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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/32**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text) **February/March 2022**

45 minutes

6461890739

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 writing.

Either 1 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Lily: Didn't you hear me ringing the bell, nearly froze my ass out there. [*She displays her legs*.] These stockings, thank God for 'em, just ain't no competition for this weather. Remind me, take a note, need for weather-resistant stockings. Period. Stop! [*to* ERMINA] Ernestine, is that my gal?

Ernestine [*to audience*]: And there now is Aunt Lily, the first colored woman we'd seen dressed up like a white lady. Smart looking and posture straight. She'd been to Harlem … For us country folk that is the equivalent of reaching the promised land.

Lily: Ernestine, is that my gal?

Ermina: Ermina! [*Shuts the door*]

Lily: But haven't you grown. Ladyish and whatnot. How's my baby doing? Where's my hug?

Ermina: Don't know who you is. Can't be giving out loving to anybody that ask.

[LILY *laughs.* GODFREY *enters to investigate the noise.*]

Lily: Ain't that the truth. [*Strikes a pose, then takes off her coat and throws it across the chair*]

Ermina: Who you?

Lily: Who I? Precious! If that ain't a question! It's me, your Aunt Lily, Sister.

[ERMINA *takes a long hard look.* GODFREY *gawks.*]

[*Tentatively*] Now Godfrey, ain't you got words for me?

Godfrey: Sister Lily? Sister Lily Ann Green?

Lily: Who else? Never thought you'd bring your country ass on up here. You ole alligator bait. But don't you look … good, Daddy.

[LILY *walks over and embraces* GODFREY*. He stiffens awkwardly, uncomfortable with the display of affection.* GODFREY *takes a few steps backward and looks down at the ground.*]

Godfrey: I'll be damned! This here is your Mama's sister. Remember?

[*The girls do not respond.*]

Lily: That's all right. Memories need maintenance. I won't hold it against y'all. You're still "y'all," 'cause some folks come North get all siddity on [*Relishes*] "y'all."

[GODFREY *sits, then stands.*]

Godfrey: Lawd, I've gotten so used to seeing strangers, barely know what to do with a familiar face. You're looking … smart, Sister Lily.

Lily: Now don't tell me you're surprised!

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Godfrey [*jokes in a familiar way*]: Used up all my surprise on the first day in Brooklyn. Ain't surprised, pleased though. Some pleasures you never stop looking forward to.

Lily [*flirtatiously*]: Well now! That tongue still got a taste of honey.

[*An awkward moment.* GODFREY *looks away from* LILY*, who smiles seductively.*]

Godfrey: Ain't heard no word from you since … since … Well. [*Bows his head, unable to continue*] We tried to track you down up there in Harlem. Ain't like a small town where your bizness is a matter of public record.

Lily [*amused*]: This the big city, Godfrey, don't want everybody to know ya. They got names for women like that. Oh hell, that's why there's the telephone … But I forgot ya from the country, probably don't know how to use the telephone. [*Cackles*] And don't think it was easy to find "y'all." Do like to say it, "y'all." I can smell the orange blossom and the pig roasting on the spit …

(*from* Act 1 Scene 2)

How does Nottage make this such an entertaining introduction to Aunt Lily?

Or **1 (b)** 'Nottage makes striking use of Ernestine as a narrator.'

How does this contribute to your enjoyment of the play?

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 2 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Parris: Prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.

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[*With a hysterical cry* MARY WARREN *starts to run*.]

(*from* Act 3)

In what ways does Miller make this moment in the play powerfully dramatic?

Or **2 (b)** How does Miller memorably convey Reverend Hale's changing feelings as the play progresses?

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Osborne: I expect Stanhope would like to see you before you go.

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It just shows the state he's in.

(*from* Act 1)

How does Sherriff make this early moment in the play so revealing?

Or **3 (b)** Explore **two** moments in the play which Sherriff makes particularly shocking for you.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 4 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Malvolio: M – Malvolio; M – why, that begins my name.

Fabian: Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio: M – But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fabian: And O shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby: Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

Malvolio: And then I comes behind.

Fabian: Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio: M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

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Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fabian: I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir Toby: I could marry this wench for this device. *50*

Sir Andrew: So could I too.

