

Victorian Certificate of Education 2020

LITERATURE

Written examination

Wednesday 18 November 2020

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

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

TASK BOOK

Structure of book

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

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

Materials supplied

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

The task

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

Instructions

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

At the end of the examination

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

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

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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***

In Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, decency and integrity are rewarded. Discuss.

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

Cadwallader's *The Anchoress* suggests that complete isolation from the world is not possible. Discuss.

3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

In Calvino's *Baron in the Trees*, Cosimo is able to engage with the world by rising above it. Discuss.

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

In *North and South*, Gaskell demonstrates the importance of respect and understanding. To what extent do you agree?

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Reflect on the idea that Lindsay's *Picnic at Hanging Rock* is about loss of control.

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

In *The Sound of Things Falling*, Vásquez asserts the importance of uncovering the truth. Discuss.

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

Love is at the centre of Winterson's *The Passion*. To what extent do you agree?

8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

Wright's *Carpentaria* explores unpleasant truths about interactions between opposing groups. Discuss.

9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

In Zola's *The Ladies' Paradise*, the emerging consumer culture rewards only the strong characters. To what extent do you agree?

Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

Reflect on the idea that Bovell's *Speaking in Tongues* reveals a world in which people never truly connect.

11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

In Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*, the characters' lives become more difficult because of the choices they make. To what extent do you agree?

12. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

In Euripides's *Hippolytus*, the tragedy is caused by an imbalance of power. To what extent do you agree?

13. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

In *Desdemona*, Morrison and Traoré give voice to the oppressed. Discuss.

14. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

In Reza's *Art*, the audience is encouraged to consider the meaning and value of friendship. Discuss.

15. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

Reflect on the idea that Shakespeare's *Othello* reveals how insecurity and resentment can lead to tragedy.

16. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* has elements of both comedy and tragedy. Discuss.

17. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

Reflect on the idea that Shepard's *Buried Child* is about the loss of power.

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

Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is not just a portrayal of one family but also a questioning of American society in the 1950s. Discuss.

Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

Reflect on the idea that Clarke's *Foreign Soil* is about the challenges of adapting to unfamiliar territory.

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

In Dovey's *Only the Animals*, the voices of the animals urge the reader to evaluate the consequences of human cruelty. Discuss.

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

In Munro's *Dance of the Happy Shades*, individuals often find themselves overwhelmed by feelings of entrapment. Discuss.

Other literature

22. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

In *Candide, or Optimism*, Voltaire suggests that, in the absence of certainty in life, individuals must find their own meaning. Discuss.

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

Reflect on the idea that, in Winton's *The Boy Behind the Curtain*, individuals' lives are shaped by the challenges they face.

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

In *A Room of One's Own*, Woolf is not arguing for significant social change. To what extent do you agree?

Poetry

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

In *Language for a New Century: Contemporary Poetry from the Middle East, Asia, and Beyond*, the poems suggest that a connection to place determines how people see the world. Discuss.

26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

In *The Complete Poems*, Dickinson uses the natural world to explore complex ideas about life and death. Discuss.

27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

In *Ariel*, Plath explores the conflict between the self and the world. Discuss.

28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

Reflect on the idea that, in *Selected Poems*, Slessor is concerned with the passing of time and the brevity of life.

29. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

In *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, Watson's poems create a sense of loss and despair. To what extent do you agree?

30. Petra White, *A Hunger*

In *A Hunger*, White's poems reflect the deep connections people have with their past. 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.

As soon as divine service was over, the Thorpes and Allens eagerly joined each other; and after staying long enough in the Pump-room to discover that the crowd was insupportable, and that there was not a genteel face to be seen, which every body discovers every Sunday throughout the season, they hastened away to the Crescent, to breathe the fresh air of better company. Here Catherine and Isabella, arm in arm, again tasted the sweets of friendship in an unreserved conversation;—they talked much, and with much enjoyment; but again was Catherine disappointed in her hope of reseeing her partner. He was no where to be met with; every search for him was equally unsuccessful, in morning lounges or evening assemblies; neither at the upper nor lower rooms, at dressed or undressed balls, was he perceivable; nor among the walkers, the horsemen, or the curricule-drivers of the morning. His name was not in the Pump-room book, and curiosity could do no more. He must be gone from Bath. Yet he had not mentioned that his stay would be so short! This sort of mysteriousness, which is always so becoming in a hero, threw a fresh grace in Catherine’s imagination around his person and manners, and increased her anxiety to know more of him. From the Thorpes she could learn nothing, for they had been only two days in Bath before they met with Mrs. Allen. It was a subject, however, in which she often indulged with her fair friend; from whom she received every possible encouragement to continue to think of him; and his impression on her fancy was not suffered therefore to weaken. Isabella was very sure that he must be a charming young man; and was equally sure that he must have been delighted with her dear Catherine, and would therefore shortly return. She liked him the better for being a clergyman, “for she must confess herself very partial to the profession;” and something like a sigh escaped her as she said it. Perhaps Catherine was wrong in not demanding the cause of that gentle emotion—but she was not experienced enough in the finesse of love, or the duties of friendship, to know when delicate raillery was properly called for, or when a confidence should be forced.

