daddy is dying of cancer . . .

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2009

pp. 9 and 10

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

2.

BRICK: Who *can* face truth? Can *you*?

[...]

[*He takes the crutch from Big Daddy's loose grip and swings out on the gallery leaving the doors open. (...)*]

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2009

pp. 67 and 68

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

Plays

Text no. 17 Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

3.

BIG MAMA: [...]

Oh, you know we just got to love each other an' stay together, all of us [...]

MARGARET: Gracious! I didn't know that my little announcement was going to provoke such a storm!

Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*,
Penguin Modern Classics, London, 2009

pp. 87 and 88

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

Short stories

Text no. 18 Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*.

1.

How Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich

However, to put matters right, the judge took the mayor's place and after sweeping all the snuff from his upper lip with his nose pushed Ivan Ivanovich in the opposite direction.

This is how they usually try to patch things up in Mirgorod and it is rather like playing a ball game. As soon as the judge had given Ivan Ivanovich a shove, the one-eyed Ivan Ivanovich strained every muscle and pushed Ivan Nikiforovich, from whom the sweat was pouring like rainwater from a roof. Although both friends put up a very stiff resistance, they were, however, finally pushed together, since both parties received strong reinforcement from the other guests. Then they were closely hemmed in and not released until they had agreed to shake hands.

'Come now, Ivan Nikiforovich and Ivan Ivanovich! Look in your hearts and tell us what the quarrel's about. You must admit it's about nothing at all. Don't you feel ashamed before everyone – and before God?'

'I don't know,' Ivan Nikiforovich said, breathless from exhaustion (one could see that he was very close to being reconciled). 'I really don't know what I did to annoy Ivan Ivanovich. Why did he chop my goose shed down and try to ruin me?'

'I'm not guilty of any malicious intent,' Ivan Ivanovich said without looking at Ivan Nikiforovich. 'I swear before God and before all you good people that I never harmed my enemy. Why did he have to drag my name in the mud and slander my rank and reputation?'

'But what harm have I done you, Ivan Ivanovich?' said Ivan Nikiforovich.

Just one minute more and that long-standing enmity would have been extinguished. Ivan Nikiforovich was already feeling about for his snuff-box, to offer it with his customary 'Please do take some, please do'.

'If it isn't harm, then what is it,' answered Ivan Ivanovich, looking down, 'when you, my dear sir, insulted my name and rank with such an indecent word that I really can't repeat it in polite society?'

'Let me tell you, as one friend to another, Ivan Ivanovich!' (at this point Ivan Nikiforovich touched one of Ivan Ivanovich's buttons, a sure sign that he was quite ready to make it up), 'God only knows why you took such offence, as all I did was call you a *goose* . . .'

Ivan Nikiforovich saw immediately that he had committed a terrible blunder in saying this word, but it was too late: he had said it! Everything went to the devil . . .

* * *

2.

Nevsky Prospekt

Thus perished a victim of insane passion – poor Piskarev, as gentle, meek and mild and as ingenuous as a child, bearing the sparks of talent that might with time have blossomed into the full flower of genius. No one shed tears over him, no one was to be seen beside his lifeless body apart from the usual district police chief and the indifferent face of the town doctor. Without even any religious rights his coffin was swiftly taken to Okhta. Only one old soldier followed it and wept – and only then because he had drunk a bottle of vodka too many. Even Lieutenant Pirogov did not come to see the body of the poor devil to whom – when he was alive – he had given his exalted patronage: he had no time to think about such things and, besides, he was too involved in some extraordinary adventure. But let us return to him.

I have no liking for corpses and it is always disagreeable when a long funeral procession crosses my path, when some old soldier, dressed like a Capucin friar, takes snuff with his left hand because he has a torch in his right. I always feel most annoyed when I see an ornate catafalque with the coffin draped in velvet. But my annoyance is tinged with sorrow when I see a carrier hauling the uncovered pine coffin of some poor wretch, with only some old beggarwoman (who has met the procession at a crossroads) plodding after it for want of something better to do.

