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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/31**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text) **May/June 2023**

45 minutes

0206669363

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

Candidates may take their set texts into the exam room, but these must NOT contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You may take your set text into the exam room, but this must **not** contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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LYNN NOTTAGE: *Crumbs from the Table of Joy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either 1(a)

Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

[*The living room*. ERMINA *is dressed for a visit to the Peace Mission in a pristine white pinafore. A very drunk and disheveled* LILY *enters. She accidentally knocks into* ERNESTINE*'s dressmaker's dummy, which displays the beginnings of a white graduation dress*. LILY *catches it just as it's toppling over and does a halfhearted cha-cha with the dummy as her partner*.]

Lily [*Seeing* ERMINA]: Oh! YOU STILL UP!

Ermina: Shh!

Lily: WHY YA UP SO LATE?

Ermina: It's morning.

Lily: That's what I told 'em. [*A moment*] Where ya going? You playing doctor or something?

Ermina: We're going to the Peace Mission. Help get ready for Sweet Father's visit.

Lily: He's finally letting you out of the house, and you're going out dressed like that. Little pixies. Oh no, not me.

[*Plops down*]

Ermina: I don't wanna go, but Ernie won't say nothing to Daddy.

Lily: THEN WHY GO?

[ERNESTINE *rushes in. She is also dressed in a pristine white pinafore*.]

Ermina: Shh! Daddy here.

[LILY *cackles*.]

Ernestine: You wanna lie down? Please Sister, wish ya would ... Don't let Daddy find you this way.

Lily: He's the one that talk to me first. He was leaning against the window smiling at me. He says he's from Cuba, but he sure didn't look like no Desi Arnaz. Black like coal ... But he do speak Spanish, of course he could have learned it from a correspondence book. Right? Like my friend Janice did. He could of been right from Florida, I'm telling you. He was splendid to look at, hair like a wave breaking, good hair. It just fall flat by itself. And he wasn't no good-time boy, a real gentleman like from your movies, Ernie.

[*A slow mambo begins to play*.]

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He tipped his hat and everything, asked if he could escort me home. I told him up front, 'I ain't like those gals standing big-bellied in a state line 'cause they gave themselves for an evening at the Savoy and a pair of silk stockings. I'm a grown woman with a different set of requirements. You see, Mr Cuba, I'm a thinking woman, I'm communist!' He laughed and said, 'Baby, so am I, tonight.'

[*She stands up. The girls look on with disbelief*.]

I danced the mambo. Our hips pressed together. Me and Papo.

Ernestine: You did what?

Lily: I danced the mambo. [*Demonstrates the steps*] Oh, gimme your hand, [*Teasing*] Darling Angel.

Ernestine: Please don't call me that.

Lily: Hell, ya dressed for the part.

[*The mambo music grows louder*. LILY *grabs* ERNESTINE, *wrapping her wiry arm around her niece's thick frame*.]

Ya stiffer than a board. Ain't you never danced up close with somebody?

Ernestine: Why would I want to do that?

[LILY *draws* ERNESTINE *in close*.]

Ermina: Daddy ain't gonna like the mambo!

Lily: He a man, I imagine a man invented the mambo.

Ermina: What about me? I want to do the mambo.

Lily: You too young yet, ain't supposed to get that close to a man's privates, might be a little surprise ya ain't ready for.

[ERMINA *sucks her teeth*.]

Ermina: Been closer up to a boy than Ernie ever been.

[*from* Scene 4]

In what ways does Nottage make this an entertaining moment in the play?

Or 1(b)

How does Nottage memorably portray Godfrey's relationship with Father Divine and his Peace Mission?

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R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either 2(a)

Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Colonel: All right, sergeant-major. Send him straight back to my headquarters. I'll question him again there.

S-M: Very good, sir. [*He turns to the* GERMAN.] Come on, sonny, up you go.

[*He points up the steps. The* GERMAN BOY, calm now, bows stiffly to the COLONEL *and goes away, followed by the two* SOLDIERS *and the* SERGEANT-MAJOR. *The* COLONEL *is deeply absorbed in the* GERMAN'*s pay-book. He mutters* 'Splendid!' *to himself, then looks at his watch and rises quickly*. STANHOPE *comes slowly down the steps*.]

Colonel [*excitedly*]: Splendid, Stanhope! We've got all we wanted – 20th Wurtembergers! His regiment came into the line last night. I must go right away and 'phone the brigadier. He'll be very pleased about it. It's a feather in our cap, Stanhope.

[STANHOPE *has given one look of astonishment at the* COLONEL *and strolled past him. He turns at the table and speaks in a dead voice*.]

