

Victorian Certificate of Education
2022

LITERATURE
Written examination

Thursday 10 November 2022

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

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

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

<i>Section</i>	<i>Number of questions</i>	<i>Number of questions to be answered</i>	<i>Number of marks</i>
A	30	1	20
B	30	1	20
			Total 40

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

Materials supplied

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

The task

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

Instructions

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

At the end of the examination

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

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

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Assessment criteria

68

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

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

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

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

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

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

Section A is worth 20 marks.

Novels**1. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey***

Consider the idea that virtue triumphs over money and status in Austen's *Northanger Abbey*.

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

Cadwallader's *The Anchoress* shows the dangers of unquestioning obedience. To what extent do you agree?

3. William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

To what extent is Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* dominated by a sense of hopelessness?

4. Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*

Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day* explores competing views of the world. Discuss.

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Consider the importance of silence in Lindsay's *Picnic at Hanging Rock*.

6. Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

Stoker's *Dracula* challenges conventional notions of good and evil. Discuss.

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

Winterson's *The Passion* is about wanting more. Discuss.

8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

In Wright's *Carpentaria*, the stories told by the characters reveal their identities and values. Discuss.

9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

Zola's *The Ladies' Paradise* is about manipulation. To what extent do you agree?

Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

In Bovell's *Speaking in Tongues*, individuals have little control over their lives. To what extent do you agree?

11. Anton Chekhov, *Uncle Vanya*

Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* suggests that neither work nor love brings happiness. Discuss.

12. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

In Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*, the characters' chances of fulfilment are limited. To what extent do you agree?

13. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

In Euripides's *Hippolytus*, to what extent are the mortal characters responsible for the outcome of the play?

14. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Desdemona*, Morrison and Traoré reveal how the absence of love is harmful.

15. Suzan-Lori Parks, *Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)*

Parks's *Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)* examines the meaning and value of freedom. Discuss.

16. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

In Reza's *Art*, characters are motivated by selfishness and resentment. To what extent do you agree?

17. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

In Shakespeare's *Othello*, the imbalance of power has disastrous consequences for all. Discuss.

18. William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

In *The Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare explores the nature of repentance and forgiveness. Discuss.

Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

Reflect on the idea that Clarke's *Foreign Soil* explores belonging.

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

Dovey's *Only the Animals* searches for hope in a world of horror. To what extent do you agree?

21. Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*

Consider the proposition that Munro's *Dance of the Happy Shades* celebrates the resilience of human beings.

Other literature

22. James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* portrays a world out of balance. Discuss.

23. Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

Winton's *The Boy Behind the Curtain* illustrates how our values are formed by early experiences. To what extent do you agree?

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* encourages the reader to question authority. Discuss.

Poetry

25. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

Reflect on the idea that, in *The Complete Poems*, Dickinson's poems explore what it means to be human.

26. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

In *Ariel*, Plath explores the ongoing tension between beauty and pain. To what extent do you agree?

27. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

In *Selected Poems*, Slessor's poetry connects landscapes with the world of the imagination. Discuss.

28. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

To what extent is Watson's *Smoke Encrypted Whispers* a comment on alienation and dispossession?

29. Petra White, *A Hunger*

In White's *A Hunger*, to what extent do the poems give cause for optimism?

30. William Butler Yeats, *WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*

In *WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*, the poems are dominated by tension between the temporary and the permanent. Discuss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Section B is worth 20 marks.

Novels

1. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

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

1.

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy, would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother; her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings—and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as any body might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features;—so much for her person;—and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief—at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take.—Such were her propensities—her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand any thing before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the “Beggar’s Petition;” and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid,—by no means; she learnt the fable of “The Hare and many Friends,” as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it;—and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine’s life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another.

* * *

2.

“I never look at it,” said Catherine, as they walked along the side of the river, “without thinking of the south of France.”

“You have been abroad then?” said Henry, a little surprised.

“Oh! no, I only mean what I have read about. It always puts me in mind of the country that Emily and her father travelled through, in the ‘Mysteries of Udolpho.’ But you never read novels, I dare say?”

“Why not?”

“Because they are not clever enough for you—gentlemen read better books.”

“The person, be it gentleman or lady, who has not pleasure in a good novel, must be intolerably stupid. I have read all Mrs. Radcliffe’s works, and most of them with great pleasure. The *Mysteries of Udolpho*, when I had once begun it, I could not lay down again;—I remember finishing it in two days—my hair standing on end the whole time.”

“Yes,” added Miss Tilney, “and I remember that you undertook to read it aloud to me, and that when I was called away for only five minutes to answer a note, instead of waiting for me, you took the volume into the Hermitage-walk, and I was obliged to stay till you had finished it.”

“Thank you, Eleanor;—a most honourable testimony. You see, Miss Morland, the injustice of your suspicions. Here was I, in my eagerness to get on, refusing to wait only five minutes for my sister; breaking the promise I had made of reading it aloud, and keeping her in suspense at a most interesting part, by running away with the volume, which, you are to observe, was her own, particularly her own. I am proud when I reflect on it, and I think it must establish me in your good opinion.”

“I am very glad to hear it indeed, and now I shall never be ashamed of liking *Udolpho* myself. But I really thought before, young men despised novels amazingly.”