If I remember correctly, we left Lieutenant Pirogov at the moment when he parted company with poor Piskarev and went in hot pursuit of the blonde. The blonde was a rather attractive but frivolous little creature. She would stop before every shop and gaze at the sashes, scarves, earrings, gloves and other trifles in the windows, constantly wriggling and gawking in all directions. 'You, my sweetie, shall be mine!' Pirogov said with confidence as he continued his pursuit, turning up his overcoat collar, in case he met one of his friends. But it would not come amiss to acquaint the reader with our Lieutenant Pirogov's character.

Before we go on to describe Lieutenant Pirogov, however, it would be a good idea to say a few words about the kind of society to which Pirogov belonged. There are officers who make up a kind of middle class in St Petersburg. You will always come across one of them at a soirée or dinner given by a state counsellor who has finally risen to that rank after forty years' hard work. The pale-faced daughter, as colourless as St Petersburg, many of whom are past their prime, the customary tea table, piano, domestic balls – all this tends to be inseparable from bright epaulettes gleaming in the light of a lamp between a virtuous blonde and the black tail-coat of her brother or some family friend. It is exceedingly difficult to rouse and amuse these cold-blooded maidens: to achieve that requires much skill – better, the absence of any skill. One has to say things that are neither too clever nor too funny, intermingled with those trivialities so beloved by women. And here one must give the gentlemen in question their due. They have a special knack for making these colourless beauties laugh and listen. Often their greatest reward is to hear exclamations (smothered

Short stories

Text no. 18 Nikolay Gogol, *The Diary of a Madman, The Government Inspector and Selected Stories*

by laughter) such as: ‘Ooh, please stop! You’ll make me die laughing!’ Only rarely – perhaps never – are they to be seen in the highest circles. From these they have generally been ousted by so-called aristocrats. Nonetheless, they are considered cultured, highly educated men.

* * *

3.

The Carriage

‘Very fine, very fine!’ exclaimed Chertokutsky. ‘Excellent points. If I may ask Your Excellency, how does she go?’

‘She has a good stride only – damn and blast! – that idiot of a vet gave her some sort of pills and for the past two days she’s done nothing but sneeze.’

‘She’s a fine horse – very fine! And does Your Excellency have the right kind of carriage?’

‘Carriage? But she’s a saddle-horse.’

‘I know. But what I really meant is – does Your Excellency have the right kind of carriage for your other horses?’

‘Well, I don’t have much in the way of carriages. I must confess that for some time I’ve been wanting an up-to-date calash. I’ve written to my brother in St Petersburg about it, but I’ve no idea if he’s going to send me one or not.’

‘In my opinion, Your Excellency . . .’ observed the colonel, ‘you can’t beat a Viennese calash.’

‘There you are right . . . *puff* . . . *puff* . . . *puff*.’

‘I have an exceptional calash, of real Viennese make, Your Excellency!’

‘Which one? The one you came in?’

‘Oh no, that’s purely for riding around in, for short trips. But as for the other, why, it’s truly amazing – as light as a feather! And when you sit in it – if I may put it like this – it’s as if your nurse were rocking you in the cradle.’

‘You mean it’s comfortable?’

‘Very, very comfortable! The cushions, springs – all top-notch!’

‘Well, that’s nice!’

‘And so roomy! Oh yes, I’ve never seen one like it, Your Excellency. When I was in the army I used to get ten bottles of rum and twenty pounds of tobacco into the boxes, not to mention six uniforms, underlinen and two pipes as long as tapeworms, if I may put it like that, Your Excellency. And you could stow a whole ox in the pockets!’

‘That’s good!’

‘It cost four thousand, Your Excellency.’

‘At that price it *should* be good. And did you buy it yourself?’