Sir Toby: And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

(*from* Act 2 Scene 5)

Explore how Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so entertaining.

Or **4 (b)** How far does Shakespeare encourage you to admire Olivia?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5 (a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Iago: There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves',
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips – then laid his leg
Over my thigh – and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Othello: O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago: Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello: But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago: 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream,
And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello: I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago: Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Othello: I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago: I know not that; but such a handkerchief –
I am sure it was your wife's – did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Othello: If it be that –

Iago: If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello: O that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago –
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell.
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

Iago: Yet be content.

Othello: O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago: Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Othello: Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;

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Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. [*He kneels*] Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago [*kneeling*]: Do not rise yet.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service!

(*from* Act 3 Scene 3)

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so disturbing?

Or **5 (b)** Iago calls Roderigo a 'silly gentleman'.

How far does Shakespeare's portrayal of Roderigo encourage you to agree?

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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 Lily's arrival entertaining because she bursts into the Crump household like a performer stepping on to a stage, loud, glamorous and shameless, and the comedy comes from the collision between her big-city swagger and the stiff, buttoned-up family she finds. Yet beneath the laughter Nottage lets us glimpse grief and loneliness, so that the introduction is funny and quietly revealing at the same time.

Lily's very first line is a complaint, delivered before any greeting: "Didn't you hear me ringing the bell, nearly froze my ass out there." The casual vulgarity is comic in a house where, as we know, Godfrey is trying so hard to be respectable, and the stage direction "She displays her legs" shows that she is happy to make her body the centre of attention. Her mock memo, "Remind me, take a note, need for weather-resistant stockings. Period. Stop!", is delightful: she talks as if she has a secretary, dictating a telegram about her own wardrobe. The clipped commands suggest a woman who enjoys playing the part of an important, modern lady, and the audience laughs at the sheer self-importance of it.

Ernestine's narration heightens the effect by building Lily up as a vision. She is "the first colored woman we'd seen dressed up like a white lady", "Smart looking and posture straight", and reaching Harlem is, for "country folk", the equivalent of "the promised land". The biblical hyperbole is gently comic, because it shows how dazzled the teenage Ernestine is, and it sets Lily up as a figure of fantasy. Nottage then immediately punctures this grand build-up with Ermina's rudeness. Lily mistakes her for Ernestine, Ermina corrects her and "Shuts the door", and then flatly refuses a hug: "Can't be giving out loving to anybody that ask." I find

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it very funny that the child's suspicion is so blunt, and even funnier that Lily is not offended but laughs, "Ain't that the truth", as if she recognises a fellow spirit. She then "Strikes a pose" and throws her coat "across the chair", a piece of stage business that shows her claiming the room as her own.

The comedy grows sharper with Godfrey. The stage directions, "GODFREY gawks", "He stiffens awkwardly", "takes a few steps backward and looks down at the ground", create almost slapstick physical humour as this rigid man is overwhelmed by a woman who embraces him and calls him "ole alligator bait". The pauses marked by ellipses in "don't you look ... good, Daddy" and his echo "You're looking ... smart, Sister Lily" suggest both are choosing their words with care, and the audience senses a flirtation he does not know how to handle. His restless movement, "GODFREY sits, then stands", is a lovely visual joke about his discomfort. When Lily teases that his "tongue still got a taste of honey" and "smiles seductively", the awkward silence is both comic and slightly dangerous, hinting at tensions to come.

Lily's language itself is a source of pleasure. She is witty and quick, turning phrases like "Memories need maintenance" when the girls do not respond, and she delights in the word "y'all", which she says she likes to say, mocking those who come North and become "siddity". Her mockery of Godfrey not knowing "how to use the telephone" and her "Cackles" make her a gleeful comic tease.

However, Nottage does not let the scene remain pure entertainment. Godfrey's broken line, "since ... since ... Well", as he "Bows his head, unable to continue", reminds us of the dead mother whose absence links these two people. Lily's response is to joke, and her quip that in the city there are "names for women like that" suggests a lively but perhaps reckless independence. Most touchingly, she

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ends by remembering "the orange blossom and the pig roasting on the spit". This sensory, nostalgic image suggests that beneath the Harlem glamour she still longs for home. For me, this is what makes the introduction so entertaining: Lily is a brilliant, noisy performer, but Nottage lets us see that the performance may be covering something more fragile.

