



National
Qualifications
SPECIMEN ONLY

SQ11/AH/12

**English
Textual Analysis**

Date — Not applicable

Duration — 1 hour and 30 minutes

Total marks — 20

Attempt **ONLY** Part A **OR** Part B **OR** Part C **OR** Part D

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet, you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue** or **black** ink.

Before leaving the examination room you must give your answer booklet to the Invigilator; if you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



* S Q 1 1 A H 1 2 *

TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

Your answer should take the form of a CRITICAL ANALYSIS appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Attempt ONLY Part A OR Part B OR Part C OR Part D.

PART A — POETRY

Read carefully *Daed-traa* (2008) by Jen Hadfield and then answer the question that follows it.

Jen Hadfield lives in Shetland and often incorporates some Shetlandic dialect into her poetry. “Daed-traa” means the slack of the tide, a still, quiet moment in the sea before the tide changes direction.

Daed-traa by Jen Hadfield

I go to the rockpool at the slack of the tide
to mind me what my poetry’s for.

It has its ventricles, just like us -
pumping brine, like bull’s blood, a syrupy flow.

5 It has its theatre -
hushed and plush.

It has its Little Shop of Horrors.
It has its crossed and dotted monsters.

10 It has its cross-eyed beetling Lear.
It has its billowing Monroe.

I go to the rockpool at the slack of the tide
to mind me what my poetry’s for.

15 For monks, it has barnacles
to sweep the broth as it flows, with fans,
grooming every cubic millimetre.

It has its ebb, the easy heft of wrack from rock,
Like plastered, feverish locks of hair.

20 It has its flodd¹.
It has its welling god
With puddled, podgy cheeks and jaw.

It has its holy hiccup.

Its minute’s silence

daed-traa

25 I go to the rockpool at the slack of the tide
to mind me what my poetry’s for.

¹ flodd - the flood tide, the tide coming in

Question

Discuss the features of the poem that you found interesting and the ways in which they helped to shape your understanding of it.

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully the extract from *Wonder Boys* by Michael Chabon (1995) and then answer the question that follows it.

In this extract Grady Tripp looks back on his first meeting with Terry Crabtree when they were at college. Grady is an acclaimed writer struggling to finish his fourth novel, “Wonder Boys”. He is also a creative writing teacher at Coxley College, Pittsburgh. Terry Crabtree becomes his editor and lifelong friend, and it is his visit to Pittsburgh to visit Grady to discuss the completion of his new novel that is the catalyst for this flashback and for a wild and life-changing weekend.

***Wonder Boys* by Michael Chabon**

Terry Crabtree and I met at the start of our junior year, when we landed in the same short-story class, an introductory course I’d tried every semester to get into. Crabtree had signed up for it on an impulse, and gotten in on the strength of a story he’d written in the tenth grade, about an encounter, at a watering place, between the ageing Sherlock Holmes and a youthful Adolph
5 Hitler, who has come from Vienna to Carlsbad to rob invalid ladies of their jewelry. It was a remarkable trick for a fifteen-year-old to have performed, but it was unique; Crabtree had written nothing since then, not a line. The story had weird sexual undertones, as, it must be said, did its author. He was then an awkward, frail young man, his face all forehead and teeth, and he kept to himself, at the back of the class, dressed in a tight, unfashionable suit and tie, a
10 red cashmere scarf tucked like an ascot into his raised lapels when the weather turned cool. I sat in my own corner of the room, sporting a new beard and a pair of little round wire-rims, and took careful notes on everything the teacher had to say.

The teacher was a real writer, too, a lean, handsome cow-boy writer from an old Central Valley ranching family, who revered Faulkner and who in his younger days had published a fat, controversial novel that was made into a movie with Robert Mitchum and Mercedes
15 McCambridge. He was given to epigrams and I filled an entire notebook, since lost, with his gnomic utterances, all of which every night I committed to the care of my memory, since ruined. I swear but cannot independently confirm that one of them ran, “At the end of every short story the reader should feel as if a cloud has been lifted from the face of the moon.” He wore a
20 patrician manner and boots made of rattlesnake hide, and he drove an E-type Jaguar, but his teeth were bad, the fly of his trousers was always agape, and his family life was a semi- notorious farrago of legal proceedings, the kind of person who in one moment could guess with breathtaking coldness, at the innermost sorrow in your heart, and in the next moment turn and, with a cheery wave of farewell, march blithely through a plate-glass window, requiring twenty-
25 two stitches in his cheek.

It was in this man’s class that I first began to wonder if people who write fiction were not suffering from some kind of disorder — from what I’ve since come to think of, remembering the wild nocturnal rocking of Albert Vetch, as the midnight disease. The midnight disease is a kind of emotional insomnia; at every conscious moment its victim — even if he or she writes at dawn
30 or in the middle of the afternoon — feels like a person lying in a sweltering bedroom, with the window thrown open, looking up at a sky filled with stars and airplanes, listening to the narrative of a rattling blind, an ambulance, a fly trapped in a Coke bottle, while all around him the neighbours soundly sleep. This is in my opinion why writers — like insomniacs — are so accident-prone, so obsessed with the calculus of bad luck and missed opportunities, so liable to
35 rumination and a concomitant inability to let go of a subject, even when urged to do so.