‘No, Your Excellency. I acquired it by chance. It was bought by a friend of mine – a fine chap and childhood pal, a man with whom you would have got along perfectly. We used to share everything. I won it off him at cards. Now, would you do me the honour, Your Excellency, of coming to have dinner with me tomorrow? You could inspect the calash at the same time.’

‘I really don’t know what to say – it’s a bit awkward, you know, coming on my own. Would you allow me to bring my fellow officers along?’

‘The officers will be most welcome too! . . . Gentlemen, I should consider it an honour to have the pleasure of entertaining you in my home!’

The colonel, major and the other officers thanked him with polite bows.

* * *

TURN OVER

Short stories

Text no. 19 Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*

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

1.

Resize

He'd driven the car on their first date [...] cups rimmed with tidemarks of coffee.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*, Scribe,
Carlton North, 2006

pp. 61 and 62

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

2.

Seizure

All she could think of were those other hands [...] *Cherish*. That was the word.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*, Scribe,
Carlton North, 2006

pp. 110 and 111

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

Short stories

Text no. 19 Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*

3.

Direct Action

And, last of all [...] Fumbles for the metre to check the levels
in the acetylene tank.

Cate Kennedy, *Dark Roots*, Scribe,
Carlton North, 2006

pp. 134–136

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to reproduce the full passage on the VCAA website.
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have been provided.

Short stories

Text no. 20 Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

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

1.

The Half-Skinned Steer

His interest in women began a few days after [...] A horseshoe!
The anthropologist laughed.

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, London, 2006

pp. 26 and 27

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

2.

The Bunchgrass Edge of the World

What was there for Ottaline when the work slacked off [...] 1870s cowboy just in from an Oregon cattle drive).

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, London, 2006

pp. 140–142

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

Short stories

Text no. 20 Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*

3.

A Lonely Coast

All three women had been married [...] Must be cuddly as a pile a sticks.”

Annie Proulx, *Close Range: Brokeback Mountain and Other Stories*, Harper Perennial, London, 2006

pp. 216 and 217

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

Other literature

Text no. 21 Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

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

1.

The Survivor

She remembered the reindeer well enough [...] especially the parts we don't like.

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

pp. 83 and 84

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

2.

The Mountain

They had climbed hard all afternoon [...] you could lose your bearing here in other ways as well.

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

pp. 162 and 163

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

Other literature

Text no. 21 Julian Barnes, *A History of the World in 10½ Chapters*

3.

Parenthesis

In fourteen hundred and ninety-three [...] But they went and found it just the same.

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

pp. 241–243

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

Other literature

Text no. 22 Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*.

1.

Speak, Memory

Unlike my mother, who was very definitely part of a family [...] It was impossible to imagine a better father.

Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*, Melbourne University Press, Carlton, 2010

pp. 23 and 24

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

2.

Now What?

Whatever my father thought about being passed [...] but for the sake of completeness.

Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*, Melbourne University Press, Carlton, 2010

pp. 162 and 163

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

Other literature

Text no. 22 Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter: Memories of an Australian Childhood*

3.

Afterword

They played Beethoven's 'Eroica' at my father's funeral [...] for the common good as he conceived it.

Sheila Fitzpatrick, *My Father's Daughter:
Memories of an Australian Childhood*,
Melbourne University Press, Carlton, 2010

pp. 232–234

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

Other literature

Text no. 23 WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *The Dreaming & Other Essays*.

1.

The Aborigines (1938)

As it is, the old tribesmen of New South Wales and Victoria [...] but they see little and take away less.

WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*,
Black Inc. Agenda, Collingwood, 2022

pp. 124 and 125

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

2.

Continuity and Change among the Aborigines

Indeed if one tried to invent two styles [...] will be possible only by a kind of brain-washing.

WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*,
Black Inc. Agenda, Collingwood, 2022

pp. 163 and 164

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

Other literature

Text no. 23 WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*

3.

Aborigines and Australian Society

Let me try to sum up what I have been saying [...] we condone and perhaps even approve.

