National
Qualifications
2021 ASSESSMENT RESOURCE

X824/77/12

English
Textual Analysis

Duration — 1 hour 30 minutes

Total marks — 20

Attempt **ONE** part only.

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

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

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

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

TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

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

Attempt ONE part only.

PART A — POETRY

Read carefully *From the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh* (2006) by Andrew Greig and then answer the question that follows it.

From the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh

My only talent lay in these.
My father rubbed his hands together,
stared as though their whorls held codes
from thirty years obstetric surgery.
It's manual craft — the rest's just memory
and application. The hard art
lies in knowing when to stop.

He curled his fingers, a safe-cracker
recalling a demanding lock;
I glimpse a thousand silent break-ins;
the scalpel's shining jemmy pops
a window in the body, then — quick! —
working in the dark remove or
re-arrange, then clean up, quit,
seal the entrance. Oh strange burglar
who leaves things better than he found them!
On good days it seemed my fingertips
could see through skin, and once inside
had little lamps attached, that showed
exactly how and where to go.
He felt most kin to plumbers, sparks and joiners,
men whose hands would speak for them.

I wander through the college, meet
portraits of those names he'd list,
Simpson, Lister, Wade and Bell,
the icons of his craft, recalled
as though he'd known them personally.
Impossible, of course. Fingers don't see.
Yet it gave me confidence, so I could proceed.

I stare at the college coat of arms,
that eye wide-open in the palm,
hear his long-dead voice, see again
those skilful hands that now are ash.
Working these words I feel him by me,
lighting up the branching pathways.
Impossible, of course, and yet it gives
me confidence. We need
to believe we are not working blind;
with his eye open in my mind
I open the notebook and proceed.

Question

Write a detailed critical response to this poem.

[Turn over

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully *The Innocent* (1937) by Graham Greene and then answer the question that follows it.

The Innocent

It was a mistake to take Lola there. I knew it the moment we alighted from the train at the small country station. On an autumn evening one remembers more of childhood than at any other time of year, and her bright veneered face, the small bag which hardly pretended to contain our things for the night, simply didn't go with the old grain warehouses across the small canal, the few lights up the hill, the posters of an ancient film. But she said, 'Let's go into the country,' and Bishop's Hendron was, of course, the first name which came into my head. Nobody would know me there now, and it hadn't occurred to me that it would be I who remembered.

Even the old porter touched a chord. I said, 'There'll be a four-wheeler at the entrance,' and there was, though at first I didn't notice it, seeing the two taxis and thinking, 'The old place is coming on.' It was very dark, and the thin autumn mist, the smell of wet leaves and canal water were deeply familiar.

Lola said, 'But why did you choose this place? It's grim.' It was no use explaining to her why it wasn't grim to me, that that sand heap by the canal had always been there (when I was three I remember thinking it was what other people meant by the seaside). I took the bag (I've said it was light; it was simply a forged passport of respectability) and said we'd walk. We came up over the little humpbacked bridge and passed the alms-houses[1]. When I was five I saw a middle-aged man run into one to commit suicide; he carried a knife and all the neighbours pursued him up the stairs. She said, 'I never thought the country was like *this*.' They were ugly alms-houses, little grey stone boxes, but I knew them as I knew nothing else. It was like listening to music, all that walk.

But I had to say something to Lola. It wasn't her fault that she didn't belong here. We passed the school, the church, and came round into the old wide High Street and the sense of the first twelve years of life. If I hadn't come, I shouldn't have known that sense would be so strong, because those years hadn't been particularly happy or particularly miserable; they had been ordinary years, but now with the smell of wood fires, of the cold striking up from the dark damp paving stones, I thought I knew what it was that held me. It was the smell of innocence.

I said to Lola, 'It's a good inn, and there'll be nothing here, you'll see, to keep us up. We'll have dinner and drinks and go to bed.' But the worst of it was that I couldn't help wishing that I were alone. I hadn't been back all these years; I hadn't realized how well I remembered the place. Things I'd quite forgotten, like that sand heap, were coming back with an effect of pathos and nostalgia. I could have been very happy that night in a melancholy autumnal way, wandering about the little town, picking up clues to that time of life when, however miserable we are, we have expectations. It wouldn't be the same if I came back again, for then there would be the memories of Lola, and Lola meant just nothing at all. We had happened to pick each other up at a bar the day before and liked each other. Lola was all right, there was no one I would rather spend the night with, but she didn't fit in with *these* memories. We ought to have gone to Maidenhead. That's country too.