Stanhope: How awfully nice – if the brigadier's pleased.

[*The* COLONEL *stares at* STANHOPE *and suddenly collects himself*.]

Colonel: Oh – er – what about the raiding-party – are they all safely back?

Stanhope: Did you expect them to be all safely back, sir?

Colonel: Oh – er – what – er –

Stanhope: Four men and Raleigh came safely back, sir.

Colonel: Oh, I say, I'm sorry! That's – six men and – er – Osborne?

Stanhope: Yes, sir.

Colonel: I'm very sorry. Poor Osborne!

Stanhope: Still it'll be awfully nice if the brigadier's pleased.

Colonel: Don't be silly, Stanhope. Do you know – er – what happened to Osborne?

Stanhope: A hand grenade – while he was waiting for Raleigh.

Colonel: I'm very sorry. And the six men?

Stanhope: Machine-gun bullets, I suppose.

Colonel: Yes. I was afraid – er –

[*His words trail away; he fidgets uneasily as* STANHOPE *looks at him with a pale, expressionless face.* RALEIGH *comes slowly down the steps, walking as though he were asleep; his hands are bleeding.* The COLONEL *turns to the boy with enthusiasm.*]

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Very well done, Raleigh. Well done, my boy. I'll get you a Military Cross for this! Splendid!

[RALEIGH *looks at the* COLONEL *and tries to speak. He raises his hand to his forehead and sways. The* COLONEL *takes him by the arm*.]

Sit down here, my boy.

[RALEIGH *sits on the edge of* OSBORNE*'s bed*.]

Have a good rest. Well, I must be off.

[*He moves towards the steps, and, turning once more to* RALEIGH *as he leaves*]

Very well done.

[*With a quick glance at* STANHOPE, *the* COLONEL *goes away. There is silence now in the trenches outside; the last shell has whistled over and crashed. Dusk is beginning to fall over the German lines. The glow of Very lights begins to rise and fade against the evening sky.* STANHOPE *is staring dumbly at the table – at* OSBORNE*'s watch and ring. Presently he turns his haggard face towards* RALEIGH, *who sits with lowered head, looking at the palms of his hands.* STANHOPE *moves slowly across towards the doorway, and pauses to look down at* RALEIGH. RALEIGH *looks up into* STANHOPE*'s face, and their eyes meet. When* STANHOPE *speaks, his voice is still expressionless and dead*.]

Stanhope: Must you sit on Osborne's bed?

[*He turns and goes slowly up the steps.* RALEIGH *rises unsteadily, murmurs* 'Sorry' *and stands with lowered head. Heavy guns are booming miles away.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

[*from* Act 3, Scene 2]

In what ways does Sherriff make this such a powerful moment in the play?

Or 2(b)

How does Sherriff vividly portray the soldiers' memories of life back home in England?

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either 3(a)

Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Olunde: Ever since I learnt of the King's death.

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Excuse me a minute.

[*from* Scene 4]

How does Soyinka make this moment in the play so uncomfortable?

Or 3(b)

In what ways does Soyinka powerfully portray Iyaloja?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either 4(a)

Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Maria: Get ye all three into the box-tree.
Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*As the men hide she drops a letter*] Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit*.]

[*Enter* MALVOLIO.]

Malvolio: 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir Toby: Here's an overweening rogue!

Fabian: O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir Andrew: 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue –

Sir Toby: Peace, I say.

Malvolio: To be Count Malvolio!

Sir Toby: Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew: Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby: Peace, peace!

Malvolio: There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew: Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian: O, peace! Now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio: Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state –

Sir Toby: O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Malvolio: Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed – where I have left Olivia sleeping –

Sir Toby: Fire and brimstone!

Fabian: O, peace, peace!

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Malvolio: And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby –

Sir Toby: Bolts and shackles!

Fabian: O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

Malvolio: Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my – some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me –

Sir Toby: Shall this fellow live?

Fabian: Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Malvolio: I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control –

Sir Toby: And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Malvolio: Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech' –

Sir Toby: What, what?

Malvolio: 'You must amend your drunkenness' –

Sir Toby: Out, scab!

[*from* Act 2, Scene 5]

In what ways does Shakespeare make this such a comical moment in the play?

Or 4(b)

Explore how Shakespeare makes the relationship between Olivia and Cesario/Viola so fascinating.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either 5(a)

Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Othello: Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight.
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
O Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead!
O! O!

[*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and Officers, with* IAGO *prisoner*.]

Lodovico: Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Othello: That's he that was Othello – here I am.

