

# Victorian Certificate of Education 2021

## LITERATURE Written examination

Thursday 11 November 2021

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.**

## Table of contents

<b>Novels</b>			<b>Page</b>	
<b>Text number</b>			<b>Section A</b>	<b>Section B</b>
1.	Jane Austen	<i>Northanger Abbey</i>	4	8–9
2.	Robyn Cadwallader	<i>The anchoress</i>	4	10–11
3.	Italo Calvino	<i>Baron in the Trees</i>	4	12–13
4.	Elizabeth Gaskell	<i>North and South</i>	4	14–15
5.	Joan Lindsay	<i>Picnic at Hanging Rock</i>	4	16–17
6.	Juan Gabriel Vásquez	<i>The Sound of Things Falling</i>	4	18–19
7.	Jeanette Winterson	<i>The Passion</i>	4	20–21
8.	Alexis Wright	<i>Carpentaria</i>	4	22–23
9.	Émile Zola	<i>The Ladies' Paradise</i>	4	24–25
<b>Plays</b>				
<b>Text number</b>				
10.	Andrew Bovell	<i>Speaking in Tongues</i>	5	26–27
11.	Shelagh Delaney	<i>A Taste of Honey</i>	5	28–29
12.	Euripides	<i>Hippolytus</i>	5	30–31
13.	Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré	<i>Desdemona</i>	5	32–33
14.	Yasmina Reza	<i>Art</i>	5	34–35
15.	William Shakespeare	<i>Othello</i>	5	36–37
16.	William Shakespeare	<i>Twelfth Night</i>	5	38–39
17.	Sam Shepard	<i>Buried Child</i>	5	40–41
18.	Tennessee Williams	<i>Cat on a Hot Tin Roof</i>	5	42–43
<b>Short stories</b>				
<b>Text number</b>				
19.	Maxine Beneba Clarke	<i>Foreign Soil</i>	5	44–45
20.	Ceridwen Dovey	<i>Only the Animals</i>	5	46–47
21.	Alice Munro	<i>Dance of the Happy Shades</i>	5	48–49
<b>Other literature</b>				
<b>Text number</b>				
22.	Voltaire	<i>Candide, or Optimism</i>	6	50–51
23.	Tim Winton	<i>The Boy Behind the Curtain</i>	6	52–53
24.	Virginia Woolf	<i>A Room of One's Own</i>	6	54–55

**Poetry**

			<b>Page</b>	
<b>Text number</b>			<b>Section A</b>	<b>Section B</b>
25.	Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds)	<i>Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond</i>	6	56–57
26.	Emily Dickinson	<i>The Complete Poems</i>	6	58–59
27.	Sylvia Plath	<i>Ariel</i>	6	60–61
28.	Kenneth Slessor	<i>Selected Poems</i>	6	62–63
29.	Samuel Wagan Watson	<i>Smoke Encrypted Whispers</i>	6	64–65
30.	Petra White	<i>A Hunger</i>	6	66–67
<b>Assessment criteria</b>				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***

Reflect on the idea that Austen's *Northanger Abbey* reveals the dangers of innocence.

**2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress***

In *The Anchoress*, Cadwallader suggests that imprisonment comes in many forms. Discuss.

**3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees***

In Calvino's *Baron in the Trees*, the natural world is valued more highly than human relationships. To what extent do you agree?

**4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South***

Consider the proposition that, in *North and South*, Gaskell shows that the deepest divisions between people can be resolved.

**5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock***

Lindsay's *Picnic at Hanging Rock* questions traditional roles and expectations about behaviour. Discuss.

**6. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling***

Despite the traumatic events in *The Sound of Things Falling*, Vásquez suggests the possibilities of hope and healing. To what extent do you agree?

**7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion***

Reflect on the idea that, in *The Passion*, Winterson challenges stereotypes.

**8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria***

Wright's *Carpentaria* may seem to be dominated by hopelessness, yet there is also much resilience and humour. Discuss.

**9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise***

In Zola's *The Ladies' Paradise*, luxury disguises pain and loss. Discuss.

## Plays

10. **Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues***  
Reflect on the idea that Bovell's *Speaking in Tongues* exposes uncomfortable truths about suburban life.
11. **Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey***  
Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* suggests that individuals have no real control over their lives. To what extent do you agree?
12. **Euripides, *Hippolytus***  
Consider the proposition that, in *Hippolytus*, Euripides warns of the dangers of excessive pride.
13. **Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona***  
Consider the proposition that Morrison and Traoré's *Desdemona* is a tale of forgiveness.
14. **Yasmina Reza, *Art***  
In Reza's *Art*, the discussion of the 'white painting' exposes the characters' insecurities. Discuss.
15. **William Shakespeare, *Othello***  
Reflect on the idea that, in Shakespeare's *Othello*, the title character is a victim of forces beyond his control.
16. **William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night***  
Consider the proposition that, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, love is always affected by power.
17. **Sam Shepard, *Buried Child***  
In *Buried Child*, Shepard reveals the danger of suppressing painful memories. Discuss.
18. **Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***  
In Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, lies are less damaging than the truth. To what extent do you agree?

## Short stories

19. **Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil***  
Consider the proposition that Clarke's *Foreign Soil* gives voice to those who are silenced or ignored.
20. **Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals***  
Dovey's *Only the Animals* shows that storytelling is a powerful way of understanding ourselves. Discuss.
21. **Alice Munro, *Dance of the Happy Shades***  
In Munro's *Dance of the Happy Shades*, the greatest challenges are connected with family relationships. To what extent do you agree?

## Other literature

**22. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism***

Voltaire's *Candide, or Optimism* presents a case for pessimism. To what extent do you agree?

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

In Winton's *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, the narrator's world is filled with hidden dangers. Discuss.

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

Reflect on the idea that, in *A Room of One's Own*, Woolf presents an unfair world.

## Poetry

**25. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond***

The poems in *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond* reveal the power of the past to influence the present. Discuss.

**26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems***

Consider the proposition that, in *The Complete Poems*, Dickinson balances moments of despair with wonder and delight.

**27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel***

The selected poems in Plath's *Ariel* convey a sense of hopelessness but also of joy. To what extent do you agree?

**28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems***

In *Selected Poems*, Slessor's poems seem to be dominated by nostalgia and sorrow. To what extent do you agree?

**29. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers***

Reflect on the idea that, in Watson's *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, life is often shown to be fragile.

**30. Petra White, *A Hunger***

The poems in White's *A Hunger* make the ordinary world seem vivid and inspiring. 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.

Her companion's discourse now sunk from its hitherto animated pitch, to nothing more than a short decisive sentence of praise or condemnation on the face of every woman they met; and Catherine, after listening and agreeing as long as she could, with all the civility and deference of the youthful female mind, fearful of hazarding an opinion of its own in opposition to that of a self-assured man, especially where the beauty of her own sex is concerned, ventured at length to vary the subject by a question which had been long uppermost in her thoughts; it was, "Have you ever read *Udolpho*, Mr. Thorpe?"

"*Udolpho*! Oh, Lord! not I; I never read novels; I have something else to do."

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologize for her question, but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff; there has not been a tolerably decent one come out since Tom Jones, except the Monk; I read that t'other day; but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

"I think you must like *Udolpho*, if you were to read it; it is so very interesting."

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any it shall be Mrs. Radcliff's; her novels are amusing enough; they are worth reading; some fun and nature in *them*."