* * *

2.

Having heard the day before in Milsom-street, that their elder brother, Captain Tilney, was expected almost every hour, she was at no loss for the name of a very fashionable-looking, handsome young man, whom she had never seen before, and who now evidently belonged to their party. She looked at him with great admiration, and even supposed it possible, that some people might think him handsomer than his brother, though, in her eyes, his air was more assuming, and his countenance less prepossessing. His taste and manners were beyond a doubt decidedly inferior; for, within her hearing, he not only protested against every thought of dancing himself, but even laughed openly at Henry for finding it possible. From the latter circumstance it may be presumed, that, whatever might be our heroine’s opinion of him, his admiration of her was not of a very dangerous kind; not likely to produce animosities between the brothers, nor persecutions to the lady. *He* cannot be the instigator of the three villains in horsemen’s great coats, by whom she will hereafter be forced into a travelling-chaise and four, which will drive off with incredible speed. Catherine, meanwhile, undisturbed by presentiments of such an evil, or of any evil at all, except that of having but a short set to dance down, enjoyed her usual happiness with Henry Tilney, listening with sparkling eyes to every thing he said; and, in finding him irresistible, becoming so herself.

At the end of the first dance, Captain Tilney came towards them again, and, much to Catherine’s dissatisfaction, pulled his brother away. They retired whispering together; and, though her delicate sensibility did not take immediate alarm, and lay it down as fact, that Captain Tilney must have heard some malevolent misrepresentation of her, which he now hastened to communicate to his brother, in the hope of separating them for ever, she could not have her partner conveyed from her sight without very uneasy sensations. Her suspense was of full five minutes’ duration; and she was beginning to think it a very long quarter of an hour, when they both returned, and an explanation was given, by Henry’s requesting to know, if she thought her friend, Miss Thorpe, would have any objection to dancing, as his brother would be most happy to be introduced to her. Catherine, without hesitation, replied, that she was very sure Miss Thorpe did not mean to dance at all. The cruel reply was passed on to the other, and he immediately walked away.

* * *

Novels

1. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

3.

The visions of romance were over. Catherine was completely awakened. Henry's address, short as it had been, had more thoroughly opened her eyes to the extravagance of her late fancies than all their several disappointments had done. Most grievously was she humbled. Most bitterly did she cry. It was not only with herself that she was sunk—but with Henry. Her folly, which now seemed even criminal, was all exposed to him, and he must despise her for ever. The liberty which her imagination had dared to take with the character of his father, could he ever forgive it? The absurdity of her curiosity and her fears, could they ever be forgotten? She hated herself more than she could express. He had—she thought he had, once or twice before this fatal morning, shewn something like affection for her.—But now—in short, she made herself as miserable as possible for about half an hour, went down when the clock struck five, with a broken heart, and could scarcely give an intelligible answer to Eleanor's inquiry, if she was well. The formidable Henry soon followed her into the room, and the only difference in his behaviour to her, was that he paid her rather more attention than usual. Catherine had never wanted comfort more, and he looked as if he was aware of it.

The evening wore away with no abatement of this soothing politeness; and her spirits were gradually raised to a modest tranquillity. She did not learn either to forget or defend the past; but she learned to hope that it would never transpire farther, and that it might not cost her Henry's entire regard. Her thoughts being still chiefly fixed on what she had with such causeless terror felt and done, nothing could shortly be clearer, than that it had been all a voluntary, self-created delusion, each trifling circumstance receiving importance from an imagination resolved on alarm, and every thing forced to bend to one purpose by a mind which, before she entered the Abbey, had been craving to be frightened. She remembered with what feelings she had prepared for a knowledge of Northanger. She saw that the infatuation had been created, the mischief settled long before her quitting Bath, and it seemed as if the whole might be traced to the influence of that sort of reading which she had there indulged.

Charming as were all Mrs. Radcliffe's works, and charming even as were the works of all her imitators, it was not in them perhaps that human nature, at least in the midland counties of England, was to be looked for.

* * *

Novels

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

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

1.

‘Tis where I’m headed [...] I had joined the world in shunning him.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,
Fourth Estate, 2015
pp. 34 and 35

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.

His face was throbbing [...] Now she was quoting them back to him and he had to listen.

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*,
Fourth Estate, 2015
pp. 189 and 190

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

Novels

2. Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*

3.

It was such pleasure to feel the sun [...] That moment of risk — now it was mine.

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

pp. 307–309

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Novels

3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

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

1.

Why did he return to our park? [...] under the orders of the Cavalier Enea Silvio Carrega.

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

pp. 118 and 119

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 an open place, where they met [...] and he kept it sheathed.

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

pp. 178 and 179

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

Novels

3. Italo Calvino, *Baron in the Trees*

3.

I have no idea what this nineteenth century [...] No use.

Italo Calvino, 'Baron in the Trees', in *Our Ancestors*,
Archibald Colquhoun (trans.), Vintage, 1998
pp. 280 and 281

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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.