“It is *amazingly*; it may well suggest *amazement* if they do—for they read nearly as many as women. I myself have read hundreds and hundreds. Do not imagine that you can cope with me in a knowledge of *Julias and Louisas*. If we proceed to particulars, and engage in the never-ceasing inquiry of ‘Have you read this?’ and ‘Have you read that?’ I shall soon leave you as far behind me as—what shall I say?—I want an appropriate simile;—as far as your friend Emily herself left poor Valancourt when she went with her aunt into Italy. Consider how many years I have had the start of you. I had entered on my studies at Oxford, while you were a good little girl working your sampler at home!”

“Not very good I am afraid. But now really, do not you think *Udolpho* the nicest book in the world?”

* * *

Novels

1. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

3.

But in the central part of England there was surely some security for the existence even of a wife not beloved, in the laws of the land, and the manners of the age. Murder was not tolerated, servants were not slaves, and neither poison nor sleeping potions to be procured, like rhubarb, from every druggist. Among the Alps and Pyrenees, perhaps, there were no mixed characters. There, such as were not as spotless as an angel, might have the dispositions of a fiend. But in England it was not so; among the English, she believed, in their hearts and habits, there was a general though unequal mixture of good and bad. Upon this conviction, she would not be surprized if even in Henry and Eleanor Tilney, some slight imperfection might hereafter appear; and upon this conviction she need not fear to acknowledge some actual specks in the character of their father, who, though cleared from the grossly injurious suspicions which she must ever blush to have entertained, she did believe, upon serious consideration, to be not perfectly amiable.

Her mind made up on these several points, and her resolution formed, of always judging and acting in future with the greatest good sense, she had nothing to do but to forgive herself and be happier than ever; and the lenient hand of time did much for her by insensible gradations in the course of another day. Henry's astonishing generosity and nobleness of conduct, in never alluding in the slightest way to what had passed, was of the greatest assistance to her; and sooner than she could have supposed it possible in the beginning of her distress, her spirits became absolutely comfortable, and capable, as heretofore, of continual improvement by any thing he said. There were still some subjects indeed, under which she believed they must always tremble;—the mention of a chest or a cabinet, for instance—and she did not love the sight of japan in any shape: but even *she* could allow, that an occasional memento of past folly, however painful, might not be without use.

The anxieties of common life began soon to succeed to the alarms of romance. Her desire of hearing from Isabella grew every day greater. She was quite impatient to know how the Bath world went on, and how the Rooms were attended; and especially was she anxious to be assured of Isabella's having matched some fine netting-cotton, on which she had left her intent; and of her continuing on the best terms with James. Her only dependence for information of any kind was on Isabella. James had protested against writing to her till his return to Oxford; and Mrs. Allen had given her no hopes of a letter till she had got back to Fullerton.—But Isabella had promised and promised again; and when she promised a thing, she was so scrupulous in performing it! this made it so particularly strange!

* * *

Novels

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

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

1.

They led me through the front door [...] — no, my grave — for the rest of my life.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,
Fourth Estate, 2015
pp. 6–7

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

2.

‘[...] Your condition’s not one as will change with rest. [...] I drank the tea, still waiting to understand what it meant – this living death.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,
Fourth Estate, 2015
pp. 113–115

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

Novels

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

3.

Perhaps it was the tea that Lizzie still brought for me, [...] The words came without thought and I stepped back, as if Isabella had said them.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,
Fourth Estate, 2015

pp. 274–276

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Novels

3. William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

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

1.

Pa leans above the bed in the twilight, [...] “They will help us in our sorrow,” pa says.

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage Classics, 1999
pp. 44–45

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2.

So I took Anse. And when I knew that I had Cash, [...] and I would think: Anse. Why Anse. Why are you Anse.

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage Classics, 1999
pp. 159–161

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

Novels

3. William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

3.

A man comes to the door. [...] *Darl is my brother. My brother
Darl*

William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*,
Vintage Classics, 1999
pp. 238–239

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

Novels

4. Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*

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

1.

I fear, however, that in my anxiety [...] there is no possibility I am merely imagining the presence of these hints on her part.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2010

pp. 9–10

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2.

‘In my opinion,’ Mrs Mortimer said, ‘he’s suffered a stroke. [...] ‘I’m very sorry, sir. The strains of a hard day.’

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2010

pp. 108–110

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Novels

4. Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*

3.

‘Now, look, mate, [...] in the hands of those great gentlemen at the hub of this world who employ our services.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Remains of the Day*,
Faber & Faber, 2010

pp. 256–257

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Novels

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

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

1.

As soon as the police buggy had turned out of the drive [...] Arthur would have put it.

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

pp. 75–76

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2.

So much had happened since last Saturday [...] in that last gay fateful hour?

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

pp. 95–96

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

Novels

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

3.

The black marble clock on the mantelpiece ticked [...] something of Miranda's admirable self-control.'

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

pp. 170–172

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

Novels

6. Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

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

1.

8 May. – I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse; but now I am glad that I went into detail from the first, for there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy. I wish I were safe out of it, or that I had never come. It may be that this strange night-existence is telling on me; but would that that were all! If there were any one to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to speak with, and he! – I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be prosaic so far as facts can be; it will help me to bear up, and imagination must not run riot with me. If it does I am lost. Let me say at once how I stand – or seem to.

