

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

Drama and Theatre Studies

Advanced

Unit 4: Theatre Text in Context

Thursday 12 June 2014 – Morning

Time: 2 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference

6DR04/01

You must have:

Source booklet (enclosed) for Section A
Annotated copy of text studied and Research Notes,
both to be retained in the centre after the examination

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **three** questions, **one** from Section A, **one** from Section B and **one** from Section C.
- Your answers in Section A and Section B must be about the same set play text.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 80.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Keep an eye on the time.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

SECTION A

Answer ONE question from this section.

You are a director planning a rehearsal of the section of the play reprinted in the source booklet.

1 *Lysistrata* by Aristophanes

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 2–7 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage direction at the end of this extract, '*All depart, dancing, the CHORUS singing a hymn to Athena*'. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between First and Second Athenian in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring visual, spatial and aural opportunities in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

2 *Dr Faustus* by Christopher Marlowe

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 8–12 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage direction towards the end of this extract, '*Exeunt [DEVILS] with him*'. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Faustus and the Scholars in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring visual, spatial and aural opportunities in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)



3 Woyzeck by Georg Buchner

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 13–18 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage directions from '*The GRANDMOTHER laughs*' to '*thickens to opacity*' at the end of this extract. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use to explore the relationship between The Doctor and The Captain in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring visual, spatial and aural opportunities in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)



((a) continued)

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((c) continued)

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SECTION B

Answer ONE question from this section.

Lysistrata by Aristophanes

- 4 As a director, outline and justify production methods you will use to communicate your ideas in performance and with reference to the play's original performance context.

(Total for Question 4 = 30 marks)

- 5 As a director, outline how you intend your actors playing two central roles to engage your audience and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved in your production.

(Total for Question 5 = 30 marks)

Dr Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

- 6 As a director, outline and justify production methods you will use to communicate your ideas in performance and with reference to the play's original performance context.

(Total for Question 6 = 30 marks)

- 7 As a director, outline how you intend your actors playing two central roles to engage your audience and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved in your production.

(Total for Question 7 = 30 marks)

Woyzeck by Georg Buchner

- 8 As a director, outline and justify production methods you will use to communicate your ideas in performance and with reference to the play's original performance context.

(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)

- 9 As a director, outline how you intend your actors playing two central roles to engage your audience and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved in your production.

(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen Question Number:

Question 4

Question 5

Question 6

Question 7

Question 8

Question 9

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(Total for Question = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS



SECTION C

Answer ONE question in response to the live production you have seen.

You must write the title of the play, the playwright, the date you saw the play and the venue of the production at the start of your answer.

EITHER

10 'Young people in the 21st century struggle to understand the relevance of theatre.'

Discuss the above statement in relation to the play you have seen in performance compared to its original performance conditions.

(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)

OR

11 Evaluate the director's impact on the production you have seen and compare this with its original performance conditions.

(Total for Question 11 = 30 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen Question Number: **Question 10** **Question 11**

Title of play:

Playwright:

Date seen:

Venue of production:

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(Total for Question = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS



Edexcel GCE

Drama and Theatre Studies

Advanced

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Source booklet for use with Section A.

Do not return this insert with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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PEARSON

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 1

EXTRACT: LYSISTRATA (pages 145–155)

FIRST ATHENIAN:

Yes, and quickly.

[LYSISTRATA, accompanied by RECONCILIATION, leads both delegations into the Acropolis. The Spartans' SLAVES remain outside; some sit down on the steps.]

CHORUS:

Embroidered horsecloths - magnificent robes -

Gold jewellery - whatever you need,

If your daughter's been given a basket to bear,

Or your son a processional steed:

What I have of these things, for the taking it's yours;

The seals on the chests are quite weak;

You can break them, and then from the contents within

Take freely whatever you seek.

You should look very closely to see what there is,

Explore every cranny with care;

For unless you have got sharper eyesight than me,

You'll find there ain't anything there!

If anyone who's short of bread

Has slaves and kids that must be fed,

I've lots of wheat, a first-rate sort -

For one giant loaf, use just one quart.

Let anyone who feels a lack

Of food, come round with bag or sack:

I've told my Manes he must be

Prepared to give you wheat for free.

One thing I should have said before -

You'd better not come near the door.

I hereby give you notice to

Beware the dog - she'll go for you!