Lodovico: Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Othello: I look down towards his feet – but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds* IAGO.

Lodovico: Wrench his sword from him.

Iago: I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Othello: I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lodovico: O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Othello: Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

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Lodovico: This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Othello: Ay.

Cassio: Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Othello: I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. *40*
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago: Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word.

[*from* Act 5, Scene 2]

What striking impressions of Othello and Iago does Shakespeare create at this moment in the play?

Or 5(b)

How does Shakespeare's portrayal of Emilia contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

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Surname	StemUp Model Solution
Answer booklet	Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer.

Question number

1a

Nottage makes this an entertaining moment by letting Lily's riotous, drunken energy crash into the prim, pious household Godfrey has built, so that the comedy comes from collision: of noise with whispering, of the mambo with the Peace Mission, and of a worldly woman with two girls dressed for church. Yet the laughter is never empty. Beneath it Nottage lets us glimpse Lily's loneliness and the girls' hunger for a freer life, which makes the scene as touching as it is funny.

The comedy begins visually before a word is spoken. The girls are in "pristine white" pinafores, a costume of purity, when a "very drunk and disheveled" Lily stumbles in and knocks into Ernestine's dressmaker's dummy. Her instinct is not to apologise but to do "a halfhearted cha-cha with the dummy as her partner", a delightful piece of physical clowning. I find it pointed too: the dummy wears "the beginnings of a white graduation dress", Ernestine's future, and Lily literally seizes it and whirls it into a dance, as if already tempting the girl away from respectability.

Nottage builds much of the humour through sound. Lily's lines are printed in capitals, "OH! YOU STILL UP!", while Ermina can only hiss "Shh!" The audience enjoys the absurd reversal in which the child must hush the adult, and the dramatic irony that every shout risks waking Godfrey. When Ernestine rushes in with the warning "Daddy here", the tension rises, but Lily simply "cackles", refusing to be frightened. Her retort to Ermina's "It's morning" with "That's what I told 'em" is a neat joke that tells us, without exposition, exactly how late her night has been.

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Lily's wit is sharpest when she mocks the girls' outfits. "You playing doctor or something?" and "Little pixies" puncture the solemnity of the Peace Mission, and "Hell, ya dressed for the part" is a bawdy, irreverent joke at the expense of her niece's innocence. Nottage lets Lily's voice dominate, and her vernacular rhythms ("Oh no, not me") make her irresistible company even when she is behaving badly.

The centrepiece is Lily's monologue about "Mr Cuba", which is both a comic performance and a revealing self-portrait. She tumbles from praising his looks, "hair like a wave breaking", to doubting his whole story: "he sure didn't look like no Desi Arnaz", perhaps he learnt Spanish "from a correspondence book". The audience laughs at her readiness to be charmed while seeing through the charm. Her grand declaration, "I'm a thinking woman, I'm communist!", is deflated by his reply, "Baby, so am I, tonight", a perfect punchline that exposes how her politics and her romance collide. Here the comedy carries a sadness: Lily insists she is not one of the girls ruined "for an evening at the Savoy", yet she has clearly spent the night pursuing exactly that kind of pleasure.

The "slow mambo" that begins to play turns the scene into music and movement. Lily's sensual memory, "Our hips pressed together", is shocking to the girls, who "look on with disbelief", and the stage direction contrasting her "wiry arm" with "her niece's thick frame" creates a comically mismatched dance. Ernestine is "stiffer than a board", and her prim question, "Why would I want to do that?", makes us smile at her awkwardness while hinting at how sheltered she is. Lily's teasing "Darling Angel" mocks the angelic Peace Mission names, and Ernestine's plea "Please don't call me that" shows her discomfort, so even the jokes reveal the tension between their worlds.

Finally Nottage hands the comedy to Ermina, the youngest, whose eagerness,

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	"What about me? I want to do the mambo", and cheeky boast that she has "Been closer up to a boy than Ernie ever been" provide a final twist. Lily's risqué warning about a "little surprise" and Ermina sucking her teeth end the moment on lively sibling rivalry. Throughout, the warning "Daddy ain't gonna like the mambo!" hangs over the fun. The scene is entertaining because it is forbidden: Nottage lets us enjoy, with the girls, a glimpse of the freedom, sensuality and rebellion that Godfrey's strict faith denies them.
2a	Sherriff makes this a powerful moment by setting the Colonel's cheerful satisfaction against the quiet devastation of Stanhope and Raleigh, so that the gap between those who plan the war and those who suffer it opens before our eyes. The raid has achieved its purpose, yet at the cost of Osborne and six men, and Sherriff makes the audience feel that cost through tone, silence and one small, terrible line at the end.
	The Colonel's delight is almost grotesque. He is "deeply absorbed" in the German boy's pay-book and mutters "Splendid!" to himself, as if the raid were a game won. His excited speech, "We've got all we wanted", and the schoolboy phrase "a feather in our cap" reveal that his concern is the approval of the brigadier, not the men. Sherriff structures the scene so that the Colonel mentions the information and his telephone call before he remembers the raiding-party at all, and his belated question about the raiding-party is so broken by hesitations that it betrays how little thought he has given them.
	Against this, Stanhope speaks "in a dead voice". His reply, "How awfully nice", followed by "if the brigadier's pleased", is savage irony, and the repetition later of "it'll be awfully nice if the brigadier's pleased" turns the Colonel's own words into

