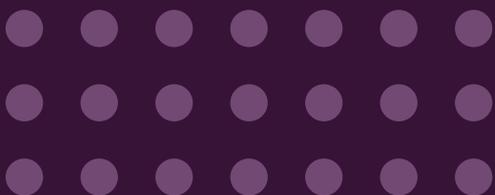
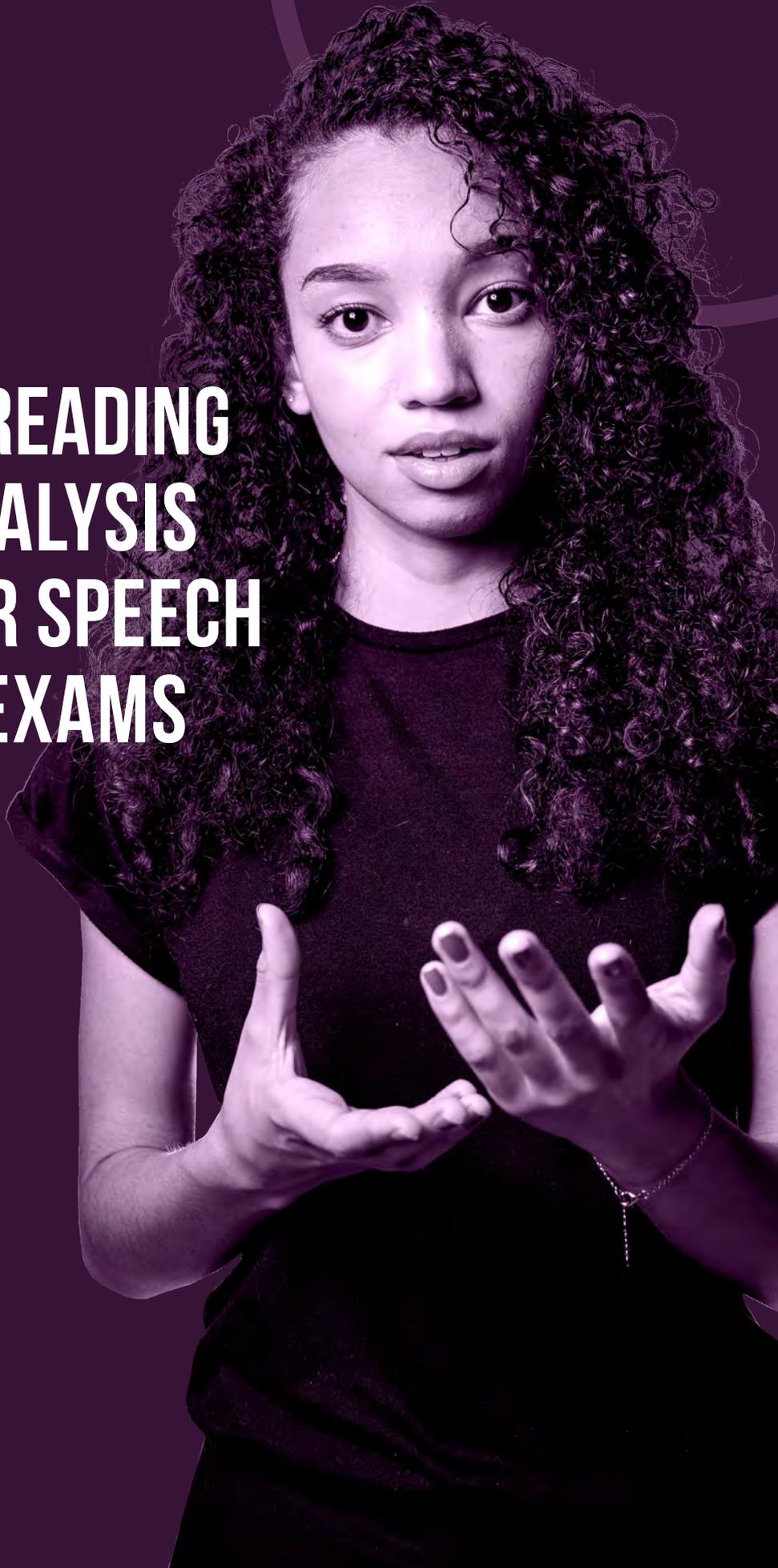


EXPRESSIVE READING AND TEXT ANALYSIS MATERIAL FOR SPEECH AND DRAMA EXAMS

GRADES 6-8



EXPRESSIVE READING AND TEXT ANALYSIS MATERIAL FOR SPEECH AND DRAMA EXAMS

Grades 6-8

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This document contains details of extracts for use in the Expressive Reading and text analysis tasks for Grades 6–8 Speech and Drama exams.