FIRST ATHENIAN [*within; sounding rather drunk*]:

Open the door here! [*The door begins to open; immediately the speaker barges past the Doorkeeper, knocking him over.*] Why didn't you get out of the way? [*He is joined by some of the other ATHENIAN DELEGATES; all are wearing garlands, carrying torches, and evidently drunk. He sees the Spartans' Slaves, but does not realize who they are.*] What are you sitting there for? Do you want me to burn you up with my torch? [*The SLAVES retreat from the door.*] A low-grade comic cliché, that, though. I won't do it. [*Some protests from the audience.*] Oh - very well - it gives me pain, but to please you, I'll go through with it.

SECOND ATHENIAN:

And we'll be with you and share your pain. [*They brandish their torches at the Slaves, who are still hovering near the door.*] Off with you - or shall we pull out that hair of yours and see how you shriek?

FIRST ATHENIAN:

Yes, off with you - the Spartans will soon be coming out after the banquet, and they won't want you getting in their way!

[*The SLAVES are driven away.*]

SECOND ATHENIAN:

Never known a party like it. The Spartans were really fun to be with, weren't they? And we kept our wits pretty well, considering how sozzled we were.

FIRST ATHENIAN:

Not surprising, really. We couldn't be as stupid as we are when we're sober. If the Athenians took my advice they'd always get drunk when going on diplomatic missions. As it is, you see, we go to Sparta sober, and so we're always looking for ways to make things more complicated. Result is, we don't hear what they do say, and we hunt for implications in what they don't say - and we bring back quite incompatible reports of what went on. *This* time, on the other hand, everything seems splendid. If one of them starts singing 'Telamon' when he should be singing 'Cleitagora', all we do is applaud and swear blind that - [*The SLAVES are seen returning.*] Here comes this lot back again. Bugger off, will you, you scum!

[*The SLAVES are again driven off.*]

SECOND ATHENIAN:

Just as well. They're coming out now.

[The SPARTAN DELEGATES come out of the Acropolis. Their leader carries a pair of bagpipes.]

SPARTAN [to the stage piper]:

Here, my dear fellow, tak the pipes, and I'll dance a two-step and sing a bonny song in honour o' the Athenians and of oursel's forby.

FIRST ATHENIAN:

Yes, do, do. I do like watching a Spartan dance.

[The PIPER takes the pipes and strikes up. The SPARTAN dances a solo as he sings.]

SPARTAN:

Send me thy child, the Muse of fame,
Who knows the pride of Sparta's name
And Athens' feats at sea,
O holy Memory:

How once they fought in days of yore
Close by the Artemisium shore -
Fu' godlike were their deeds,
And well they whipped the Medes.

Leonidas led us from home:
Like boars, our cheeks ran white with foam,
Like boars, our teeth we whet,
And down our legs ran sweat.

The Persian men they filled the land
In numbers more than grains of sand,
Whom we opposed that day
At famed Thermopylae.

O Artemis the Virgin Queen,
Thou huntress of the forests green,
Come hither, Maiden fair,
And in our treaty share;

O make our pact endure for aye
In friendship, bliss and wealth; and may
All cunning foxes cease
To jeopardize our peace!

[The portals open again, and LYSISTRATA appears, wearing the aegis of Athena, and flanked by all the ATHENIAN and SPARTAN WOMEN.]

LYSISTRATA:

Well gentlemen, so it's all happily settled. Spartans, here are your wives back. And [*to the Athenians*] here are yours. Now form up everyone, man beside wife and wife beside man, and let us have a dance of thanksgiving -

And let us for the future all endeavour

Not to repeat our errors, never ever!

[During the ensuing song by LYSISTRATA, the WIVES rejoin their HUSBANDS, and the couples move into formation for the dance that will follow; they occupy the centre of the orchestra, while the CHORUS - also paired off in couples - are grouped at the edges.]

Come, let us on the Graces call,
Apollo next who healeth all.
On Artemis and Hera too,
On Bacchus 'mid his maenad crew,
And most on Zeus above:

Let all the gods come witness now
The making of our solemn vow
To keep and never to evade
The peace that Aphrodite made,
The goddess who is Love!

CHORUS [*dancing*]:

Hurrah! Apollo, hail!
Let's kick it high and free
And pray for victory!
Evoi, evoi! Evai, evai!

LYSISTRATA:

Over to you, our Spartan brother:
We've had one new song, so give us another!