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an accusation. I find this one of Stanhope's most controlled moments: he does not shout, but his flat sarcasm is far more damning. His question, "Did you expect them to be all safely back, sir?", reminds us that the Colonel had insisted on the raid knowing the risk. The arithmetic of loss, "Four men and Raleigh", then "six men and", forces the Colonel, and the audience, to count the dead, and the trailing "Poor Osborne!" sounds pitifully inadequate.

Sherriff makes the brutality of their deaths blunt and impersonal. "A hand grenade" thrown "while he was waiting for Raleigh" tells us that Osborne died protecting the boy, and "Machine-gun bullets, I suppose" reduces six lives to a casual guess. The Colonel's broken "Yes. I was afraid" and the stage direction that he "fidgets uneasily" under Stanhope's "pale, expressionless face" show his guilt surfacing, but he quickly retreats into hearty praise.

Raleigh's entrance is deeply moving. He walks "as though he were asleep" and "his hands are bleeding", details that convey shock without a word. The Colonel's promise of "a Military Cross" and the repeated "Well done, my boy" ring hollow against the boy who "tries to speak" and "sways". There is a bitter irony that Raleigh is rewarded for a raid that has killed the man who looked after him, and the Colonel's hurried "Well, I must be off" shows him escaping as soon as he can.

Then Sherriff lets silence take over. The sound of shells stops, "Dusk is beginning to fall", and "Very lights" rise and fade, a fragile, ghostly beauty that seems to mourn. Stanhope stares "dumbly" at "Osborne's watch and ring", the personal objects Osborne left to be sent to his wife before the raid, and their presence on the table makes the loss unbearably concrete. The movement is slow and precise: Stanhope crosses, pauses, and the two men's "eyes meet". The audience expects comfort, perhaps a shared grief. Instead Stanhope asks, "Must you sit on Osborne's

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	bed?"
	This line is the climax of the scene. On one level it is cruel, and Raleigh's murmured "Sorry" and lowered head show how it wounds him. Yet it reveals Stanhope's grief more powerfully than any speech could: the bed is a relic of the friend who was his only support, and seeing Raleigh on it is more than he can bear. The curtain falls on "Heavy guns" booming "miles away", reminding us the war continues indifferently. Sherriff's power lies in restraint: he trusts silence, objects and a single line to express a pain the characters cannot speak, and the audience leaves the scene sharing that pain.
2b	Sherriff portrays the soldiers' memories of home not as idle nostalgia but as a lifeline, a way of holding on to a gentler self in a dugout where death is always minutes away. Memories of gardens, school, games and family give the men comfort and dignity, yet Sherriff also shows how painful they can be, for to remember England is to measure how far the war has taken them from it. What I find most vivid is that these memories are always placed beside danger, so that each one carries the shadow of loss.
	Osborne is the character most rooted in home, and Sherriff uses his memories to define his calm humanity. A former schoolmaster, he speaks quietly about his garden and about walking in the English countryside, and he is often seen reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland", a child's book that seems a deliberate escape into innocence. His modesty is striking: Raleigh is amazed to learn that Osborne once played rugby for England, yet Osborne treats it lightly as if it belonged to another life. Sherriff makes us feel that this gentle, ordinary existence is exactly what the war is destroying, and when Osborne leaves his watch and ring to be

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sent to his wife before the raid, home becomes a place he may never return to.

The most moving use of memory comes just before the raid, when Osborne and Raleigh sit waiting for zero hour. They talk about the New Forest, about walking and about an old Roman road, and the conversation is deliberately ordinary. Sherriff's dramatic method is clever here: the audience knows, as the characters do, that they are about to go over the top, so the calm talk of English lanes is charged with tension. Memory becomes a shared act of courage, Osborne steadying the boy by turning his mind towards home, and the tenderness of the scene makes Osborne's death soon afterwards all the more painful.