The material in this document should be used alongside the 2023 syllabus requirements and guidance.

Grade 6

Task 4 Expressive Reading: The candidate gives a prepared reading of a set passage of prose or a poem.

Refer to pages 39–41 of the syllabus for detailed task guidance.

Choose a passage of prose or a poem from the following list.

1. *My Brilliant Career* by Miles Franklin

I knew everyone's business, and was ever in danger of publishing it at an inopportune moment.

In flowery language, selected from slang used by the station hands, and long words picked up from our visitors, I propounded unanswerable questions which brought blushes to the cheeks of even tough old wine-bibbers.

Nothing would induce me to show more respect to an appraiser of the runs than to a boundary-rider, or to a clergyman than a drover. I am the same to this day. My organ of veneration must be flatter than a pancake, because to venerate a person simply for his position I never did or will. To me the Prince of Wales will be no more than a shearer, unless when I meet him he displays some personality apart from his princeship – otherwise he can go hang.

Authentic record of that date when first I had a horse to myself has not been kept, but it must have been early, as at eight I was fit to ride anything on the place. Side-saddle, man-saddle, no-saddle, or astride were all the same to me. I rode among the musterers as gamely as any of the big sunburnt bushmen.

My mother remonstrated, opined I would be a great unwomanly tomboy. My father poohed the idea. 'Let her alone, Lucy,' he said, 'let her alone. The rubbishing conventionalities which are the curse of her sex will bother her soon enough. Let her alone!'

So, smiling and saying, 'She should have been a boy,' my mother let me alone, and I rode, and in comparison to my size made as much noise with my stock-whip as anyone. Accidents had no power over me, I came unscathed out of droves of them.

Fear I knew not. Did a drunken tramp happen to kick up a row, I was always the first to confront him, and, from my majestic and roly-poly height of two feet six inches, demand what he wanted.

2. *Curious, If True: Strange Tales* by Elizabeth Gaskell

And we followed him back into his own house. We went into the kitchen first. Such an array of bright copper and tin vessels I never saw; and all the wooden things were as thoroughly scrubbed. The red tile floor was spotless when we went in, but in two minutes it was all over slop and dirt with the tread of many feet; for the kitchen was filled, and still the worthy miller kept bringing in more people under his great crimson umbrella. He even called the dogs in, and made them lie down under the tables.

His daughter said something to him in German, and he shook his head merrily at her. Everybody laughed.

“What did she say?” I asked

“She told him to bring the ducks in next; but indeed if more people come we shall be suffocated. What with the thundery weather, and the stove, and all these steaming clothes, I really think we must ask to leave.”

My friend asked the daughter of the house for permission to go into an inner chamber and see her mother. It was granted, and we went into a sort of saloon, over-looking the river; very small, very bright, and very close. The floor was slippery with polish; long narrow pieces of looking-glass against the walls reflected the constant motion of the river opposite; a white china stove, with some old-fashioned ornaments of brass around it; a sofa, covered with velvet, a table before it, and a piece of woollen carpet under it; a vase of artificial flowers; and, lastly, an alcove with a bed in it, on which lay the paralysed wife of the good miller, knitting busily, formed the furniture. I spoke as if this was all that was to be seen in the room; but, sitting quietly, while my friend kept up a brisk conversation in a language which I only half understood, my eye was caught by a picture in a dark corner of the room, and I got up to examine it more closely.

3. *Bernice Bobs Her Hair* by F Scott Fitzgerald

While Marjorie was breakfasting late next day Bernice came into the room with a rather formal good morning, sat down opposite, stared intently over and slightly moistened her lips.

"What's on your mind?" inquired Marjorie, rather puzzled. Bernice paused before she threw her hand-grenade.

"I heard what you said about me to your mother last night." Marjorie was startled, but she showed only a faintly heightened colour and her voice was quite even when she spoke.

"Where were you?"

"In the hall. I didn't mean to listen – at first." After an involuntary look of contempt Marjorie dropped her eyes and became very interested in balancing a stray corn-flake on her finger.