But these are observations I made only later, over the course of many years’ exposure to the workings of the midnight disease. At the time I was simply intimidated, by our teacher’s fame, by his snakeskin boots, and by the secrets of the craft which I believed him to possess. The class covered two stories every session, and in the first go-around I held the last slot on the schedule,
40 along with Crabtree, who, I noticed, made no effort whatever to write down the axioms that

filled the smoky air of the classroom, nor ever had anything to contribute to the class beyond an occasional terse but unfailingly polite comment on the banality of the work under discussion that afternoon. Naturally his aloofness was taken for arrogance, and he was thought to be a snob, in particular when he wore his cashmere scarf; but I had noticed from the first how bitten were his
45 nails, how soft and unimposing his voice, how he flinched whenever someone addressed him. He stayed in his corner, in his ill-fitting suit, looking forever pale and faintly queasy, as though our company disgusted him but he was too kind to let on.

He was suffering from the disease, I suspected — but was I?

Hitherto I'd always felt certain of my own ability, but as the weeks passed, and we were
50 burdened with all the inescapable shibboleths and bugbears of the trade of writing — knowing what was “at stake” in a story, where the mystical fairy-fire of epiphany ought to be set dancing above a character's head, the importance of what our teacher liked to call “spiritual danger” to good characterisation — the inevitable overshadowing of my own effort by cool Crabtree's made it impossible for me to finish anything. I stayed up all night long at the typewriter for the week
55 before my story was due, drinking bourbon and trying to untangle the terrible symbolical mess I had made out of a simple story my grandmother once told me about a mean black rooster that killed her dog when she was a little girl.

At six o'clock on the last morning I gave up, and decided to do an unconscionable thing. My mind had been wandering for the last hour through the rooms in which my grandmother had
60 passed her life (a year before this I'd telephoned home from some booth in the middle of nowhere, Kansas, and learned that the woman who raised me had died of pneumonia that very morning), and all at once, with the burnt-sugar flavour of bourbon in my mouth, I found myself thinking about Albert Vetch and the hundreds of forgotten stories into which he had poured all the bitterness of his cosmic insomnia. There was one story I remembered fairly well — it was
65 one of his best — called “Sister of Darkness.” It was about an amateur archaeologist, naturally, who lived with his invalid spinster sister in a turreted old house, and who, in the course of poking around the ruins of a local Indian burial mound, stumbled upon a queer, non-Indian sarcophagus, empty, bearing the faded image of a woman with a sinister grin, which he carted home in the dead of night and with which he became obsessed. In the course of restoring the
70 object he cut his hand on a razor blade, and at the splash of his blood upon it the sarcophagus at once grew warm and emitted an odd radiance; his hand was healed, and at the same time he felt himself suffused with a feeling of intense well-being. After a couple of tests on hapless household pets, which he injured and then restored, our man persuaded his crippled little sister to lie in the sarcophagus and thus heal her poliomyelitis legs, whereupon she was transformed,
75 somewhat inexplicably as I recalled, into an incarnation of Yshtaxta, a succubus from a distant galaxy who forced the hero to lie with her — Van Zorn's genre permitted a certain raciness, as long as the treatment was grotesque and euphemistic — and then, having drained the life force from the unlucky hero, set out to take on the rest of the town, or so I imagined, half hoping that a luminous ten-foot woman with fangs and immortal cravings might appear sometime at my own
80 window in the most lonely hour of the Pennsylvanian night.

I set to work reassembling the story as well as I could. I toned down the occult elements by turning the whole nameless-Thing-from-beyond-Time component into a weird psychosis on the part of my first-person narrator, played up the theme of incest, and added more sex. I wrote in
85 a fever and it took about six hours to do. When I was finished I had to run all the way to class and I walked into the room five minutes late. The teacher was already reading Crabtree's story aloud, which was his favoured way of having us “experience” a story, and it didn't take me long to recognise that I was hearing, not a garbled and badly Faulknerized rehash of an obscure gothic horror story by an unknown writer, but the original “Sister of Darkness,” by the clear, lean, unexcitable prose of August Van Zorn himself. The shock I felt at my own game was
90 equalled only by my surprise on learning that I wasn't the only person in the world who'd ever read the work of poor old Albert Vetch, and in the midst of my mortification, of the dread that stole over my heart as the professor slid each page of the manuscript under the last, I felt the first glow of the flickering love I continue to bear for Terry Crabtree.