For Stanhope, memories of home are a source of shame and fear. He and Raleigh were at school together, where Stanhope was the admired captain of games, and he used to stay with Raleigh's family in the holidays. Raleigh's arrival brings that world crashing into the dugout. Stanhope is terrified that Raleigh will write home about the drinking, and especially that Madge, Raleigh's sister, will learn what he has become. His insistence on censoring Raleigh's letter shows how fiercely he wants to protect the image of himself that still lives in England. When the letter turns out to be full of hero-worship, Stanhope's silence is deeply poignant: home remembers the man he used to be, and he cannot believe he is still that man.

Sherriff gives Trotter a more homely, comic set of memories. He talks fondly of his wife and of his garden, and his down-to-earth pleasure in flowers and food makes him endearing. Yet even his cheerfulness has a protective function: thinking of simple pleasures at home is how he keeps the fear at bay. The contrast with Hibbert is sharp. Hibbert's memories are of girls and nights out, and his crude stories at the dinner after the raid feel desperate rather than happy. Stanhope's angry dismissal of him suggests that some memories have become a kind of false

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bravado, a way of pretending the war is not happening.

Structurally, Sherriff lets memories of home fade as the play moves towards its ending. In the first act there is room for conversation about gardens and games, but after the raid Osborne's bed, watch and ring are all that is left of his England. By the final scene, as Raleigh lies dying and calls out for Dennis, the schoolboy name that belongs to their past, the play's memories of home narrow to that single word. The effect is devastating: the men who talked so warmly of England will not see it again. Sherriff's vivid portrayal therefore makes memory both the soldiers' greatest comfort and the clearest measure of what the war has stolen.

3b

Soyinka portrays Iyaloja as the moral backbone of the play: a figure of authority, generosity and finally of terrible judgement. As "Mother" of the market she speaks for the community, and Soyinka uses her to measure Elesin's fall. She begins by indulging him and ends by condemning him, and through that movement she becomes the conscience of a world whose order he has broken. What makes her so powerful, I think, is that her strength is never simply harsh: it grows out of love for her people and a deep sense of what is owed to the dead, the living and the unborn.

In the opening market scene Soyinka shows her dignity and her power to grant or refuse. When Elesin's eye falls on the beautiful girl and he demands her, the women are alarmed, and Iyaloja reveals that the girl is already betrothed to her own son. This is a striking moment of drama: we expect her to refuse, yet after reflection she agrees. Her reasoning is generous and wise. A man about to cross into the other world cannot be denied, and she does not want him to leave with any bitterness that might disturb his passage. The sacrifice of her son's bride

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shows how completely she puts the community's spiritual welfare above her own family's interest. Yet Soyinka gives her a note of warning too. She asks Elesin to think carefully about the seed he leaves behind, and she hints that the living will bear the consequences of what he does. This foreshadowing makes her seem shrewd as well as generous, as though she understands the weakness in him better than he does.

Soyinka also uses Iyaloja to show the strength of the women's world. In the market they are lively, mocking and confident, and they defend Elesin's wedding night against the interference of the colonial police. Iyaloja presides over this energy, and her composure contrasts with the panic of Amusa and the constables. She embodies a society which knows its own values and does not need to explain them to outsiders.

Her greatest power comes in the final scene, when she arrives at the Residency to confront the imprisoned Elesin. The change in her is dramatic. Where she once honoured him, she now strips him of every title, mocking his failure with fierce, scornful imagery. Her contemptuous name for him, "eater of left-overs", is devastating: the man who once feasted on the honour of the community is reduced to someone who picks at scraps. Soyinka gives her the language of proverb and image, so that her condemnation sounds like the voice of tradition itself rather than personal anger. She reminds him that his duty was not his alone and that his failure has left the world unbalanced, and the audience feels the full weight of his shame through her.

Soyinka also makes her a match for Pilkings. She speaks to him with a calm superiority, treating him almost as a child who has meddled in matters he cannot understand, and she makes clear that the disaster is the result of his interference

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in the lives of strangers, as well as of Elesin's weakness. This gives her a moral authority over the colonial officer, which reverses the power structure he believes in.

At the very end Soyinka gives Iyaloja the play's last word on Elesin's death: "He is gone at last into the passage but oh, how late it all is." The exclamation "oh" is painful: there is grief as well as judgement in her voice, for his death has come too late to restore the order Olunde died to save. Her final instruction to the Bride, "Now forget the dead, forget even the living. Turn your mind only to the unborn", closes the play with a fragile hope. Soyinka's portrayal of Iyaloja is powerful because she holds the play together: she is generous, perceptive and unbending, and through her the audience understands both the tragedy of Elesin's failure and the community's determination to survive it.