The inn was not quite where I remembered it. There was the Town Hall, but they had built a new cinema with a Moorish dome and a café, and there was a garage which hadn't existed in my time. I had forgotten too the turning to the left up a steep, villaed hill.

'I don't believe that road was there in my day,' I said.

'Your day?' Lola asked.

'Didn't I tell you? I was born here.'

[1] *Alms-houses*: houses founded by charity offering accommodation for the poor.

'You must get a kick out of bringing me here,' Lola said. 'I suppose you used to think of nights like this when you were a boy.'

'Yes,' I said, because it wasn't her fault. She was all right. I liked her scent. She used a good shade of lipstick. It was costing me a lot, a fiver for Lola and then all the bills and fares and drinks, but I'd have thought it money well spent anywhere else in the world.

I lingered at the bottom of that road. Something was stirring in the mind, but I don't think I should have remembered what, if a crowd of children hadn't come down the hill at that moment into the frosty lamplight, their voices sharp and shrill, their breath fuming as they passed under the lamps. They all carried linen bags, and some of the bags were embroidered with initials. They were in their best clothes and a little self-conscious. The small girls kept to themselves in a kind of compact, beleaguered group, and one thought of hair ribbons and shining shoes and the sedate tinkle of a piano. It all came back to me: they had been to a dancing lesson, just as I used to go, to a small square house with a drive of rhododendrons half-way up the hill. More than ever I wished that Lola were not with me, less than ever did she fit, as I thought 'something's missing from the picture,' and a sense of pain glowed dully at the bottom of my brain.

We had several drinks at the bar, but there was half an hour before they would agree to serve dinner. I said to Lola, 'You don't want to drag round this town. If you don't mind, I'll just slip out for ten minutes and look at a place I used to know.' She didn't mind. There was a local man, perhaps a schoolmaster, at the bar simply longing to stand her a drink. I could see how he envied me, coming down with her like this from town just for a night.

I walked up the hill. The first houses were all new. I resented them. They hid such things as fields and gates I might have remembered. It was like a map which had got wet in the pocket and pieces had stuck together; when you opened it there were whole patches hidden. But half-way up, there the house really was, the drive; perhaps the same old lady was giving lessons. Children exaggerate age. She may not in those days have been more than thirty-five. I could hear the piano. She was following the same routine. Children under eight, 6–7 p.m. Children eight to thirteen, 7–8. I opened the gate and went in a little way. I was trying to remember.

I don't know what brought it back. I think it was simply the autumn, the cold, the wet frosting leaves, rather than the piano, which had played different tunes in those days. I remembered the small girl as well as one remembers anyone without a photograph to refer to. She was a year older than I was: she must have been just on the point of eight. I loved her with an intensity I have never felt since, I believe, for anyone. At least I have never made the mistake of laughing at children's love. It has a terrible inevitability of separation because there *can* be no satisfaction. Of course one invents tales of houses on fire, of war and forlorn charges which prove one's courage in her eyes, but never of marriage. One knows without being told that that can't happen, but the knowledge doesn't mean that one suffers less. I remembered all the games of blind-man's buff at birthday parties when I vainly hoped to catch her, so that I might have the excuse to touch and hold her, but I never caught her; she always kept out of my way.

But once a week for two winters I had my chance: I danced with her. That made it worse (it was cutting off our only contact) when she told me during one of the last lessons of the winter that next year she would join the older class. She liked me too, I knew it, but we had no way of expressing it. I used to go to her birthday parties and she would come to mine, but we never even ran home together after the dancing class. It would have seemed odd; I don't think it occurred to us. I had to join my own boisterous teasing male companions, and she the besieged, the hustled, the shrilly indignant sex on the way down the hill.