I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, 'Good morning.' I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count's salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed; but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself. This was startling, and, coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near; but at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

'Take care,' he said, 'take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.' Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on: 'And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it!' and opening the heavy window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving-pot, which is fortunately of metal.

* * *

2.

I do not remember anything until the morning when Jonathan woke me. I think that it took me an effort and a little time to realize where I was, and that it was Jonathan who was bending over me. My dream was very peculiar, and was almost typical of the way that waking thoughts become merged in, or continued in, dreams.

I thought that I was asleep, and waiting for Jonathan to come back. I was very anxious about him, and I was powerless to act; my feet, and my hands, and my brain were weighted, so that nothing could proceed at the usual pace. And so I slept uneasily and thought. Then it began to dawn upon me that the air was heavy, and dank, and cold. I put back the clothes from my face, and found, to my surprise, that all was dim around me. The gas-light which I had left lit for Jonathan, but turned down, came only like a tiny red spark through the fog, which had evidently grown thicker and poured into the room. Then it occurred to me that I had shut the window before I had come to bed. I would have got out to make certain on the point, but some leaden lethargy seemed to chain my limbs and even my will. I lay still and endured; that was all. I closed my eyes, but could still see through my eyelids. (It is wonderful what tricks our dreams play us, and how conveniently we can imagine.) The mist grew thicker and thicker, and I could see now how it came in, for I could see it like smoke – or with the white energy of boiling water – pouring in, not through the window, but through the joinings of the door. It got thicker and thicker, till it seemed as if it became concentrated into a sort of pillar of cloud in the room, through the top of which I could see the light of the gas shining like a red eye. Things began to whirl through my brain just as the cloudy column was now whirling in the room, and through it all came the scriptural words 'a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.' Was it indeed some such spiritual guidance that was coming to me in my sleep? But the pillar was composed of both the day and the night-guiding, for the fire was in the red eye, which at the thought got a new fascination for me; till, as I looked, the fire divided, and seemed to shine on me through the fog like two red eyes, such as Lucy told me of in her momentary mental wandering when, on the cliff, the dying sunlight struck the windows of St Mary's Church. Suddenly the horror burst upon me that it was thus that Jonathan had seen those awful women growing into reality through the whirling mist in the moonlight, and in my dream I must have fainted, for all became black darkness. The last conscious effort which imagination made was to show me a livid white face bending over me out of the mist. I must be careful of such dreams, for they would unseat one's reason if there were too much of them.

* * *

Novels

6. Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

3.

When Dr Van Helsing had done speaking, I asked him if it were certain the the Count had remained on board the ship. He replied: 'We have the best proof of that; your own evidence, when in the hypnotic trance this morning.' I asked him again if it were really necessary that they should pursue the Count, for oh! I dread Jonathan leaving me, and I know that he would surely go if the others went. He answered in growing passion, at first quietly. As he went on, however, he grew more angry and more forceful, till in the end we could not but see wherein was at least some of that personal dominance which made him so long a master amongst men: –

'Yes it is necessary – necessary – necessary! For your sake in the first, and then for the sake of humanity. This monster has done much harm already, in the narrow scope where he find himself, and in the short time when as yet he was only as a body groping his so small measure in darkness and not knowing. All this have I told these others; you, my dear Madam Mina, will learn it in the phonograph of my friend John, or in that of your husband. I have told them how the measure of leaving his own barren land – barren of peoples – and coming to a new land where life of man teems till they are like the multitude of standing corn, was the work of centuries. Were another of the Un-Dead, like him, to try to do what he has done, perhaps not all the centuries of the world that have been, or that will be, could aid him. With this one, all the forces of nature that are occult and deep and strong must have worked together in some wondrous way. The very place, where he have been alive, Un-dead for all these centuries, is full of strangeness of the geologic and chemical world. There are deep caverns and fissures that reach none know whither. There have been volcanoes, some of whose openings still send out waters of strange properties, and gases that kill or make to vivify. Doubtless, there is something magnetic or electric in some of these combinations of occult forces which work for physical life in strange way; and in himself were from the first some great qualities. In a hard and warlike time he was celebrate that he have more iron nerve, more subtle brain, more braver heart, than any man. In him some vital principle have in strange way found their utmost; and as his body keep strong and grow and thrive, so his brain grow too. All this without that diabolic aid which is surely to him; for it have to yield to the powers that come from, and are, symbolic of good. And now this is what he is to us. He have infect you – oh forgive me, my dear, that I must say such; but it is for good of you that I speak. He infect you in such wise, that even if he do no more, you have only to live – to live in your own old, sweet way; and so in time, death, which is of man's common lot and with God's sanction, shall make you like to him. This must not be! We have sworn together that it must not. Thus are we ministers of God's own wish: that the world, and men for whom His Son die, will not be given over to monsters, whose very existence would defame Him. He have allowed us to redeem one soul already, and we go out as the old knights of the Cross to redeem more. Like them we shall travel towards the sunrise; and like them, if we fall, we fall in good cause.'

* * *

Novels

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

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

1.

Although wherever you are going is always in front of you,
[...] He was my father.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996
pp. 49–50

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

2.

He wrote, WHY? [...] I think I had known he wouldn't come. He wouldn't leave the horses. They were the present.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996
pp. 86–87

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

Novels

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

3.