"*Udolpho* was written by Mrs. Radcliff," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

"No sure; was it? Aye, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman they make such a fuss about, she who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean Camilla?"

"Yes, that's the book; such unnatural stuff!—An old man playing at see-saw! I took up the first volume once and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it: as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

"You had no loss I assure you; it is the horridest nonsense you can imagine; there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul there is not."

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of *Camilla* gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. Thorpe, who had descried them from above, in the passage. "Ah, mother! how do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand: "where did you get that quiz of a hat, it makes you look like an old witch? Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you, so you must look out for a couple of good beds some where near."

\* \* \*

2.

As they drew near the end of their journey, her impatience for a sight of the abbey—for some time suspended by his conversation on subjects very different—returned in full force, and every bend in the road was expected with solemn awe to afford a glimpse of its massy walls of grey stone, rising amidst a grove of ancient oaks, with the last beams of the sun playing in beautiful splendour on its high Gothic windows. But so low did the building stand, that she found herself passing through the great gates of the lodge into the very grounds of *Northanger*, without having discerned even an antique chimney.

She knew not that she had any right to be surprized, but there was a something in this mode of approach which she certainly had not expected. To pass between lodges of a modern appearance, to find herself with such ease in the very precincts of the abbey, and driven so rapidly along a smooth, level road of fine gravel, without obstacle, alarm or solemnity of any kind, struck her as odd and inconsistent. She was not long at leisure however for such considerations. A sudden scud of rain driving full in her face, made it impossible for her to observe any thing further, and fixed all her thoughts on the welfare of her new straw bonnet:—and she was actually under the Abbey walls, was springing, with Henry's assistance, from the carriage, was beneath the shelter of the old porch, and had even passed on to the hall, where her friend and the General were waiting to welcome her, without feeling one awful foreboding of future misery to herself, or one moment's suspicion of any past scenes of horror being acted within the solemn edifice. The breeze had not seemed to waft the sighs of the murdered to her; it had wafted nothing worse than a thick mizzling rain; and having given a good shake to her habit, she was ready to be shewn into the common drawing-room, and capable of considering where she was.

An abbey!—yes, it was delightful to be really in an abbey!—but she doubted, as she looked round the room, whether any thing within her observation, would have given her the consciousness. The furniture was in all the profusion and elegance of modern taste. The fire-place, where she had expected the ample width and ponderous carving of former times, was contracted to a Rumford, with slabs of plain though handsome marble, and ornaments over it of the prettiest English china. The windows, to which she looked with peculiar dependence, from having heard the General talk of his preserving them in their Gothic form with reverential care, were yet less what her fancy had portrayed. To be sure, the painted arch was preserved—the form of them was Gothic—they might be even casements—but every pane was so large, so clear, so light! To an imagination which had hoped for the smallest divisions, and the heaviest stone-work, for painted glass, dirt and cobwebs, the difference was very distressing.

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## Novels

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

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#### 3.

A heroine returning, at the close of her career, to her native village, in all the triumph of recovered reputation, and all the dignity of a countess, with a long train of noble relations in their several phaetons, and three waiting-maids in a travelling chaise-and-four, behind her, is an event on which the pen of the contriver may well delight to dwell; it gives credit to every conclusion, and the author must share in the glory she so liberally bestows.—But my affair is widely different; I bring back my heroine to her home in solitude and disgrace; and no sweet elation of spirits can lead me into minuteness. A heroine in a hack post-chaise, is such a blow upon sentiment, as no attempt at grandeur or pathos can withstand. Swiftly therefore shall her post-boy drive through the village, amid the gaze of Sunday groups, and speedy shall be her descent from it.

But, whatever might be the distress of Catherine's mind, as she thus advanced towards the Parsonage, and whatever the humiliation of her biographer in relating it, she was preparing enjoyment of no every-day nature for those to whom she went; first, in the appearance of her carriage—and secondly, in herself. The chaise of a traveller being a rare sight in Fullerton, the whole family were immediately at the window; and to have it stop at the sweep-gate was a pleasure to brighten every eye and occupy every fancy—a pleasure quite unlooked for by all but the two youngest children, a boy and girl of six and four years old, who expected a brother or sister in every carriage. Happy the glance that first distinguished Catherine!—Happy the voice that proclaimed the discovery!—But whether such happiness were the lawful property of George or Harriet could never be exactly understood.

Her father, mother, Sarah, George, and Harriet, all assembled at the door, to welcome her with affectionate eagerness, was a sight to awaken the best feelings of Catherine's heart; and in the embrace of each, as she stepped from the carriage, she found herself soothed beyond any thing that she had believed possible. So surrounded, so caressed, she was even happy! In the joyfulness of family love every thing for a short time was subdued, and the pleasure of seeing her, leaving them at first little leisure for calm curiosity, they were all seated round the tea-table, which Mrs. Morland had hurried for the comfort of the poor traveller, whose pale and jaded looks soon caught her notice, before any inquiry so direct as to demand a positive answer was addressed to her.

Reluctantly, and with much hesitation, did she then begin what might perhaps, at the end of half an hour, be termed by the courtesy of her hearers, an explanation; but scarcely, within that time, could they at all discover the cause, or collect the particulars of her sudden return.

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**Novels**

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**2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress***

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

1.

The next day a woman came for counsel [...] shrivelled on the ledge between us.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,  
Fourth Estate, 2015  
pp. 61–63

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 was too restless to sit [...] the stench of rotting mouse took over.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,  
Fourth Estate, 2015  
pp. 141 and 142

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

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### 2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

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3.

THE WALL GREW SLOWLY [...] Until then, I would walk with it, feel its threat.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,  
Fourth Estate, 2015  
pp. 286 and 287

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**

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**3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees***

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

1.

The olives, because of their tortuous shapes [...] and the chrysalis opening.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*,  
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998  
pp. 140–142

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 also went to Paris [...]

'No, only just a few minutes, Mother, wait before you take more, as it won't do you any good just now.'

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*,  
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998  
pp. 213 and 214

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

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### 3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

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3.

The balloon, having crossed the gulf[...] ideas, dreams, and so ends.

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

pp. 283 and 284

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. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

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

1.

‘Oh, Margaret! are we to live here?’ asked Mrs Hale, in blank dismay.

Margaret’s heart echoed the dreariness of the tone in which this question was put. She could scarcely command herself enough to say, ‘Oh, the fogs in London are sometimes far worse!’

‘But then you knew that London itself, and friends lay behind it. Here – well! we are desolate. Oh Dixon, what a place this is!’

‘Indeed, ma’am, I’m sure it will be your death before long, and then I know who’ll – stay! Miss Hale, that’s far too heavy for you to lift.’

‘Not at all, thank you, Dixon,’ replied Margaret, coldly. ‘The best thing we can do for mamma is to get her room quite ready for her to go to bed, while I go and bring her a cup of coffee.’

Mr Hale was equally out of spirits, and equally came upon Margaret for sympathy.

‘Margaret, I do believe this is an unhealthy place. Only suppose that your mother’s health or yours should suffer. I wish I had gone into some country place in Wales; this is really terrible,’ said he, going up to the window.

There was no comfort to be given. They were settled in Milton, and must endure smoke and fogs for a season; indeed, all other life seemed shut out from them by as thick a fog of circumstance. Only the day before, Mr Hale had been reckoning up with dismay how much their removal and fortnight at Heston had cost, and he found it had absorbed nearly all his little stock of ready money. No! here they were, and here they must remain.