I shivered there in the mist and turned my coat collar up. The piano was playing a dance from an old C. B. Cochran revue. It seemed a long journey to have taken to find only Lola at the end of it. There *is* something about innocence one is never quite resigned to lose. Now when I am unhappy about a girl, I can simply go and buy another one. Then the best I could think of was to write some passionate message and slip it into a hole (it was extraordinary how I began to remember everything) in the woodwork of the gate. I had once told her about the hole, and sooner or later

I was sure she would put in her fingers and find the message. I wondered what the message could have been. One wasn't able to express much, I thought, in those days; but because the expression was inadequate, it didn't mean that the pain was shallower than what one sometimes suffered now. I remembered how for days I had felt in the hole and always found the message there. Then the dancing lessons stopped. Probably by the next winter I had forgotten.

As I went out of the gate I looked to see if the hole existed. It was there. I put in my finger, and, in its safe shelter from the seasons and the years, the scrap of paper rested yet. I pulled it out and opened it. Then I struck a match, a tiny glow of heat in the mist and dark. It was a shock to see by its diminutive flame a picture of crude obscenity. There could be no mistake; there were my initials below the childish inaccurate sketch of a man and woman. But it woke fewer memories than the fume of breath, the linen bags, a damp leaf, or the pile of sand. I didn't recognize it; it might have been drawn by a dirty-minded stranger on a lavatory wall. All I could remember was the purity, the intensity, the pain of that passion.

I felt at first as if I had been betrayed. 'After all,' I told myself, 'Lola's not so much out of place here.' But later that night, when Lola turned away from me and fell asleep, I began to realize the deep innocence of that drawing. I had believed I was drawing something with a meaning and beautiful; it was only now after thirty years of life that the picture seemed obscene.

Question

Analyse Graham Greene's presentation of the central thematic concerns of *The Innocent*.

In your response, you should consider:

- the narrative voice
- the use of contrast
- the use of symbolism
- any other literary device you consider to be important.

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Read carefully the essay *Boys will be boys* (2013) by AA Gill and then answer the question that follows it.

Boys will be boys

The drummer stands straight, stiff and splendid in scarlet and black bearskin. His epaulettes gleam, straps are blancoed, polished boots face ten-to-two. The drum hangs by his side, the sticks hover ready to tap out the rhythm of war. The rest of his regiment lies in tatters: a Life Guard has lost his head, a gun limber is turned on its side, its crew passed into the ranks of the dead.

Opposite him are the lines of blue-coated French, bayonets fixed. Their cavalry, a single Polish lancer, gallops in from the left. Things are not looking good for the drummer. The air echoes with the sounds of volleys — Bang! Bang! The French fire back — Frap! Frap! Suddenly, out of the sky, swoops a pterodactyl. It grips the drummer and lifts him up, across the table, over the carpet to the back of the armchair where the reserves wait: three Zulus, a one-armed crusader and Benito Mussolini.

Beetle, my six-year-old son, says the drummer is his favourite, along with the 25lb field gun and the chap with a pith helmet on a camel, still fresh from defeating the Mahdi's army at Omdurman. And then he embarks — Beetle, not the man on the camel — on a long and circuitous story about the drummer: where he came from, what happened to him, who his parents were, why the other soldiers like him.

The core company of these men were my father's. They came in flat lead sets, representing the sort of small imperial wars Michael Gove[1] would like all children to remember: the French and Indian wars, the Italo-Abyssinian War, the War for the Spanish Succession. Beetle is the fourth child to command this bent and battered battalion: his grandfather, me, his elder brother all came before him. Lead soldiers, like men, are hard and frail, there is barely one that doesn't bear the injury of play. Most of the bright paint is noticeable by its absence, but this only adds to their glory. The men who can no longer stand are kept in a cotton-wool hospital and are carefully brought out for parades.

My son has a twin sister; she has never shown more than a passing interest in the soldiers, never thought it unfair that he inherited them. 'They are,' she says, 'boys' things.'

Every father who ever was makes the same silent oath at the birth of their children. I will always be there to catch you, for your first step, behind your first bicycle, in the playground, at college, out of love, in work, falling from grace, jumping for joy. We mean it, though the truth of parenthood is an increasing litany of fumbled and missed catches. The promise isn't gender-specific. You don't think a son's grazed knees are less important than a daughter's, or her broken heart any more despairing than his.

When you have twins, people ask 'What are they?' In our case, one of each. And then many ask, 'Are they identical?' And we smile and say, 'No, they're a boy and a girl.' The question is dumb, but dumb for the right reason: babies are infants first and a gender second. The difference is mostly down to whether or not you get peed in the face when you change a nappy. We have continued to treat ours the same: they have always slept in the same room, gone to the same school; they both turned down ballet and took up judo.