‘Pray don’t go into similes, Margaret; you have led us off once already,’ said her father, smiling, yet uneasy at the thought that they were detaining Mr Thornton against his will, which was a mistake; for he rather liked it, as long as Margaret would talk, although what she said only irritated him.

‘Just tell me, Miss Hale, are you yourself ever influenced – no, that is not a fair way of putting it; – but if you are ever conscious of being influenced by others, and not by circumstances, have those others been working directly or indirectly? Have they been labouring to exhort, to enjoin, to act rightly for the sake of example, or have they been simple, true men, taking up their duty, and doing it unflinchingly, without a thought of how their actions were to make this man industrious, that man saving? Why, if I were a workman, I should be twenty times more impressed by the knowledge that my master was honest, punctual, quick, resolute in all his doings (and hands are keener spies even than valets), than by any amount of interference, however kindly meant, with my ways of going on out of work-hours. I do not choose to think too closely on what I am myself; but, I believe, I rely on the straightforward honesty of my hands, and the open nature of their opposition, in contra-distinction to the way in which the turn-out will be managed in some mills, just because they know I scorn to take a single dishonourable advantage, or do an underhand thing myself. It goes farther than a whole course of lectures on ‘Honesty is the Best Policy’ – life diluted into words. No, no! What the master is, that will the men be, without over-much taking thought on his part.’

‘That is a great admission,’ said Margaret, laughing. ‘When I see men violent and obstinate in pursuit of their rights, I may safely infer that the master is the same; that he is a little ignorant of that spirit which suffereth long, and is kind, and seeketh not her own.’

‘You are just like all strangers who don’t understand the working of our system, Miss Hale,’ said he, hastily. ‘You suppose that our men are puppets of dough, ready to be moulded into any amiable form we please. You forget we have only to do with them for less than a third of their lives; and you seem not to perceive that the duties of a manufacturer are far larger and wider than those merely of an employer of labour; we have a wide commercial character to maintain, which makes us into the great pioneers of civilization.’

‘It strikes me,’ said Mr Hale, smiling, ‘that you might pioneer a little at home. They are a rough, heathenish set of fellows, these Milton men of yours.’

‘They are that,’ replied Mr Thornton. ‘Rose-water surgery won’t do for them. Cromwell would have made a capital mill-owner, Miss Hale. I wish we had him to put down this strike for us.’

‘Cromwell is no hero of mine,’ said she, coldly. ‘But I am trying to reconcile your admiration of despotism with your respect for other men’s independence of character.’

* * *

2.

‘... I was thinking that, if we wanted any help in the house while he is here, we could perhaps get Mary Higgins. She is very slack of work, and is a good girl, and would take pains to do her best, I am sure, and would sleep at home, and need never come upstairs, so as to know who is in the house.’

‘As you please. As Dixon pleases. But, Margaret, don’t get to use these horrid Milton words. “Slack of work:” it is a provincialism. What will your aunt Shaw say, if she hears you use it on her return?’

‘Oh, mamma! don’t try and make a bugbear of aunt Shaw,’ said Margaret, laughing. ‘Edith picked up all sorts of military slang from Captain Lennox, and aunt Shaw never took any notice of it.’

‘But yours is factory slang.’

‘And if I live in a factory town, I must speak factory language when I want it. Why, mamma, I could astonish you with a great many words you never heard in your life. I don’t believe you know what a knobstick is.’

‘Not I, child. I only know it has a very vulgar sound; and I don’t want to hear you using it.’

‘Very well, dearest mother, I won’t. Only I shall have to use a whole explanatory sentence instead.’

‘I don’t like this Milton,’ said Mrs Hale. ‘Edith is right enough in saying it’s the smoke that has made me so ill.’

Margaret started up as her mother said this. Her father had just entered the room, and she was most anxious that the faint impression she had seen on his mind that the Milton air had injured her mother’s health, should not be deepened, – should not receive any confirmation. She could not tell whether he had heard what Mrs Hale had said or not; but she began speaking hurriedly of other things, unaware that Mr Thornton was following him.

‘Mamma is accusing me of having picked up a great deal of vulgarity since we came to Milton.’

The ‘vulgarity’ Margaret spoke of, referred purely to the use of local words, and the expression arose out of the conversation they had just been holding. But Mr Thornton’s brow darkened; and Margaret suddenly felt how her speech might be misunderstood by him; so, in the natural sweet desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, she forced herself to go forwards with a little greeting, and continue what she was saying, addressing herself to him expressly.

‘Now, Mr Thornton, though “knobstick” has not a very pretty sound, is it not expressive? Could I do without it, in speaking of the thing it represents? If using local words is vulgar, I was very vulgar in the Forest, – was I not, mamma?’

It was unusual with Margaret to obtrude her own subject of conversation on others; but, in this case, she was so anxious to prevent Mr Thornton from feeling annoyance at the words he had accidentally overheard, that it was not until she had done speaking that she coloured all over with consciousness, more especially as Mr Thornton seemed hardly to understand the exact gist or bearing of what she was saying, but passed her by, with a cold reserve of ceremonious movement, to speak to Mrs Hale.