At night when Margaret realized this, she felt inclined to sit down in a stupor of despair. The heavy smoky air hung about her bedroom, which occupied the long narrow projection at the back of the house. The window, placed at the side of the oblong, looked to the blank wall of a similar projection, not above ten feet distant. It loomed through the fog like a great barrier to hope. Inside the room everything was in confusion. All their efforts had been directed to make her mother’s room comfortable. Margaret sat down on a box, the direction card upon which struck her as having been written at Helstone – beautiful, beloved Helstone! She lost herself in dismal thought: but at last she determined to take her mind away from the present; and suddenly remembered that she had a letter from Edith which she had only half read in the bustle of the morning. It was to tell of their arrival at Corfu; their voyage along the Mediterranean – their music, and dancing on board ship; the gay new life opening upon her; her house with its trellised balcony, and its views over white cliffs and deep blue sea.

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2.

‘Why!’ said Margaret, ‘what tyranny this is! Nay, Higgins, I don’t care one straw for your anger. I know you can’t be angry with me if you would, and I must tell you the truth: that I never read, in all the history I have read, of a more slow, lingering torture than this. And you belong to the Union! And you talk of the tyranny of the masters!’

‘Nay,’ said Higgins, ‘yo’ may say what yo’ like! The dead stand between yo’ and every angry word o’ mine. D’ ye think I forget who’s lying *there*, and how hoo loved yo’? And it’s th’ masters as has made us sin, if th’ Union is a sin. Not this generation maybe, but their fathers. Their fathers ground our fathers to the very dust; ground us to powder! Parson! I reckon, I’ve heerd my mother read out a text, “The fathers have eaten sour grapes and th’ children’s teeth are set on edge.” It’s so wi’ them. In those days of sore oppression th’ Unions began; it were a necessity. It’s a necessity now, according to me. It’s a withstanding of injustice, past, present, or to come. It may be like war; along wi’ it come crimes; but I think it were a greater crime to let it alone. Our only chance is binding men together in one common interest; and if some are cowards and some are fools; they mun come along and join the great march, whose only strength is in numbers.’

‘Oh!’ said Mr Hale, sighing, ‘your Union in itself would be beautiful, glorious, – it would be Christianity itself – if it were but for an end which affected the good of all, instead of that of merely one class as opposed to another.’

‘I reckon it’s time for me to be going, sir,’ said Higgins, as the clock struck ten.

‘Home?’ said Margaret very softly. He understood her, and took her offered hand. ‘Home, miss. Yo’ may trust me, tho’ I am one o’ th’ Union.’

‘I do trust you most thoroughly, Nicholas.’

‘Stay!’ said Mr Hale, hurrying to the bookshelves. ‘Mr Higgins! I’m sure you’ll join us in family prayer?’

Higgins looked at Margaret, doubtfully. Her grave sweet eyes met his; there was no compulsion, only deep interest in them. He did not speak, but he kept his place.

Margaret the Churchwoman, her father the Dissenter, Higgins the Infidel, knelt down together. It did them no harm.

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## Novels

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### 4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

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#### 3.

She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her bed. She was too much exhausted to think. Half an hour or more elapsed before the cramped nature of her position, and the chilliness, supervening upon great fatigue, had the power to rouse her numbed faculties. Then she began to recall, to combine, to wonder. The first idea that presented itself to her was, that all this sickening alarm on Frederick's behalf was over; that the strain was past. The next was a wish to remember every word of the Inspector's which related to Mr Thornton. When had he seen him? What had he said? What had Mr Thornton done? What were the exact words of his note? And until she could recollect, even to the placing or omitting an article, the very expressions which he had used in the note, her mind refused to go with its progress. But the next conviction she came to was clear enough; – Mr Thornton had seen her close to Outwood station on the fatal Thursday night, and had been told of her denial that she was there. She stood as a liar in his eyes. She was a liar. But she had no thought of penitence before God; nothing but chaos and night surrounded the one lurid fact that, in Mr Thornton's eyes, she was degraded. She cared not to think, even to herself, of how much of excuse she might plead. That had nothing to do with Mr Thornton; she never dreamed that he, or any one else, could find cause for suspicion in what was so natural as her accompanying her brother; but what was really false and wrong was known to him, and he had a right to judge her. 'Oh, Frederick! Frederick!' she cried, 'what have I not sacrificed for you!' Even when she fell asleep her thoughts were compelled to travel the same circle, only with exaggerated and monstrous circumstances of pain.

When she awoke a new idea flashed upon her with all the brightness of the morning. Mr Thornton had learnt her falsehood before he went to the coroner; that suggested the thought, that he had possibly been influenced so to do with a view of sparing her the repetition of her denial. But she pushed this notion on one side with the sick wilfulness of a child. If it were so, she felt no gratitude to him, as it only showed her how keenly he must have seen that she was disgraced already, before he took such unwonted pains to spare her any further trial of truthfulness, which had already failed so signally. She would have gone through the whole – she would have perjured herself to save Frederick, rather – far rather – than Mr Thornton should have had the knowledge that prompted him to interfere to save her.

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**Novels**

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**5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock***

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

1.

The only other occupants of the Picnic Grounds [...] drugged with rich food and sunshine, dozed and dreamed.

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

pp. 24 and 25

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2.

As a particular opening in a clump of trees [...] It was already half past five.

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

pp. 97 and 98

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## Novels

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### 5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

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3.

There is no need for anything much [...] the pattern of the picnic continued to darken and spread.

Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*,  
Text Publishing, 2019  
pp. 156 and 157

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**Novels**

---

**6. 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.

I don't remember having thought of Ricardo Laverde [...] relevance other than that related to Aura's pregnancy.

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

pp. 36 and 37

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2.

Then he had them put in a green-painted wooden door [...] she'd fought against indefatigably.

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

pp. 224 and 225

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## Novels

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### 6. Juan Gabriel Vásquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*

---

3.

So far in my life no one has been able [...] yes as molten iron always fills the mould it's poured into.

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

pp. 291 and 292

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**Novels**

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**7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion***

---

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

1.

Then the flares go out across the Channel [...] It was New Year's Day, 1805, and I was twenty.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,  
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 44 and 45

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

2.

It was bitterly cold [...] a beggar says he saw a young man walk on water.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,  
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 75 and 76

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## Novels

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### 7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

---

3.

I began to think of leaving for France [...] But this is sure:  
whatever she touches, she reveals.

Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*,  
Vintage, 1996 (first published 1987)

pp. 122 and 123

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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.

Look around and you will see [...] when the original pioneers came along and developed the town.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,  
Giramondo, 2006  
pp. 58 and 59

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

2.

The novices plucked like desert flowers [...] they had become true devotees.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,  
Giramondo, 2006  
pp. 141 and 142

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## Novels

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### 8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

---

3.

The boys were carried up [...] they had brought themselves to their final resting place to die.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,  
Giramondo, 2006  
pp. 436 and 437

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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.

He took another bundle of bills and went on signing them. Bourdoncle was still strutting about. He walked over and took a look through the high window-panes at the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin, then came back saying:

'You know, they'll have their revenge.'

'Who will?' asked Mouret, who was not listening.

'The women, of course.'