I'm tired of hearing his life-story over and over. [...] I wonder what her feet are like.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,
Vintage, 1996
pp. 151–152

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Novels

8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

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

1.

None smarter than your Kevin, [...] Only in your dreams Kevin.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006
pp. 105–106

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2.

Elias's version of the argument, [...] and just like the queen she was, she floated off.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006
pp. 241–242

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Novels

8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

3.

A frenzied media from the bustling world of ‘Down South’ [...] like the death of an icon, woven with the interactiveness of *Nintendo*.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006
pp. 413–414

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Novels

9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

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

1.

There was something for every whim, [...] prison-like, half-moon shaped windows.

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

pp. 6–7

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

2.

That night Denise slept badly. [...] I'm sure madam will be very pleased with it.'

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

pp. 124–125

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

Novels

9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

3.

Bourras was standing in the Rue de la Michodière [...] 'My God!' the old man cried, as if the blow had reverberated in the very depths of his being.

Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*,
(Brian Nelson, trans.),
Oxford World's Classics, 2008
pp. 384–385

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

Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

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

1.

JANE: We're trying to justify our / betrayal.

[...]

JANE: Because / I liked it.

Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*,
Currency Press, 2012

pp. 8–9

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

2.

JANE: [...] I wish you were here that day, Pete.

[...]

They came and questioned me about what I'd seen, about the shoe and the cuts on the face and his violence...

Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*,
Currency Press, 2012

pp. 38–39

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

Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

3.

VALERIE: [*answer machine*] John, it's Valerie. [...] I think you form attachments to men, you invite their dependence and then engineer the means by which you can abandon them.

Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*,
Currency Press, 2012

pp. 61–62

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

Plays

11. Anton Chekhov, *Uncle Vanya*

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

1.

ASTROV: Have you had enough sleep?
VOYNITSKY: Yes . . . Plenty. [*Yawns.*] Ever since the Professor came to live here with his wife, my life has left its track . . . I go to sleep at the wrong time, for lunch and dinner I eat all kinds of rich dishes, I drink wine – that’s all unhealthy. I used not to have a spare minute, Sonya and I worked – my goodness, how we worked, and now only Sonya works and I sleep, eat and drink . . . That’s no good!

MARINA [*shaking her head*]: What a way to live! The Professor gets up at noon, and the samovar has been going all morning, waiting for him. Before they came we always had dinner before one o’clock, like people everywhere else, but with them here it’s after six. At night the Professor reads and writes, and suddenly he rings after one in the morning . . . I ask you, gentlemen. For tea! Wake the servants for him, put on the samovar . . . What a way to live!

ASTROV: And will they be staying here long?

VOYNITSKY [*whistling*]: A hundred years. The Professor has decided to settle here.

MARINA: And they’ve done it now. The samovar has been brewing on the table for two hours, and they’ve gone for a walk.

VOYNITSKY: They’re coming, they’re coming . . . Don’t work yourself up.

[*Voices are heard; SEREBRYAKOV, YELENA ANDREYEVNA, SONYA and TELEGIN enter from the depths of the garden, returning from their walk.*]

SEREBRYAKOV: Lovely, lovely . . . Wonderful views.

TELEGIN: Exceptional, Your Excellency.

SONYA: Tomorrow, Papa, we’ll drive to the forestry station. Would you like that?

VOYNITSKY: Tea, ladies and gentlemen!

SEREBRYAKOV: My friends, would you be so kind as to send my tea over to my study? I’ve still got things to do today.

SONYA: You’ll really like the forest . . .

[*YELENA ANDREYEVNA, SEREBRYAKOV and SONYA go into the house. TELEGIN goes to the table and sits down by Marina.*]

VOYNITSKY: It’s hot and stuffy, and our great scholar has an overcoat, galoshes, gloves and an umbrella.

ASTROV: So he obviously has to look after himself.

VOYNITSKY: But how lovely she is! How lovely! In all my life I’ve never seen such a beautiful woman.

TELEGIN: Marina Timofeyevna, whether I’m driving in the fields or walking in the shade of the garden or looking at this table, I feel inexpressible happiness! The weather is delightful, the little birds are singing, we all live in peace and concord – what more could we want?

* * *

2.

SONYA: Tell me honestly, as a friend . . . Are you happy?

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: No.

SONYA: I knew it. One more question. Tell me frankly – would you like to have had a young husband?

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: What a little girl you are still. Of course I would. [*Laughs.*] Well, ask me something else, ask . . .

SONYA: Do you find the Doctor attractive?

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: Yes, very.

SONYA [*laughing*]: I’ve got a stupid face . . . don’t you think?

He’s gone and I still hear his voice and his footsteps, and I look at the dark window and I see his face there. Let me have my say . . . But I can’t talk so loudly, I’m ashamed. Let’s go to my room and talk there. Do you find me silly? Admit it . . . Say something to me about him . . .

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: What?

SONYA: He’s clever. He knows how to do everything, he’s able to do everything . . . He heals the sick and he plants trees . . .