* * *

Novels

4. Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*

3.

For an instant she looked up; and then sought to veil her luminous eyes by dropping her forehead on her hands. Again, stepping nearer, he besought her with another tremulous eager call upon her name.

‘Margaret!’

Still lower went the head; more closely hidden was the face, almost resting on the table before her. He came close to her. He knelt by her side, to bring his face to a level with her ear; and whispered – panted out the words: –

‘Take care. – If you do not speak – I shall claim you as my own in some strange presumptuous way. – Send me away at once, if I must go; – Margaret! –’

At that third call she turned her face, still covered with her small white hands, towards him, and laid it on his shoulder, hiding it even there; and it was too delicious to feel her soft cheek against his, for him to wish to see either deep blushes or loving eyes. He clasped her close. But they both kept silence. At length she murmured in a broken voice:

‘Oh, Mr Thornton, I am not good enough!’

‘Not good enough! Don’t mock my own deep feeling of unworthiness.’

After a minute or two, he gently disengaged her hands from her face, and laid her arms as they had once before been placed to protect him from the rioters.

‘Do you remember, love?’ he murmured. ‘And how I requited you with my insolence the next day?’

‘I remember how wrongly I spoke to you, – that is all.’

‘Look here! Lift up your head. I have something to show you!’ She slowly faced him, glowing with beautiful shame.

‘Do you know these roses?’ he said, drawing out his pocket-book, in which were treasured up some dead flowers.

‘No!’ she replied, with innocent curiosity. ‘Did I give them to you?’

‘No! Vanity; you did not. You may have worn sister roses very probably.’

She looked at them, wondering for a minute, then she smiled a little as she said –

‘They are from Helstone, are they not? I know the deep indentations round the leaves. Oh! have you been there? When were you there?’

‘I wanted to see the place where Margaret grew to what she is, even at the worst time of all, when I had no hope of ever calling her mine. I went there on my return from Havre.’

‘You must give them to me,’ she said, trying to take them out of his hand with gentle violence.

‘Very well. Only you must pay me for them!’

‘How shall I ever tell Aunt Shaw?’ she whispered, after some time of delicious silence.

‘Let me speak to her.’

‘Oh, no! I owe it to her, – but what will she say?’

‘I can guess. Her first exclamation will be, “That man!”’

‘Hush!’ said Margaret, ‘or I shall try and show you your mother’s indignant tones as she says, “That woman!”’

* * *

Novels

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

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

1.

The immediate impact of its soaring peaks [...] they are long since obliterated.

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

pp. 35 and 36

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2.

At first he thought it was the sound of birds [...] Mike, some five centuries later, went on climbing.

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

pp. 103 and 104

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Novels

5. Joan Lindsay, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

3.

Although she had seen the Hanging Rock [...] from a mask of rotting flesh.

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

pp. 242–244

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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.

Even though time has passed [...] as far as this godforsaken place.'

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

pp. 24 and 25

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.

'Now I'm sure,' said Laverde [...] we'll have to invite them over in return. [...]

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

pp. 172 and 173

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Novels

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

3.

I had listened to the messages [...] Maybe, with a little luck, she'd phone back.

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

pp. 296 and 297

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Novels

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

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

1.

I had been away six months [...] into a man she could love surely?

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

pp. 30–32

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2.

Tonight she did not read [...] There was no mistaking his meaning.

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

pp. 68 and 69

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Novels

7. Jeanette Winterson, *The Passion*

3.

In the evening, Villanelle came [...] ‘I love you,’ I said, then and now.

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

pp. 139 and 140

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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.

A NATION CHANTS, *BUT WE KNOW YOUR STORY ALREADY* [...] whose sides separate it from the open sea.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006

pp. 1 and 2

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.

At home on the sea [...] is going to write to the Pope about him one day.'

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006

pp. 182 and 183

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Novels

8. Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*

3.

A day at the mine had turned into [...] through the stains of red mud.

Alexis Wright, *Carpentaria*,
Giramondo, 2006
pp. 407 and 408

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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.

It was a vision of old Paris, soaked through, and it made her shiver, surprised and dismayed to find the great city so cold and ugly.

But on the other side of the road the deep rows of gas burners at the Ladies' Paradise were being lit. She drew nearer, once more attracted and, as it were, warmed by this source of blazing light. The machine was still humming, still active, letting off steam in a final roar, while the salesmen were folding up the materials and the cashiers counting their takings. Through windows dimmed with condensation she could make out a vague profusion of lights, the confused interior of a factory. Behind the curtain of rain this vision, distant and blurred, seemed like some giant stokehold, in which the black shadows of the stokers could be seen moving against the red fire of the furnaces. The window displays had become indistinct also, and nothing could now be seen opposite but the snowy lace, the white of which was heightened by the frosted glass globes of a row of gas jets. Against this chapel-like background, the coats were bursting with energy; the great velvet overcoat trimmed with silver fox suggested the curved outline of a headless woman, running through the downpour to some festivity in the mysterious Parisian night.