At that Mouret became even more expansive, allowing his fundamental brutality to show through his air of sensual adoration. With a shrug of his shoulders he seemed to declare that he would throw them all away like empty sacks on the day when they had finished helping him to make his fortune. Bourdoncle, in his cold way, obstinately repeated:

'They'll have their revenge. There'll be one who'll avenge the others, there's sure to be.'

'Don't you worry!' cried Mouret, exaggerating his Provençal accent. 'That one's not yet born, my boy. And if she does come, you know . . .'

He had raised his penholder, brandishing it and pointing it in the air as if he wished to stab some invisible heart with a knife. His colleague started pacing up and down again, giving in as usual to the superiority of his chief, whose genius, flawed though it was, nevertheless disconcerted him. He who was so clearheaded, so logical and passionless, incapable of slipping, could still understand the feminine side of success, Paris yielding in a kiss to the boldest man.

Silence reigned. Nothing could be heard but Mouret's pen. Then, in reply to his brief questions, Bourdoncle gave him information about the big sale of winter fancy goods which was to take place the following Monday. It was a very important affair; the shop was gambling its fortune on it, for the rumours going round the neighbourhood had some foundation: Mouret was throwing himself into speculation like a poet, with such ostentation, such a need for the colossal, that it looked as though everything would crumble beneath him. It was quite a new style of doing business, a type of commercial imagination which had worried Madame Hédouin in the past, and which still sometimes dismayed those concerned, in spite of some initial success.

\* \* \*

2.

Mouret's sole passion was the conquest of Woman. He wanted her to be queen in his shop; he had built this temple for her in order to hold her at his mercy. His tactics were to intoxicate her with amorous attentions, to trade on her desires, and to exploit her excitement. He racked his brains night and day for new ideas. Already, to spare delicate ladies the trouble of climbing the stairs, he had installed two lifts lined with velvet. In addition, he had just opened a buffet, where fruit cordials and biscuits were served free of charge, and a reading-room, a colossal gallery decorated with excessive luxury, in which he even ventured to hold picture exhibitions. But his most inspired idea, which he deployed with women devoid of coquetry, was that of conquering the mother through the child; he exploited every kind of force, speculated on every kind of feeling, created departments for little boys and girls, stopped the mothers as they were walking past by offering pictures and balloons to their babies. Presenting a balloon as a free gift to each customer who bought something was a stroke of genius; they were red balloons, made of fine indiarubber and with the name of the shop written on them in big letters; when held on the end of a string they travelled through the air, parading a living advertisement through the streets!

Mouret's greatest source of power was publicity. He spent as much as three hundred thousand francs a year on catalogues, advertisements, and posters. For his sale of summer fashions he had sent out two hundred thousand catalogues, of which fifty thousand, translated into every language, were sent abroad. He now had them illustrated with drawings, and even enclosed samples with them, glued on to the pages. His displays appeared everywhere. The Ladies' Paradise was staring the whole world in the face, invading walls, newspapers, and even the curtains of theatres. He declared that Woman was helpless against advertisements; in the end she inevitably went to see what all the noise was about. And he set even more cunning snares for her, analysing her like a great moralist.

\* \* \*



## Novels

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### 9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

---

#### 3.

Then, a feeling of immense sorrow woke her with a start. My God! What tortures! Weeping families, old men thrown out into the street, all the poignant dramas associated with ruin! And she could not save anyone; she was even aware that it was a good thing: this manure of distress was necessary to the health of the Paris of the future. When morning came she grew calmer; a feeling of immense, resigned sadness kept her awake, her eyes turned towards the window as it grew lighter. Yes, it was the necessary sacrifice; every revolution demanded its victims, for it was only possible to advance over the bodies of the dead. Her fear of being an evil genius, and having helped in the murder of her relatives, was now dissolving into heartfelt pity at those irremediable misfortunes, the painful birth pangs of each new generation. She ended up by trying to think of possible alleviations; she thought for a long time of measures that might be taken to save at least her own family from the final collapse.

Mouret then rose up before her, with his passionate expression and his caressing eyes. He would surely not refuse her anything; she was certain he would grant her all reasonable compensation. And her thoughts strayed as she tried to understand him. She was familiar with his life, how calculating he had been in his affections, his continual exploitation of Woman, the mistresses he had taken in order to further his own ends, his liaison with Madame Desforges with the sole aim of keeping a hold on Baron Hartmann, and all the other women, the Claras he picked up, the pleasure which he bought, paid for, and threw back into the street. But these beginnings of a career of amorous adventure, which the shop joked about, came to be seen as part of the man's genius, his all-conquering charm. He was seduction personified. What she would never have forgiven him was the falsehood of his former behaviour, his coldness as a lover beneath the gallantry of his attentions. But now that he was suffering because of her, she felt no resentment towards him. His suffering had improved him. When she saw him tormented, paying so dearly for his contempt for women, she felt he was redeemed of his faults.

\* \* \*

## Plays

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### 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.

SONJA: It was your fault.

[...]

LEON: No it's not. There's nothing stupid about shame. [*Pause.*]

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

pp. 29 and 30

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2.

PETE: Did he know that it was you who phoned the police?

[...]

*A sense of estrangement between them.*  
*The lights fade.*

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

pp. 40 and 41

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## Plays

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### 10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

---

3.

LEON: Did you see Valerie tonight?

[...]

*The machine cuts off. Silence. The lights fade.*

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

pp. 72 and 73

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## Plays

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### 11. 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.

HELEN: Oh! Every time I turn my head my eyeballs hurt. Can't we have a bit of peace for five minutes?

[...]

JO: And I cried myself to sleep for weeks.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,  
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016  
(first produced 1958)  
pp. 9 and 10

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2.

JO: I think it would be best if you left this place, Geof. I don't think it's doing you any good being here with me all the time

[...]

GEOF: I should have thought it did.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,  
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016  
(first produced 1958)  
pp. 59 and 60

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**Plays**

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**11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey***

---

3.

HELEN: What does that boy friend of yours do for a living?

[...]

PETER: Neither can I. Now let's get going.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,  
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016  
(first produced 1958)  
pp. 67 and 68

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## Plays

### 12. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

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

1.

([...] *Enter Chorus of women of Troezen.*)

CHORUS [*singing*]

STROPHE A

*There is a rock streaming with water,  
whose source, men say, is Ocean,  
and it pours from the heart of its stone a spring  
where pitchers may dip and be filled.  
My friend was there and in the river water  
she dipped and washed the royal purple robes,  
and spread them on the rock's warm back  
where the sunbeams played.  
It was from her I heard at first  
of the news of my mistress' sorrow.*

ANTISTROPHE A

*She lies on her bed within the house  
and fever wracks her,  
and she hides her golden head in finespun robes.  
This is the third day  
she has eaten no bread  
and her body is pure and fasting.  
For she would willingly bring her life to anchor  
at the end of its voyage  
in the gloomy harbor of death.*

STROPHE B

*Is it Pan's frenzy that possesses you  
or is Hecate's madness upon you, maid?  
Can it be the holy Corybants,  
or the Mighty Mother who rules the mountains?  
Are you wasted in suffering thus  
for a sin against Dictynna, queen of hunters?  
Are you perhaps unhallowed, having offered  
no sacrifice to her from taken victims?  
For she goes through the waters of Limnae  
and can travel on dry land beyond the sea,  
the eddying salt sea.*

ANTISTROPHE B

*Can it be that some other woman's love,  
a secret love that hides itself from you,  
has beguiled your husband,  
the sovereign lord of Erechtheus'  
people, that prince of noble birth?  
Or has some sailor from the shores of Crete  
put in at this harbor hospitable to sailors,  
bearing a message for our queen,  
and so because he told her some calamity  
her spirit is bound in chains of grief  
and she lies on her bed in sorrow?*

EPODE

*Unhappy is the compound of woman's nature;  
the torturing misery of helplessness,  
the helplessness of childbirth and its madness,  
are linked to it forever.  
My body, too, has felt this thrill of pain,  
and I called on Artemis, queen of the bow;  
she has my reverence always  
as she goes in the company of the gods.*

[*chanting*]

\* \* \*

## Plays

12. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

2.

