



MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, SINGAPORE
in collaboration with
CAMBRIDGE ASSESSMENT INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level
Higher 2

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9539/03

Paper 3 Reading Literature *featuring* the Postcolonial Literature Topic

For examination from 2025

SPECIMEN PAPER

3 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

Candidates may take set texts into the exam room. The texts may bear underlining, highlighting and vertical lines. Pages can be flagged with paper clips or by folding the page corners. Any other kind of folding or flagging of pages in texts (for example, use of sticky notes or tape flags) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet will be provided with this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **three** questions: one question from Section A, one question from Section B, and one question from Section C.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **17** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Singapore Examinations and Assessment Board



Cambridge Assessment
International Education

Section A: Unseen Prose and Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

1

- Either (a)** The following is an extract from *Stoner* (1965), a novel by John Williams. Write a critical appreciation of the passage, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's uses of form, style and language.

As William had feared, the house soon proved to be an almost destructive financial burden. Though he allocated his salary with some care, the end of the month found him always without funds, and each month he reduced the steadily dwindling reserve made by his summer teaching. The first year they owned the house he missed two payments to Edith's father, and he received a frosty and principled letter of advice upon sound financial planning. 5

Nevertheless he began to feel a joy in property and to know a comfort that he had not anticipated. His study was on the first floor off the living room, with a high north window; in the daytime the room was softly illumined, and the wood paneling glowed with the richness of age. He found in the cellar a quantity of boards which, beneath the ravages of dirt and mold, matched the paneling of the room. He refinished these boards and constructed bookcases, so that he might be surrounded by his books; at a used furniture store he found some dilapidated chairs, a couch, and an ancient desk for which he paid a few dollars and which he spent many weeks repairing. 10 15

As he worked on the room, and as it began slowly to take a shape, he realized that for many years, unknown to himself, he had had an image locked somewhere within him like a shamed secret, an image that was ostensibly of a place but which was actually of himself. So it was himself that he was attempting to define as he worked on his study. As he sanded the old boards for his bookcases, and saw the surface roughness disappear, the gray weathering flake away to the essential wood and finally to a rich purity of grain and texture—as he repaired his furniture and arranged it in the room, it was himself that he was slowly shaping, it was himself that he was putting into a kind of order, it was himself that he was making possible. 20 25

Thus, despite the regularly recurring pressures of debt and need, the next few years were happy, and he lived much as he had dreamed that he might live when he was a young student in graduate school and when he had first married. Edith did not partake of so large a part of his life as he had once hoped; indeed, it seemed that they had entered into a long truce that was like a stalemate. They spent most of their lives apart; Edith kept the house, which seldom had visitors, in spotless condition. When she was not sweeping or dusting or washing or polishing, she stayed in her room and seemed content to do so. She never entered William's study; it was as if it did not exist to her. 30

William still had most of the care of their daughter. In the afternoons when he came home from the University, he took Grace from the upstairs bedroom that he had converted into a nursery and let her play in the study while he worked. She played quietly and contentedly on the floor, satisfied to be alone. Every now and then William spoke to her, and she paused to look at him in solemn and slow delight. 35 40

Sometimes he asked students to drop by for conferences and chats. He brewed tea for them on a little hotplate that he kept beside his desk, and felt an awkward fondness for them as they sat self-consciously on the chairs, remarked upon his library, and complimented him on the beauty of his daughter. He apologized for the absence of his wife and explained her illness, until at last he realized that his repetitions of apology were stressing her absence rather than accounting for it; he 45

said no more and hoped that his silence was less compromising than were his explanations.

Except for Edith's absence from it, his life was nearly what he wanted it to be. He studied and wrote when he was not preparing for class, or grading papers, or reading theses. He hoped in time to make a reputation for himself as both a scholar and a teacher. His expectations for his first book had been both cautious and modest, and they had been appropriate; one reviewer had called it 'pedestrian' and another had called it 'a competent survey.' At first he had been very proud of the book; he had held it in his hands and caressed its plain wrapper and turned its pages. It seemed delicate and alive, like a child. He had reread it in print, mildly surprised that it was neither better nor worse than he had thought it would be. After a while he tired of seeing it; but he never thought of it, and his authorship, without a sense of wonder and disbelief at his own temerity and at the responsibility he had assumed.