SPARTAN [*singing as the couples dance*]:

Muse o' Laconia, come from the mountains,
Sing the song that a Spartan ought,
Sing o' the noble Castor and Pollux
Who by Eurotas take their sport.

Sing of Athena's brazen temple,
Sing of Apollo's noble seat.
Step it and prance, ye lively dancers,
Let us praise Sparta wi' lips and feet!

Sparta delights in sacred dance,
The beating o' feet upon the ground,
When by Eurotas the girls like fillies
Raise the dust as they prance around,

Shaking their tresses like Bacchic maenads
Who sport and brandish their holy rods.
And who but Helen, the pure and comely,
Leads their Chorus in dance to the gods?

Clap your palms, and leap like a deer, and
Raise up your hands to bind your hair!
And sing in praise of the warrior goddess
Of Sparta's Bronze Hoose, Athena the fair!

[*All depart, dancing, the CHORUS singing a hymn to Athena.*]

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 2
EXTRACT: DR FAUSTUS (pages 135–143)

[Act 5 Scene 2]

Enter FAUSTUS, with the SCHOLARS.

FAUSTUS

Ah, gentlemen!

FIRST SCHOLAR

What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Ah, my sweet chamber fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still!
But now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? Comes he not?

SECOND SCHOLAR

What means Faustus?

THIRD SCHOLAR

Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary

FIRST SCHOLAR

If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.— 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

FAUSTUS

A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

FAUSTUS

But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Württemberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done all Germany can witness, yea, all the world—for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

THIRD SCHOLAR

Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS

On God whom Faustus hath abjured? On God whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears. Yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them!

ALL

Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Lucifer and Mephistopheles. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

ALL

God forbid!

FAUSTUS

God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood. The date is expired: the time will come, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOLAR

Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS

Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God, to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity. And now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SECOND SCHOLAR

O, what shall we do to Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

THIRD SCHOLAR

God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCHOLAR

Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room and there pray for him.

FAUSTUS

Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

SECOND SCHOLAR

Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUSTUS

Gentlemen, farewell. If I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL

Faustus, farewell.

*Exeunt SCHOLARS.
The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUSTUS

Ah, Faustus, now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come,
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him, O, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone. And see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no! Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbor me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

The watch strikes.

Ah, half the hour is past. 'Twill all be past anon.
O God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me.
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' *metempsychosis*—were that true,
This soul should fly from me and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,

But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.

O, it strikes, it strikes!. Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

Thunder and lightning.

O soul, be changed into little water drops
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephistopheles!

Exeunt [DEVILS] with him.

[Epilogue]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone. Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

[Exit.]

Terminat hora diem; terminat Author opus.

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 3

EXTRACT: WOYZECK (pages 93–103)

SCENE TWENTY THREE

The woods. MARIE's body where it fell. WOYZECK comes through the shadows.

WOYZECK:

Getting closer. Closer
This is a strange place. Weird. - What's that?
Something moving. - Shh. Just there.
- Marie?

He moves and stumbles onto the body. It shows bloody in the light.

Aah!
Marie.
- So still. - Everything so still.

He kneels on one knee by the body. Pulls the trunk up onto him resting her back on his knee, holding her like a child.

Why're you so pale, Marie?
What's that red thing round your neck? Is it a necklace?
Who gave you a necklace to commit sins with him?
Oh, you were black with them, black.
Have I made you white again?
Why's your hair so wild, Marie? - Didn't you comb it today?
So, I'll tidy it for you. You have to look your best, there'll be people to meet.
What're all these marks? Look. Here, here. Like bloodstains.
How did you get them? Have you been fighting, Marie?

Starts to lift the body.

You have to get up now, then I can wash you.
It's not far. Up.

Stands upright with the body held in front of him.

There's water here, to wash you. To wash everything away, then you'll be clean. -
Come to the water.

Drags her down to the pool side.

D'you see the moon, Marie? There's even blood on the moon.
But you'll be clean.
Take a step. Then another.
And another.
Another.
-Water, Marie. All the water in the world to wash you.
Water -

They disappear into the pool. Silence.

The two JOURNEYMEN come by the wood carefully, halt.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

What's the matter?

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Can't you hear it? - There.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Ei! What a sound!

1st JOURNEYMAN:

'The water, calling. No-one's been drowned for a long time. It's bad luck to hear it. Come on!