WEH Stanner, *The Dreaming & Other Essays*,
Black Inc. Agenda, Collingwood, 2022

pp. 256 and 257

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

Other literature

Text no. 24 Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *Candide, or Optimism*.

1.

During the whole voyage they discussed endlessly the philosophy of poor Pangloss. ‘We are going to another world,’ said Candide. ‘No doubt it must be there that all is well. For you have to admit, there is reason to blench at some of what goes on in our world, whether physically or morally.’ – ‘I love you with all my heart,’ Cunégonde said, ‘but my mind is still reeling from what I have seen, from what I have suffered.’ – ‘All will be well,’ Candide replied. ‘The sea of this new world is already superior to our European seas; it is calmer, its trade winds more constant. No doubt about it, the New World is the best of all possible worlds.’ – ‘God willing!’ said Cunégonde. ‘But I have been so horribly unhappy in my world so far, that my heart is almost sealed against hope.’ – ‘You two do nothing but complain,’ said the old woman, ‘but you have suffered nothing like my misfortunes, I can assure you!’ Cunégonde was on the verge of laughter, finding it very droll of this good creature to claim to be twice as unfortunate than herself. ‘Alas, my good woman,’ she said to her, ‘unless you have been raped by two Bulgars, been stabbed twice in the stomach, had two castles demolished, had the throats of two mothers and two fathers slit before your very eyes, and watched two lovers being flogged in an *auto-da-fé*, I really cannot see that you have the advantage over me; to which I might add that I was born a baroness, with seventy-two quarterings to my coat of arms, and have been put to work in a scullery.’ – ‘My dear young lady,’ replied the old woman, ‘you know nothing of my birth; and were I to show you my bottom you would not talk as you do, and would suspend your judgement.’ This speech aroused deep curiosity in the minds of Cunégonde and Candide; and the old woman continued as follows.

* * *

2.

Candide, seeing an edition of Milton, asked him if he did not consider that author to be a great man. ‘Who?’ said Pococuranté, ‘that barbarian who wrote an interminable commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of crabbed verse? That crude imitator of the Greeks, who distorts the Creation story and, where Moses shows the Eternal Being producing the world through the Word, has the Messiah pulling a large compass out of some celestial cupboard in order to take measurements for his work? You ask me to admire the man who ruined the hell and Satan of Tasso’s invention; who has Lucifer appear variously disguised as a toad or a pygmy, and has him rehash the same arguments a hundred times, and shows him quibbling over points of theology; who takes literally Ariosto’s bit of comedy about the invention of firearms, and has the devils firing off cannon in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian has ever taken pleasure in this sad extravaganza. The marriage of Sin and Death, and the adders to which Sin gives birth, must nauseate any man of remotely delicate taste, and his long description of a hospital could only interest a grave-digger. This obscure, bizarre and disgusting poem was spurned at birth; I am only judging it as it was judged in its own country by its contemporaries. Anyway, I say what I think, and I care little whether others think like me.’ Candide was distressed by this speech for he admired Homer, and had some liking for Milton. ‘Alas!’ he said to Martin under his breath, ‘I rather fear this gentleman will have nothing but contempt for our German poets.’ – ‘No great harm in that,’ said Martin. – ‘But what a superior being, this Pococuranté,’ murmured Candide again, ‘what a genius! There is no pleasing him.’

Having thus inspected the library, they went down into the garden. Candide praised its many beauties. ‘It is all in the worst possible taste,’ said the owner. ‘Full of trifling conceits wherever you turn. As from tomorrow I am having another one laid out on a nobler plan.’