2a

Miller makes this moment powerfully dramatic by turning the courtroom into a trial of nerve rather than evidence. Mary Warren, the frightened servant who has dared to tell the truth, is asked to prove her honesty by performing on demand, and the drama lies in watching her courage drain away while Abigail, the real performer, seizes control of the room. By the time Mary starts to run with "a hysterical cry", the audience feels that truth itself has been chased out of the court.

Parris's opening challenge, "Prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim", is a cruel trap. The demand sounds reasonable, even scientific, yet Miller lets us see how unfair it is: Mary is asked to reproduce, coldly and in daylight, a state that only ever existed in the hysteria of a crowded court. Her halting replies, broken up by hesitations as she admits she cannot faint now and has no sense of it, are painfully dramatic because the audience knows she is telling the truth, yet each failure looks like a confession that she is lying now. Parris, who has every reason to protect his own reputation, presses with gleeful suspicion, and his eagerness makes him seem less a minister than a prosecutor.

Mary's explanation is one of the most revealing lines in the play: "It were only sport in the beginning". The simple, ungrammatical speech of a girl from Salem carries enormous weight, because it admits that the whole catastrophe grew out of

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a game, and she goes on to describe how, when everyone around her cried out about spirits, she came to believe she saw them too. Miller uses her confusion to dramatise how mass hysteria works: belief spreads from the crowd into the individual until imagination feels like sight. Danforth's response is significant. For a moment he seems genuinely troubled, and when he turns to question Abigail the audience holds its breath, sensing that the truth could still break through.

The tension then shifts as Abigail fights back. Instead of answering, she attacks, protesting that she has been hurt and wounded, and then turning the accusation on Danforth himself: she warns him to think whether he is so mighty that "the power of Hell" may not turn his wits. It is a breathtaking moment, because a teenage girl threatens the most powerful man in the colony and the threat works. Miller shows that in a society where everyone fears the Devil, the accuser can silence even the judge by suggesting that doubt is itself a sign of being bewitched.

Abigail's final weapon is pure theatre. Shivering, she claims that "A wind, a cold wind, has come", and the other girls take up the performance, hugging themselves and shuddering as if a spirit had entered the room. The stage directions give the audience a terrifying spectacle of collective pretence, and the irony is intense: Mary could not faint on command, yet Abigail can summon a whole invisible presence with a single line. Her eyes turn on Mary, and the suggestion that Mary herself is sending the spirit transforms the witness into the accused. Danforth's growing suspicion of Mary shows how quickly the court abandons reason.

Miller structures the passage so that Mary is gradually surrounded. Parris, Hathorne and Danforth question her from one side, the girls threaten her from the other, and Proctor, who has brought her to court and depends on her testimony, can only

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watch his case collapse. The stage direction "With a hysterical cry MARY WARREN starts to run" is the climax of this pressure. Her flight is physical proof that she is breaking, and it foreshadows her terrible reversal later in the act, when she turns on Proctor himself.

What makes the moment so powerfully dramatic for me is the sense of helplessness it creates. The audience knows who is lying, yet the characters with power cannot or will not see it. Miller lets us watch truth being defeated not by argument but by fear and performance, and that is far more frightening than any witchcraft.

2b

Reverend Hale undergoes the most complete transformation of any character in The Crucible, and Miller makes his journey memorable because it moves in the opposite direction from the town around him. He arrives as the confident expert who will cure Salem of witchcraft and leaves as a broken man begging the condemned to lie. Miller charts this change through his stage directions, through Hale's shifting language, and through key dramatic moments where his certainty cracks, so that by the end Hale becomes a figure of tragic self-knowledge.