Denise, yielding to temptation, had come as far as the door without noticing the raindrops falling on her. At this time of night, the Ladies' Paradise, with its furnace-like glare, seduced her completely. In the great metropolis, dark and silent under the rain, in this Paris of which she knew nothing, it was burning like a beacon, it alone seemed to be the light and life of the city. She dreamed of her future there, working hard to bring up the children, and of other things too, she knew not what, far-off things which made her tremble with desire and fear. The thought of the dead woman under the foundations came back to her and she felt afraid; she thought she saw the lights bleeding; then the whiteness of the lace soothed her, a feeling of hope sprang up in her heart, a real certainty of joy, while the soft rain, blowing on her, cooled her hands, and calmed her after the excitement of her journey.

* * *

2.

It was the takings for the day, the largest the Paradise had ever had. Far away, in the depths of the shop through which Lhomme had just slowly walked with the heavy gait of an overloaded ox, could be heard the uproar, the stir of surprise and joy which these giant takings left in their wake.

'It's magnificent!' said Mouret, delighted. 'My dear Lhomme, put it down there, and have a rest, for you look quite done in. I'll have the money taken to the counting-house . . . Yes, yes, put it all on my desk. I want to see it piled up.'

He was like a child in his happiness. The cashier and his son unloaded themselves. The wallet gave out the clear ring of gold, streams of silver and copper came from two of the bursting sacks, while corners of bank notes were sticking out from the portfolio. One end of the large desk was entirely covered; it was like the crumbling of a fortune which had taken ten hours to collect.

When Lhomme and Albert had retired, mopping their brows, Mouret remained motionless for a moment, lost in thought, his eyes on the money. Then he looked up and caught sight of Denise, who had stepped back. He began to smile again; he made her come forward, and ended by saying that he would give her as much as she could take in one handful; and behind his joke there was a kind of love-bargain.

'Take some from the wallet! I bet you can't take more than a thousand francs, your hand is so small!'

But she drew back again. So he was in love with her? Suddenly she understood; she felt the growing flame of desire with which he had been surrounding her ever since her return to the ladieswear department. What overwhelmed her even more was feeling her own heart beating as if it would burst. Why did he offend her with all that money, when she was brimming over with gratitude and he could have rendered her helpless with one friendly word? He was coming closer to her, still joking, when, to his great annoyance, Bourdoncle appeared under the pretext of giving him the entry figure, the enormous figure of seventy thousand customers who had visited the Paradise that day. She quickly took her leave, after thanking him once again.

* * *

Novels

9. Émile Zola, *The Ladies' Paradise*

3.

In the midst of this blazing scene Mouret was still looking down at his nation of women. Black shadows stood out strongly against a pale background. Long eddies were breaking up the crowd; the fever of the great sale was passing away over the disordered swirl of heads. People were beginning to leave, a mess of materials was littering the counters, gold was clinking in the cash-desks; while the customers, despoiled and violated, were going away in disarray, their desires satisfied, and with the secret shame of having yielded to temptation in the depths of some sleazy hotel. And it was he who possessed them all like that, who held them at his mercy by his continual accumulation of goods, by his price reductions and his 'returns', his charm and his publicity. He had even conquered the mothers themselves; he reigned over them all with the brutality of a despot, whose whims were wrecking families. His creation was producing a new religion; churches, which were being gradually deserted by those of wavering faith, were being replaced by his bazaar. Women came to spend their hours of leisure in his shop, the thrilling, disturbing hours which in the past they'd spent in the depths of a chapel; for this expenditure of nervous passion was necessary, it was part of the recurring struggle between a god and a husband, the ceaselessly renewed cult of the body, with the divine future life of beauty. If he had closed his doors, there would have been a rising in the street, a desperate outcry from the worshippers whose confessional and altar he would have abolished. In spite of the lateness of the hour he could still see them in their luxury, which in the last ten years had increased so much, clinging stubbornly to the enormous metal framework, along the staircases and suspension bridges. Madame Marty and her daughter, swept up to the very top, were wandering about among the furniture. Madame Bourdelais, held back by her children, could not get away from the fancy goods. Then came another group: Madame de Boves, still on Vallagnosc's arm, was followed by Blanche, and was stopping in every department, still examining the materials in her arrogant manner. In the mass of customers, the sea of bosoms bursting with life, beating with desire, all decked with bunches of violets as if they were celebrating some royal wedding, he could no longer distinguish anything but the bare bosom of Madame Desforges, who had stopped in the glove department with Madame Guibal. In spite of her jealousy and resentment, she too was buying, and he felt himself the master one last time; under the dazzle of the electric lights they were all at his feet, like cattle from which he had extracted his fortune.

* * *

Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

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

1.

PETE: What we're doing is alright. / Isn't it?

[...]

SONJA: Do you? It's funny how a woman starts to doubt it.

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

pp. 4 and 5

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2.

ALL: I get this dream.

[...]

NICK: I can't find a way out.

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

pp. 48 and 49

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Plays

10. Andrew Bovell, *Speaking in Tongues*

3.

LEON: Where were you tonight, John?