"I guess I'd better go back to Eau Claire – if I'm such a nuisance." Bernice's lower lip was trembling violently and she continued on a wavering note: "I've tried to be nice, and – and I've been first neglected and then insulted. No one ever visited me and got such treatment."

Marjorie was silent.

"But I'm in the way, I see. I'm a drag on you. Your friends don't like me." She paused, and then remembered another one of her grievances. "Of course I was furious last week when you tried to hint to me that that dress was unbecoming. Don't you think I know how to dress myself?"

"No," murmured Marjorie less than half-aloud.

"What?"

"I didn't hint anything," said Marjorie succinctly. "I said as I remember, that it was better to wear a becoming dress three times straight than to alternate it with two frights."

"Do you think that was a very nice thing to say?"

"I wasn't trying to be nice." Then after a pause: "When do you want to go?"

4. Excerpt from *The Pied Piper Of Hamelin* by Robert Browning

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.
Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.
At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
'Tis clear, cried they, our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation – shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

5. *The Sound Glass Makes When it Breaks* by Shaista Tayabali

A tiny bowl slipped out of my hands this evening

As I stopped to gaze at a bird in flight,

light streaming from her wings, the curve

unimaginable to me, heavy on the floor of the world.

It was a dessert bowl, crystal, part of a set.

They are always part of a set, these cups

and saucers that fall and smash around my feet.

A pool of diamonds glinting in concrete cracks,

so beautiful, so dangerous. My heart missed

not a beat, as though inured now

to my unintentional, careless ways.

Sweep after sweep is not enough;

my faithful eyes find more shards, jewel bright,

shining still, for my faithless eyes.

6. *The Sun Used to Shine* by Edward Thomas

The sun used to shine while we two walked
Slowly together, paused and started
Again, and sometimes mused, sometimes talked
As either pleased, and cheerfully parted

Each night. We never disagreed
Which gate to rest on. The to be
And the late past we gave small heed.
We turned from men or poetry

To rumours of the war remote
Only till both stood disinclined
For aught but the yellow flavoured coat
Of an apple wasps had undermined;

Or a sentry of dark betonies,
The stateliest of small flowers on earth,
At the forest verge; or crocuses
Pale purple as if they had their birth

In sunless Hades fields. The war
Came back to mind with the moonrise
Which soldiers in the east afar
Beheld then. Nevertheless, our eyes

Could as well imagine the Crusades
Or Caesar's battles. Everything
To faintness like those rumours fade –
Like the brook's water glittering

Under the moonlight – like those walks
Now – like us two that took them, and
The fallen apples, all the talks
And silence – like memory's sand

When the tide covers it late or soon,
And other men through other flowers
In those fields under the same moon
Go talking and have easy hours.

The following is a list of contemporary pieces that are also approved for use at this grade. The publications are widely available from retailers.

Book or Poem/Author	Publication details	Extract	Page
<i>A Wizard of Earthsea</i> by Ursula K Le Guin	1968 Puffin ISBN: 978-0141354910	<p>First line: She took him into her hut where she lived alone. She let no child enter there usually, and the children feared the place.</p> <p>Last line: “Good,” said the boy, for he had no wish to tell the secret to his playmates, liking to know and do what they knew not and could not.</p>	pp4-6
<i>Kinship</i> by Margarita Engle	From <i>Enchanted Air</i> Atheneum Books for Young Readers ISBN: 978-1481435239	<p>Whole poem</p> <p>First line: Two sets of family stories,</p> <p>Last line: between immigration and escape.</p>	pp28-29
<i>Welcome to the Bookshop</i> by Jen Campbell	Commissioned by Books Are My Bag for Bookshop Day 2018, in collaboration with National Poetry Day	<p>Whole poem</p> <p>First line: Hello, explorer.</p> <p>Last line: Welcome home.</p>	n/a

Grade 7

Task 4 Text Analysis and Expressive Reading: The candidate gives a prepared talk on their approaches to an expressive reading of a set passage of prose or a poem. This should include a demonstration of a few short extracts from the text to illustrate their points.

Refer to pages 39-41 of the syllabus for detailed task guidance.

Choose a passage of prose or a poem from the following list.

1. *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman

It strikes me occasionally, that perhaps it is the wallpaper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times LOOKING AT THE PAPER! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper – she turned around as if she had been caught stealing and looked quite angry – asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the wallpaper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wallpaper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was BECAUSE of the wallpaper – he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have worked it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments on the paper; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried.