When our two curious visitors had taken leave of His Excellency, Candide turned to Martin: ‘Now then, you will agree that here is the happiest of men, for he is superior to all he possesses.’ – ‘Don’t you see,’ said Martin, ‘that he is disgusted by all he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those that refuse every dish.’ – ‘But,’ said Candide, ‘isn’t there a pleasure in being critical, in discovering faults where other men think they see excellences?’ – ‘Which is to say,’ countered Martin, ‘that there is pleasure to be had in not taking pleasure?’ – ‘Oh, whatever you like!’ said Candide. ‘In which case no one is happy but me, when I see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again.’ – ‘One always does well to hope,’ said Martin.

* * *

Other literature

Text no. 24 Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

3.

‘You must have a vast and magnificent estate,’ said Candide to the Turk. – ‘I have but twenty acres,’ replied the Turk. ‘I cultivate them with my children; our work keeps at bay the three great evils: boredom, vice, and necessity.’

Back on his little farm, Candide reflected deeply on the words of the Turk. He said to Pangloss and Martin: ‘That worthy old man seems to have created for himself an existence far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour of dining.’ – ‘Rank and titles,’ said Pangloss, ‘are often dangerous, as all the philosophers agree: witness Eglon, King of the Moabites, who was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by his hair and stabbed in the heart with three spears; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Jehoram by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; and the Kings Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin and Zedekiah were all sold into captivity. And you will recall in what manner death came for Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart and Charles I, not to mention the three Henris of France and the Emperor Henry IV. And you must also know . . .’ – ‘All I know,’ said Candide, ‘is that we must cultivate our garden.’ – ‘You are right,’ said Pangloss, ‘for when man was placed in the garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*, so that he might work: which proves that man was not born for rest.’ – ‘Let us set to work and stop proving things,’ said Martin, ‘for that is the only way to make life bearable.’

The little society all entered into this laudable plan; each began to exercise his talents. The small farm yielded a great deal. True, Cunégonde was still very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry-chef; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the laundry. Everyone made himself useful, including Brother Girofleo, who was a first-rate carpenter and even became quite good company. Sometimes Pangloss would say to Candide: ‘All events form a chain in this, the best of all possible worlds. After all, had you not been expelled from a beautiful castle with great kicks to the behind for the love of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, and had you not been turned over to the Inquisition, and had you not roamed America on foot, and had you not run the Baron through with a fine thrust of your sword, and had you not lost all your sheep from the good land of Eldorado, you would not be sitting here now eating candied citron and pistachios.’ – ‘That is well said,’ replied Candide, ‘but we must cultivate our garden.’

* * *

Poetry

Text no. 25 Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Robert Browning.

1.

The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church

Rome, 15—

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
 Nephews – sons mine ... ah God, I know not! Well –
 She, men would have to be your mother once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
 'Do I live, am I dead?' Peace, peace seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:
 – Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care;
 Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
 He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
 One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
 And up into the airy dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.
 – Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
 Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!

* * *

2.

Love Among the Ruins

I
 Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop –
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

II

Now, – the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone –
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

IV

Now, – the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper over-rooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks –
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

V

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
 Melt away –
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

* * *

Poetry

Text no. 25 Robert Browning, *Selected Poems*

3.

Youth and Art

VI

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
 Cap and blouse – nay, a bit of beard too;
 Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
 With fingers the clay adhered to.

VII

And I – soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

VIII

No harm! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up
 As I shook upon E *in alt*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up:

IX

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,
 And stalls in our street looked rare
 With bulrush and watercresses.

X

Why did not you pinch a flower
 In a pellet of clay and fling it?
 Why did not I put a power
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

XI

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
 (And yet the memory rankles)
 When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

XII

But I think I gave you as good!
 'That foreign fellow, – who can know
 How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano?'

XIII

Could you say so, and never say
 'Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?'

XIV

No, no: you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over:
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

XV

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
 I've married a rich old lord,
 And you're dubbed knight and an R.A.

XVI

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
 Starved, feasted, despaired, – been happy.

XVII

And nobody calls you a dunce,
 And people suppose me clever:
 This could but have happened once,
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

* * *

Poetry

Text no. 26 Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry set from this text.

1.