[...]

LEON: Bullshit.

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

pp. 70 and 71

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Plays

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: Did you do this?

[...]

HELEN: Don't worry, you'll soon be an independent working woman and free to go where you please.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
(first produced 1958)
pp. 14 and 15

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2.

HELEN: The whole district's rotten, it's not fit to live in.

[...]

[*Music. They dance together. Fade out.*]

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
(first produced 1958)
pp. 68 and 69

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Plays

11. Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*

3.

HELEN: Look, love, I just want five minutes alone with her.
Do you mind? Is it too much to ask?

[...]

JO: So we're back where we started.

Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*,
Methuen Drama/Bloomsbury, 2016
(first produced 1958)
pp. 79–81

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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.

PHAEDRA (To the servants.)
Lift me up! Lift my head up! All the muscles

[...]

PHAEDRA [*chanting*]

[...]
that I should die and know no more of anything.

‘Hippolytus’ (David Greene, trans.) in *Euripides 1*,
Mark Griffith, Glenn W Most, David Greene and
Richmond Lattimore (eds and trans),
University of Chicago Press, 2013

pp. 200 and 201

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Plays

12. Euripides, *Hippolytus*

2.

HIPPOLYTUS [...]

It is my rule to honor the gods first

[...]

to know the true from the false.

‘Hippolytus’ (David Greene, trans.) in *Euripides 1*,
 Mark Griffith, Glenn W Most, David Greene and
 Richmond Lattimore (eds and trans),
 University of Chicago Press, 2013
 pp. 233 and 234

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3.

ARTEMIS

Enough! Though dead, you’ll not be unavenged,

[...]

HIPPOLYTUS

(Exit Artemis.)

[...]

Father, lay hold on me and lift me up.

‘Hippolytus’ (David Greene, trans.) in *Euripides 1*,
 Mark Griffith, Glenn W Most, David Greene and
 Richmond Lattimore (eds and trans),
 University of Chicago Press, 2013

pp. 249 and 250

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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.

DESDEMONA [...]

With my father's invitations, and according
[...]
than in my heart.

Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*,
Oberon Modern Plays, 2012
pp. 21 and 22

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2.

DONGORI

"Beautiful"

[...]

will you forgive me?

Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*,
Oberon Modern Plays, 2012
pp. 28 and 29

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Plays

13. Toni Morrison and Rokia Traoré, *Desdemona*

3.

DESDEMONA The world is alive and even if we kill it, it

[...]

or another.

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

pp. 56 and 57

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Plays

14. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

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

1.

Yvan [...]

Serge exits and returns with the Antrios, which he turns

[...]

Serge Nothing to see.

It's like yours, it's . . . what I mean is, you couldn't care less.

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

pp. 12–14

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.

Serge [...]

Listen, I have a suggestion, let's give Yvan exactly three more minutes and then bugger off [...]

Marc [...] Serge, if you don't think your friends are special?

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

pp. 26 and 27

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Plays

14. Yasmina Reza, *Art*

3.

Serge So here we are at the end of a fifteen-year friendship . . .

[...]

Yvan Well, who are you talking about? Everybody talks about themselves!

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

pp. 54–56

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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.

IAGO [...] Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

RODERIGO Well.

IAGO Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

RODERIGO I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO Adieu. *Exit*

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe't; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust – though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin – But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leaped into my seat, the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am evened with him, wife for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb – For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too – Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused; Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

* * *

2.

OTHELLO [...] Leave me, Iago.

IAGO [*Going.*] My lord, I take my leave.

OTHELLO Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time. Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place – For sure he fills it up with great ability – Yet if you please to hold him off awhile, You shall by that perceive him and his means. Note if your lady strain his entertainment With any strong or vehement importunity – Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, Let me be thought too busy in my fears – As worthy cause I have to fear I am – And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTHELLO Fear not my government.

IAGO I once more take my leave. *Exit*

OTHELLO This fellow's of exceeding honesty And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard, Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind To prey at fortune. Haply for I am black, And have not those soft parts of conversation That chamberers have, or for I am declined, Into the vale of years – yet that's not much – She's gone, I am abused, and my relief Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage, That we can call these delicate creatures ours And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad And live upon the vapour of a dungeon Than keep a corner in the thing I love For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones, Prerogativèd are they less than the base; 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death: Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O then heaven mocks itself;
I'll not believe it.

* * *

Plays

15. William Shakespeare, *Othello*

3.

EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan
 And die in music: [*Sings*] ‘Willow, willow, willow.’
 Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
 So speaking as I think, I die, I die. *She dies*

OTHELLO I have another weapon in this chamber;
 It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook’s temper.
 O, here it is. – Uncle, I must come forth.

GRATIANO (*Within*) If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
 Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTHELLO Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
 Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[*Enter Gratiano.*]

GRATIANO What is the matter?

OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon:
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier’s thigh. I have seen the day
 That with this little arm and this good sword
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop. But, O vain boast!
 Who can control his fate? ’Tis not so now.
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed:
 Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismayed? ’Tis a lost fear:
 Man but a rush against Othello’s breast,
 And he retires. Where should Othello go?