The twins are now six and the people they've met, the things they've seen, the stories they've heard, the films they've sat through, are all pretty much gender-neutral — partly by choice and partly because that's just the way they all are. I don't have a single friend who thinks girls belong in the kitchen darning socks, and boys belong in the army, killing people. People like that are almost impossible to find, just as it's difficult to access modern cartoon films or children's books that aren't made with an achingly evangelical blandness.

[1]At the time of writing the Secretary of State for Education for England and Wales.

For a generation, children's sexual equality has far outpaced grown-ups' because it doesn't cost anything to tell a girl she can grow up to be a fireman or an explorer. Yet despite all that, Beetle chose to pick up the sword, Edie to push a pram. Both had soft toys in the crib: hers are still hugged, his are mostly collateral damage. She likes princesses, he likes droids. Beetle is far more physically tentative than Edie is — she loves rollercoasters, he is terrified — but they remain each other's best friend. They play contentedly together, or beside each other. Edie will swordfight if Beetle pleads; he will organise her doll's house. But before anyone said anything, she wanted pink things and he insisted on blue. They come together in a mutual love of animals and nature programmes, but while she will 'Aww' over the puppies and kittens, he is interested only in predators.

The distinction between the two is so marked that it would have taken months of committed prejudice to achieve. Each respects the boyness or the girlness of the other. This is my second family of a boy and a girl, and I notice exactly the same distinctions. A behaviourist might say this is because I am the common ingredient, I manipulate unconsciously, but I feel that's less than likely. Nothing about being a father is unconscious and the pink-blue distinctions only account for a fraction of their lives as children. There is a far larger, shared, genderless landscape: a passion for riding ponies, building camps, telling jokes without punch lines. They are siblings first and last; their destiny and their choices are most likely designed by that relationship than by the one they have with me. I promised to catch, not to push.

The V&A Museum of Childhood is about to put on an exhibition of boys' things. I meet its curators in the bowels of the parent museum, the Victoria and Albert. The toys and the curators sit motionless around a large table in a grown-up, featureless room. There is a collection of soldiers: a troop of kilted Scots, an Indian crawling with a dagger, an armoured car and quite a lot of Nazis parading camply with flags. The curators regard the toys with the nervous concern of zookeepers watching rare frogs. The toys look lost. A museum of childhood is a great institutional oxymoron: who puts childhood into a museum? Museums are dead, defunct, past things. We force children to go to museums to see what they're not: old, dusty and venerable. To take children to a museum of childhood is coals to Newcastle.

Inside the glass cases of the Museum of Childhood's permanent collection, the exhibits jostle together like refugees from happier times. Streets of dolls' houses come with the strict encomiums of their middle-class arriviste heritage. Dolls and teddy bears and tin men and farm animals look discarded and unloved. There is something particularly uncomfortable and childishly sad about toys without children. They bring to mind the end of Toy Story 2, where the dolls are sent to the purgatory of a Japanese collector for his museum. There is something peculiarly, spiritually wrong about a toy museum — it's like a zoo for joy. This is the home of grown-up, beardy enthusiasms — men who want to collect and order things, who fuss and tidy up.

After a bit, another truth creeps up on you: the Museum of Childhood, with all its inclusivity, its community spirit and liberal decency, its pushchair-friendly cafe and gift shop, is hiding something. Half the human race has been left out. The detritus of a lad's bedroom has been brushed aside, put into storage. The swords, the bows and arrows, the guns, the helmets, capes, catapults, the spud guns, the tanks and shields and all the soldiers are absent, just a couple of sorry specimens sectioned in with the dolls for political re-education. It's like the Imperial War Museum without the war or the imperialism.

I asked a minder why the boys' toys are absent. She smiles at me sweetly — this is not the first time she's been asked. 'Do you think there are gender-specific toys? Do you imagine boys don't play with teapots and teddies and dolls?' Well, yes, of course they do, but mostly to tie them up and shoot them for treason. But there is an absence of stabbing, squirting and lassoing and vaporising toys. That's a gender bias, I'm told, that encourages boys to violence. I ask her if she thinks the museum should have a political position, a social point of view. 'Oh yes,' she replies. 'We should celebrate what's good, like the NHS.'