4a Shakespeare makes this a richly comical moment by turning the stage into two worlds at once: Malvolio, believing himself alone, lost in a fantasy of greatness, and the hidden plotters, who can barely contain their fury and glee as they overhear him. The comedy springs from that double vision. We laugh at Malvolio's vanity, at the eavesdroppers' explosive interruptions, and at the dramatic irony that he is walking straight into Maria's trap.

Maria sets up the joke before Malvolio even appears. Her image of him "practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour" is a delicious picture of self-love, and her prediction that the letter "will make a contemplative idiot of him" builds our anticipation. Her final metaphor, "here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling", casts Malvolio as a foolish fish about to be lured, and the audience waits eagerly to see the bait taken. The physical business of hiding "into the box-tree"

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adds farce, since the actors must stay concealed yet visible to us, popping up and being pulled down throughout.

Malvolio's soliloquy is funny because of the distance between his solemn manner and the absurdity of what he says. He builds his hopes on almost nothing: Maria "once told me" Olivia liked him, and Olivia treats him with "a more exalted respect". The sober question "What should I think on't?" makes his self-deception sound like careful reasoning. His cry "To be Count Malvolio!" reveals the naked ambition beneath, and his attempt to justify it by citing "the Lady of the Strachy" who "married the yeoman of the wardrobe" is hilarious in its pomposity.

Shakespeare's structure then becomes a rhythm of daydream and outburst. Each of Malvolio's fantasies is punctuated by a furious response from the box-tree: Sir Toby's "Here's an overweening rogue!", Sir Andrew's "Pistol him, pistol him", "Fire and brimstone!", "Bolts and shackles!" The more extravagant Malvolio's vision, the more violent their reactions, and Fabian's repeated "O, peace!", growing to "O, peace, peace, peace!", shows his desperate effort to stop them giving the game away. This escalating pattern is classic comic timing. Sir Andrew's contributions are especially funny because they are so ineffectual: he threatens to "beat the rogue", yet his "Fie on him, Jezebel!" is a comically confused insult, applied to a man.

Malvolio's fantasy grows ever more detailed and self-regarding. He imagines himself "three months married" and "sitting in my state", in a "branch'd velvet gown", having come from a "day-bed" where he has left Olivia sleeping. The suggestion of intimacy with his mistress is outrageous, and Sir Toby's wish for "a stone-bow to hit him in the eye" shows how provoked he is. The details of power are deliciously petty: "Seven of my people, with an obedient start" rush to fetch Toby, while

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Malvolio might "wind up my watch, or play with my", before he corrects himself to "some rich jewel". This slip is a brilliant comic touch, for in his dream he almost reaches for the steward's chain that marks him as a servant, revealing that even in fantasy he cannot escape his station.

The climax of the exchange comes when Malvolio's fantasy turns to Sir Toby himself. He imagines "quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control", a phrase whose formality makes his self-importance ridiculous. Toby's outraged "And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?" lets the real Toby argue with an imaginary one. When Malvolio rehearses his reproof, "You must amend your drunkenness", the audience enjoys the direct hit, and Toby's "Out, scab!" is a perfect explosion of indignation.

Shakespeare makes the moment comical through timing, overhearing and the pleasure of watching a pompous man expose himself. Yet I find a slight unease beneath the laughter. Malvolio's dream of rising above his place is ridiculous, but it is also very human, and the cruelty of the plotters, who will later have him locked away as mad, makes us wonder how far we should enjoy his humiliation. For now, though, the scene is pure comic delight.

4b

Shakespeare makes the relationship between Olivia and Cesario fascinating because it is built on a mistake that everyone in the audience can see and nobody on stage can. Olivia falls in love with a young man who does not exist, while Viola, who is that "young man", must woo her on behalf of Orsino, whom she herself loves. The result is a relationship that is comic, moving and at times unsettling, as Shakespeare explores how love can be awakened by language, mystery and a beauty that crosses the boundaries of gender.

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Their first meeting is a battle of wit that sparks attraction. Olivia, who has sworn to hide from the world in mourning for her brother, is veiled, and Cesario's refusal to deliver a dull, prepared speech intrigues her. When she unveils and asks "Is't not well done?", Viola's reply, "Excellently done, if God did all", is daring and teasing, suggesting her beauty might be painted. Olivia's mocking response, listing her features like an inventory, "item, two lips, indifferent red", shows she enjoys the sparring. I think Shakespeare implies that what draws Olivia is not Orsino's message but the messenger's spirit: Cesario speaks to her as an equal, not as a worshipper.