YELENA ANDREYEVNA: It’s not a question of trees, or medicine . . . You see, my dear, it’s talent! And do you know what talent means? Courage, a free mind, a broad sweep . . . He plants a little tree and he can foretell what will come of it in a thousand years, he’s already dreaming of the happiness of mankind. Such men are rare, to be loved . . . He drinks, he’s often a bit coarse – but what harm in that? A man with talent in Russia can’t be nice and clean. Think yourself what kind of life this doctor has! Impassable mud on the roads, frosts, snow-storms, huge distances, crude and primitive people, everywhere poverty, disease, and in these circumstances it’s hard for someone struggling and fighting from day to day to get to forty and remain nice and sober . . . [*Kisses Sonya.*] I wish you happiness with all my heart, you deserve it . . . [*Gets up.*] But I’m a boring incidental character . . . In my music and in my husband’s house, in all my romances – in a word, in everything, I’ve always just been an incidental character. In truth, Sonya, if I think about it, I’m very, very unhappy! [*In her emotion, walks about the stage.*] There’s no happiness for me on this earth. None! Why are you laughing?

SONYA [*laughing, covering her face*]: I’m so happy . . . so happy!

* * *

Plays

11. Anton Chekhov, *Uncle Vanya*

3.

SONYA [*returning and putting the candle on the table*]: He's gone.

VOYNITSKY [*counting up on the abacus and writing down*]: 'Total . . . fifteen . . . twenty-five . . .'

[SONYA *sits down and writes.*]

MARINA [*yawning*]: Oh, forgive us our trespasses . . .

[*Enter TELEGIN on tiptoe. Sits down by the door and quietly tunes his guitar.*]

VOYNITSKY [*to Sonya, stroking her hair*]: My child, how heavy my heart is. If you only knew how heavy.

SONYA: What can we do, we've got to live!

[*A pause.*]

We shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live out many, many days and long evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials fate sends us; we shall labour for others both now and in our old age, knowing no rest, and when our time comes, we shall meekly die, and there beyond the grave we shall say that we suffered, that we wept, that we were sorrowful, and God will have pity on us, and you and I, dear Uncle, shall see a life that is bright and beautiful and full of grace, we shall rejoice and look back on our present woes with tenderness, with a smile – and we shall rest. I believe that, Uncle, I believe fervently, passionately . . . [*Kneels before him and lays her head on his hands; in an exhausted voice*] We shall rest!

[TELEGIN *quietly plays his guitar.*]

We shall rest! We shall hear the angels, we shall see the whole sky paved with diamonds, we shall see all earthly evil, all our sufferings covered by the sea of mercy which shall fill the whole earth, and our life will become quiet, tender, sweet as a caress. I believe, I believe . . . [*Wipes away his tears with a handkerchief.*] Poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you're crying. [*With tears in her eyes*] You've known no joys in your life, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait . . . We shall rest . . . [*Hugs him.*] We shall rest!

[*The night-watchman knocks. TELEGIN plays quietly; MARIYA VASILYEVNA makes notes in the margins of a pamphlet; MARINA knits a stocking.*]

We shall rest!

* * *

Plays

12. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A Taste of Honey*.

1.

JO: The sooner the better. I'm sick of you. [...]
PETER: Nobody could live in a place like this.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
pp. 15–17

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

2.

JO: Please stay, Geof. [...]
GEOF: Got any money?

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
pp. 48–49

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

Plays

12. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

3.

HELEN: There'll be money in the post for you every week from now on.

[...]

JO: I said get him out of here, Helen. His breath smells.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
pp. 64–65

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

Plays

13. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

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

1.

Scene: Troezen, in front of the house of Theseus. In front of the house there are two statues, one of Artemis and one of Aphrodite.

(Enter Aphrodite.)

APHRODITE

I am called the Goddess Cypris:
I am mighty among men and they honor me by many names.
Of all who live and see the light of sun
from Atlas' pillars to the tide of Pontus,
those who worship my power in all humility
I exalt in honor.
But those whose pride is stiff-necked against me
I lay by the heels.
There is joy in the heart of a god also
when honored by men.

Now I will quickly tell you the truth of this story.
Hippolytus, son of Theseus by the Amazon,
pupil of holy Pittheus,
alone among the folk of this land of Troezen has
blasphemed me
counting me vilest of the gods in heaven.
He will none of the bed of love nor marriage,
but honors Apollo's sister, Artemis, Zeus' daughter,
counting her greatest of all divinities.
He is with her continually, this maiden goddess, in the
greenwood.
He hunts with swift hounds and clears the land of wild beasts,
sharing in greater than mortal companionship.
I do not grudge him such privileges: why should I?
But for the wrongs that he has done to me
I shall punish Hippolytus this day.
I have no need to toil to win my end:
much of the task has been already done.
He came once from Pittheus' house to the country of Pandion
that he might see and be initiate in the holy mysteries.
Phaedra, his father's noble wife, saw him
and her heart was filled with the longings of dreadful love.
This was my work.
So before ever she came to this land of Troezen
close to the rock of Pallas that looks across to it,
she dedicated a temple to Cypris,
for her love dwells in a foreign land.
Ages to come will call this temple after him,
the temple of the Goddess Near Hippolytus.
When Theseus left the land of Cecrops,
flying from the guilty stain of the murder of the Pallantids,
condemning himself to a year's exile
he sailed with his wife to this land.
Here she groans in bitterness of heart
and the goads of love prick her cruelly,
and she is like to die—in silence,
and none of the servants know of her sickness.
But her love is not to end up that way.
I will reveal the matter to Theseus and all shall come out.
Father shall slay son with curses—
this son that is hateful to me.