Miller introduces Hale in Act One with an unusually long description, calling him "a tight-skinned, eager-eyed intellectual", and the word "eager" captures his enthusiasm. He enters carrying a pile of books, and the stage business suggests he believes truth can be weighed and carried. His proud claim that in his books is "all the invisible world, caught, defined, and calculated" is memorable precisely because the audience suspects it is foolish: the verbs present the spirit world as something that can be trapped like an animal or solved like a sum. Hale is not cynical like Parris or greedy like Putnam; he genuinely wants to help, and that sincerity makes

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him more dangerous. His gentle but relentless questioning of Tituba, encouraging her to name names and promising that she will be God's instrument, shows how his good intentions unleash the accusations. When Abigail and Betty begin crying out names at the end of the act, Hale's delight is ironic, for the audience senses that the expert has been completely deceived.

By Act Two his feelings have begun to shift. Miller has him arrive at the Proctors' house uninvited, late at night, and the stage directions show him "different now", uneasy and tired. He is no longer simply confident; he is visibly shaken that a woman as saintly as Rebecca Nurse has been named. His examination of the Proctors is memorable for its awkwardness, especially when Proctor cannot remember the commandment against adultery and Elizabeth must supply it. Hale's mixed feelings are clear as he weighs Proctor's poor church attendance and the unbaptised third son against his obvious honesty, and when Proctor reveals that Abigail told him the dancing had nothing to do with witchcraft, Hale is plainly disturbed, yet he still clings to the court's authority. When Elizabeth is arrested, he can only urge Proctor to trust that the court will find her innocent, a reassurance that already sounds hollow.

Act Three is the turning point. In the courtroom Hale increasingly sides with Proctor, urging Danforth to let him present his case with a lawyer and warning that the court cannot simply dismiss every petition. When Elizabeth, trying to protect her husband, denies his adultery, Hale's anguished cry "I believe him!" marks a decisive break: he trusts Proctor's confession over the court's procedure, and declares that Abigail has always struck him false. Miller then gives him his most dramatic exit. As Proctor is arrested, Hale shouts "I denounce these proceedings, I quit this court!" and storms out. The short, explosive clauses show that his doubt has hardened into outrage, and the slammed door is a powerful

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visual symbol of a man rejecting the institution he once served.

In Act Four Miller presents Hale at his most memorable and most pitiful. He returns to the prison not to defend the law but to persuade the condemned to confess falsely. His confession to Danforth, "I come to do the Devil's work", is shocking because it inverts his whole mission: the witch-hunter now admits that he must encourage lies in order to save lives. His guilt pours out in the repeated cry that there is "blood on my head", an image which suggests he feels personally responsible for every execution. With Elizabeth he pleads that "life is God's most precious gift", and his argument that no principle is worth a death shows how far he has travelled from the man who trusted books above people.

Yet Miller does not allow Hale a simple redemption. His final pleas are rejected, and Elizabeth's refusal to persuade her husband shows that Proctor's integrity matters more than Hale's pragmatism. I find Hale's ending deeply moving but ambiguous. He has learned the truth, but too late, and his new belief that life matters more than honour is itself challenged by Proctor's choice. Miller memorably conveys his changing feelings because Hale's tragedy is that of an honest man who realises he has done terrible harm with the best intentions.

3b

Journey's End is a play in which the fighting is almost entirely offstage, yet Sherriff repeatedly shocks his audience by letting violence and fear erupt inside the cramped, apparently ordinary dugout. Two moments I find particularly shocking are Stanhope's threat to shoot Hibbert in Act Two, and the aftermath of the raid in Act Three, where the death of Osborne is met with the Colonel's cheerful congratulations. In both, the shock comes less from bloodshed than from what the war reveals about the men.

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The confrontation with Hibbert is shocking because it shows a commanding officer prepared to kill one of his own men. Sherriff prepares for it carefully. Throughout the play Hibbert complains of his neuralgia, and Stanhope privately dismisses him as a "worm" who is trying to get sent home. The atmosphere tightens when Hibbert announces that he is going down to see the doctor and leaving the line. Stanhope blocks his way, and the stage directions make the scene grimly physical as Stanhope takes out his revolver and makes clear that if Hibbert tries to leave he will shoot him there and then as a deserter. What makes this so disturbing is the cold calm with which Stanhope gives him a short time to decide, while Hibbert is reduced to pleading. The audience genuinely does not know whether he will fire.