HIPPOLYTUS

“Friends”!

I spit the word away. None of the wicked  
are friends of mine.

NURSE

Then pardon, son. It’s natural  
that we should make mistakes, since we are human.

HIPPOLYTUS

Women! This coin which men find counterfeit!  
Why, why, Lord Zeus, did you put them in the world,  
in the light of the sun? If you were so determined  
to breed the race of man, the source of it  
should not have been women. Men might have dedicated  
in your own temples images of gold,  
iron, or weight of bronze, and thus have bought  
the seed of progeny . . . to each been given  
his worth in sons according to the assessment  
of his gift’s value. So we might have lived  
in houses free of the taint of women’s presence.  
But now, to bring this plague into our houses  
we destroy the fortunes of our homes. In this  
we have a proof how great a curse is woman.  
For the father who begets her, rears her up,  
must add a dowry gift to pack her off  
to another’s house and thus be rid of the load.  
And he again that takes the cursed creature  
rejoices and enriches his heart’s jewel  
with dear adornment, beauty heaped on vileness.  
With lovely clothes the poor wretch tricks her out  
spending the wealth that underprops his house.  
For of necessity either one weds well,  
rejoicing in his in-laws, but must keep  
a bitter bed; or else his marriage works  
but his in-laws are useless, so that benefit  
is all he has to counteract misfortune.  
That husband has the easiest life whose wife  
is a mere nothingness, a simple fool,  
uselessly sitting by the fireside.  
I hate a clever woman—[. . .]

\* \* \*

3.

THESEUS

Why, here’s a spell-binding magician for you!  
He wrongs his father and then trusts his craft,  
his smooth beguiling craft to lull my anger.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, I must wonder at this in you.  
If I were your father now, and you my son,  
I would not have banished you to exile! I  
would have killed you if I thought you touched my wife.

THESEUS

This speech is worthy of you: but you’ll not die so,  
by this rule that you have laid down for yourself.  
A quick death is the easiest of ends  
for a miserable man. No, you’ll go wandering  
far from your fatherland and beg your way  
in foreign lands, draining dry a bitter life.  
This is the payment of the impious man.

HIPPOLYTUS

What will you do? You will not wait until  
time’s pointing finger proves me innocent?  
Must I then go at once to banishment?

THESEUS

Yes, and had I the power, your place of exile  
would be beyond Pontus and Atlas’ pillars.  
That is the measure of my hate, my son.

HIPPOLYTUS

Pledges, oaths, and oracles—you will not test them?  
You will banish me from the kingdom without trial?

THESEUS

This letter here is proof without lot-casting.  
As for the birds that fly above my head:  
a long good-bye to them.

HIPPOLYTUS

Eternal gods!

Why don’t I speak, since I am ruined now  
through loyalty to the oath I took by you?  
No, he would not believe who should believe,  
and I should be false to my oath for nothing.

THESEUS

Here’s more of that holy and haughty manner of yours!  
I cannot stomach it. Away with you!  
Get from this country—and go quickly!

HIPPOLYTUS

Where shall I turn? What friend will take me in,  
when I am banished on a charge like this?

\* \* \*

## Plays

---

### 13. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

---

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

1.

My mother was a lady of virtue whose

[...]

Yet that same heart, wide as it was, proved  
vulnerable.

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

pp. 17 and 18

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2.

Not yet recovered from Barbary's death, I

[...]

OTHELLO [...] hiding a bold and loving heart.

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

pp. 23–25

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**Plays**

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**13. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona***

---

3.

DESDEMONA I am sick of killing as a solution. It solves  
[...]

I open you to what I have to offer.

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

pp. 54 and 55

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## Plays

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### 14. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

---

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

1.

*At Serge's.*

**Serge** Feel like a laugh?

[...]

**Serge** Read Seneca.

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

pp. 21 and 22

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2.

**Serge** I don't mind your spending time with Paula. I don't resent you being with Paula.

[...]

**Marc** . . . I enjoyed your admiration [...] that it wasn't.

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

pp. 50–52

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## Plays

---

### 14. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

---

3.

**Yvan** [...] I absolutely must speak to Finkelzohn [...]

**Marc** [...] It represents a man who moves across a space and disappears.

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

pp. 62 and 63

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## Plays

### 15. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

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

1.

DUKE [...] Good night to everyone. [*To Brabantio*] And noble signior,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 SENATOR Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceived her father and may thee.

OTHELLO My life upon her faith!  
*Exeunt [Duke, Brabantio, Cassio,  
Senators and Attendants]*  
Honest Iago  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;  
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,  
And bring her after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction  
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.  
*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*

RODERIGO Iago.

IAGO What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman?

RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment: and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

\* \* \*

2.

OTHELLO [...] Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago, All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven; 'Tis gone.  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.  
*He kneels.*

IAGO Yet be content.

OTHELLO O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

OTHELLO Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

IAGO Do not rise yet.  
*He kneels.*  
Witness you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wronged Othello's service. Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.  
*[They rise.]*

OTHELLO I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous;  
And will upon the instant put thee to't.  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO My friend is dead;  
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

OTHELLO Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO I am your own for ever.

\* \* \*

## Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

3.

- DESDEMONA My mother had a maid called Barbary:  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow;  
An old thing 'twas but it expressed her fortune,  
And she died singing it. That song tonight  
Will not go from my mind. I have much to do  
But to go hang my head all at one side  
And sing it like poor Barbary – prithee, dispatch.  
EMILIA Shall I go fetch your nightgown?  
DESDEMONA No, unpin me  
here.  
This Lodovico is a proper man.  
EMILIA A very handsome man.  
DESDEMONA He speaks well.  
EMILIA I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot  
to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.  
DESDEMONA [*Sings*]  
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured  
her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
Her salt tears fell from her and softened the  
stones –  
Lay by these.  
Sing willow, willow, willow –  
Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.  
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve –  
Nay that's not next. Hark, who is't that knocks?  
EMILIA It's the wind.  
DESDEMONA [*Sings*]  
I called my love false love, but what said he  
then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe  
men –  
So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch –  
Does that bode weeping?  
EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor  
there.  
DESDEMONA I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!  
Dost thou in conscience think – tell me, Emilia –  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?  
EMILIA There be some such, no  
question.  
DESDEMONA Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?  
EMILIA Why, would not you?  
DESDEMONA No, by this heavenly light.  
EMILIA Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i'th' dark.  
DESDEMONA Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA The world's a huge thing; it is a great price  
For a small vice.

DESDEMONA In troth, I think thou wouldst  
not.

EMILIA In troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had  
done it. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a  
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns,  
petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for  
all the whole world! Ud's pity, who would not make  
her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I  
should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the  
whole world.