For once lord Poseidon, the ruler of the sea,
granted this favor to Theseus,
that three of his prayers to the god would find answer.
Renowned shall Phaedra be in her death, but none the less
die she must.
Her suffering shall not weigh in the scale so much
that I should let my enemies go untouched
escaping payment of a retribution
sufficient to satisfy me.

* * *

2.

PHAEDRA

[...] Destruction light
upon the wife who first did shame her bed
by dalliance with strangers. In the wives
of noble houses first this taint began:
when wickedness approves itself to those
of noble birth, it will surely be approved
by their inferiors. Truly, too, I hate
lip-worshippers of purity and temperance, who
own lecherous daring when they have privacy.
O Cypris, sea-born goddess, how can they
look frankly in the faces of their husbands
and never shiver with fear lest their accomplice,
the darkness and the rafters of the house,
take voice and cry aloud?
This then, my friends, is my destruction:
I cannot bear that I should be discovered
a traitor to my husband and my children.
God grant them rich and glorious life in Athens—
famous Athens—freedom in word and deed,
and from their mother an honorable name.
It makes the stoutest-hearted man a slave
if in his soul he knows his parents' shame.
The proverb runs: "There is one thing alone
that stands comparison with life in value,
a quiet conscience," . . . a just and quiet conscience
for whoever can attain it.
Time holds a mirror, as for a young girl,
and sometimes as occasion falls, it shows us
the evildoers of the world. I would not wish
that I should be seen among them.

CHORUS LEADER

How virtue is held lovely everywhere,
and harvests a good name among mankind!

(Enter the Nurse again.)

NURSE

Mistress, the trouble you told me just now,
coming on me so suddenly, frightened me;
but now I realize that I was foolish.
In this world second thoughts, it seems, are best.
Your case is not so extraordinary,

SECTION B – continued

Plays

13. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

beyond thought or reason. The goddess in her anger has smitten you, and you are in love. What wonder is this? There are many thousands suffer with you. So, you will die for love? And all the others, who love, and who will love, must they die, too? How will that profit them? The tide of Cypris, at its full surge, is not withstandable.

* * *

3.

HIPPOLYTUS [...] [*singing*]
 [...] *This evil comes from some manslaying of old, some ancient tale of murder among kin. But why should it strike me, who am clear of guilt? Alas! What is there to say? How can I painlessly shake from my life this agony? O death, black night of death, resistless death, come to me now the miserable, and give me sleep!*

ARTEMIS
 Unhappy boy! You are yoked to a cruel fate.
 The nobility of your mind has proved your ruin.

HIPPOLYTUS [*now speaking*]
 Wait!
 O divine fragrance! Even in my pain
 I sense it, and the suffering is lightened.
 The goddess Artemis is in this place.

ARTEMIS
 She is, poor man, the dearest god to you.

HIPPOLYTUS
 You see my suffering, mistress?

ARTEMIS
 I see it. But the law forbids my tears.

HIPPOLYTUS
 Gone is your huntsman, gone your servant now.

ARTEMIS
 Yes, truly: but you die beloved by me.

HIPPOLYTUS
 Gone is your groom, gone your shrine's guardian.

ARTEMIS
 Cypris, the worker of mischief, so contrived.

HIPPOLYTUS
 Alas, I know now the goddess who destroyed me!

ARTEMIS
 She blamed your disrespect, hated your temperance.

HIPPOLYTUS
 She is but one—yet ruined all three of us.

ARTEMIS

Yes, you, your father, and his wife, all three.

HIPPOLYTUS
 Indeed I'm sorry for my father's suffering.

ARTEMIS
 He was deceived by a goddess' cunning snares.

HIPPOLYTUS
 O father, this is great sorrow for you!

THESEUS
 I am done for; I have no joy left in life.

HIPPOLYTUS
 I sorrow for you in this more than for me.

THESEUS
 Would that it was I who was dying instead of you!

HIPPOLYTUS
 How bitter your father Poseidon's gifts, how bitter!

THESEUS
 Would that they had never come into my mouth.

HIPPOLYTUS
 Even without them, you would still have killed me—
 you were so angry.

THESEUS
 Gods tripped up my judgment.

HIPPOLYTUS
 O, if only men might be a curse to gods!

* * *

Plays

14. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

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

1.

DESDEMONA My name is Desdemona. [...] into the language of obedience.

Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*,
Oberon Modern Plays, 2012

pp. 13–14

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

2.

Two women approach each other:

[...]

SOUN

‘An altar. We build an altar to the spirits who are waiting to console us.’

Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*,
Oberon Modern Plays, 2012

pp. 26–27

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Plays

14. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

3.

DIANFA

Do you know what torments me?

[...]

Now, you abandon me
to nothingness.

Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*,
Oberon Modern Plays, 2012

pp. 40–41

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Plays

15. Suzan-Lori Parks, *Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)*

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

1.

OLD MAN. I want you to go, son.

[...]

Unless I'm mistaken.

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

pp. 25–26

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

2.

SMITH. [...] Satisfied with the names they gave. [...]

HERO *puts away his knife*.

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

pp. 80–81

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Plays

15. Suzan-Lori Parks, *Father Comes Home from the Wars (Parts 1, 2 & 3)*

3.

HOMER. A foot. I thank you.

[...]

but first, well, I brought something home for me too.