The shock is then intensified by a sudden reversal. Instead of the expected violence, Hibbert collapses into sobbing, and Stanhope's whole manner softens. He admits that he too feels the terror, that he often longs to get away, and he suggests that they must go on together because other men are relying on them. This turn is in some ways more shocking than the threat itself, because it exposes the hero worshipped by Raleigh as a man barely holding himself together, sustained by whisky and sheer will. Sherriff shows that cowardice and courage are not opposites but close neighbours, and that the difference between Hibbert and Stanhope is not fear but how each man carries it. I find this moment painful because the audience's sympathies shift twice in a few minutes: first towards the terrified Hibbert, then towards Stanhope, who must be brutal in order to keep his company together.

The second shocking moment comes after the raid. Sherriff builds tension before it with a scene of almost unbearable gentleness, as Osborne and Raleigh wait for zero hour, talking about walking in the New Forest and home, while Osborne, the

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schoolmaster, quietly reads from Alice in Wonderland. Osborne has already handed Stanhope his watch and ring and a letter for his wife, so the audience suspects what is coming. The raid itself happens offstage, conveyed through noise, smoke and confused shouting, and then Sherriff confronts us with the result. Raleigh returns dazed, the German boy has been captured, and Osborne is dead.

The most shocking part is the Colonel's reaction. He bustles in, delighted that the prisoner has given useful information, and declares the raid a success, remarking that the brigadier will be pleased. When he eventually asks after the casualties, it is almost an afterthought. Stanhope's bitter reply, "How awfully nice", is devastating because its polite, upper-class phrasing barely conceals his rage and contempt. Sherriff makes us see the gulf between the commanders, who measure the war in information and approval, and the men who pay for it with their lives. The silence that follows, as Stanhope sits with Raleigh and Osborne's empty bed is in view, is far more powerful than any battle scene.

The cost of Osborne's death continues to shock in the dinner scene that follows, where Stanhope drinks heavily with Trotter and Hibbert, apparently celebrating, and turns furiously on Raleigh for refusing to join them. Raleigh's assumption that Stanhope does not care provokes an outburst that shows how much he is suffering, and how drink and forced jollity are his way of not breaking down.

Both moments shock me because Sherriff strips away the heroic image of war. In the Hibbert scene, a revolver is pointed at a British officer by his own captain; after the raid, the loss of the gentlest man in the company is treated as an acceptable price for a few facts. Sherriff's understated, realistic style makes these moments all the more disturbing, because they happen among ordinary men in an ordinary room.

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4a	Shakespeare makes this moment so entertaining because it is a scene of double performance. Malvolio, alone as he thinks, reads the forged letter and builds an entire fantasy of greatness out of four letters of the alphabet, while Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian, hidden in the box tree, comment on every step. The comedy lies in the gap between what Malvolio believes and what the audience knows, and in the pleasure of watching a pompous man walk eagerly into a trap of his own vanity. The opening lines are a brilliant piece of comic puzzling. Malvolio fixes on "M" and announces, "why, that begins my name", as if he has made a great discovery. His pedantic objection that "there is no consonancy in the sequel" and that "A should follow, but O does" is funny because the steward tries to sound scholarly while he is really twisting the evidence to fit what he wants. He admits that the letters are not in order, yet decides that "to crush this a little, it would bow to me". The verbs "crush" and "bow" are wonderfully revealing: he is literally forcing the words to submit to him, just as he imagines others bowing before him as Count Malvolio. The riddle "M. O. A. I." is deliberately nonsensical, and the audience enjoys Maria's cleverness in creating something that only a man desperate to believe could solve. Throughout, the eavesdroppers turn the scene into a kind of comic commentary. Fabian mocks him as a hunting dog, "The cur is excellent at faults", where "faults" means a lost scent, so Malvolio becomes a hound sniffing out his own humiliation. The puns on the letters are especially lively. When Malvolio says "O" follows, Fabian hopes "O shall end", and Sir Toby threatens to "cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'", turning the letter into a cry of pain. When Malvolio says "And then I comes behind", Fabian jokes that if he had an "eye behind" him he would see

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"more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you". These asides keep the audience in on the joke and build anticipation of his fall.