I said nothing during the discussion that followed the reading of Van Zorn's story; nobody liked it
95 much — we were all too serious-minded to enjoy such a piece of black foolery, and too young to
catch the undertone of sorrow in its style — but nobody recognised it either. I was the one who
was going to get busted. I handed my story to the professor, and he began to read, in his
manner that was flat and dry as ranchland and as filled with empty space. I've never been able
to decide if it was his tedious way of reading, or the turgid unpunctuated labyrinthine sentences
100 of Mocknapatawpha prose with which he was forced to contend, or the total over-the-top
incomprehensibility of my demysticized, hot-hot-sexy finale, composed in ten minutes after
forty-six hours without sleep, but, in the end, nobody noticed that it was essentially the same
story as Crabtree's. The professor finished, and looked at me with an expression at once sad and
benedictory, as though he were envisioning the fine career I was to have as a wire-and-cable
105 salesman. Those who had fallen asleep roused themselves, and a brief, dispirited discussion
followed, during which the professor allowed that my writing showed "undeniable energy". Ten
minutes later I was walking down Bancroft Way, headed for home, embarrassed, disappointed,
but somehow undiscouraged; the story hadn't really been mine, after all. I felt oddly buzzed,
almost happy, as I considered the undeniable energy of my writing, the torrent of world-altering
110 stories that now poured into my mind demanding to be written, and the simple joyous fact that I
had gotten away with my scam.

Or nearly so; as I stopped at the corner of Dwight, I felt a tap on my shoulder, and I turned to
find Crabtree, his eyes bright, his red cashmere scarf fluttering out behind him.

"August Van Zorn," he said, holding out his hand.

115 "August Van Zorn," I said. We shook. "Unbelievable."

"I have no talent," he said. "What's your excuse?"

"Desperation. Have you read any of his others?"

"A lot of them. 'The Eaters of Men'. 'The Case of Edward Angell'. 'The House on Polfax
Street'. He's great. I can't believe you've heard of him."

120 "Listen," I said, thinking that I had done far more than hear of Albert Vetch. "Do you want to
get a beer?"

"I never drink," said Crabtree. "Buy me a cup of coffee."

I wanted a beer, but coffee was undeniably easier to be had in the purlieu of the University, so
we went into a café, one that I'd been avoiding for the past couple of weeks, since it was a
125 haunt of that tender and perceptive philosophy major who'd pleaded so sweetly with me not to
fritter away my gift. A couple of years later I would marry her for a little while.

"There's a table under the stairs, at the back," said Crabtree. "I often sit there. I don't like to
be seen."

"Why is that?"

130 "I prefer to remain a mystery to my peers."

"I see. So why are you talking to me?"

"The Sister of Darkness," he said. "It took me a few pages to catch on, you know. It was the
line about the angle of his widow's peak lying 'slightly out of true with the remainder of his
face'."

135 "I must have remembered that one wholesale," I said. "I was working from memory."

"You must have a sick memory, then."

"But at least I have talent."

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of some of the principal means by which Michael Chabon presents
Grady Tripp's experiences.

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Read carefully the extract which is the opening to Laurie Lee’s autobiographical book *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning* (1934) and then answer the question that follows it.

As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning by Laurie Lee

The stooping figure of my mother, waist-deep in the grass and caught there like a piece of sheep’s wool, was the last I saw of my country home as I left it to discover the world. She stood old and bent at the top of the bank, silently watching me go, one gnarled red hand raised in farewell and blessing, not questioning why I went. At the bend of the road I looked back again
5 and saw the gold light die behind her; then I turned the corner, passed the village school, and closed that part of my life forever.

It was a bright Sunday morning in early June, the right time to be leaving home. My three sisters and a brother had already gone before me; two other brothers had yet to make up their minds. They were still sleeping that morning, but my mother had got up early and cooked me a heavy
10 breakfast, had stood wordlessly while I ate it, her hand on my chair, and had then helped me pack up my few belongings. There had been no fuss, no appeals, no attempts at advice or persuasion, only a long and searching look. Then, with my bags on my back, I’d gone out into the early sunshine and climbed through the long grass to the road.

It was 1934. I was nineteen years old, still soft at the edges, but with a confident belief in good
15 fortune. I carried a small rolled-up tent, a violin in a blanket, a change of clothes, a tin of treacle biscuits, and some cheese. I was excited, vain-glorious, knowing I had far to go; but not, as yet, how far. As I left home that morning and walked away from the sleeping village, it never occurred to me that others had done this before me.

I was propelled, of course, by the traditional forces that had sent many generations along this
20 road — by the small tight valley closing in around one, stifling the breath with its mossy mouth, the cottage walls narrowing like the arms of an iron maiden, the local girls whispering, “Marry, and settle down.” Months of restless unease, leading to this inevitable moment, had been spent wandering about the hills, mournfully whistling, and watching the high open fields stepping away eastwards under gigantic clouds . . .

25 And now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand. Naturally, I was going to London, which lay a hundred miles to the east; and it seemed equally obvious that I should go on foot. But first, as I’d never yet seen the sea, I thought I’d walk to the coast and find it. This would add another hundred miles to my journey, going by way of Southampton. But I had all the summer and all time to spend.