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

pp. 116–117

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

Plays

16. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

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

1.

Marc A Perrier, if you have one.
Have you seen Serge lately?

[...]

Marc Right. And what about Serge? Pick a figure at random.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.),
Faber & Faber, 1996

pp. 6–8

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

2.

Marc How can you tell? Not from that daub hanging over his mantelpiece!

[...] What makes it worse is that the daub he has hanging over his mantelpiece was I'm afraid painted by his father.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.),
Faber & Faber, 1996

pp. 38–40

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

Plays

16. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

3.

Yvan [...] What you've bought is insane! . . .

[...]

Marc tries a smile. He puts the top back on and playfully throws the pen to Yvan, who catches it.

Yasmina Reza, *Art*, Christopher Hampton (trans.),
Faber & Faber, 1996

pp. 59–61

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

Plays

17. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

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

1.

IAGO Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.
 RODERIGO I'll sell all my land. *Exit*
 IAGO Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
 For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
 If I would time expend with such a snipe
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
 And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
 He's done my office. I know not if't be true
 Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well:
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
 To get his place and to plume up my will
 In double knavery. How? How? Let's see.
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife;
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected, framed to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are.
 I have't. It is engendered. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
 light. *Exit*

* * *

2.

OTHELLO [...] Lend me thy handkerchief.
 DESDEMONA Here, my lord.
 OTHELLO That which I gave you.
 DESDEMONA I have it not about me.
 OTHELLO Not?
 DESDEMONA No, faith, my lord.
 OTHELLO That's a fault. That
 handkerchief
 Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
 She was a charmer and could almost read
 The thoughts of people. She told her, while she
 kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable and subdue my
 father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathèd and his spirits should
 hunt
 After new fancies. She dying gave it me,
 And bid me when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't:
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye.
 To lose't or give't away were such perdition
 As nothing else could match.
 DESDEMONA Is't possible?
 OTHELLO 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it:
 A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
 And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.
 DESDEMONA I'faith, is't true?
 OTHELLO Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
 DESDEMONA Then would to God that I had never seen't!
 OTHELLO Ha? Wherefore?
 DESDEMONA Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
 OTHELLO Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak; is't out of th'way?
 DESDEMONA Heaven bless us!
 OTHELLO Say you?
 DESDEMONA It is not lost, but what and if it were?
 OTHELLO How?
 DESDEMONA I say it is not lost.
 OTHELLO Fetch't, let me see't.
 DESDEMONA Why so I can, sir; but I will not now.
 This is a trick to put me from my suit.
 Pray you let Cassio be received again.
 OTHELLO Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind misgives.
 DESDEMONA Come, come;
 You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
 OTHELLO The handkerchief!
 DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio.
 OTHELLO The handkerchief!
 DESDEMONA A man that all his time
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
 Shared dangers with you –

Plays

18. William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*

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

1.

LEONTES [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant.
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'th'deer – oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES I'fecks,
Why, that's my bawcock: what? hast smutched thy
nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat – not neat, but cleanly, captain.
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all called neat. – Still virginalling
Upon his palm? – How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have
To be full like me. Yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs – women say so,
That will say anything. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wished by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain,
Most dear'st, my collop! Can thy dam, may't be –
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams – how can this be?
With what's unreal thou coactive art
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

POLIXENES What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES How, my lord?

LEONTES What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE You

look

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you moved, my lord?

* * *

2.

HERMIONE Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it! As you were past all shame –
Those of your fact are so – so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it – which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it – so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE Sir, spare your threats.
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th'open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this – mistake me not: no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free – if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigor, and not law. – Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle.
Apollo be my judge.

LORD This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt Officers*]

HERMIONE The Emperor of Russia was my father.
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery – yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge.

* * *

Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

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

1.

Shu Yi

The school bell rang, and [...]

I had never before heard her swear.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,

Hachette, 2014

pp. 96–97

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2.

Gaps in the Hickory

Delores hidin herself hind the heavy lounge-room curtain as [...] lawyer, suck in a deep breath an get to unboltin the partment front door.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,

Hachette, 2014

pp. 171–172

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Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

3.

Big Island

De Saturday mornin sun shine hot tru de bedroom window an
onte Nathaniel face. [...]

R. R is fe restlessness.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,

Hachette, 2014

pp. 190–191

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Short stories

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

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

1.

Hundstage***Soul of Dog***

I concentrated on the empty air [...] at being reincarnated as a human being.

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 86–87

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2.

Plautus: A Memoir of My Years on Earth and Last Days in Space***Soul of Tortoise*****Her Woman Friday**

One morning in autumn, when the maid had taken the terrarium [...] the author is speaking to me and to me alone.

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 125–127

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Short stories

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

3.

*A Letter to Sylvia Plath**Soul of Dolphin*

Officer Bloomington's fear all along had been [...] does it make you feel that self to be constantly under siege?

Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*,
Hamish Hamilton Penguin (Australia), 2014

pp. 224–225

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Short stories

21. Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*

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

1.

Walker Brothers Cowboy

“Ben.”
My father drops his head and says quietly, “Not me, Nora.”
[...] overcast, as always, nearly always, on summer evenings
by the Lake.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000

pp. 17–18

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2.

The Time of Death

In the first week of November [...] furrows, the rock of the earth.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000

pp. 98–99

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Short stories

21. Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*

3.