Anyway, we don't need to argue, the evidence is here in an addendum to the permanent display: a whole exhibition devoted to boys' violent make-believe. The soldiers, the bombers, the board

games about murdering the enemy. Boys' childhood, men's childhood, is being carted into this ghetto of extinct toys that aren't trusted to play nicely with the girls. Not as nostalgic reminiscence and an interest in empathy, but as a nannying warning, a retrospective rebuke for all the brainwashing and murderous sadism, cruelty and colonialism that has been foisted onto blameless male babies who might have preferred My Little Pony and a skipping rope if they hadn't been taken to the dark side by dads who continue the original sin of men fucking up the world.

And then they brought out the Airfix Spitfire. 'Aah, I made squadrons of these! This is a really early one — look at the cockpit. Can I pick it up?' A nervously apologetic male nanny, who has gone over to the pink side, smiled stiffly and said I'd have to wear rubber gloves. Really? To hold a plastic five-bob Spit? The little thing felt sad, it had been reduced to this girly museum of pity and smiles and cultural realignment — a life of tissue paper and latex, never again to feel the grubby finger of a kid. It yearned to loop the loop one more time. To go down in flames — tacca tacca tacca. I put the plane gently down on the runway of its sorry half-life.

I asked a professor of children's things and education why boys played differently from girls. Well, she said, there's some evidence that it might be due to hormones — increased levels of testosterone. But I think, she continued, it's more likely to be social pressure. We bring up boys and girls differently.

I tell her about my twins, and how, much as their mother and I would like to bring them up differently, we don't have the time or the energy. From the earliest moment they've behaved archetypally. Edie has prams and dolls and colours inside the lines, Beetle has swords and Star Wars Lego and can barely be bothered to colour inside the paper.

Yes, she says patiently, in the way that professionals do when they mean no, but you are not the only influence on your children. OK, but is it bad for boys to play violent games? Oh no, she says, the evidence is clear — it's a necessary part of growing up. It's imaginative play. It helps them to socialise. If you leave them alone, boys are very good at making rules. It may look rough, but they very rarely get hurt. Is there any evidence that war games and soldiers lead on to violent behaviour as adults? No. It turns out that boys' play is quite the opposite of learning to be violent: it's a way of managing and understanding the scary bits of life. It is a catharsis.

If war games and conflict narratives are good for boys, that begs the question, should they also be good for girls? Instead of channelling girls into co-operative sitting-down games, shouldn't we be encouraging mini Amazons and pigtail Boadiceas? Anyone who has sent a child to a nursery school in the last 10 years knows that play fighting is discouraged. Preschool teachers have ploys to distract the boys' urges into inclusive problem-solving. But children understand very early on the difference between play and reality. They don't mix them up. The children to worry about are the ones who don't socialise, who are solitary, who don't learn the lessons or the benefits of war games.

No one seems to have done a study, or questioned why grown-ups want to manipulate children. I might suggest it's a projection, a desire to do it again, better, to relive — if only as a pale proxy — the perfect commitment and immersion of childhood games and make-believe. All children know the toys fathers bring home to play themselves: the impossibly complicated models, the kites that don't fly. Why would a grown-up want to curate a museum of toys?

Why do we find it so difficult to leave childhood to children? I watch Beetle kneeling on the carpet, lost in his soldiers: issuing orders, imitating voices, the rapt pleasure of the story unfolding, and I feel a contradictory *millefeuille*[2] of emotions: the memory of my father and myself, the nostalgia for the gripping make-believe when you could still really believe, and a sad, grey jealousy: I'll never have that again; my pretending is just pretend. And the regret that I didn't understand at the time how wonderful and fleeting this ability to play would be. Grown-ups can collude that play is really practice for adult life. But it isn't. Children don't see it as training for the office or the call centre or the till. In our increasingly rational and over-explained lives, the only things that still have the power of animism are toys. They contain the magic of childhood.