The letter itself is a perfect parody of high romantic style, carefully designed by Maria to flatter Malvolio's ambition. The famous lines "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em" are grand and balanced, and part of the entertainment is watching him swallow such inflated rhetoric whole. The instructions are absurd but precisely targeted: he must "Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants" and put himself "into the trick of singularity", which only exaggerates his existing rudeness. The demand that he remember "yellow stockings" and being "cross-garter'd" sets up the visual comedy of the later scene, since the audience knows Olivia hates both. The mock signature, "THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY", is a playful oxymoron that he is too excited to question.

Malvolio's response is the comic climax. His prose rushes into a breathless list of resolutions: "I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance". The repeated "I will" reveals his ego, and the plan to "baffle Sir Toby" is deliciously ironic when Toby is standing a few feet away. His insistence that "I do not now fool myself" is dramatic irony at its sharpest, because he is fooling himself completely. He even rewrites the past, persuading himself that Olivia "did commend my yellow stockings of late". The postscript adds a final visual joke: he must "still smile", and his eager promise, "I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me", invites the audience to imagine the stiff, sour steward forcing a grin.

The scene ends with the plotters' delight. Fabian would not give up his share of the sport "for a pension of thousands", and Sir Toby could "marry this wench for

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this device", with Sir Andrew foolishly echoing, "So could I too". Their glee rounds off the entertainment, though some audiences may feel a hint of unease at how cruelly the trick exploits Malvolio's longing. For me, the moment is so entertaining because Shakespeare lets us laugh at Malvolio's self-love while also seeing how human it is to believe what we most wish were true.

4b Shakespeare encourages us to admire Olivia a great deal, though not without smiling at her. She is a young woman of rank who runs a difficult household, resists a powerful suitor, and shows real generosity and judgement; yet she is also capable of extravagant gestures and of falling headlong into a love that makes her as foolish as anyone in Illyria. For me, the balance of her portrayal leans towards admiration, partly because Shakespeare lets us see her faults as warmly human.

At first we hear of Olivia only through others, and the impression is of excess. Valentine reports that she has vowed to stay veiled "like a cloistress" for seven years in mourning for her brother. This is touching evidence of devotion, but it also sounds theatrical, and Orsino's response suggests he sees her grief mainly as proof of how intensely she could love him. Shakespeare may be gently mocking a vow so grand that it can hardly be kept. Even so, her refusal of Orsino is admirable. She has made her position clear many times, and she will not be pressured into marriage by a duke who loves the idea of love more than the woman herself.

When Olivia appears, Shakespeare reveals her wit and authority. In her exchange with Feste she is drawn into his game and "proved" a fool for mourning a brother whose soul is in heaven, and her good humour in accepting the joke shows grace. More significantly, she defends Feste against Malvolio's sneering, telling the steward, "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered

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appetite". The image of a diseased palate is sharp and accurate, and it shows that she understands people clearly. Throughout the play she has to manage her drunken uncle Sir Toby, the foolish suitor Sir Andrew and a vain steward, and she does so with a mixture of patience and firmness that commands respect.

However, her encounter with Cesario turns her admirable self-control upside down, and here Shakespeare invites laughter as well as sympathy. She unveils her face with playful vanity, asking "Is't not well done?", and responds to Viola's sly "if God did all" with a comic inventory of her beauty, listing "two lips, indifferent red" as if writing a will. Her sudden infatuation is captured in her soliloquy, "Even so quickly may one catch the plague?", where love becomes an infection that overwhelms reason. The scheme of sending Malvolio after Cesario with a ring she pretends was left behind is clever but desperate. In Act Three her declaration, "I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, / Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide", is moving in its honesty, the rhyming couplet giving her feelings a lyrical intensity, yet the dramatic irony that she is wooing a woman makes her vulnerable and slightly ridiculous. Some audiences may feel she abandons her dignity; others may admire her courage in speaking her love openly, something Orsino never manages with the woman beside him.