Dance of the Happy Shades

My mother and the others are almost audible [...] fuss when they actually encounter one.

Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades*,
Vintage, 2000

pp. 222–223

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Other literature

22. James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

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

1.

During what we may call my heyday, I preached [...] fatally, with Dostoyevsky.

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp. 35–37

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

2.

I felt that I was back in my father's house – [...] solemnly and say, at least, 'Well, *she's* all right – but the *others!*'

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp. 64–65

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Other literature

22. James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

3.

Colour is not a human or a personal reality; [...] *the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time!*

James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*,
Penguin Classics, 2007

pp. 88–89

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Other literature

23. Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

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

1.

Havoc: A Life in Accidents

Of course it's distressing for any child [...] They fascinate me. I respect them. But I dread them too.

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

pp. 35–36

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

2.

A Walk at Low Tide

When you pay attention you feel the presence of the past, [...] the end, is going on between you and it.

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

pp. 56–57

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Other literature

23. Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*

3.

The Wait and the Flow

The physical sensation of sliding along a wall of water, vividly [...] and my worries fall away. Then it's all flow. And I'm dancing.

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

pp. 134–135

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

Other literature

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of *A Room of One's Own*.

1.

I was actually at the door which leads into the library itself.
[...] where the grasses waved and the swine rootled.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*,
Vintage, 2001

pp. 5–6

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2.

'[...] Marriage was not an affair of personal affection, [...] could scarcely spell, and was the property of her husband.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*,
Vintage, 2001

pp. 35–36

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

Other literature

24. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*

3.

Even so it remains obvious, even in the writing of Proust [...] that something of great importance has happened.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*,
Vintage, 2001
pp. 71–72

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Poetry

25. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

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

1.

45

There's something quieter than sleep

[...]

Remark that Birds have fled!

Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*,
Faber & Faber, 2016

pp. 25–26

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2.

280

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,

[...]

And Finished knowing – then –

Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*,
Faber & Faber, 2016

pp. 128–129

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Poetry

25. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

3.

1235

Like Rain it sounded till it Curved

[...]

Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*,
Faber & Faber, 2016

p. 543

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Poetry

26. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Sylvia Plath.

1.

Poppies in October

Even the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts.

[...]

In a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

p. 21

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2.

Letter in November

Love, the world

[...]

Golds bleed and deepen, the mouths of Thermopylae.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

p. 45

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Poetry

26. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

3.

Kindness

Kindness glides about my house.

[...]

You hand me two children, two roses.

Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*,
Faber Modern Classics, 2015

p. 78

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Poetry

27. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

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

1.

Stars

“These are the floating berries of the night,
[...]

Infinity’s trap-door, eternal and merciless.

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

p. 33

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2.

Five Visions of Captain Cook**III**

Two chronometers the captain had,
[...]

Cook mapped the coast, with one eye cocked for game.

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

pp. 68–69

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Poetry

27. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

3.

William Street

The red globes of light, the liquor-green,

[...]

You find it ugly, I find it lovely.

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

p. 118

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Poetry

28. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Samuel Wagan Watson.

1.

2000
of muse, meandering and midnight
jetty nights

it was an arm that stretched over the mud and sharks

[...]

that we had nothing to fear but our parents' scorn

Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*,
University of Queensland Press, 2004

pp. 22–23

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2.

2002
itinerant blues
night racing

night racing through the suburbs

[...]

and his perpetual black grin

Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*,
University of Queensland Press, 2004

pp. 99–100

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Poetry

28. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

3.

*2002**itinerant blues**deo optimo maximo**for Matt Foley*

lurching onto the highway

[...]

and trailers of the dead

Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*,
University of Queensland Press, 2004

pp. 104–105

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Poetry

29. Petra White, *A Hunger*

Use two or more of the set passages as the basis for a discussion of the poetry of Petra White.

1.

A Hunger (New poems 2014)

Selva Oscura

Hogging both time and world,

[...]

I almost see you.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,
John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

p. 10

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2.

A Hunger (New poems 2014)

Magnolia Tree

A mind beginning to know itself again

[...]

on every twig the white flowers open.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,
John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

p. 25

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Poetry

29. Petra White, *A Hunger*

3.

*The Incoming Tide (2007)**Highway: Bunda Cliffs*

The shelved-in sea hived with diagonals,

[...]

of helium and hydrogen.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,
John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

pp. 124–125

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Poetry

30. William Butler Yeats, *WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*

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

1.

*In the Seven Woods (1904)**Adam's Curse*

We sat together at one summer's end,

[...]

As weary-hearted as that hollow moon.

WB Yeats, *Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*,
Faber & Faber, 2004

pp. 27–28

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2.

*The Wild Swans at Coole (1919)**The Wild Swans at Coole*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,

[...]

To find they have flown away?

WB Yeats, *Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*,
Faber & Faber, 2004

p. 43

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Poetry

30. William Butler Yeats, *WB Yeats: Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*

3.

*The Tower (1928)**Sailing to Byzantium***I**

That is no country for old men. The young

[...]

Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

1927

WB Yeats, *Poems Selected by Seamus Heaney*,
Faber & Faber, 2004

pp. 66–67

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Assessment criteria

Section A will be assessed against the following criteria:

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

Section B will be assessed against the following criteria:

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

END OF TASK BOOK