Edie sleeps with a small, soft elephant. If Ellie were lost or left behind I would have to take planes, trains, taxis and rickshaws to bring it home. There would be no point in saying, 'It's only a

[2]*millefeuille*: a rich cake consisting of multiple thin layers of pastry.

grubby soft toy.' Ellie is a household totem, it holds the spirit of family, is the recipient of tears and wishes and sleepy legends. Only toys blessed by children have this. And no adult is immune to their fetish power. The lead soldiers will be Beetle's until someday he loses the battle of childhood and moves on. Then they'll lie in their box, waiting for his son. The wounded will grow in number until there is just the drummer left, a final amulet of imagination and play.

All men carry in them a secret, wordless prayer of play. It is a male noise, the noise that guns make, the noise of arrows, of a Spitfire, of a bazooka, of a ray gun, ululations that defy spelling, the sounds that we now rarely make out loud. But they're there inside all of us, all men, ghostly echoes of the good fight of the child.

Question

Write a detailed critical response to this essay.

In your response, you should consider:

- the writer's stance
- tone and mood
- any other features you find interesting.

OR

PART D — DRAMA

Read carefully the extract from the end of Act 1 of *The Amen Corner* (1954) by James Baldwin and then answer the question that follows it.

The extract is set in Harlem, New York, in Margaret's apartment immediately after a church service. Margaret is preparing to leave for Philadelphia where she is due to give a sermon at a church, when her estranged husband, Luke, appears unexpectedly.

Characters in this extract:

MARGARET ALEXANDER: Pastor of the church

ODESSA: Margaret's older sister

DAVID: Margaret's 18-year-old son

LUKE: Margaret's estranged husband

SISTER MOORE
SISTER BOXER } Senior members of the church
BROTHER BOXER

The Amen Corner

(MARGARET *and* ODESSA *re-enter. The* BOXERS *and* SISTER MOORE *begin to sing*.)

SISTER MOORE: What a mighty God we serve!

SISTER and BROTHER BOXER: What a mighty God we serve!

TOGETHER: Angels around the throne,
'Round the throne of God,
Crying, what a mighty God we serve!

MARGARET: Bless your hearts, children, that sure done my spirit good. You all ain't like them wayward children up in Philadelphia. It sure is nice to be here with my real faithful children.

(DAVID *enters the alley, slowly, looking back; enters the apartment*.)

BROTHER BOXER: Oh, we's faithful, Sister Margaret.

(*Jazz version of 'Luke's Theme' begins*.)

SISTER MOORE: Yes, I'm mighty glad you said that, Sister Margaret. I'm mighty glad you *knows* that. Because the Lord's done laid something on my heart to say to you, right here and now, and you going to take it in the proper spirit, I know you is. I know you know I ain't trying to find fault. Old Sister Moore don't mean no wrong.

MARGARET: What is it, Sister Moore?

DAVID: Mama, can I see you for a minute?

MARGARET: In a minute, son.

SISTER MOORE: Why, Brother and Sister Boxer here, they just happened to mention to me something about this job you don't think Brother Boxer ought to take. I don't mean no wrong, Sister Margaret, and I know you the pastor and is set above me, but I'm an older woman than you are and, I declare, I don't see no harm in it.

MARGARET: You don't see no harm in it, Sister Moore, because the Lord ain't placed you where he's placed me. Ain't no age in the Lord, Sister Moore — older or younger ain't got a thing to do

with it. You just remember that I'm your pastor.

SISTER MOORE: But, Sister Margaret, can't be no harm in a man trying to do his best for his family.

MARGARET: The Lord comes before all things, Sister Moore. All things. Brother Boxer's supposed to do his best for the Lord.

SISTER MOORE: But, Sister Margaret —

MARGARET: I don't want to hear no more about it.

(SISTERS MOORE *and* BOXER *exchange a bitter look and they begin singing a church tune*. ODESSA *closes* MARGARET'S *suitcase and puts it on the floor.* LUKE *appears in the alley, walking very slowly.*)

SISTERS MOORE and BOXER: 'Bye and 'bye when the morning comes
All the saints of God are gathering home,
We will tell the story how we overcome,
And we'll understand it better 'bye and 'bye.

(LUKE *climbs the stairs into the church, walks through it slowly; finally enters the apartment as they finish the song*.)

LUKE: Good morning, folks. (*Silence*. *Everyone stares, first at* LUKE*, then at* MARGARET. MARGARET *stands perfectly still*.) Maggie, you ain't hardly changed a bit. You *still* the prettiest woman I ever laid eyes on.