30 The first day alone — and now I was really alone at last — steadily declined in excitement and vigour. As I tramped through the dust towards the Wiltshire Downs a growing reluctance weighed me down. White elder-blossom and dog-roses hung in the hedges, blank as unwritten paper, and the hot empty road — there were few motor cars then — reflected Sunday’s waste and indifference. High sulky summer sucked me towards it, and I offered no resistance at all.
35 Through the solitary morning and afternoon I found myself longing for some opposition or rescue, for the sound of hurrying footsteps coming after me and family voices calling me back.

None came. I was free. I was affronted by freedom. The day’s silence said, Go where you will. It’s all yours. You asked for it. It’s up to you now. You’re on your own, and nobody’s going to stop you. As I walked, I was taunted by echoes of home, by the tinkling sounds of the kitchen,
40 shafts of sun from the windows falling across the familiar furniture, across the bedroom and the bed I had left.

When I judged it to be tea-time I sat on an old stone wall and opened my tin of treacle biscuits. As I ate them, I could hear mother banging the kettle on the hob and my brothers rattling their tea-cups. The biscuits tasted sweetly of the honeyed squalor of home — still only a dozen miles
45 away.

I might have turned back then if it hadn't been for my brothers, but I couldn't have borne the look on their faces. So I got off the wall and went on my way. The long evening shadows pointed to folded villages, homing cows, and after-church walkers. I tramped the edge of the road, watching my dusty feet, not stopping again for a couple of hours.

50 When darkness came, full of moths and beetles, I was too weary to put up the tent. So I lay myself down in the middle of a field and stared up at the brilliant stars. I was oppressed by the velvety emptiness of the world and the swathes of soft grass I lay on. Then the fumes of the night finally put me to sleep — my first night without a roof or bed.

I was woken soon after midnight by drizzling rain on my face, the sky black and the stars all
55 gone. Two cows stood over me, windily sighing, and the wretchedness of that moment haunts me still. I crawled into a ditch and lay awake till dawn, soaking alone in that nameless field. But when the sun rose in the morning the feeling of desolation was over. Birds sang, and the grass steamed warmly. I got up and shook myself, ate a piece of cheese, and turned again to the south.

60 Now I came down through Wiltshire, burning my roots behind me and slowly getting my second wind; taking it easy, idling through towns and villages, and knowing what it was like not to have to go to work. Four years as a junior in that gaslit office in Stroud had kept me pretty closely tied. Now I was tasting the extravagant quality of being free on a weekday, say at eleven
65 o'clock in the morning, able to scuff down a side-road and watch a man herding sheep, or a stalking cat in the grass, or to beg a screw of tea from a housewife and carry it into a wood and spend an hour boiling a can of spring water.

As for this pocket of England through which I found myself walking, it seemed to me immense. A motor car, of course, could have crossed it in a couple of hours, but it took me the best part of a week, treading it slowly, smelling its different soils, spending a whole morning working round a
70 hill. I was lucky, I know, to have been setting out at that time, in a landscape not yet bulldozed for speed. Many of the country roads still followed their original tracks, drawn by packhorse or lumbering cartwheel, hugging the curve of a valley or yielding to a promontory like the wandering line of stream. It was not, after all, so very long ago, but no one could make that journey today. Most of the old roads have gone, and the motor car, since then, has begun to cut
75 up the landscape to pieces, through which the hunched-up traveller races at gutter height, seeing less than a dog in a ditch.

But for me, at that time, everything I saw was new, and I could pass it slowly through the hours of the day. While still only a day's march from home, coming through Malmesbury and Chippenham, already I noticed different shades of speech. Then a day or so later I passed down
80 the Wylde Valley and came out on to a cast rolling plain — a sweep of old dry land covered with shaggy grass which looked as though it had just been cropped by mammoths. Still vague about places, I was unprepared for the delicate spire that rose suddenly out of the empty plain. As I walked, it went before me, gliding behind the curve of the hill and giving no hint of the city beneath it.

85 Just a spire in the grass; my first view of Salisbury, and the better for not being expected. When I entered the city I found it was market day, the square crowded with bone-thin sheep. Farmers stood round in groups talking sideways to each other and looking in opposite directions. The pubs were bursting with dealers counting out crumpled money. Shepherds and dogs sat around on the pavements. Supreme above all towered the misty cathedral, still prince of the horizontal
90 town, throwing its slow shifting shade across the market square and jingling handfuls of bells like coins.

After a week on the road I finally arrived at Southampton, where I'd been told I would see the sea. Instead, I saw a few rusty cranes and a compressed looking liner wedged tightly between some houses; also some sad allotments fringing a muddy river which they said was Southampton
 95 Water.