[*He goes to the bed.*]

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!
 Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
 Even like thy chastity.
 O cursèd, cursèd slave! Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemon! Dead Desdemon! Dead! O! O!

* * *

Plays

16. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

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

1.

VIOLA What's she?
 CAPTAIN A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died; for whose dear love
 (They say) she hath abjured the sight
 And company of men.

VIOLA O that I served that lady,
 And might not be delivered to the world
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is!

CAPTAIN That were hard to compass,
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

VIOLA There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain,
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I well believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I prithee (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him –
 It may be worth thy pains – for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit,
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt

* * *

2.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN [...] It were a bad
 recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO Let me know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere
 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a
 touch of modesty that you will not extort from me
 what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me
 in manners the rather to express myself. You must
 know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian
 (which I called Roderigo); my father was that
 Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard
 of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born
 in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would
 we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that, for some
 hour before you took me from the breach of the sea
 was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled
 me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though
 I could not with such estimable wonder overfar
 believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she
 bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is
 drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem
 to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO If you will not murder me for my love, let me be
 your servant.

SEBASTIAN If you will not undo what you have done, that is,
 kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not.
 Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness,
 and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that,
 upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell
 tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court.
 Farewell. *Exit*

ANTONIO The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
 I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 Else would I very shortly see thee there.
 But come what may, I do adore thee so
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit*

* * *

Plays

16. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*

3.

MALVOLIO Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand;
 Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase,
 Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
 Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;
 And acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck and gull,
 That e'er invention played on? Tell me, why?

OLIVIA Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though I confess much like the character.
 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content;
 This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
 But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

FABIAN Good madam, hear me speak,
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him. Maria writ
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was followed
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weighed,
 That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

* * *

Plays

17. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

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

1.

HALIE'S VOICE: Dodge? (DODGE *just stares at the TV. Long pause. He stifles two short coughs.*) [...] A pill seems as good an answer as any.

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

pp. 8 and 9

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2.

SHELLY: I'm uh—with Vince. [...]

VINCE: [...] (DODGE *stares at him, then takes off his baseball cap.*)

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

pp. 46–48

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

Plays

17. Sam Shepard, *Buried Child*

3.

HALIE: (*To BRADLEY.*) Ansel would've stopped him! [...]

DODGE: It's me! Your grandfather! Don't play stupid with me!
Where's my two bucks!

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

pp. 110 and 111

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Plays

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 [*intensely, fearfully*]: The way y' were lookin' at me just now [...]

BRICK [*wryly*]: Why, thanks, Maggie.

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

pp. 8 and 9

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

2.

MARGARET [*overlapping a bit*]: Turn on the Hi-Fi, Brick! Let's have some music t' start off th' party with!

[...]

Big Daddy has been regarding her with a steady grimace of chronic annoyance.

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

pp. 32 and 33

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

Plays

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

3.

BIG MAMA: Why're you all *surroundin'* me – like this? [...]

MAE: Mommy, be a brave girl!

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

pp. 76 and 77

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Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

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

1.

Hope

To this end, he planted an extra plot of sugar banana [...] desperately trying to determine her destiny.

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

pp. 34 and 35

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.

Shu Yi

I hurried out of class at lunchtime [...] you really want everyone in the room to hear [...]

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

pp. 98 and 99

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Short stories

19. Maxine Beneba Clarke, *Foreign Soil*

3.

The Stilt Fishermen of Kathaluwa

Asanka eases his legs off the sagging bottom bunk [...] They should never have tried to run away.

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

pp. 206–208

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Short stories

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

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

1.

Pigeons, a Pony, the Tomcat and I

Soul of Cat

Neighbours

The tom returned when the sun was eking out a cold light [...] suddenly, that shared bowl of milk.

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

pp. 20 and 21

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.

Plautus: A Memoir of My Years on Earth and Last Days in Space

Soul of Tortoise

Without any bitterness on my behalf [...] aloud to Leonard after dinner in the evening.

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

pp. 131 and 132

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Short stories

20. Ceridwen Dovey, *Only the Animals*

3.

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

Enough of this death talk [...] ravenous for her mother's voice.

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

pp. 229 and 230

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Short stories

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

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

1.

The Shining Houses

Edith brought a pen and they spread the petition for the lane [...] at night into the raw black mountainside.

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

pp. 28 and 29

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

2.

The Office

“Now you came to me and said, Mr. Malley [...] I resolved not to care.

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

pp. 69 and 70

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

Short stories

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

3.

The Peace of Utrecht

“Don’t be guilty, Maddy,” I said softly [...] where it was kept and she said, “But why can’t I, Helen? *Why can’t I?*”

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

pp. 209 and 210

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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 had been injured by some falling masonry [...] who was pouring him some wine from Porto, or rather Oporto.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.), Penguin Classics, 2005
pp. 14 and 15

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.

At last the French coast came into view [...] And philosophizing thus, they arrived in Bordeaux.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.), Penguin Classics, 2005
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.

Other literature

22. Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*

3.