MARGARET: Luke.

LUKE: Don't look at me like that. I changed that much? Well, sure, I might of lost a little weight. But you gained some. You ever notice how men, they tend to lose weight in later life, while the women, they gain? You look good, Maggie. It's good to see you.

MARGARET: Luke —

LUKE (*to* ODESSA)*:* Hey, you look good too. It's mighty good to see you again. You didn't think I'd come to New York and not find you? Ain't you going to say nothing, neither?

ODESSA: Ah. You bad boy.

LUKE: I bet my son is in this room somewhere. He's got to be in this room somewhere — (*to* BROTHER BOXER) — but I reckon it can't be you. I know it ain't been that long. (*to* DAVID) You come downtown last night to hear me play, didn't you?

DAVID: Yes. Yes, sir. I did.

LUKE: Why didn't you come up and say hello? I saw you, sitting way in the back, way at the end of the bar. I knew right away it was you. And, time I was finished, you was gone. (*a pause*) Cat got your tongue, Maggie? (*to* DAVID) I never knowed that to happen to your mama before.

MARGARET: I never knowed my son to lie to me, neither. God don't like liars.

DAVID: I was going to tell you.

MARGARET: Luke, how'd you find us?

LUKE: I had to find you. I didn't come to cause you no trouble. I just come by to say hello.

ODESSA: Luke, sit down! I can't get over seeing you, right here in this room. I can't get over it. I didn't reckon on never seeing you no more —

LUKE: In life. I didn't neither. But here I am —

ODESSA: With your big, black, no-count self. You hungry?

LUKE: Odessa, you ain't never going to change. Everytime you see a man, you think you got to go digging for some pork chops. No, I ain't hungry. I'm tired, though. I believe I'll sit down. (*He sits*. ODESSA *and* DAVID *glance at each other quickly.*)

MARGARET: How long you going to be in New York, Luke? When did you get here? Nobody told me

— (*She looks at* DAVID.) nobody told me — you was here —

LUKE: A couple of weeks is all. I figured I'd find you somewhere near a church. And you a pastor now? Well, I guess it suits you. She a good pastor?

SISTER MOORE: Amen!

LUKE: What do you think, David? (DAVID *is silent*.) Well, she sure used to keep on at me about my soul. Didn't you, Maggie? Of course, that was only toward the end, when things got to be so rough. In the beginning — well, it's always different in the beginning.

MARGARET: You ain't changed, have you? You still got the same carnal grin, that same carnal mind — you ain't changed a bit.

LUKE: People don't change much, Maggie —

MARGARET: Not unless the Lord changes their hearts —

LUKE: You ain't changed much, neither — you dress a little different.

MARGARET: Why did you come here? You ain't never brought me nothing but trouble, you come to bring me more trouble? Luke — I'm glad to see you and all but — I got to be going away this afternoon. I stay busy all the time around this church. David, he stays busy too — and he's coming with me this afternoon.

LUKE: Well, honey, I'm used to your going. I done had ten years to get used to it. But, David — David, you can find a couple of minutes for your old man, can't you? Maybe you'd like to come out with me sometime — we could try to get acquainted —

DAVID: You ain't wanted to get acquainted all this time —

LUKE: Yes, I did. It ain't my fault — at least it ain't *all* my fault — that we ain't acquainted.

ODESSA: Luke!

DAVID: You run off and left us.

LUKE: Boy, your daddy's done a lot of things he's ashamed of, but I wouldn't never of run off and left you and your mother. Your mama knows that. (*a pause*) You tell him, Maggie. Who left? Did I leave you or did you leave me?

MARGARET: It don't make no difference now.

LUKE: Who left? Tell him.

MARGARET: When we was living with you, I didn't know half the time if I had a husband or not, this boy didn't know if he had a father!

LUKE: That's a goddam lie. *You* knew you had a husband — this boy knew he had a father. Who left the house — who left?

MARGARET: You was always on the road with them no-count jazz players —

LUKE: But who *left*?

MARGARET: I ain't going to stand here arguing with you — I got to go — David —

LUKE: *Who left*?

MARGARET: *I* did! *I* left! To get away from the stink of whisky — to save my baby — to find the Lord!

