

Candidate Forename						Candidate Surname					
Centre Number						Candidate Number					

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
1916/03
DRAMA

Practical Examination Realisation Test Option B

MONDAY 1 FEBRUARY 2010 TO FRIDAY 4 JUNE 2010

DURATION: 10 hours

SUITABLE FOR VISUALLY IMPAIRED CANDIDATES

This material may be opened and given to the teacher upon receipt by the Centre.

A ten hour examination to be conducted at the discretion of the Centre between 1 February – 4 June within a period of no longer than 20 working days.

There must be a maximum of seven sessions.

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name clearly in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the boxes on the first page.
- You must consider **BOTH** the script extract and the stimulus item on pages 8–41.
- You must submit a portfolio (see pages 6–7 for instructions).
- To prepare for the examination you must work on **BOTH** the script extract and stimulus item with your teacher for up to six weeks before the examination.
- You will be allowed ten hours for your examination.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- This booklet contains a script extract from ‘Anansi’, and a stimulus item, ‘The Slave Trade’.
- You may take with you into the examination any preparation material.

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READ THIS INFORMATION FIRST

- You must work in a group of between three and six for the Realisation.
- Your individual work must be clearly identifiable.
- You must produce your own portfolio within the ten hour examination.
- When creating work that is to be marked, in the ten hour examination, you will be supervised by one of your teachers.

PREPARATION

During the preparation time of up to six weeks before the examination you should consider both the script and the stimulus with your teacher.

Choose ONE or BOTH.

Consider how you might develop a response.

CONSIDER:

- your genre and performance style
- your audience.

DRAW ON:

- your knowledge of each of the Areas of Study
- texts that have influenced you.

PLAN:

- how you will create your Realisation in the ten hours you have, including time to complete your portfolio.

ENSURE:

- you know how you will start your Realisation immediately when told to begin
- your Realisation has a clear link with the script extract and/or stimulus you have chosen.

THE REALISATION

You must create a performance as a Realisation, responding to one or both of the script extract and stimulus item. It must develop from the preparation work you have done.

Only rehearsals, draft and development work created during this Realisation period, that are relevant to your final performance, should be included in your portfolio.

Your Realisation will be a performance by your group and will represent about three minutes of performance for each person. The total length for your group performance should not exceed ten minutes.

At the end of your ten hours, you will perform your Realisation to a visiting examiner.

THE PORTFOLIO

You must hand in your OWN individual portfolio at the end of the ten hour supervised examination. Group portfolios are UNACCEPTABLE. Your portfolio must include evidence of:

- **intention, planning and shaping**
- **editing, adapting and adding**
- **where appropriate, the application of the roles of Deviser, Designer, Director and Performer.**

YOUR PORTFOLIO WILL BE IN THE FORM OF:

EITHER

- **about 600 words of continuous prose**

OR

- **between six and ten sides of A4 (or equivalent) as a compendium containing continuous writing, (which may be notes or jottings) and any of the following as appropriate:**

**Scenarios
Storyboards
Writings**

**Sound tape recordings
Video tape recordings
DVD recordings**

**Diagrams
Sketches
CD ROM**

OR

- **between four and six minutes of normal size cassette sound tape, compact disc, DVD or standard VHS video tape commentary with some accompanying explanation in continuous writing which may be notes or jottings**

OR

- **a mixture of any of the above.**

ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE B 40 MARKS
ASSESSMENT OBJECTIVE C 120 MARKS

TEXT EXTRACT 'ANANSI'

The play was originally a piece of Theatre in Education and was produced to tour primary schools in Berkshire.

'Like all good pieces of TIE, it aimed to help the young audience think about things in new ways. The company were faced with a problem, though: how do you get children as young as six or seven to realise what it would be like to be taken as a slave without terrifying them or just making them feel very sorry for the victims?' (From the plays introduction written by Andy Kempe).

The author of the play Alistair Campbell, had worked with traditional performers in Africa, he included the elements of oral storytelling, which is still a strong form in Africa. Again quoting Andy Kempe talking about the original production:

'The company realised the traditional stories people tell are a sort of coded history. They discovered that the lively stories of the West Indies and the old colonial states of the USA had been carried across the Atlantic by people who had been taken from their homes as slaves.'