In the Grasp of Childhood Fields

Luis Cabalquinto

Depths of Field

I walk some hundred paces from the old house

[...]

in the grasp of childhood fields, I'll miss nothing.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
WW Norton & Company, New York, 2008

pp. 47 and 48

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

2.

Parsed into Colors

Leung Ping-Kwan

Postcards of Old Hong Kong

The pictures we sent off have been touched up

[...]

paint ourselves?

Translated from the Chinese by Martha P.Y. Cheung

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
WW Norton & Company, New York, 2008

pp. 70 and 71

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Poetry

Text no. 26 Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

3.

Parsed into Colors

Gregory Djanikian

The Boy Who Had Eleven Toes

It was a sign of God's bounty,

[...]

The heel, suddenly, a profusion of feathers.

Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds),
*Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry
from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*,
WW Norton & Company, New York, 2008

pp. 76 and 77

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Poetry

Text no. 27 Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Rosemary Dobson.

1.

The Mirror

Jan Vermeer Speaks

Time that is always gone stays still

[...]

Are blinded in its blaze of light.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland, St Lucia, 2012

p. 82

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

2.

Eutychus

The first day of the week he spoke to them

[...]

And spring to life again, like Eutychus.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland, St Lucia, 2012
pp. 137 and 138

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

Poetry

Text no. 27 Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*

3.

The Almond-tree in the King James Version

White, yes, pale with the pallor of old timbers,

[...]

It is all in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

Rosemary Dobson, *Collected*,
University of Queensland, St Lucia, 2012

p. 249

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

Poetry

Text no. 28 Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Seamus Heaney.

1.

Requiem for the Croppies

The pockets of our greatcoats full of barley –

[...]

And in August the barley grew up out of the grave.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, London, 1998

p. 22

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

2.

The Strand at Lough Beg

in memory of Colum McCartney

*All round this little island, on the strand
Far down below there, where the breakers strive,
Grow the tall rushes from the oozy sand.*

Dante, *Purgatorio*, I, 100–103

Leaving the white glow of filling stations

[...]

Green scapulars to wear over your shroud.

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, London, 1998

pp. 152 and 153

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

Poetry

Text no. 28 Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*

3.

A Transgression

The teacher let some big boys out at two

[...]

And their knowledge that loved on without ado.

(1994)

Seamus Heaney, *Opened Ground: Poems 1966–1996*,
Faber and Faber, London, 1998

p. 393

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

Poetry

Text no. 29 Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Wisława Szymborska.

1.

Atlantis

Did they exist or not.

[...]

On this plus minus Atlantis.

Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*,
MJ Krynski and RA Maguire (trans.),
Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1981

p. 33

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

2.

Travel Elegy

All is mine but nothing owned,

[...]

a single movement of the neck.

Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*,
MJ Krynski and RA Maguire (trans.),
Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1981

pp. 43–45

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

Poetry

Text no. 29 Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts: Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*

3.

Psalm

Oh, how porous are the boundaries of man-made states!

[...]

The rest is all mixed forests, the burrowing of moles, and wind.

Wisława Szymborska, *Sounds, Feelings, Thoughts:
Seventy Poems by Wisława Szymborska*,
MJ Krynski and RA Maguire (trans.),
Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1981

p. 157

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

Poetry

Text no. 30 Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Chris Wallace-Crabbe.

1.

Sacred Ridges above Diamond Creek

for Les Murray

I want to make some kind of gesture of alien response,

[...]

but I lay down my arms.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcamet, Manchester, 2013

pp. 109 and 110

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

2.

Reality

A lost boy in another body

[...]

let you go.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcamet, Manchester, 2013

p. 139

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

Poetry

Text no. 30 Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*

3.

At the Clothesline

What I'd thought a fallen shirt

[...]

A rainbow ring around the moon.

Chris Wallace-Crabbe, *New and Selected Poems*,
Carcanet, Manchester, 2013

p. 179

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

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

END OF TASK BOOK FOR SECTION B