It is the strangest yellow, that wallpaper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw – not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

2. *The Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot

She was floating in smooth water now – perhaps far on the overflowed fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabouts – that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome, the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields; those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope; the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations – except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home, there was an undefined sense of reconciliation with her brother; what quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong resurgent love toward her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be – yes, it was – St Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees – the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts – and above them the old roof!

3. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* by Thomas Hardy

It was breakfast time.

As seen from the vicarage dining-room, which took a warm tone of light from the fire, the weather and scene outside seemed to have stereotyped themselves in unrelieved shades of grey. The eternal hills and tower behind them were greyish-brown; the sky, dropping behind all, grey of the purest melancholy.

Yet in spite of this sombre artistic effect, the morning was not one which tended to lower the spirits. It was even cheering. For it did not rain, nor was rain likely to fall for many days to come.

Elfride had turned from the table towards the fire and was idly elevating a hand-screen before her face, when she heard the click of a little gate outside.

'Ah, here's the postman!' she said, as a shuffling, active man came through an opening in the shrubbery and across the lawn. She vanished, and met him in the porch, afterwards coming in with her hands behind her back.

'How many are there? Three for papa, one for Mr. Smith, none for Miss Swancourt. And, papa, look here, one of yours is from – whom do you think? – Lord Luxellian. And it has something HARD in it – a lump of something. I've been feeling it through the envelope and can't think what it is.'

'What does Luxellian write for, I wonder?' Mr. Swancourt had said simultaneously with her words. He handed Stephen his letter, and took his own, putting on his countenance a higher class of look than was customary, as became a poor gentleman who was going to read a letter from a peer.

Stephen read his missive with a countenance quite the reverse of the vicar's.

'DEAR SMITH, – Old H. is in a towering rage with you for being so long about the church sketches. Swears you are more trouble than you are worth. If I were you, I would not alarm myself for a day or so, if I were not inclined to return. I would make out the week and finish my spree. He will blow up just as much if you appear here on Saturday as if you keep away till Monday morning. – Yours very truly,

JENKINS.

'Dear me – very awkward!' said Stephen

4. *Cleanliness* by Charles Lamb

Come my little Robert near –
Fie! what filthy hands are here!
Who that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divine,
Strong, yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin
You may see the blood within,
And the curious palm, disposed
In such lines, some have supposed
You may read the fortunes there
By the figures that appear –
Who this hand would chuse to cover
With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it look'd in hue and shape
Like the fore-foot of an Ape?
Man or boy that works or plays
In the fields or the highways
May, without offence or hurt,
From the soil contract a dirt,
Which the next clear spring or river
Washes out and out for ever –
But to cherish stains impure,
Soil deliberate to endure,
On the skin to fix a stain
Till it works into the grain,
Argues a degenerate mind,
Sordid, slothful, ill inclin'd,
Wanting in that self-respect
Which does virtue best protect.

All-endearing Cleanliness,
Virtue next to Godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needful'st duty,
To the body health and beauty,
Who that's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it?

5. *To the little girl in a village home I never met* by Jennifer Wong

I've never been proud of you,
your bottled-up self and penny-saving habits.
Time and again you discouraged me, saying
would you stop dreaming.
Only the rich could afford a hobby.
Van Gogh was never famous until he died.
I forgot the girl you once were, who sat all day
in a dim village home – faded wallpaper, a dial-knob TV,
a tarpaulin bed on the verandah – thinking
today I'm going to die but no one is even watching
because your mother had a long way to walk back
uphill at the pace of bound feet. Your father existed
in your imagination across the green hills, and your ears
still echoed with his instruction: just call HSBC if you
need money and they will give you. Plenty.

How on earth your mother escaped from Shandong
to Kowloon and survived, I couldn't imagine.
The day I stood in a gown at the Sheldonian,
listened to all that Latin, I couldn't shrug off
this girl I never met, who never finished
the village primary and used to stare
at the sea all day, dreaming of Australia.

6. *My Last Dance* by Julia Ward Howe

The shell of objects inwardly consumed
Will stand, till some convulsive wind awakes;
Such sense hath Fire to waste the heart of things,
Nature, such love to hold the form she makes.

Thus, wasted joys will show their early bloom,
Yet crumble at the breath of a caress;
The golden fruitage hides the scathèd bough,
Snatch it, thou scatterest wide its emptiness.

For pleasure bidden, I went forth last night
To where, thick hung, the festal torches gleamed;
Here were the flowers, the music, as of old,
Almost the very olden time it seemed.