Anansi is a cunning character, full of resourcefulness, someone who always manages to survive whatever life throws at her/him. Anansi has this in common with that classic figure from Western theatre Brecht's Mother Courage.

The play raises consciousness about the slave trade, but also makes use of stories to help us cope with the harsh experiences life can sometimes throw at individuals or whole groups of people. The Old Woman in the play refers directly to this:

‘I will teach you stories. They are a treasure no-one can steal, even if they have stolen your body’.

Echoes of the play ‘Bent’ by Martin Sherman where the two prisoners in the concentration camp are brutalised physically, but preserve their sanity through the power of imagination, in a triumph of love over oppression.

A final comment on ‘Anansi’ from Andy Kempe:

‘By using traditional stories, Alistair (Campbell) manages what may seem impossible: to write a play about cruelty and ignorance which is funny, full of hope, and celebrates people’s resilience and capacity to learn from their past’

Andy Kempe is a lecturer of Drama at the University of Reading, training Drama teachers.

**Note: For teachers looking to engage students in background research ‘International Slavery Museum’ in Liverpool makes an excellent visit or resource.
www.liverpoolmuseum.org.uk/ism/**

STIMULUS ITEM 'THE SLAVE TRADE'

The trade in slaves is not something that belongs to history it still exist today. Here are some of the types of slavery that exist around the world now.

Bonded labour which affects millions of people around the world. People are lured into becoming bonded labourers by taking or being tricked into taking a loan for as little as the cost of medicine for a sick child. Then to repay the debt, they may be forced to work long hours, seven days a week, up to 365 days a year. Just as with slaves in the past they receive basic food and shelter as 'payment' for their work. Some will never pay off the loan, so it can be passed on for generations.

Early and forced marriage affects women and girls who are married without choice. They are forced into a life of servitude. They can often be badly treated even being subjected to physical violence.

Forced labour where people are illegally recruited by individuals, governments or political parties and forced to work or even fight as child soldiers. This is usually under threat of violence or other penalties.

Slavery by descent is where people are either born into a slave class or are from a 'group' that their society views as being lower status and therefore destined to being used as slave labour.

Trafficking involves the transport and/or trade of people – women, children and men – from one country or area to another. Once in the new country they are forced into slavery conditions. Sex trafficking is an example that has been in the news recently in Britain.

The worst forms of child labour affects an estimated 126 million children in work that is harmful to their health and welfare.

**“Slavery – I didn’t know about all these forms existed. I think it’s largely because we aren’t expecting it. It is hidden. Generally people would not believe it is possible under modern conditions. They would say ‘No I think you are making it all up’, because it’s just too incredible –”
Archbishop Desmond Tutu, Hull, Uk, 1999**

**This source material was adapted from
www.antislavery.org.**

CHARACTERS

ON THE SHIP

CAPTAIN

BOY

GIRL

WOMAN

SAILOR

***AUCTIONEER**

IN THE FOREST OF STORIES

ANANSI

TIGER

SNAKE

MANCROW

SERVANTS

KING

GRAN

SOLIDAY

PATRICIA

ARABELLA

BOB

***RATBAT**

***MONKEY**

***PARROT**

***CENTIPEDE**

***23 GERBILS**

***HER**

***CAT**

***DOG**

***CRAB**

*** These characters are not included in the extract.**

ANANSI

THE GOOD SHIP HOPE. WEST AFRICAN COAST. 1791

THE CABIN

Listen... hear the last sounds of a ship preparing for the Atlantic voyage. The BOY is seated at a desk, reading and writing. His father, the CAPTAIN consults ledgers and map.

5

BOY: Father, why do I have to study when everyone else is up on deck?

CAPTAIN Silence, boy, and look to your books.

BOY But Father, I still don't see how all those people on the shore can be a cargo. 10

CAPTAIN Books or no books you have a lot to learn on this voyage. Look to it and do not bother me with damn fool questions.

BOY But who are the people on the shore, Father. 15

CAPTAIN You are on a serious trading venture whilst you are on my ship, and as the ship's boy you'll address me as Captain, especially in front of the ratings. You'll learn all about the cargo and such soon enough. 20

BOY They looked just like people to me. But they were tied together. They looked frightened. Why...?

CAPTAIN (*Cutting him off.*) I do not have to give you explanations. I am your father. 25

BOY I thought you said your name was Captain.