The servants having vanished [...] to Constantinople and finding his dear Cunégonde.

Voltaire, *Candide, or Optimism*,
Theo Cuffe (ed. and trans.), Penguin Classics, 2005
pp. 80–82

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Other literature

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

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

1.

The Boy Behind the Curtain

Looking back I recognize this period as a time [...] to defend myself with jokes and stories.

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

pp. 7 and 8

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

2.

Twice on Sundays

From the church you couldn't quite see the ocean [...] like a musical rub-down.

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

pp. 95 and 96

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Other literature

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

3.

The Demon Shark**II
Predator or Prey?**

In short, the removal of sharks from humane consideration [...] They're usually blokes, I'm sorry to say.

Tim Winton, *The Boy Behind the Curtain*,
Penguin Books, 2016
pp. 209 and 210

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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.

My aunt, Mary Beton, I must tell you [...] They are driven by instincts which are not within their control.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (1929),
Vintage, 2001
pp. 30 and 31

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

2.

Mrs Behn was a middle-class woman [...] in the fourpenny boxes in the Charing Cross Road.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (1929),
Vintage, 2001
pp. 54 and 55

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

Other literature

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

3.

But when I look back through these notes [...] whether one can impart it or not.

Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (1929),
Vintage, 2001
pp. 94 and 95

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Poetry

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

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

1.

In the Grasp of Childhood Fields**Joseph O Legaspi*****Ode to My Mother's Hair***

I remember

[...]

her hair which is always the other half of the world.

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. 10 and 11

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Poetry

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

2.

Slips and Atmospherics

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

The World's a Printing House

There's a mountain in my mind,

[...]

I must be

True to

It.

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. 157 and 158

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3.

Slips and Atmospherics

Arundhathi Subramaniam

Strategist

The trick to deal

[...]

Inhabit the verb.

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. 164 and 165

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Poetry

26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

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

1.

441

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

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

* * *

2.

754

My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –
In Corners – till a Day
The Owner passed – identified –
And carried Me away –

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods –
And now We hunt the Doe –
And every time I speak for Him –
The Mountains straight reply –

And do I smile, such cordial light
Upon the Valley glow –
It is as a Vesuvian face
Had let its pleasure through –

And when at Night – Our good Day done –
I guard My Master's Head –
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's
Deep Pillow – to have shared –

To foe of His – I'm deadly foe –
None stir the second time –
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye –
Or an emphatic Thumb –

Though I than He – may longer live
He longer must – than I –
For I have but the power to kill,
Without – the power to die –

* * *

Poetry

26. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*

3.

986

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides –
You may have met Him – did you not
His notice sudden is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb –
A spotted shaft is seen –
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on –

He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn –
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot –
I more than once at Noon
Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled, and was gone –

Several of Nature's People
I know, and they know me –
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality –

But never met this Fellow
Attended, or alone
Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the Bone –

* * *

Poetry

27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

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

1.

The Night Dances

A smile fell in the grass.

[...]

Touching and melting.
Nowhere.

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

pp. 19 and 20

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2.

Nick and the Candlestick

I am a miner. The light burns blue.

[...]

You are the baby in the barn.

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

pp. 32 and 33

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

Poetry

27. Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*

3.

Daddy

I have always been scared of *you*,

[...]

Daddy, you can lie back now.

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

pp. 49 and 50

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Poetry

28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

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

1.

Winter Dawn

At five I wake, rise, rub on the smoking pane

[...]

Waken me with old earth, keep me awake!

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

pp. 16 and 17

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2.

The Night-Ride

Gas flaring on the yellow platform; voices running up and down;

[...]

Gaslight and milk-cans. Of Raptown I recall nothing else.

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

p. 39

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Poetry

28. Kenneth Slessor, *Selected Poems*

3.

Five Bells

Time that is moved by little fidget wheels

[...]

And differant curioes that I obtained ...”

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

pp. 123–125

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Poetry

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
a verse for the cheated

growing up on the southern fringe of the Sunshine Coast

[...]

and to pick a few off on our way

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

pp. 27 and 28

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2.

2000
boondall wetlands
poem 9

how do you know?

[...]

our ears were content with?

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

pp. 67 and 68

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Poetry

29. Samuel Wagan Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

3.

2002***itinerant blues******jaded olympic moments****for Jennifer Cullen*

they made their way through the sliding-door

[...]

as Cathy Freeman's gold

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

pp. 126 and 127

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Poetry

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)

Feral Cow

Great Western Highway

She tap-dances on the edge of the road,

[...]

tongue-spiking spinifex.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,

John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

p. 26

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2.

The Incoming Tide (2007)

Southbank

I

When the system crashes, and the screens,

[...]

fulfilled and/or consumed us.

Petra White, *A Hunger*,

John Leonard Press, 2018 (revised edition)

pp. 108 and 109

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Poetry

30. Petra White, *A Hunger*

3.

*The Incoming Tide (2007)**Karri Forest**near Manjimup, Western Australia*

It swirls you in its poem, slows the protester

[...]

convinces, as one's guilt always feels right.

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

p. 143

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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