Southampton Town, on the other hand, came up to all expectations, proving to be salty and shifty in turns, like some ship-jumping sailor who'd turned his back on the sea in a desperate attempt to make good on land. The streets near the water appeared to be jammed with shops designed more for entertainment than profit, including tattooists, ear-piercers, bump-readers,
 100 fortune-tellers, wheel-bars, and pudding boilers. There were also shops selling kites and Chinese paper dragons, coloured sands and tropical birds; and lots of little step-down taverns panelled with rum-soaked timbers and reeking of pickled eggs and onions.

As I'd been sleeping in fields for a week, I thought it was time I tried a bed again, so I went to a doss-house down by the docks. The landlady, an old hag with a tooth like a tin-opener, said it
 105 would cost me a shilling a night, demanded the money in advance, treated me to a tumblerful of whisky, then showed me up to the attic.

Early next morning she brought me a cup of tea and some water in a wooden bucket. She looked at me vaguely and asked what ship I was from, and only grunted when I said I'd come from
 110 Stroud. Then she spotted my violin hanging on the end of the bed and gave it a twang with her long blue nails.

“Well, hey diddle diddle, I reckon,” she muttered, and skipped nimbly out of the room.

Presently I got up and dressed, stuck my violin under my jacket, and went out into the streets to try my luck. It was now or never. I must face it now, or pack up and go back home. I wandered
 115 about for an hour looking for a likely spot, feeling as though I were about to commit a crime. Then I stopped at last under a bridge near the station and decided to have a go.

I felt tense and shaky. It was the first time, after all. I drew the violin from my coat like a gun. It was here, in Southampton, with trains rattling overhead, that I was about to declare myself. One moment I was part of the hurrying crowds, the next I stood nakedly apart, my back to the
 wall, my hat on the pavement next to me, the violin under my chin.

120 The first notes I played were loud and raw, like a hoarse declaration of protest, then they settled down and began to run more smoothly and to stay more or less in tune. To my surprise, I was neither arrested nor told to shut up. Indeed, nobody took any notice at all. Then an old man, without stopping, surreptitiously tossed a penny into my hat as though getting rid of some guilty evidence.

125 Other pennies followed, slowly but steadily, dropped by shadows who appeared not to see or hear me. It was as though the note of the fiddle touched some subconscious nerve that had to be answered — like a baby's cry. When I'd finished the first tune there was over a shilling in my hat: it seemed too easy, like a confidence trick. But I was elated now; I felt that wherever I went from here this was a trick I could always live by.

130 I worked the streets of Southampton for several days, gradually acquiring the truths of the trade. Obvious enough to old-timers, and simple, once learnt, I had to get them by trial and error. It was not a good thing, for instance, to let the hat fill up with money — the sight could discourage the patron; nor was it wise to empty it completely, which could also confuse him, giving him no hint as to where to drop his money. Placing a couple of pennies in the hat to start
 135 the thing going soon became an unvarying ritual; making sure, between tunes, to take off the cream, but always leaving two pennies behind.

Slow melodies were best, encouraging people to dawdle (Irish jigs sent them whizzing past); but it also seemed wise to play as well as one was able rather than to ape the dirge of the professional waif. To arouse pity or guilt was always good for a penny, but that was as far as it got you; while a tuneful appeal to the ear, played with sober zest, might often be rewarded with silver.

Old ladies were most generous, and so were women with children, shoppings, typists, and barmaids. As for the men: heavy drinkers were always receptive, so were big chaps with muscles, bookies, and punters. But never a man with a bowler, briefcase, or dog; respectable types were the tightest of all. Except for retired army officers, who would bark, "Why aren't you working, young man?" and then over-tip to hide their confusion.

Certain tunes, I discovered, always raised a response, while others touched off nothing at all. The most fruitful were invariably the tea-room classics and certain of the juicier national ballads. "Loch Lomond", "Wales! Wales!", and "The Rose of Tralee" called up their supporters from any crowd — as did "Largo", "Ave Maria", Toselli's "Serenade", and "The Whistler and His Dog". The least rewarding, as I said, was anything quick or flashy, such as "The Devil's Trill" or "Picking up Sticks", which seemed to throw the pedestrian right out of his stride and completely shatter his charitable rhythm.

All in all, my apprenticeship proved profitable and easy, and I soon lost my pavement nerves. It became a greedy pleasure to go out into the streets, to take up my stand by the station or market, and start sawing away at some moony melody and watch the pennies and halfpennies grow. Those first days in Southampton were a kind of obsession; I was out in the streets from morning till night moving from pitch to pitch in a gold-dust fever, playing till the tips of my fingers burned.

When I judged Southampton to have taken about as much as it could, I decided to move on eastwards. Already I felt like a veteran, and on my way out of town I went into a booth to have my photograph taken. The picture was developed in a bucket in less than a minute, and has lasted over thirty years. I still have a copy before me of that summer ghost — a pale, oleaginous shade, posed daintily before a landscape of tattered canvas, his old clothes powdered with dust. He wears a sloppy slouch hat, heavy boots, baggy trousers, tent and fiddle slung over his shoulders, and from the long empty face gaze a pair of egg-shell eyes, unhatched, and unrecognizable now.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the ways in which the writer engages your interest in this period of his life and his reflections on it.