50

55

60

- Or (b) In her play, *Yellowman* (2002), Dael Orlandersmith presents the relationship of two black characters, Alma and Eugene, who remember their friendship with another black boy, Alton. Eugene appears on stage as a fair-skinned black character.

Write a critical appreciation of this extract from the play, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by the writer's use of form, style and language.

- Alma:* Eugene and I were young once—in the sixties we were young children in the schoolyard. All of us were young in the schoolyard playing. All of us [CHILD ALMA] 'Hot peas n' butta—come and git yo suppa!'
- Eugene* [CHILD EUGENE] [*Sings*]: 'Miss Mary Mack Mack, Mack—all dressed in black black, black'— 5
- Both* [*Sing*]: 'With silver buttons, buttons, buttons all down her back, back, back.'
- Alma* [*Beaf*]: I was seven when I first laid eyes on Gene. I saw this little boy— a little older than us—he was nine and in the fourth grade. He looked like he was wearing a suit. 10
- Eugene:* It wasn't a suit.
- Alma:* There was the formality of a suit. I went over to him. 'Why you wearin' a suit to come to school? All o' us is playin' an stuff—you don't never play wit nobody. I see you by ya self all the time—you wanna play wit us? I know you in the fourth grade but you can be wit us.' 15
- Eugene:* It was a button-down shirt. It was my favorite shirt and I felt good wearing it. 'I'm not wearing a suit. I'm wearing my favorite shirt and that's why and I don't care about me being in the fourth grade and you being in the second grade—I want to play with you.' I wanted to say 'Let's be friends. I see you all the time in the schoolyard and everybody likes you. EVERYBODY—how do you make everybody like you? How do you make people like you?' That's what I wanted to say but I was a child and I didn't know how. 20
- Alma:* I ask him his name and he says—
- Eugene:* Eugene Robert Gaines. 25
- Alma:* He says his whole name—
- Eugene:* Eugene Robert Gaines.
- Alma:* 'You talk funny. Not funny like "laugh" funny—you does talk nice. You talk like people on t.v. talk. You don't talk like none o' us. You does talk good—I like it.' Then we played— 30
- Both:* 'Hot peas and butter, come and git yo suppa.' We played and yelled and played—
- Eugene:* That day I met Alton White. He was friends with Alma first and he just sort of comes up to me. He sees me talking to Alma and just comes up smiling. This small dark boy with dark eyes and a wide, great smile—not malicious in the least. He has a great smile. I look down at him and say 'I'm Eugene Robert Gaines. What's your name?' He looks up at me and says [ALTON] 'My name is Alton—Alton White.' [EUGENE] We play at lunch and Alton says [ALTON] 'Eugene let's play after school.' [EUGENE] I say 'What do you want to play?' He grins. [ALTON] 'I wanna play Batman.' [EUGENE] I say 'Okay—does that mean that I play Robin?' He says [ALTON] 'You wanna play Batman?' 40

[EUGENE] I say 'Yeah.' [ALTON] 'Okay.'

My heart is beating. My heart never beats like this except when Daddy yells but this is a different kind of heartbeat. This day—the way my heart beats this day is thrilling. There's a raucous, thrilling rhythm in my chest. So we meet after school and Alton comes running out of the school wearing glasses with the arms of his sweater tied around him like a cape and runs straight over to me as Robin. [ALTON] 'Holy flyin' fish Batman! Gotham City is in trouble!' [EUGENE] 'Okay Robin—don't panic. I can tell the Joker had something to do with this—probably with the help of Catwoman'— 45 50

Alma [Makes Catwoman's gesture and sound]: 'Meow.'

Alma: Alton, Eugene, and I are inseparable. I end up playing what they always want to play which is Batman or they'd trade Spider-Man comic books. I hate playing Catwoman. 'Why I haveta play her? I wanna play the Joker or the Riddler. I don't wanna play no Catwoman! She ain't cool. I ain't ga play her no more—y'all make me sick!' One day some other kids from Russelville see us playing. Once of them says [VOICE 1] 'Oh you an Alton playin' wit dat ole yella boy from St. Stephen. Y'all don play wit us no more—y'all like him cause he yella¹ an rich an live in da city limits.' [ALMA] I say 'I play wit who I wanna play wit an y'all need to mind y'all business—Gene is my friend just like Alton my friend!' [VOICE 2] 'Well if you an Alton ga² be friends wit dat yella boy, you can't be friends wit us!' [ALMA] 'I ain't care! I don't wanna be friends which y'all anyway.' 55 60 65