LUKE: I wouldn't never of left you, son. Never. Never in this world.

MARGARET: Leave us alone, Luke. Go away and leave us alone. I'm doing the Lord's work now —

DAVID: Mama —— you just said — God don't like liars.

MARGARET: Your daddy weren't hardly ever home. I was going to explain it all to you — when you got big.

LUKE: I done spent ten years wishing you'd leave the Lord's work to the Lord. (*He rises slowly.*) You know where I'm working, boy. Come on down and see me. Please come on down and see me.

MARGARET: Luke, he ain't going down there. You want to see him, you come on up here.

LUKE: He's big enough to find his way downtown.

MARGARET: I don't want him hanging around downtown.

LUKE: It ain't no worse down there than it is up here.

MARGARET: I ain't going to fight with you — not now — in front of the whole congregation. Brother Boxer, call me a taxi. David, close that suitcase and get yourself a coat. We got to go.

(BROTHER BOXER *hesitates, rises, leaves*.)

ODESSA: Maggie, he's sick. (LUKE *sways, falls against the table*. SISTER BOXER *screams*. DAVID *and* ODESSA *struggle to raise him*.)

SISTER MOORE: Try to get him back here in this little room. Back here, in this bed, in this little room. (DAVID *and the women struggle with* LUKE *and get him to the bed*. DAVID *loosens his father's collar and takes off his shoes*.)

LUKE (*moans*): Maggie.

SISTER BOXER: We better send that man to a hospital.

MARGARET: This here's a Holy Ghost station. The Lord don't do nothing without a purpose. Maybe the Lord wants to save his soul.

SISTER MOORE: Well, amen.

MARGARET: And Luke, if he want to keep on being hardhearted against the Lord, his blood can't be required at our hands. I got to go.

DAVID: Mama, I'm going to stay here. (*a pause*) Mama, couldn't you write or telephone or something and let them folks know you can't get up there right now?

SISTER BOXER: Yes, Sister Margaret, couldn't you do that? I don't believe that man is long for this world.

SISTER MOORE: Yes, Sister Margaret, everybody understands that when you got trouble in the home, the home comes first. Send a deputy up there. I'll go for you.

MARGARET: In this home, Sister Moore, the Lord comes first. The Lord made me leave that man in there a long time ago because he was a sinner. And the Lord ain't told me to stop doing my work just because he's come the way all sinners come.

DAVID: But, Mama, he's been calling you, he going to keep on calling you! What we going to do if he start calling for you again?

MARGARET: Tell him to call on the Lord! It ain't me can save him, ain't nothing but the Lord can save him!

ODESSA: But you might be able to help him, Maggie — if you was here.

DAVID: Mama, you don't know. You don't know if he be living, time you get back. (*The taxi horn is heard*.) But I reckon you don't care, do you?

MARGARET: Don't talk to your mother that way, son. I don't want to go. I got to go.

SISTER BOXER: When a woman make a vow to God, she got to keep it.

MARGARET: You folks do what you can for him, pray and hold onto God for him. (*to* ODESSA) You send me a telegram if — if anything happens. (*to the others*) You folks got a evening service to get through. Don't you reckon you better run, get a bite to eat, so you can get back here on time?

BROTHER BOXER (*off stage*): Sister Margaret!

MARGARET: Go, do like I tell you. David, see if you can find a doctor. You ain't going to do no

good, standing there like that. Praise the Lord.

ODESSA: Praise the Lord.

MARGARET (*to the others, dangerously*): Praise the Lord, I say.

SISTERS MOORE and BOXER (*dry*): Praise the Lord.

(MARGARET *goes through the church into the street*.)

LUKE: Maggie. Maggie. Oh, Maggie.

ODESSA: Children, let us pray. (*Slowly, all except* DAVID, *go to their knees. They begin singing*.)

If Jesus had to pray, what about me?
If Jesus had to pray, what about me?
He had to fall down on His knees,
Crying Father, help me if you please,
If Jesus had to pray, what about me?
In the garden Jesus prayed
While night was falling fast.
He said Father, if you will,
Let this bitter cup be past
But if not I am content,
Let my will be lost in Thine.
If Jesus had to pray, what about me?

Question

Discuss in detail the dramatic techniques used to present the character of Margaret to the audience.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]