[Turn over

OR

PART D — DRAMA

Read carefully the extract from the seventeenth-century play *The Rover* (sometimes called *The Banish't Cavaliers*) by Aphra Behn and then answer the question that follows it.

The following extract is the opening of the play. Set in Naples at carnival time, we are introduced to two sisters, Florinda and Hellena. As custom of the time dictated, the oldest sister Florinda is to be married off and the younger sister Hellena is to be sent to a convent to become a nun.

Characters in this extract:

Florinda: older sister

Hellena: Florinda's younger sister

Don Pedro: Florinda's and Hellena's brother

Stephano: Pedro's servant

Callis: the governess of Florinda and Hellena

Other characters mentioned in this extract:

Don Vincentio: an old nobleman

Colonel Belvile: an English soldier

Don Antonio: a friend of Pedro, nobleman, and son of a Viceroy

Valeria: the cousin of Florinda and Hellena

The Rover by Aphra Behn

**The Rover
Act I
SCENE I A Chamber**

Enter Florinda and Hellena.

FLORINDA: What an impertinent thing is a young girl bred in a nunnery! How full of questions! Prithee no more, Hellena; I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

HELLENA: The more's my grief. I would fain know as much as you, which makes me so inquisitive; nor is't enough I know you're a lover, unless you tell me too who 'tis you sigh for.

FLORINDA: When you're a lover, I'll think you fit for a secret of that nature.

HELLENA: 'Tis true, I never was a lover yet, but I begin to have a shrewd guess what 'tis to be so, and fancy it very pretty to sigh, and sing, and blush, and wish, and dream and wish, and long and wish to see the man; and when I do, look pale and tremble, just as you did when my brother brought home the fine English colonel to see you. What do you call him? Don Belvile?

FLORINDA: Fie, Hellena.

HELLENA: That blush betrays you. I am sure 'tis so. Or is it Don Antonio the Viceroy's son? Or perhaps the rich Don Vincentio, whom my father designs you for a husband? Why do you blush again?

FLORINDA: With indignation; and how near soever my father thinks I am to marrying that hated object, I shall let him see I understand better what's due to my beauty, birth and fortune, and more to my soul, than to obey those unjust commands.

20 HELLENA: Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear disobedience. I love mischief strangely, as most of our sex do who are come to love nothing else. But tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that fine *Anglese*¹? For I vow, next to loving him myself, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so gay and so handsome.

25 FLORINDA: Hellea, a maid designed for a nun ought not to be so curious in a discourse of love.

HELLENA: And dost thou think that ever I'll be a nun? Or at least till I'm so old I'm fit for nothing else? Faith no, sister; and that which makes me long to know whether you love Belvile, is because I hope he has some mad companion or other that will spoil my devotion. Nay, I'm resolved to provide myself this Carnival, if there be e'er a handsome proper fellow of my humour above ground, though I ask first.

30 FLORINDA: Prithee be not so wild.

HELLENA: Now you have provided yourself of a man you take no care for poor me. Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for love? Have I not a world of youth? A humour gay? A beauty passable? A vigour desirable? Well shaped? Clean limbed? Sweet breathed? And sense enough to know how all these ought to be employed to the best advantage? Yes, I do and will; therefore lay aside your hopes of my fortune, by my being a devote², and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile. For I perceive you knew him before he came to Naples.

35 FLORINDA: Yes, I knew him at the siege of Pamplona³; he was then a colonel of French horse, who, when the town was ransacked, nobly treated my brother and myself, preserving us from all insolences. And I must own, besides great obligations, I have I know not what that pleads kindly for him about my heart, and will suffer no other to enter. But see, my brother.

40

Enter DON PEDRO, STEPHANO with a masquing habit, and CALLIS.

PEDRO: Good morrow, Sister. Pray when saw you your lover Don Vincentio?

45 FLORINDA: I know not, Sir. Callis, when was he here? For I consider it so little I know not when it was.

PEDRO: I have a command from my father here to tell you you ought not to despise him, a man of so vast a fortune, and such a passion for you. — Stephano, my things.

Puts on his masquing habit.

50 FLORINDA: A Passion for me? 'Tis more than e'er I saw, or he had a desire should be known. I hate Vincentio, sir, and I would not have a man so dear to me as my brother follow the ill customs of our country and make a slave of his sister. And, sir, my father's will I'm sure you may divert.

PEDRO: I know not how dear I am to you, but I wish only to be ranked in your esteem equal with the English colonel Belvile. Why do you frown and blush? Is there any guilt belongs to the name of that cavalier?