Eugene: In the schoolyard, when Alton and I would play, we'd run around the yard and as we ran, we'd extend our arms to the side. It was synchronicity. Both of us running with arms extended. Two boys. Not a light-skinned boy and a dark-skinned boy—TWO BOYS—running. Running despite summer heat. Summer heat can't stop us / summer heat won't stop us. Once while running Alton asked [ALTON] 'Hey Gene, you think anybody ever ran around the whole wide world?' [EUGENE] 'No I don't think so.' [ALTON] 'Let's you an me do it Gene. When we git to be older—let's run around the whole world.' 70 75

¹ *yella*: yellow

² *ga*: are going to

Section B: Postcolonial Literature

Answer **one** question from this section, using **two** texts that you have studied.

2

- Either** (a) Compare the presentation of specific locations in the **two** postcolonial texts you have studied.
- Or** (b) Compare some of the ways in which **two** writers of postcolonial literature present the effects of social change.

Turn over for Question 3

Section C: Pre-20th Century Writing

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOSEPH CONRAD: *Heart of Darkness*

3

Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Conrad create the sense of a spiritual journey in *Heart of Darkness*?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to Conrad's presentation of work and labour, here and elsewhere in the novel.

'At last we opened a reach. A rocky cliff appeared, mounds of turned-up earth by the shore, houses on a hill, others, with iron roofs, amongst a waste of excavations, or hanging to the declivity. A continuous noise of rapids above hovered over this scene of inhabited devastation. A lot of people, mostly black and naked, moved about like ants. A jetty projected into the river. A blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. "There's your Company's station," said the Swede, pointing to three wooden barrack-like structures hanging on the rocky slope. "I will send your things up. Four boxes did you say? So. Farewell."

'I came upon a boiler wallowing in the grass, then found a path leading up the hill. It turned aside for the boulders, and also for an undersized railway-truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some animal. I came upon more pieces of decaying machinery, a stack of rusty rails. To the left a clump of trees made a thick shade, where dark things seemed to stir feebly. I blinked, the path was steep. A horn tooted to the right, and I saw the black people run. A heavy and dull detonation shook the ground, a puff of smoke came out of the cliff, and that was all. No change appeared on the face of the rock. They were building a railway. The cliff was not in the way of anything; but this objectless blasting was all the work going on.

'A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file, toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins, and the short ends behind wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope; each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could by no stretch of imagination be called enemies. They were called criminals, and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from over the sea. All the meagre breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily up-hill. They passed me within six inches, without a glance, with that complete, deathlike indifference of unhappy savages. Behind this raw matter one of the reclaimed, the product of the new forces at work, strolled despondently carrying a rifle by its middle. He had a uniform jacket with one button off, and seeing a white man on the path, hoisted his weapon on to his shoulder with alacrity. This was simple prudence, white men being so much alike at a distance that he could not tell who I might be. He was speedily reassured, and with a large, white, rascally grin, and a glance at his charge, seemed to take me into partnership in his exalted trust. After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings.

'Instead of going up, I turned and descended to the left. My idea was to let that chain-gang get out of sight before I climbed the hill. You know I am not particularly tender; I've had to strike and to fend off. I've had to resist and to attack sometimes—that's only one way of resisting—without counting the exact cost, according to the demands of such sort of life as I had blundered into. I've seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils, that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly. How insidious he could be, too, I was only to find out several months later and a thousand miles further. For a moment I stood appalled, as though by a warning. Finally I descended the hill, obliquely, towards the trees I had seen.'

(from Section 1)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

4

Either (a) Dickinson's work has been described as pessimistic in tone. Discuss this view, referring to at least **two poems** in your answer.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, relating it to how Dickinson captures moments of tension, here and elsewhere in the selection. You should refer to at least **one other poem** in your answer.

A Bird came down the Walk –
He did not know I saw –
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew 5
From a convenient Grass –
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes 10
That hurried all around –
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb 15
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam –
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim. 20

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

5

Either (a) In what ways, and with what poetic effects, does Donne dramatise the human voice within his poetry?

You should refer to at least **two poems** in your answer.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, relating it to Donne's employment of otherworldly imagery here and elsewhere in the selection. You should refer to at least **one other poem** in your answer.