Her hasty marriage to Sebastian, whom she believes to be Cesario, adds to the comedy. She rushes him to a priest, and her decisiveness here could be seen as impulsive. Yet Shakespeare rewards her: Sebastian is the very man she needed, and her boldness brings about the happy resolution. Her earlier rebuke of Sir Toby, when she finds him attacking Sebastian and drives him away in fury, also shows her strength in protecting the person she loves.

The ending, for me, secures our admiration. When the truth about the letter is

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revealed, Olivia is the only person in authority who responds to Malvolio with real compassion. Her words "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!" are tender, and her acknowledgement that "He hath been most notoriously abused" shows a sense of justice that others in the play lack. She also behaves graciously towards Orsino and welcomes Viola as a sister, accepting her mistaken passion without bitterness.

So, how far does Shakespeare encourage us to admire Olivia? Largely, I think. Her mourning is excessive and her love for Cesario makes her foolish, but these are the errors of a passionate, sincere woman in a play where almost everyone is deceived by love. Her intelligence, her firmness with her household and her generosity at the close make her one of the most admirable figures in Twelfth Night.

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This moment is profoundly disturbing because we watch a noble mind being destroyed in real time. Iago, working only with an invented dream and a lie about a handkerchief, drives Othello from doubt to a sacred vow of murder, and Shakespeare makes us feel the horror of how easily love turns to hatred. What makes it worse is that the scene ends with the two men kneeling together, as though they were being married to each other in a ceremony of revenge.

Iago's account of Cassio's dream is disturbing in its intimacy and in its sly construction. He begins with a generalisation, "a kind of men so loose of soul / That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs", which presents his lie as an objective truth about human nature. The quoted words "Sweet Desdemona, / Let us be wary, let us hide our loves" give the fiction the feel of evidence, and the details that follow are grotesquely physical. Cassio would "gripe and wring my hand", "kiss me hard, / As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots", and lay "his leg / Over my

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thigh". The violent verbs and the image of uprooting turn desire into something coarse and animal, and Iago forces Othello to imagine his wife's body through Cassio's. The broken rhythm and the run of "and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then" build like a climax, so that Iago almost acts out the scene. It is unsettling, too, that he places himself in Desdemona's position, a hint of his own perverse imagination.

Othello's reaction, "O monstrous! monstrous!", shows how completely he has been caught. Iago's brilliance is in then appearing to withdraw: "Nay, this was but his dream." This false caution makes Othello do the work himself, insisting that it "denoted a foregone conclusion". Iago's reply is chillingly precise. He concedes it is "but a dream" yet says it may "thicken other proofs / That do demonstrate thinly", openly admitting that there is no real proof while convincing Othello there is. The audience, knowing there are no other proofs at all, feels helpless.

The most frightening shift is in Othello's language. His blunt threat "I'll tear her all to pieces" is shocking from a man who once spoke with such measured eloquence, and the monosyllables suggest raw, physical rage. Iago, pretending restraint, says "She may be honest yet" and introduces the handkerchief, "Spotted with strawberries". The delicate, domestic detail is horribly at odds with the lie it serves. Othello's tender memory, "'twas my first gift", makes the betrayal more painful, and Iago's casual claim that he saw Cassio "wipe his beard with" it degrades the love token into a dirty rag. Othello's half-line "If it be that" reveals his mind breaking off, and Iago completes it, as if he now owns Othello's thoughts.

From this point Othello's speech becomes terrifying. He wishes Cassio had "forty thousand lives" because one is "too poor, too weak for my revenge", an exaggeration that shows his sense of proportion has collapsed. The gesture of blowing his "fond love" to heaven and the stark "'Tis gone" stage the death of his love as a visible

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act. He then summons "black vengeance, from the hollow hell", calling on hate to take love's "crown and hearted throne". Love is dethroned by a tyrant, and the imagery of hell and poison, "aspics' tongues", shows that Othello has been infected by Iago's venom. The brutal repetition "O, blood, blood, blood!" reduces his language almost to a cry.

Yet his final speech is perhaps the most disturbing of all, because his old grandeur returns in the service of murder. The long simile of the "Pontic sea", whose "icy current and compulsive course" never ebbs, sweeps through several lines without pause, and the verse itself enacts the unstoppable force of his "bloody thoughts". The words "Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love" show that he chooses to make his hatred permanent. When he kneels and swears "by yond marble heaven", the cold, hard image suggests a universe that offers no mercy.