The turning point is Viola's "willow cabin" speech. Asked what she would do if she loved Olivia, she imagines making "a willow cabin at your gate" and crying out until the "reverberate hills" echo with Olivia's name. The intensity of the imagery, with its passion and restless longing, reveals feelings that are really Viola's for Orsino, which is why it sounds so sincere. Olivia is overwhelmed, and her question, "What is your parentage?", shows her mind already turning to whether he could be a suitor. After he leaves she admits, in soliloquy, "Even so quickly may one catch the plague?" The image of love as an illness captures how suddenly and helplessly she has been struck, and its comedy lies in the fact that we know the cure is impossible.

Shakespeare deepens the fascination through the ring. Olivia sends Malvolio after Cesario with a ring she claims he left, a bold pretext that shows her taking the initiative. Viola's soliloquy, "I left no ring with her", lets us share her dawning horror: "She loves me, sure." Her reflection, "Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness", and her pity, "Poor lady, she were better love a dream", make the relationship touching rather than merely farcical. Viola's plea to time, "It is too hard a knot for

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me t'untie", captures the tangled triangle at the play's heart.

In Act 3 Olivia's love becomes more open and more painful. She confesses her feelings with startling frankness, and Viola's riddling replies, above all "I am not what I am", hint at the truth while concealing it. This line is fascinating because it works on several levels: it describes Viola's disguise, but it also suggests that identity itself is unstable in this play. Olivia's rhyming declaration, "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better", is a desperate attempt to persuade, and the neat couplet form makes her sound almost as though she is pleading in verse. The audience laughs at the hopelessness of her pursuit, yet also pities a proud woman reduced to begging.

The resolution is equally intriguing. Olivia mistakes Sebastian for Cesario and marries him in haste, and the arrival of the twins in the final scene creates the play's great revelation. Her astonished "Most wonderful!" expresses the audience's delight as the knot is untied. Yet the ending leaves questions. Olivia has fallen in love with qualities that belonged to Viola, and Sebastian's suggestion that nature has corrected her mistake does not quite erase the sense that she loved a woman's wit and feeling. Shakespeare makes the relationship fascinating because it lets us laugh at the confusions of disguise while also wondering what, in the end, we really love when we fall in love: the outward form, or the voice and spirit within.

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At this moment Shakespeare creates a striking contrast between a man shattered by the truth and a man who has chosen to become a locked door. Othello, now aware that Desdemona was innocent, swings between despair, self-loathing and a desperate clinging to honour, while Iago, exposed and wounded, remains cold, mocking and unreadable. The impression that lingers is of a noble figure reduced

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to ruins by a villain who will not even explain why.

Othello's opening lines show a soldier who has lost all sense of purpose. The nautical metaphors, "Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, / And very sea-mark of my utmost sail", present his life as a voyage that has reached its final mark. The calm, measured rhythm suggests he has already resolved to die. His contemptuous "Man but a rush against Othello's breast, / And he retires" shows how the warrior who once commanded armies could now be pushed back by a reed, and his haunting question, "Where should Othello go?", speaks of a man without a place in the world. His use of his own name, as if speaking of someone else, suggests a self that has been broken apart.

His address to Desdemona's body is agonising. The tender "O ill-starr'd wench!" and "Pale as thy smock!" mingle love with horror, and the simile "Cold, cold, my girl! / Even like thy chastity" is painfully ironic: only now does he recognise the purity he destroyed. He imagines the Day of Judgement, when "This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven", and calls on devils to punish him: "roast me in sulphur, / Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire." The violent verbs and hellish imagery show his self-condemnation, and he names himself "cursed, cursed slave", the repetition hammering home his guilt. The broken cry "O Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead! / O! O!" is striking because the eloquent Othello, famous for his magnificent speech, is reduced to fragments of sound.

Lodovico's entrance reminds us of how far Othello has fallen. He asks for "this rash and most unfortunate man", and Othello's reply, "That's he that was Othello", suggests that his true identity belongs to the past. Lodovico's later lament, "O thou Othello, that was once so good, / Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave", reinforces this sense of tragic decline.

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Othello's attack on Iago is revealing. He looks down at Iago's feet, half expecting the cloven hooves of a devil, before admitting "that's a fable". His line "If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee" shows that he now sees Iago as something inhuman. When he wounds him, Iago's reply, "I bleed, sir; but not kill'd", is chillingly calm, almost a taunt, as if to prove that he cannot be destroyed. Othello's response, "I'd have thee live; / For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die", reveals his despair: death is now a release.