\* \* \*

## Plays

16. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

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

1.

*Music. Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other Lords*

ORSINO If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall;  
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour. Enough; no more.  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,  
Receiveth as the sea. Nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price  
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO Will you go hunt, my lord?  
ORSINO What, Curio?

CURIO The hart.  
ORSINO Why so I do, the noblest that I have.  
O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;  
That instant was I turned into a hart,  
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds  
E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE*

How now, what news from  
her?

VALENTINE So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine; all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO O she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath killed the flock of all affections else  
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled  
Her sweet perfections with one selfsame king!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*Exeunt*

\* \* \*

2.

VIOLA She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.  
MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and  
her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth  
stooping for, there it lies, in your eye; if not, be it  
his that finds it. *Exit*

VIOLA I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!  
She made good view of me, indeed so much  
That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none;  
I am the man; if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,  
And I (poor monster) fond as much on him  
As she (mistaken) seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman – now alas the day! –  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie. *[Exit]*

\* \* \*

## Plays

### 16. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

#### 3.

- MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
- FESTE Out, hyperbolic fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talk'st thou nothing but of ladies?
- SIR TOBY Well said, Master Parson.
- MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.
- FESTE Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that the house is dark?
- MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.
- FESTE Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complain'st thou of obstruction?
- MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.
- FESTE Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
- MALVOLIO I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.
- FESTE What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?
- MALVOLIO That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
- FESTE What think'st thou of his opinion?
- MALVOLIO I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
- FESTE Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th'opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
- MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
- SIR TOBY My most exquisite Sir Topas!
- FESTE Nay, I am for all waters.
- MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.
- SIR TOBY To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. [*To Maria*] Come by and by to my chamber.

*Exit [with Maria]*

\* \* \*

**Plays**

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**17. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child***

---

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

1.

DODGE: Pee Wee Reese. (*Falling into sleep.*) [...]

BRADLEY: [...] *He is about five years younger than TILDEN.*  
[...])

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,  
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 41 and 42

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2.

VINCE: (*To DODGE*) I know! Here's one you'll remember [...]

VINCE: [...] Anybody can see we're related.

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,  
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 63–65

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**Plays**

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**17. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child***

---

3.

(Pause. VINCE delivers the following speech front.)

[...]

VINCE: [...] All brand-new.

Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*,  
Vintage Books, 2006

pp. 117–119

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## Plays

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### 18. 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: [...] When I came out, the year that I made my début [...]

MARGARET: [...] I like it, I think the truth is – yeah! I shouldn't have told you . . .

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

pp. 24–26

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2.

BRICK: Yes, sir, I will try to [...]

BIG DADDY: [...]

*I've lived with mendacity! – Why can't you live with it?*

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

pp. 56–58

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**Plays**

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**18. Tennessee Williams, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***

---

3.

BIG MAMA [*continuing*]: Time goes by so fast. Nothin' can outrun  
[...]

BIG MAMA: [...] and quit this drinking!  
[*She seizes the glass from his hand.*]

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

pp. 86 and 87

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**Short stories**

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**19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil***

---

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

1.

***David***

She cleared her throat [...] nothing I said was gonna be the right thing.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,  
Hachette, 2014

pp. 3–5

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2.

***Railton Road***

‘Hallelujah, that *ain’t* no Bible story,’ [...] lecture and all the raucous goings-on outside.

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,  
Hachette, 2014

pp. 106 and 107

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**Short stories**

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**19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil***

---

3.

***The Sukiyaki Book Club***

The laptop screen flickers [...] *Australian readers are just not ready for characters like these.*

Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*,  
Hachette, 2014

pp. 256 and 257

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

## Short stories

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### 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.

*Pigeons, a Pony, the Tomcat and I*

*Soul of Cat*

**Dumb animals**

Colette and I have always been interested in mules [...] the front line and can get some rest.'

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

pp. 26–28

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, the Elephant, Wrote This*

*Soul of Elephant*

That night we heard the sounds [...] to cover their bodies out of respect.

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

pp. 172 and 173

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**Short stories**

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**20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals***

---

3.

***Psittacophile******Soul of Parrot***

She called me Barnes [...] the can-can, or the opening song of a piece of musical theatre.

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

pp. 237 and 238

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**Short stories**

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**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.

***Thanks for the Ride***

She opened the front door [...] But these others are born sly and sad and knowing.

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

pp. 49–51

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.

***Boys and Girls***

I hated the hot dark kitchen in summer [...] my father to pay any attention to what she said.

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

pp. 117 and 118

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



**Short stories**

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

---

3.

***Red Dress—1946***

I had worn these clothes with docility [...] had begun to seem melodramatic, irrelevant, and tiresome.

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

pp. 148 and 149

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## Other literature

### 22. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

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

1.

Candide fled as fast as he was able until he reached another village: this one belonged to the Bulgars, and the Abar heroes had dealt with it accordingly. Candide, still stepping over twitching torsos or walking through ruins, finally left the theatre of war behind, carrying some meagre provisions in his knapsack and Mademoiselle Cunégonde's image in his heart. After a time he reached Holland, where his provisions ran out: but having heard that everyone in that country was rich, and that they were all Christians, he had no doubt that he would be treated there as well as he had been in the Baron's castle, before being chased out of it on account of Mademoiselle Cunégonde's beautiful eyes.

He begged alms of several solemn-looking individuals; they all replied that if he continued in this vein he would be locked up in a house of correction and be taught how to earn his living.

He then approached a man who had just been holding forth to a large gathering for an entire hour, alone and unassisted, on the theme of charity. This orator looked askance at him and said: 'What are you here for? Are you here for the good cause?' – 'There is no effect without cause,' replied Candide timidly, 'for everything is linked in a chain of necessity, and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I be chased away from Mademoiselle Cunégonde, and have to run the gauntlet, and necessary that I beg for my bread until such time as I can earn it; none of this could have been otherwise.' – 'But my friend,' said the orator, 'do you believe that the Pope is Anti-Christ?' – 'I've not heard it said before now,' replied Candide, 'but whether he is or is not, I am in need of food.' – 'You don't deserve to eat,' said the other. 'Be off, you wretch! Out of my sight, you miserable creature! And don't ever approach my person again.' The orator's wife, putting her head out of the window and catching sight of somebody who could doubt that the Pope was Anti-Christ, discharged over his head a chamber pot full of . . . Heavens! To what extremes is religious zeal sometimes carried by the ladies!

A passer-by who had never been baptized, a good Anabaptist named Jacques, saw the cruel and ignominious logic thus being meted out to one of his brothers, a fellow being with two legs, no feathers and a soul; so he took him back to his house, cleaned him up, gave him some bread and some beer, presented him with two florins, and would even have apprenticed him to work in his Persian fabrics workshops, such as are common in Holland. Candide, faint with gratitude, cried out: 'Maître Pangloss was quite right to tell me that all is for the best in this world; of which I am vastly more persuaded by your extreme generosity than by the harshness of that gentleman in the black cloak, and Madame, his lady wife.'

The next day, while out for a walk, he came across a beggar all covered in sores, his eyes glazed, the end of his nose eaten away, his mouth twisted on one side, his teeth black, who spoke in a strangled voice and was racked by a violent cough, spitting out a tooth with every spasm.

\* \* \*

2.