The scene closes with Iago kneeling beside him, calling the "ever-burning lights above" to witness that he gives his "wit, hands, heart" to "wrong'd Othello's service". It is a blasphemous parody of a holy vow, and the word "wrong'd" is grimly ironic, since the only person wronging Othello is Iago. This unholy bond, in place of Othello's marriage, is the most disturbing image of all.

5b

Iago's sneer, "silly gentleman", is cruel but largely accurate: Shakespeare presents Roderigo as foolish, vain and endlessly gullible, a man whose wealth and lovesickness make him the perfect "purse" for Iago to empty. Yet I do not think "silly" is the whole truth. Shakespeare also makes Roderigo pitiable, occasionally sharper than Iago allows, and finally a victim, so that our laughter at him gradually turns into something closer to unease.

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From the very first line Roderigo is placed in a position of weakness. The play opens mid-argument with his peevish "Tush, never tell me", and his complaint that Iago has had his purse "as if the strings were thine" tells us at once that this gentleman is being milked for money. Strikingly, Shakespeare lets Iago reveal his entire philosophy of deceit, "I am not what I am", to Roderigo's face, and Roderigo simply fails to notice. His language is borrowed and crude: the racist jibe "the thick-lips" reveals a petty jealousy of Othello rather than any real thought. Even so, when he calls up to Brabantio his verse becomes surprisingly fluent and persuasive, which suggests that Roderigo is not stupid so much as easily steered: he performs well when Iago has written the script.

The scene in which Iago actually uses the phrase is the clearest evidence that the insult fits. Roderigo's melodramatic threat, "I will incontinently drown myself", is a lover's cliché, and Shakespeare deflates it with comedy. Roderigo even tries a little wordplay, claiming "It is silliness to live when to live is torment", and the echo of Iago's word makes him unintentionally ridiculous, as if he cheerfully accepts the label. Iago's hammering refrain "Put money in thy purse" is almost hypnotic in its repetition, and the scene's prose rhythm gives it the feel of a comic routine between a trickster and his dupe. The scene closes with Iago's soliloquy, "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse", where the antithesis of "fool" and "purse" exposes exactly how Iago sees him: as a source of cash and a source of amusement, nothing more.

However, Shakespeare does not let us dismiss Roderigo entirely. In Cyprus he is the first to defend Desdemona's virtue, insisting she is "full of most blessed condition", and Iago has to crush this with the scornful "Blessed fig's-end!". For a moment the "silly" gentleman sees Desdemona more truly than Othello will. After the brawl with Cassio, his rueful prose reflection that he has been "exceedingly well

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cudgelled" and will return to Venice "with no money at all and a little more wit" is funny, but also self-aware. He knows he is being used; he simply cannot escape. Most tellingly, in Act 4 he finally confronts Iago, complaining that every day Iago "daff'st me with some device", and announcing he will no longer endure it. Here Roderigo is not silly at all: he has worked out the truth about the jewels and threatens to go to Desdemona herself. Yet Iago's flattering "now I see there's mettle in thee" turns him round within moments, and he is talked into murder. His intelligence flickers, but his will is always weaker than Iago's tongue.

His end confirms both his foolishness and his pathos. Before the ambush he admits "I have no great devotion to the deed, / And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons", a line that captures his tragedy in miniature: he acts against his own instinct because Iago's words sound convincing. Iago's aside that whether Roderigo kills Cassio or Cassio kills him, "Every way makes my gain" reduces him to a disposable piece in a game. When Iago stabs him in the dark, Roderigo's dying cry "O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!" is the first time anyone names Iago correctly, and it is bitterly ironic that the "silly gentleman" sees the truth before the noble Othello does.

Overall, I agree to a large extent: Shakespeare uses Roderigo as a comic gull whose vanity, credulity and money make him ridiculous. But he is also a mirror for Othello, another man destroyed because he trusted "honest" Iago, and his moments of insight make him more pitiable than contemptible. "Silly" describes his choices; it does not quite describe the suffering Shakespeare allows us to see.