55

1 Englishman

2 Nun

3 Spanish city often under siege

FLORINDA: I'll not deny I value Belvile. When I was exposed to such dangers as the licenced lust of common soldiers threatened, when rage and conquest flew through the city, then Belvile, this criminal for my sake, threw himself into all dangers to save my honour. And will you not allow him my esteem?

60 PEDRO: Yes, pay him what you will in honour, but you must consider Don Vincentio's fortune, and the jointure¹ he'll make you.

FLORINDA: Let him consider my youth, beauty and fortune, which ought not to be thrown away on his age and jointure.

65 PEDRO: 'Tis true, he's not so young and fine a gentleman as that Belvile. But what jewels will that cavalier present you with? Those of his eyes and heart?

HELLENA: And are not those better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?

PEDRO: Why, how now! Has your nunnery breeding taught you to understand the value of hearts and eyes?

70 HELLENA: Better than to believe Vincentio's deserve value from any woman. He may perhaps increase her bags, but not her family.

PEDRO: This is fine! Go! Up to your devotion! You are not designed for the conversation of lovers.

HELLENA: [*aside*] Nor saints yet awhile I hope. — Is't not enough you make a nun of me, but you must cast my sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious life?

75 PEDRO: The girl's mad! Is it a confinement to be carried into the country to an ancient villa belonging to the family of the Vincentios these five hundred years, and have no other prospect than that pleasing one of seeing all her own that meets her eyes: a fine air, large fields, and gardens, where she may walk and gather flowers?

80 HELLENA: When, by moonlight? For I am sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the sun; that were a task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian breeding, who loves it in the dog days. And if these be her daily divertisements, what are those of the night? To lie in a wide moth-eaten bedchamber with furniture in fashion in the reign of King Sancho the First; the bed, that which his forefathers lived and died in.

85 PEDRO: Very well.

HELLENA: This apartment, new furbished and fitted out for the young wife, he out of freedom makes his dressing room; and being a frugal and a jealous coxcomb, instead of a valet to uncase his feeble carcass, he desires you to do that office. Signs of favour, I'll assure you, and such as you must not hope for unless your woman be out of the way.

90 PEDRO: Have you done yet?

HELLENA: That honour being past, the giant stretches itself, yawns and sighs a belch or two, loud as a musket, throws himself into bed, and expects you in his foul sheets; and e'er you can get yourself undressed, calls you with a snore or two. And are not these fine blessings to a young lady?

95 PEDRO: Have you done yet?

HELLENA: And this man you must kiss, nay you must kiss none but him too, and nuzzle through his beard to find his lips. And this you must submit to for threescore years, and all for a jointure.

100 PEDRO: For all your character of Don Vincentio, she is as like to marry him as she was before.

¹ Estate settled on a woman in consideration of marriage

HELLENA: Marry Don Vincentio! Hang me, such a wedlock would be worse than adultery with
 105 another man. I had rather see her in the *Hostel de Dieu*¹, to waste her youth there in vows, and be a handmaid to lazers and cripples, than to lose it in such a marriage.

PEDRO: You have considered, sister, that Belvile has no fortune to bring you to; banished his country, despised at home, and pitied abroad.

HELLENA: What then? The viceroy's son is better than that Old Sir Fifty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! He thinks he's trading to Gambo still, and would barter himself — that bell and bauble — for your youth and fortune.

PEDRO: Callis, take her hence and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent she shall begin her everlasting penance in a monastery.

HELLENA: I care not; I had rather be a nun than be obliged to marry as you would have me if
 115 I were designed for't.

PEDRO: Do not fear the blessing of that choice. You shall be a nun.

HELLENA: [*aside*] Shall I so? You may chance to be mistaken in my way of devotion. A nun! Yes, I am like to make a fine nun! I have an excellent humour for a grate! No, I'll have a saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.

120 PEDRO: Callis, make it your business to watch this wildcat. — As for you, Florinda, I've only tried you all this while and urged my father's will; but mine is that you would love Antonio: he is brave and young, and all that can complete the happiness of a gallant maid. This absence of my father will give us opportunity to free you from Vincentio by marrying here, which you must do tomorrow.

125 FLORINDA: Tomorrow!

PEDRO: Tomorrow, or 'twill be too late. 'Tis not my friendship to Antonio, which makes me urge this, but love to thee and hatred to Vincentio; therefore resolve upon tomorrow.

FLORINDA: Sir, I shall strive to do as shall become your sister.

130 PEDRO: I'll both believe and trust you. Adieu.

Exeunt PEDRO and STEPHANO.

HELLENA: As becomes his sister! That is to be as resolved your way as he is his.

HELLENA goes to CALLIS.

FLORINDA: I ne'er till now perceived my ruin near.
 I've no defence against Antonio's love,
 For he has all the advantages of nature,
 135 The moving arguments of youth and fortune.

HELLENA: But hark you, Callis, you will not be so cruel to lock me up indeed, will you?

CALLIS: I must obey the commands I have. Besides, do you consider what a life you are going to lead?