For one with cheek unfaded, (though he brings
My buried brothers to me, in his look,)
Said, 'Will you dance?' At the accustomed words
I gave my hand, the old position took.

Sound, gladsome measure! at whose bidding once
I felt the flush of pleasure to my brow,
While my soul shook the burthen of the flesh,
And in its young pride said, Lie lightly thou!

Then, like a gallant swimmer, flinging high
My breast against the golden waves of sound,
I rode the madd'ning tumult of the dance,
Mocking fatigue, that never could be found.

Chide not, – it was not vanity, nor sense,
(The brutish scorn such vaporous delight,)
But Nature, cadencing her joy of strength
To the harmonious limits of her right.

She gave her impulse to the dancing Hours,
To winds that sweep, to stars that noiseless turn;
She marked the measure rapid hearts must keep
Devised each pace that glancing feet should learn.

And sure, that prodigal o'erflow of life,
Unvow'd as yet to family or state,
Sweet sounds, white garments, flowery coronals
Make holy, in the pageant of our fate.

Sound, measure! but to stir my heart no more –
For, as I moved to join the dizzy race,
My youth fell from me; all its blooms were gone,
And others showed them, smiling, in my face.

Faintly I met the shock of circling forms
Linked each to other, Fashion's galley-slaves,
Dream-wondering, like an unaccustomed ghost
That starts, surprised, to stumble over graves.

For graves were 'neath my feet, whose placid masks
Smiled out upon my folly mournfully,
While all the host of the departed said,
Tread lightly – thou art ashes, even as we.'

The following is a list of contemporary pieces that are also approved for use at this grade. The publications are widely available from retailers.

Book or Poem/Author	Publication details	Extract	Page
<i>The Fishermen</i> by Chigozie Obioma	2015 One ISBN: 978-1911590101	First line: My brother and I were still sitting in our bed trying to make sense of it all when we heard Mother speaking to him outside the house in a voice so loud it seemed he was already far away. Last line: But Father's move to Yola changed the equation of things: time and seasons and the past began to matter, and we started to yearn and crave for it even more than the present and the future.	pp14-15
<i>Valentine</i> by Carol Ann Duffy	Originally published in Mean Time 1993 Anvil Press Poetry ISBN: 978-0330516778	Whole poem	p30
Excerpt from <i>The Hill We Climb</i> by Amanda Gorman	2021 Chatto & Windus ISBN: 978-1784744601	First line: When day comes we ask ourselves where can we find light in this never-ending shade? Last line: Not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.	pp9-16

Grade 8

Task 4: Text Analysis and Expressive Reading: The candidate gives a prepared talk on their approaches to an expressive reading of a set passage of prose, a poem or a monologue from a play. This should include a demonstration of a few short extracts from the text to illustrate their points.

Refer to pages 39-41 of the syllabus for detailed task guidance.

Choose a passage of prose, a poem or a monologue from a play from the following list.

1. *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.

Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length exhaustion succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch – the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

2. *New Grub Street* by George Gissing

As the Milvains sat down to breakfast the clock of Wattleborough parish church struck eight; it was two miles away, but the strokes were borne very distinctly on the west wind this autumn morning. Jasper, listening before he cracked an egg, remarked with cheerfulness:

"There's a man being hanged in London at this moment."

"Surely it isn't necessary to let us know that," said his sister Maud, coldly.

"And in such a tone, too!" protested his sister Dora.

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Milvain, looking at her son with pained forehead.

"I don't know. It happened to catch my eye in the paper yesterday that someone was to be hanged at Newgate this morning. There's a certain satisfaction in reflecting that it is not oneself."

"That's your selfish way of looking at things," said Maud.

"Well," returned Jasper, "seeing that the fact came into my head, what better use could I make of it? I could curse the brutality of an age that sanctioned such things; or I could grow doleful over the misery of the poor fellow. But those emotions would be as little profitable to others as to myself. It just happened that I saw the thing in a light of consolation. Things are bad with me, but not so bad as that. I might be going out between Jack Ketch and the Chaplain to be hanged; instead of that, I am eating a really fresh egg, and very excellent buttered toast, with coffee as good as can be reasonably expected in this part of the world. – (Do try boiling the milk, mother.) – The tone in which I spoke was spontaneous; being so, it needs no justification."