The old man received the two strangers on a sofa upholstered with humming-bird feathers, and offered them refreshments in diamond goblets; after which he satisfied their curiosity as follows:

'I am one hundred and seventy-two years of age, and it was from my late father, equerry to the King, that I learned of the astonishing political upheavals which he himself witnessed in Peru. This kingdom in which we live is the ancient homeland of the Incas, who most imprudently left it to go and conquer an empire elsewhere, and were eventually wiped out by the Spaniards.

'The princes of the royal house who stayed behind in their native land were wiser; they ordained, with the consent of the people, that no inhabitant should ever again leave our little kingdom; and this is what has preserved our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards had some confused knowledge as to the existence of this country, which they called El Dorado, and about a hundred years ago an Englishman named Sir Raleigh even came quite close to here; but as we are surrounded by inaccessible mountains and precipices, we have so far been protected against the rapacity of the European states, with their irrational lust for the pebbles and mud of our land, for whose sake they would kill every last one of us.'

Their conversation lasted some time; it touched on the forms of Eldoradean government, on local customs, women, public spectacles, and the arts. At length Candide, whose taste still ran to metaphysics, asked through Cacambo whether the people of this country had any religion.

The old man flushed a little. 'But how could you suppose otherwise!' he replied. 'Do you take us for ingrates?' Cacambo humbly asked what was the religion of Eldorado. The old man flushed again. 'Can there be more than one religion?' he replied. 'We have, I believe, the same religion as everyone else: we worship God from night till morning.' – 'Do you worship only one God?' asked Cacambo, who continued to act as the interpreter of Candide's doubts. – 'Evidently so,' said the old man, 'since there are not two Gods, or three, or four. I must say that the people from your world ask some very odd questions.' Candide was indefatigable in his questioning by proxy of this worthy old gentleman; he wanted to know how one prayed to God in Eldorado. 'We do not pray to him at all,' said the honourable sage. 'We have nothing to ask of him; he has given us everything we need; we thank him unceasingly.' Candide was curious to see some priests; he had Cacambo inquire where they could be found. The good old man smiled. 'My friends,' he said, 'we are all of us priests. The King and the heads of each family sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning, to the accompaniment of five or six thousand musicians.' – 'What! You have no monks instructing and disputing, and governing and intriguing, and having everyone burned alive who is not of their opinion?' – 'We would have to be foolish indeed,' said the old man. 'Everyone here is of the same mind, and we cannot imagine what you mean by this talk of monks.'

\* \* \*

## Other literature

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### 22. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

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#### 3.

Brother Girofleo had remained in the dining-room, enjoying a glass while he waited for dinner. ‘But you looked so gay, so happy, when I ran into you just now,’ said Candide to Paquette; ‘you were singing, you were caressing your monk so naturally and affectionately; you seemed to be as happy as you now claim to be miserable.’ – ‘Ah! Monsieur,’ replied Paquette, ‘that is another of the miseries of our profession. Yesterday I was beaten and robbed by an officer of the law; today I must seem in good humour to please a monk.’

Candide wanted to hear no more; he concluded that Martin was right. They sat down to eat with Paquette and the Theatine; the dinner was amusing enough, and by the end they were all talking quite freely. ‘Father,’ said Candide to the monk, ‘you seem to me to enjoy a life that any of us might envy; your face glows with health, your features radiate contentment; you have a very pretty girl to amuse you, and you seem altogether happy with your monastic condition.’

‘Content with it! On my faith, Monsieur,’ said Brother Girofleo, ‘I wish every last Theatine at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to set fire to the monastery and go and turn Turk. My parents forced me at the age of fifteen to wear this loathsome habit, so as to leave a larger fortune to my accursed elder brother, whom God confound! The monastery is rife with jealousies, faction and ill-feeling. It is true, I have preached a few wretched sermons which brought me a little money, half of which the prior has stolen from me: the rest I use to pay for the girls; but when I get back to the monastery in the evening I feel like dashing my brains against the dormitory walls; all my fellow friars are in the same situation.’

Martin turned to Candide with his customary coolness: ‘Well?’ he said, ‘have I not won the whole wager?’ Candide gave two thousand *piastres* to Paquette and a thousand to Brother Girofleo. ‘My reply to you,’ he said, ‘is that they will be happy enough with this.’ – ‘I do not believe it,’ said Martin, ‘not for one moment. You may even make them unhappier still, in the end, with all your *piastres*.’ – ‘Be that as it may,’ said Candide. ‘But one thing consoles me; I find that we often meet up with people whom we never thought to see again; it may turn out that, having run into my red sheep and then into Paquette, I may yet run into Cunégonde.’ – ‘I hope,’ said Martin, ‘that one day she may make you happy, but I doubt it very much.’ – ‘You are very hard,’ said Candide. – ‘Because I know what life is,’ said Martin.

\* \* \*

**Other literature**

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**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.

***Betsy***

I was conversant with oddness [...] I feared it would do me permanent damage.

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

pp. 86 and 87

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2.

***In the Shadow of the Hospital***

It was like a descent into the netherworld [...] I didn't want to walk back down that ward.

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

pp. 142 and 143

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**Other literature**

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

---

3.

***Sea Change***

This summer just gone [...] slowly boiling frog fits me perfectly.

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

pp. 279 and 280

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## 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.

BUT, YOU MAY say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction – what has that got to do with a room of one's own? I will try to explain. When you asked me to speak about women and fiction I sat down on the banks of a river and began to wonder what the words meant. They might mean simply a few remarks about Fanny Burney; a few more about Jane Austen; a tribute to the Brontës and a sketch of Haworth Parsonage under snow; some witticisms if possible about Miss Mitford; a respectful allusion to George Eliot; a reference to Mrs Gaskell and one would have done. But at second sight the words seemed not so simple. The title women and fiction might mean, and you may have meant it to mean, women and what they are like, or it might mean women and the fiction that they write; or it might mean women and the fiction that is written about them, or it might mean that somehow all three are inextricably mixed together and you want me to consider them in that light. But when I began to consider the subject in this last way, which seemed the most interesting, I soon saw that it had one fatal drawback. I should never be able to come to a conclusion. I should never be able to fulfil what is, I understand, the first duty of a lecturer – to hand you after an hour's discourse a nugget of pure truth to wrap up between the pages of your notebooks and keep on the mantelpiece for ever. All I could do was to offer you an opinion upon one minor point – a woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction; and that, as you will see, leaves the great problem of the true nature of woman and the true nature of fiction unsolved. I have shirked the duty of coming to a conclusion upon these two questions – women and fiction remain, so far as I am concerned, unsolved problems. But in order to make some amends I am going to do what I can to show you how I arrived at this opinion about the room and the money. I am going to develop in your presence as fully and freely as I can the train of thought which led me to think this. Perhaps if I lay bare the ideas, the prejudices, that lie behind this statement you will find that they have some bearing upon women and some upon fiction. At any rate, when a subject is highly controversial – and any question about sex is that – one cannot hope to tell the truth. One can only show how one came to hold whatever opinion one does hold. One can only give one's audience the chance of drawing their own conclusions as they observe the limitations, the prejudices, the idiosyncrasies of the speaker. Fiction here is likely to contain more truth than fact.

\* \* \*

2.