The Dream

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy dream,
 It was a theme
 For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
 Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet 5
 My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it;
 Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice,
 To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a taper's light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lov'st truth) an angel, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart, 15
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
 When though knew'st what I dreamed, when though knew'st when
 Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confess, it could not choose but be
 Profane, to think thee anything but thee. 20

Coming and staying showed thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou.
 That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;
 'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, 25
 If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
 Perchance as torches which must ready be,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
 Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die. 30

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

6

Either (a) 'Henchard and Farfrae are more alike than they appear at first.'

How far do you agree with this view of Hardy's characterisation in the novel?

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation and significance of the local inhabitants here and elsewhere in the novel.

Some little time later on, Farfrae was passing Henchard's house on a Sunday morning, when he observed that the blinds were all down. He rang the bell so softly that it only sounded a single full note and a small one; and then he was informed that Mrs. Henchard was dead – just dead – that very hour.

At the town-pump there were gathered when he passed a few old inhabitants, who came there for water whenever they had, as at present, spare time to fetch it, because it was purer from that original fount than from their own wells. Mrs Cuxsom, who had been standing there for an indefinite time with her pitcher, was describing the incidents of Mrs Henchard's death, as she had learnt them from the nurse.

'And she was as white as marble-stone,' said Mrs Cuxsom. 'And likewise such a thoughtful woman, too – ah, poor soul – that a' minded every little thing that wanted tending. "Yes," says she, "when I'm gone, and my last breath's blowed, look in the top drawer o' the chest in the back room by the window, and you'll find all my coffin clothes; a piece of flannel – that's to put under me, and the little piece is to put under my head; and my new stockings for my feet – they are folded alongside, and all my other things. And there's four ounce pennies, the heaviest I could find, a-tied up in bits of linen, for weights – two for my right eye and two for my left," she said. "And when you've used 'em, and my eyes don't open no more, bury the pennies, good souls, and don't ye go spending 'em, for I shouldn't like it. And open the windows as soon as I am carried out, and make it as cheerful as you can for Elizabeth-Jane."

'Ah, poor heart!'

'Well, and Martha did it, and buried the ounce pennies in the garden. But if ye'll believe words, that man, Christopher Coney, went and dug 'em up, and spent 'em at the Three Mariners. "Faith," he said, "why should death rob life o' fourpence? Death's not of such good report that we should respect 'en to that extent," says he.'

"'Twas a cannibal deed!' deprecated her listeners.

'Gad, then, I won't quite ha'e it,' said Solomon Longways. 'I say it today, and 'tis a Sunday morning, and I wouldn't speak wrongfully for a zilver zixpence at such a time. I don't see noo harm in it. To respect the dead is sound doxology; and I wouldn't sell skellintons – leastwise respectable skellintons – to be varnished for 'natomies, except I were out o' work. But money is scarce, and throats get dry. Why *should* death rob life o' fourpence? I say there was no treason in it.'

'Well, poor soul; she's helpless to hinder that or anything now,' answered Mother Cuxsom. 'And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and little things a' didn't wish seen, anybody will see; and her wishes and ways will all be as nothing!'

(from Chapter 18)

Turn over for Question 7

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

7

Either (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of family duty in *An Enemy of the People*.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic presentation of the local press and its attitudes here and elsewhere in the play.

Hovstad [rises]: Well, look who it is! What are you doing here?

Petra: You must excuse me, but ...

Hovstad [pulling an armchair forward]: Won't you have a seat?

Petra: No, thanks. I can't stay.

Hovstad: Is it something from your father, perhaps ...?

5

Petra: No, it's something from me. [She takes a book out of her coat pocket.] Here's that English story.

Hovstad: Why have you brought it back?

Petra: Because I'm not going to translate it.

Hovstad: But you promised me faithfully ...

10

Petra: I hadn't read it then. And you haven't either, have you?

Hovstad: No, you know I don't know any English. But ...

Petra: Quite. That's why I wanted to tell you that you'll have to look round for something else. [She puts the book on the table.] You can never use a thing like this for the *Herald*.

15

Hovstad: Why not?

Petra: Because it runs completely contrary to everything you believe in.

Hovstad: Well, what does that matter ...?

Petra: You don't quite understand. It's all about some supernatural power that's supposed to watch over all the so-called good people, and how everything is for the best ... and how all the so-called wicked people get punished in the end ...

20

Hovstad: Yes, but that's just fine. That's exactly what people want.