He was a young man of five-and-twenty, well built, though a trifle meagre, and of pale complexion. He had hair that was very nearly black, and a clean-shaven face, best described, perhaps, as of bureaucratic type. The clothes he wore were of expensive material, but had seen a good deal of service. His stand-up collar curled over at the corners, and his necktie was lilac-sprigged.

3. *Night and Day* by Virginia Woolf

A threat was contained in this sentence, and Joan knew, without asking, what the threat was. In the course of his professional life, which now extended over six or seven years, Ralph had saved, perhaps, three or four hundred pounds. Considering the sacrifices he had made in order to put by this sum it always amazed Joan to find that he used it to gamble with, buying shares and selling them again, increasing it sometimes, sometimes diminishing it, and always running the risk of losing every penny of it in a day's disaster. But although she wondered, she could not help loving him the better for his odd combination of Spartan self-control and what appeared to her romantic and childish folly. Ralph interested her more than anyone else in the world, and she often broke off in the middle of one of these economic discussions, in spite of their gravity, to consider some fresh aspect of his character.

"I think you'd be foolish to risk your money on poor old Charles," she observed. "Fond as I am of him, he doesn't seem to me exactly brilliant... Besides, why should you be sacrificed?"

"My dear Joan," Ralph exclaimed, stretching himself out with a gesture of impatience, "don't you see that we've all got to be sacrificed? What's the use of denying it? What's the use of struggling against it? So it always has been, so it always will be. We've got no money and we never shall have any money. We shall just turn round in the mill every day of our lives until we drop and die, worn out, as most people do, when one comes to think of it."

Joan looked at him, opened her lips as if to speak, and closed them again. Then she said, very tentatively:

"Aren't you happy, Ralph?"

"No. Are you? Perhaps I'm as happy as most people, though. God knows whether I'm happy or not. What is happiness?"

He glanced with half a smile, in spite of his gloomy irritation, at his sister. She looked, as usual, as if she were weighing one thing with another, and balancing them together before she made up her mind.

"Happiness," she remarked at length enigmatically, rather as if she were sampling the word, and then she paused. She paused for a considerable space, as if she were considering happiness in all its bearings. "Hilda was here to-day," she suddenly resumed, as if they had never mentioned happiness.

4. *I Am!* by John Clare

I am – yet what I am none cares or knows;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:
I am the self-consumer of my woes –
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shadows in love's frenzied stifled throes
And yet I am, and live – like vapours tossed
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
Even the dearest that I loved the best
Are strange – nay, rather, stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never trod
A place where woman never smiled or wept
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie
The grass below – above the vaulted sky.

5. *A Hymn to the Evening* by Phillis Wheatley

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain;
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing,
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats.
Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are spread!
But the west glories in the deepest red:
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below!
Fill'd with the praise of him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd;
So shall the labours of the day begin
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.
Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes,
Then cease, my song, till fair *Aurora* rise.

6. *Revenge* by Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Ay, gaze upon her rose-wreathed hair,
And gaze upon her smile;
Seem as you drank the very air
Her breath perfumed the while:

And wake for her the gifted line,
That wild and witching lay,
And swear your heart is as a shrine,
That only owns her sway.

'Tis well: I am revenged at last, –
Mark you that scornful cheek, –
The eye averted as you pass'd,
Spoke more than words could speak.

Ay, now by all the bitter tears
That I have shed for thee, –
The racking doubts, the burning fears, –
Avenged they well may be –

By the nights pass'd in sleepless care,
The days of endless woe;
All that you taught my heart to bear,
All that yourself will know.

I would not wish to see you laid
Within an early tomb;
I should forget how you betray'd,
And only weep your doom:

But this is fitting punishment,
To live and love in vain, –
Oh my wrung heart, be thou content,
And feed upon his pain.

Go thou and watch her lightest sigh, –
Thine own it will not be;
And bask beneath her sunny eye, –
It will not turn on thee.

'Tis well: the rack, the chain, the wheel,
Far better hadst thou proved;
Ev'n I could almost pity feel,
For thou art not beloved.

7. BU21 by Stuart Slade

FLOSS: So, I'm not sure what I can actually add to the whole – I'm just not completely down with emoting, you know? Like this. Feels a bit – stupid.

Sorry.

Let's do it. So basically, I was in my dad's kitchen making a sandwich and then all of a sudden this guy, still in his airline chair, just crashed into the garden.

Wee-Bop.

Like a cartoon – a really dark Tim Burton cartoon or something.