Of all of the thousand women who wrote novels then, they alone entirely ignored the perpetual admonitions of the eternal pedagogue – write this, think that. They alone were deaf to that persistent voice, now grumbling, now patronizing, now domineering, now grieved, now shocked, now angry, now avuncular, that voice which cannot let women alone, but must be at them, like some too-conscientious governess, adjuring them, like Sir Egerton Brydges, to be refined; dragging even into the criticism of poetry criticism of sex; admonishing them, if they would be good and win, as I suppose, some shiny prize, to keep within certain limits which the gentleman in question thinks suitable – ‘. . . female novelists should only aspire to excellence by courageously acknowledging the limitations of their sex’. That puts the matter in a nutshell, and when I tell you, rather to your surprise, that this sentence was written not in August 1828 but in August 1928, you will agree, I think, that however delightful it is to us now, it represents a vast body of opinion – I am not going to stir those old pools; I take only what chance has floated to my feet – that was far more vigorous and far more vocal a century ago. It would have needed a very stalwart young woman in 1828 to disregard all those snubs and chidings and promises of prizes. One must have been something of a firebrand to say to oneself, Oh, but they can't buy literature too. Literature is open to everybody. I refuse to allow you, Beadle though you are, to turn me off the grass. Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind.

But whatever effect discouragement and criticism had upon their writing – and I believe that they had a very great effect – that was unimportant compared with the other difficulty which faced them (I was still considering those early nineteenth-century novelists) when they came to set their thoughts on paper – that is that they had no tradition behind them, or one so short and partial that it was of little help. For we think back through our mothers if we are women.

\* \* \*

## Other literature

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

---

3.

Here I would stop, but the pressure of convention decrees that every speech must end with a peroration. And a peroration addressed to women should have something, you will agree, particularly exalting and ennobling about it. I should implore you to remember your responsibilities, to be higher, more spiritual; I should remind you how much depends upon you, and what an influence you can exert upon the future. But those exhortations can safely, I think, be left to the other sex, who will put them, and indeed have put them, with far greater eloquence than I can compass. When I rummage in my own mind I find no noble sentiments about being companions and equals and influencing the world to higher ends. I find myself saying briefly and prosaically that it is much more important to be oneself than anything else. Do not dream of influencing other people, I would say, if I knew how to make it sound exalted. Think of things in themselves.

And again I am reminded by dipping into newspapers and novels and biographies that when a woman speaks to women she should have something very unpleasant up her sleeve. Women are hard on women. Women dislike women. Women – but are you not sick to death of the word? I can assure you that I am. Let us agree, then, that a paper read by a woman to women should end with something particularly disagreeable.

But how does it go? What can I think of? The truth is, I often like women. I like their unconventionality. I like their completeness. I like their anonymity. I like – but I must not run on in this way. That cupboard there, – you say it holds clean table-napkins only; but what if Sir Archibald Bodkin were concealed among them? Let me then adopt a sterner tone. Have I, in the preceding words, conveyed to you sufficiently the warnings and reprobation of mankind? I have told you the very low opinion in which you were held by Mr Oscar Browning. I have indicated what Napoleon once thought of you and what Mussolini thinks now. Then, in case any of you aspire to fiction, I have copied out for your benefit the advice of the critic about courageously acknowledging the limitations of your sex. I have referred to Professor X and given prominence to his statement that women are intellectually, morally and physically inferior to men. I have handed on all that has come my way without going in search of it, and here is a final warning – from Mr John Langdon Davies. Mr John Langdon Davies warns women ‘that when children cease to be altogether desirable, women cease to be altogether necessary’. I hope you will make a note of it.

\* \* \*

## Poetry

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### 25. Tina Chang, Nathalie Handal and Ravi Shankar (eds), *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*

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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*

Tanikawa Shuntarō

*In Praise of Goldberg*

In the silence of the silken air precariously enveloping this planet,

[...]

Now you will remember everything and will dream everything.

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, 2008

pp. 18 and 19

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2.

*In the Grasp of Childhood Fields*

Romesh Gunesequera

*Turning Point*

My host is a monk

[...]

in a Manchester flat.

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, 2008

pp. 25–27

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**Poetry**

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25. 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***Li-Young Lee***Immigrant Blues**People have been trying to kill me since I was born,*

[...]

called “I Want to Sing but I Don’t Know Any Songs.”

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, 2008

pp. 109 and 110

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## Poetry

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### 26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

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

1.

254

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

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

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

\* \* \*

2.

712

Because I could not stop for Death –  
He kindly stopped for me –  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess – in the Ring –  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –  
The Dews drew quivering and chill –  
For only Gossamer, my Gown –  
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground –  
The Roof was scarcely visible –  
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – ’tis Centuries – and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses’ Heads  
Were toward Eternity –

\* \* \*

**Poetry**

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**26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems***

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3.

*1764*

The saddest noise, the sweetest noise,  
The maddest noise that grows, –  
The birds, they make it in the spring,  
At night's delicious close.

Between the March and April line –  
That magical frontier  
Beyond which summer hesitates,  
Almost too heavenly near.

It makes us think of all the dead  
That sauntered with us here,  
By separation's sorcery  
Made cruelly more dear.

It makes us think of what we had,  
And what we now deplore.  
We almost wish those siren throats  
Would go and sing no more.

An ear can break a human heart  
As quickly as a spear,  
We wish the ear had not a heart  
So dangerously near.

\* \* \*

**Poetry**

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**27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel***

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

1.

***Sheep in Fog***

The hills step off into whiteness.

[...]

Starless and fatherless, a dark water.

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

p. 5

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2.

***Tulips***

The tulips are too excitable, it is winter here.

[...]

And comes from a country far away as health.

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

pp. 13 and 14

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**Poetry**

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**27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel***

---

3.

*You're*

Clownlike, happiest on your hands,

[...]

A clean slate, with your own face on.

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

p. 51

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## Poetry

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### 28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

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

1.

#### *Captain Dobbin*

Captain Dobbin, having retired from the South Seas

[...]

Traced in faint ink, as fine as Chinese hairs.

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

pp. 51 and 52

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2.

#### *South Country*

After the whey-faced anonymity

[...]

Feeling its way to air.

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

p. 112

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## Poetry

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### 28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

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3.

*Beach Burial*

Softly and humbly to the Gulf of Arabs

[...]

Enlisted on the other front.

*El Alamein.*

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

p. 129

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**Poetry**

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**29. 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  
on the river*

it was a drive through the sleeping industrial giants

[...]

and said goodbye

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

p. 8

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2.

*2000  
of muse, meandering and midnight  
the gloom swans*

and they found shelter in decay

[...]

laid out in the cleansing of your mockingbird departure

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

p. 37

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**Poetry**

---

**29. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers***

---

3.

**2004*****Smoke encrypted whispers******cribb island***

For a while, Dad worked in a ghost town. He'd take us there on

[...]

*dust keeps its appeal*Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*,  
University of Queensland Press, 2004

p. 151

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**Poetry**

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**30. 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)**By This Hand*

In these black lines alone can our love live

[...]

of our open coffin, never say love is mortal.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,

John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

p. 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.

*A Hunger (New poems 2014)**Truth and Beauty*

Like a girl who resists yielding off

[...]

She mustn't waste it all in one smile.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,

John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

pp. 42 and 43

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**Poetry**

---

**30. Petra White, *A Hunger***

---

3.

*The Incoming Tide (2007)**Ricketts Point*

A slim girl playing by herself in the shallows,

[...]

was large or real enough to include them.

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

p. 101

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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**