Petra: Can you honestly put stuff like that in front of people? When you yourself don't believe a word of it? You know very well that's not what happens in reality.

25

Hovstad: You're absolutely right, of course. But an editor cannot always do what he wants. You often have to give way to public opinion, in minor things. After all, politics is the most important thing in life—at least, for a newspaper, it is. And if I want to win people over to certain liberal and progressive ideas, it's no good scaring them all off. If they find a nice moral story like this on the back pages of the paper, they are much more ready to accept what we print on the front page—it gives them a sort of feeling of security.

30

Petra: Oh, no! Not you, surely! I just can't picture you as a spider spinning a kind of web to trap unwary readers.

35

- Hovstad* [*smiling*]: Thank you for those few kind words. No, in fact you are right—it was all Billing's idea, not mine.
- Petra*: Billing's!
- Hovstad*: Yes, at least he was talking about it just the other day. Billing's really the one who is keen to get that story in. I don't know the book at all. 40
- Petra*: Mr. Billing? A man with all his progressive ideas ...?
- Hovstad*: Oh, Billing is a man of parts. I've heard he's also applied for the post of Secretary to the council.
- Petra*: I don't believe it, Mr. Hovstad. Whatever makes him think he could stand a job like that? 45
- Hovstad*: You'd better ask him yourself.
- Petra*: I'd never have thought a thing like that of Mr. Billing.
- Hovstad* [*looks at her intently*]: Wouldn't you? Does it come as such a surprise to you? 50
- Petra*: Yes. Or perhaps not. Oh, I don't really know
- Hovstad*: Journalists like us are not really up to much, Miss Stockmann.
- Petra*: Do you really mean that?
- Hovstad*: Now and again I think it.
- Petra*: In the ordinary daily routine, perhaps; that I could understand. But when you've taken on something big ... 55
- Hovstad*: You mean this business about your father?
- Petra*: Yes, exactly. I imagine you must feel like a man with a more worthwhile job than most people.
- Hovstad*: Yes, I do feel a bit like that today. 60
- Petra*: I'm sure you must! Oh, what a splendid calling you have chosen. Blazing a trail for the advancement of truth, and of new and bold ideas ...! Or even just to step up and give your support, without fear or favour, to a man who has suffered a great wrong
- Hovstad*: Especially when this unfortunate man happens to be ... hm! ... I don't really know how to put it 65
- Petra*: Happens to be so decent and honest, you mean?
- Hovstad* [*quietly*]: Especially when he happens to be your father, is what I meant.
- Petra* [*suddenly struck*]: What?
- Hovstad*: Yes, Petra—Miss Petra. 70
- Petra*: Is *that* what you are thinking of first? You're not concerned about the thing itself? Not about truth? Not about Father's public-spirited action?
- Hovstad*: Oh yes, that too, naturally!
- Petra*: No thank you, Mr. Hovstad! You have given yourself away this time. And I can never trust you again about anything. 75

(from Act 3)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

8

Either (a) Explore some of the dramatic effects of disguise and mistaken identity in the play.

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the dramatic presentation of the relationship between Lear and Goneril here and elsewhere in the play.

- Lear:* How now, daughter! What makes that frontlet on? You are too much of late i' th' frown.
- Fool:* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Goneril*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum! He that keeps nor crust nor crumb, Weary of all, shall want some. [*Pointing to Lear*] That's a sheal'd peascod. 5
- Goneril:* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding. 10
- Fool:* For, you know, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long That it's had it head bit off by it young. So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling. 15
- Lear:* Are you our daughter?
- Goneril:* I would you would make use of your good wisdom, Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away These dispositions which of late transport you From what you rightly are. 20
- Fool:* May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.
- Lear:* Does any here know me? This is not Lear. Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.— Who is it that can tell me who I am? 35
- Fool:* Lear's shadow. 40

- Lear:* I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
- Fool:* Which they will make an obedient father.
- Lear:* Your name, fair gentlewoman?
- Goneril:* This admiration sir, is much o' th' savour 45
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright.
 As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
 Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold, 50
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
 Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
 Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
 For instant remedy. Be then desir'd 55
 By her that else will take the thing she begs
 A little to disquantity your train;
 And the remainders that shall still depend
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 Which know themselves and you. 60
- Lear:* Darkness and devils!
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
 Yet have I left a daughter.
- Goneril:* You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble 65
 Make servants of their betters.

(from Act 1, Scene 4)

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