And I – for the first couple of seconds he was alive, and then he wasn't.

And I'm an idiot, and I'll feel guilty for this for the whole of my life, but the first thing I thought was just – that song – 'It's Raining Men!'

Sorry.

And I was just staring at the chair guy, like this –

(Eyes wide open.)

He looked up at me, and he caught my eye for a moment, and then he just died. The light just went out – quietly, and softly – And the thing is, he looked so kind.

And we had to move out of the house for the week, and when we came back chair guy was gone, and they'd tidied everything up as best they could, jet-washed everything, you know – messed up the whole garden, actually.

And when I went to the inquest to give my testimony – it'll go on for like four years or something, so it's awesome that I've done mine already – and Chairy – The Man Who Fell to Earth – his name was actually Sunny Mir – Sunny Mir – which is such an awesome name – and he was forty-seven, and he was a doctor from North London.

I didn't say anything, in the inquest, about him still being alive. His family were there and I didn't want to – so I totally bossed the inquest – smashed it – I kept that between me and Sunny.

8. *London Assurance* by Dion Boucicault

GRACE: Men talk of killing time, while time quietly kills them. I have many employments: this week I devote to study, and various amusements, next week to being married, the following week to repent perhaps.

You seem surprised. I believe it is of frequent occurrence in the metropolis, is it not?

The gentleman swears eternal devotion to the lady's fortune, and the lady swears she will outvie him still. My lord's horses and my lady's diamonds shine through a few seasons, until a seat in Parliament, or the Continent, stares them in the face. Then, when thrown upon each other for resources of comfort, they begin to quarrel about the original conditions of the sale.

Worse, sir, a great deal worse than degrading civilisation into Turkish barbarity: for there at least they do not attempt concealment of the barter, but here every London ball-room is a marriage mart. Young ladies are trotted out, while the mother, father, or chaperone plays auctioneer and knocks them down to the highest bidder; young men are ticketed up with their fortunes on their backs; and love, turned into a dapper shopman, descants on the excellent qualities of the material.

Love! Why, the very word is a breathing satire upon man's reason, a mania indigenous to humanity; nature's jester, who plays off tricks upon the world and trips up common sense. When I'm in love, I'll write an almanac for the very lack of wit, prognosticate the sighing season, when to beware of tears: 'about this time, expect matrimony to be prevalent!' Ha, ha! Why should I lay my life out in love's bonds upon the bare security of a man's word?

9. *Uncle Vanya* by Anton Chekhov

SONYA: What can we do? We must live out our lives. (*A pause*) Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live all through the endless procession of days ahead of us, and through the long evenings. We shall bear patiently the burdens that fate imposes on us. We shall work without rest for others, both now and when we are old. And when our final hour comes, we shall meet it humbly, and there beyond the grave, we shall say that we have known suffering and tears, that our life was bitter. And God will pity us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall enter on a bright and beautiful life. We shall rejoice and look back upon our grief here. A tender smile – and – we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see evil and all our pain disappear in the great pity that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and gentle and sweet as a caress. I have faith; I have faith. (*Wiping away her tears*) My poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you are crying! (*Weeping*) You have never known what it is to be happy, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait! We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall rest.

The following is a list of contemporary pieces that are also approved for use at this grade. The publications are widely available from retailers.

Book or Poem / Author	Publication details	Extract	Page
<i>Half of a Yellow Sun</i> by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie	2006 Harper Collins ISBN: 978-0007200283	First line: "The houseboy, sah." "Oh, yes, you have brought the houseboy." Master's Igbo felt feathery in Ugwu's ears. It was Igbo coloured by the sliding sounds of English, the Igbo of one who spoke English often. Last line: "You could be anything from twelve to thirty." Master narrowed his eyes. "Probably <i>thirteen</i> ." He said thirteen in English.	pp4-5
<i>The Guide</i> by R K Narayan	1958 (reprint 2006) Penguin Classics ISBN: 978-0143039648	First line: The man volunteered further information about himself. 'My daughter lives nearby. I had gone to visit her; I am now on my way home. Last line: 'Not until they come out. It is my brother's son who is on duty there. I don't want to compete with him and I don't want to enter the jail gates every day.'	pp1-2
<i>Plastic Figurines</i> by Ella Carmen Greenhill	2016 Bloomsbury Methuen Drama ISBN: 978-1350025622	First line: But you're not telling me anything. Last line: So stop it. Stop smiling at me.	p14