HELLENA: Yes, Callis, that of a nun; and till then I'll be indebted a world of prayers to you
 140 if you let me now see what I never did, the divertisements of a Carnival.

CALLIS: What, go in masquerade? 'Twill be a fine farewell to the world, I take it. Pray what would you do there?

¹ Hospital run by a religious order

HELLENA: That which all the world does, as I am told: be as mad as the rest and take
145 all innocent freedoms. Sister, you'll go too, will you not? Come, prithee be not
sad. We'll outwit twenty brothers, if you'll be ruled by me. Come, put off
this dull humour with your clothes, and assume one as gay and as fantastic as
the dress my cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

FLORINDA: Callis, will you give us leave to go?

CALLIS: *[aside]* I have a youthful itch of going myself. – Madam, if I thought your brother
150 might not know it, and I might wait on you; for by my troth I'll not trust young
girls alone.

FLORINDA: Thou see'st my brother's gone already, and thou shalt attend and watch us.
Enter STEPHANO.

STEPHANO: Madam, the habits are come, and your cousin Valeria is dressed and stays for you.

FLORINDA: *[aside]* 'Tis well. I'll write a note, and if I chance to see Belvile and want an
155 opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know what I've resolved in favour
of him.

HELLENA: Come, let's in and dress us.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the ways in which Behn presents the role of the female in society in this extract.

[END OF SPECIMEN QUESTION PAPER]

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SQ11/AH/12

**English
Textual Analysis**

Marking Instructions

These Marking Instructions have been provided to show how SQA would mark this Specimen Question Paper.

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This information is provided to help you understand the general principles you must apply when marking candidate responses to questions in this Paper. These principles must be read in conjunction with the Detailed Marking Instructions, which identify the key features required in candidate responses.

- (a) Marks for each candidate response must always be assigned in line with these General Marking Principles and the Detailed Marking Instructions for this assessment.
- (b) Marking should always be positive. This means that, for each candidate response, marks are accumulated for the demonstration of relevant skills, knowledge and understanding: they are not deducted from a maximum on the basis of errors or omissions.

The Detailed Marking Instructions indicate the essential idea that a candidate should provide for each answer.

- Candidates should gain credit for their understanding, analysis and evaluation of the chosen extract.
- The detailed marking instructions will allow you to place the work on a scale of marks out of 20.
- Technical accuracy does not apply to the assessment of Textual Analysis.
- Assessment should be holistic. There may be strengths and weaknesses in the answers; assessment should focus as far as possible on the strengths, taking account of weaknesses only where they significantly detract from the overall critical response.
- Candidates may display ability across more than one band descriptor. Assessors should recognise the closeness of the band descriptors and consider carefully the most appropriate overall band for the candidate's performance.

Once the appropriate band descriptor has been selected, the assessor should follow this guidance:

- If the evidence almost matches the level above, award the highest available mark from the range.
- If the candidate's work just meets the standard described, award the lowest mark from the range.
- Otherwise, the mark should be awarded from the middle of the range.

Detailed Marking Instructions for all questions — Advanced Higher English Textual Analysis

	Marks 20–19	Marks 18–16	Marks 15–13	Marks 12-10	Marks 9–6	Marks 5–0
<p>Understanding The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> comprehensive understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a full and relevant exploration with sustained consideration of the implications of the question extensive use of textual evidence to support an argument which is clearly focused on the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> secure understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant exploration which demonstrates secure consideration of the implications of the question extensive use of textual evidence which clearly supports the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> broad understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant and thoughtful approach to the question use of textual evidence which is relevant to the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a relevant approach to the question use of textual evidence to address the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited understanding of the central concerns of the text provided a limited approach to the question limited textual evidence to support the demands of the question 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little understanding of the central concerns of the text provided very little attempt to answer the question very little textual evidence
<p>Analysis The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a task-appropriate range of literary techniques and/or features of language which skilfully strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a task-appropriate range of literary techniques and/or features of language which strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> relevant analysis of a range of literary techniques and/or features of language which strengthens the approach adopted by the candidate 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> analysis of a range of literary techniques and/or features of language 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited analysis of literary techniques and/or features of language 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little analysis of literary techniques and/or features of language
<p>Evaluation The Textual Analysis demonstrates:</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a committed, clear evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question, and skilfully based on precise evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a clearly identifiable evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question, and securely based on evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> a discernible and relevant evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question and based on evidence discussed within the response 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> an evaluative stance with respect to the text provided and the question but may be based on previously undiscussed evidence or demonstrate some weakness in relevance 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> limited evaluation with respect to the text provided and/or lacks relevance to the question and/or evidence 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> very little evidence of evaluation and/or supporting evidence

[END OF SPECIMEN MARKING INSTRUCTIONS]

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Change since last published:

[Turn over added to Pages three, five, seven, nine, eleven and thirteen in the question paper.

Two words deleted in the marking instructions.