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

There! Again. Like a death-cry.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Uncanny...
Fog creeping in - Everywhere grey. Beetles whirring like cracked bells.
- Come on!

SCENE TWENTY FOUR

The morgue. MARIE and WOYZECK'S corpses under sheets. The DOCTOR comes in with his instrument case. Looks at them, then lifts the sheet on MARIE. He indents the body with his finger at various points and sniffs it.

DOCTOR:

Hmm.

Little decomposition. Minor contusions.

Multiple laceration and perforation to a point - some millimetres forward of the spine. No vertebral displacement. One right side tendon intact.

General pallor, modified rigor; abdominal distension.

Consistent with a prolonged immersion.

Takes out a large knife and incises the muscle wall.

Confirmed by comparative absence of blood, fluid or static.

Kneels up on the slab and takes his saw from the case. Uses it to cut briskly through the rib cage. Lays down the saw, takes up his knife and incises again deeply.

Non-evidence of water in the lung. Indicative of post-mortem immersion.

'Routine case. - Death by asphyxiation, occasioned by transverse passage of an unknown instrument across the trachea, probably a knife.

Yes: routine, routine.

Climbs down, imperfectly replacing the sheet on her. Crosses to WOYZECK'S body with his case, exposes the head.

Ah, Woyzeck.

What a waste! Just when you were really becoming interesting.

No consideration. - If you'd only stopped to think!

You could have been in the asylum now, Woyzeck, visited by all the foremost medical practitioners.

The trouble I took with you. - Waste, waste.

He pulls the sheet back fully.

A very poor cadaver.

No exceptional disfigurement; no marks of violence. - Normal decomposition consistent with immersion in water.

Hrnm -

Punctures the body casually with his knife.

Presence of same commensurate with death by drowning.

A poor ending, Woyzeck.

The **CAPTAIN** enters portentously.

CAPTAIN:

A bad business, Doctor.
These people - Their lives -
Messy.

DOCTOR:

Putrefaction is the process whereby chemical fats comprising the tissue are rendered to their constituent elements. A disagreeable odour may be discerned.

CAPTAIN:

I knew he'd come to a bad end. - Woyzeck, I said, this dashing about'll do you no good at all. You're only running toward the grave.
And now he's got there, ahead of time.
It's a sad world, Doctor, going on the way it does for ever without stopping. - How can it have time to think?!

DOCTOR:

Absence of scientific method, Captain! Proceed empirically. By the use of the empirical faculty I have been able to establish that this woman had her throat cut and this man died by drowning.

CAPTAIN:

Oh, marvellous - marvellous! To work that out from them being found in the lake and her with her head hanging off!

DOCTOR:

Deduction, deduction.
This corpse has no water in the lung and no blood. - This corpse has water in the lung and blood in a condition of stasis. Observe.

*He incises **WOYZECK'S** body,*

What's this? Where's the blood? - What have you done with your blood, Woyzeck?

CAPTAIN:

Ha ha! Deduction, my dear ghoul - he's lost it.

DOCTOR:

I shall report this. It's an affront to medicine.

Gathers up his instruments and packs them quickly.

CAPTAIN:

Don't rush off, Doctor. Look here, look what comes of it. - I haven't told you my symptoms yet. This business's upset me dreadfully, I get indigestion -

DOCTOR (pauses):

Where's the blood, Woyzeck? What's happened to the blood?

Goes out urgently.

CAPTAIN (follows):

Doctor! Wait!

SCENE TWENTY FIVE

The woods, ground mist. ANDRES, kneeling, splits sticks. A voice whistles the first line of 'I had a little nut tree', making him look round. He recommences chopping.

ANDRES:

Wha - ?

Feels among the sticks, looks at his fingers.

'Must've cut myself. Cut my hand.

The second line is whistled, closer. ANDRES hardly hears. He examines his fingers.

Eh?

Scrabbles at the sticks. The GRANDMOTHER appears behind him in a cloak and hood.

Where - ?

He picks the sticks up tentatively: their undersides are running with gore. It drips. ANDRES drops them, backs away.

It's coming out 'the ground. - Coming out 'the ground!

The GRANDMOTHER laughs. He runs off.

She walks forward as the mist thickens round her and is then lit red, reflecting on her cataracts. She looks round the wood. The voice whistles 'I had a little nut tree' again, but moving further and further away this time.

The GRANDMOTHER nods and moves off slowly as the mist thickens to opacity.

END OF EXTRACT

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