Shakespeare also shows Othello trying to rescue some dignity. He calls himself "An honourable murderer, if you will" and insists "For nought I did in hate, but all in honour." The paradox is striking, and I find it both moving and troubling: he is clinging to an image of himself as noble even as he admits the crime. His humility before Cassio, "I do believe it, and I ask your pardon", shows the generous man he once was. Cassio's simple "Dear General, I never gave you cause" makes the waste of Desdemona's death unbearably plain.

Iago's final words are the most chilling impression of all. Othello's description of him as "that demi-devil" who has "ensnar'd my soul and body" is met with flat refusal: "Demand me nothing. What you know, you know. / From this time forth I never will speak word." The blunt monosyllables and the tautology "What you know, you know" deny the characters and the audience any explanation. Iago, who has controlled everyone through words, now controls them through silence. Shakespeare leaves us, like Othello, staring at a villain whose motives remain a mystery, and the contrast between Othello's raw, overflowing grief and Iago's sealed silence makes this moment unforgettable.

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5b	Emilia begins the play as a figure on the edges of the action, a waiting-woman with very few lines, and ends it as the one voice that tears Iago's web apart. Shakespeare uses her to heighten dramatic impact in two opposite ways: her silence and obedience make the tragedy possible, while her final outspokenness gives the catastrophe its moral clarity. She is, I think, the play's conscience, but a conscience that wakes too late. Her most damaging moment is also her smallest. When she picks up the handkerchief in Act 3 Scene 3, she says, "I am glad I have found this napkin; / This was her first remembrance from the Moor". The tender phrase "first remembrance" shows she knows exactly how precious it is to Desdemona, which makes her decision to hand it over all the more painful to watch. Her admission "I nothing but to please his fantasy" is revealing: the line literally reduces her own will to "nothing", and the audience, who know what Iago is, feel the dramatic irony sharply. Iago's dismissive "To have a foolish wife" shows how little he values her, so her eagerness to please him becomes pitiable rather than villainous. Shakespeare makes the turning point of the plot hinge on a loving, unthinking act, which is far more disturbing than if she were a willing accomplice. Emilia's silence in the next scene intensifies the tension. When Othello demands the handkerchief, she says nothing, yet afterwards she asks, "Is not this man jealous?" The audience wants to shout at her. Her worldly reply, that men "are all but stomachs, and we all but food", is a brutal metaphor of appetite, presenting women as things consumed and discarded with a "belch". Its coarse physicality contrasts with Desdemona's idealism, and it suggests Emilia's cynicism comes from experience of her own marriage. Shakespeare then uses her to turn the knife of irony. In Act 4 Scene 2 she

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guesses the truth almost exactly, insisting that "some eternal villain, / Some busy and insinuating rogue" has "devis'd this slander". The piling up of insults builds an angry rhythm, yet the villain she describes is standing beside her, and Iago calmly tells her to be quiet. The effect is agonising: the truth is spoken aloud and no one hears it. Othello's contempt, calling her "a simple bawd", shows how women's words are dismissed in this world.

The Willow Scene gives Emilia her most striking speech and shifts the play's sympathies. Her joke that she would make her husband a cuckold to make him "a monarch" is playful, but it leads into a serious argument: "Let husbands know / Their wives have sense like them". The plain, balanced line insists on women's equal humanity, and her conclusion that "The ills we do, their ills instruct us so" places blame on men. Placed just before the murder, this frank voice contrasts with Desdemona's gentle submission and makes the audience fear for her innocence even more.

In the final scene Emilia's impact is explosive. Her outburst, "O, the more angel she, / And you the blacker devil!", turns Othello's own language of heaven and hell back on him, and her insults "O gull! O dolt! / As ignorant as dirt!" are startlingly direct, puncturing his tragic grandeur. Most moving is her defiance: "Thou hast not half that power to do me harm / As I have to be hurt". When she declares "'Tis proper I obey him, but not now", she breaks with the obedience that caused the disaster, and the repetition in "Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, / All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak" gives her courage a heroic, almost ritual force. Her exposure of the handkerchief is what finally makes Othello understand.

Her death completes her arc. Asking to be laid by her mistress and singing "Willow, willow, willow", she echoes Desdemona, binding the two women together

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as victims, while her dying words "Moor, she was chaste" restore Desdemona's reputation. Shakespeare therefore uses Emilia to create both the tragedy and its recognition: her silence allows Iago's plot to succeed, and her voice destroys it, leaving the audience with the bitter sense that truth told earlier might have saved everyone.