CAPTAIN (*Hits him.*) You young pup! Have that for your cheek, and there's worse waiting for you when you get down below.

ON DECK

*Look... a GIRL is waiting to be taken
below. She is terrified. She stands, tied to
several others. She calls out to deckhands
as they pass. But they don't understand her
language. They don't look at her or slow
down.* **30**

35

GIRL

Where are we? Are we going to die?
What is this place, with all the people tied
together and so much crying and fear? And
why has the world come to an end? Blue,
blue nothingness. Water, waves and more
water. The water reaches up and touches
the sky. Where is my mother? Where did
all the pale men come from? Why don't you
answer me? **40**

SAILOR

Come along my beauty. Less jabber and
down the hatch with you. I don't know!
At least a bale of cotton doesn't chatter in
some heathen tongue, and whatever it is
you're blathering about you'll have to get
yourself down this hatch. Can't throw you
and damage the goods eh? Move! **45**

50
He bundles her down the hatch.

THE CABIN

BOY

(Reading.) Yesterday we put in to the West
African coast for the last time before the
long haul to the Indies. I was looking
forward to coming on this trip with Father:
I really was. I thought we'd be away for a
few months, and I knew we'd be coming
back to Bristol with Rum and Coffee. I did
not think to be so puzzled. No answers **55**

60

come to my questions. Who were those people on the shore? Herded together like cattle. Some of them were whipped and beaten. One old woman was standing stiff and proud, with her hands tied, waiting her turn to be loaded aboard. She looked so calm as if she'd done it all before and didn't care. But she can't have, can she? They bought them down the river from far away upstream, and she can't have seen the sea, even, until just then. She caught my eye but turned away. She reminded me of Grandmama.

Dear Diary, you're my only friend on this ship. There's one Sailor who teaches me knots and talks to me. I shall tell you all my secret thoughts if Father gives me the chance from time to time.

THE HOLD 80

It is almost completely dark, but look... The outline of hundreds of people packed together in rows on the floor, lying on narrow shelves that line the walls. Some are tied back to back to an upright beam. One of them is a GIRL. A little light filters down from a crack in the roof. Behind her is the dim outline of someone tied to the other side of the beam. We will hear but never see this person.

GIRL

I remember the river, carrying me further and further away from my mother on its great brown back. They tied us together. I don't know why.

They threw us into a huge canoe, bigger than the biggest war canoe of our tribe, and

I didn't know why.

The jungle slid past. Two green walls of
giant trees. We lay in the bottom of the
boat, tied together like goats waiting for the 100
knife, and I didn't know why.

Now all I see are people tied together,
chained together, crushed together in the
dark. It's so dark, Mama, like the big hut 105
with no windows where the tribe stores
the grain. Everyone is lying in filth and
sickness and fear. Please, please come and
hold me Mama. Tell me this isn't true.

WOMAN What's true is true. Don't fight it. You're
alive and it's true. It's true. 110

GIRL Who are you? I can feel your warmth but I
can't see you.

WOMAN I am who I am, and you are who you are.
No amount of fear and darkness can change
that truth. Hold on to it! Hold on! 115

THE CABIN

CAPTAIN Dictation.

BOY Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN Our last port of call on the African coast.
Only three slaves of the last batch of forty 120
have died on the six day river passage. May
God be thanked for it. We have branded
and documented and all slaves are now
insured against death on route to the Indies.
They are to be exercised daily in the hope 125
that fresh air will reduce disease. One cup
of maize porridge per slave per day should
ensure that stores are sufficient for the
voyage.

That'll be all. 130

BOY Yes, Captain.

THE HOLD

Listen. A GIRL is crying. Crying in the darkness.

WOMAN	Child. Child. Listen to me. Don't waste your tears. You owe it to your ancestors to live.	135
GIRL	<i>I just want my Mama. I don't know where I am. Oh, please help me! Please!</i>	
SAILOR	(From above.) Shut your noise down there!	140
WOMAN	And how can you or I help each other?	
GIRL	I don't know! I am so frightened! I am still sitting in my own filthy mess. <i>The two women sit quietly for a moment.</i>	
WOMAN	Riddle me this, riddle me that.	145
GIRL	What is your riddle?	
WOMAN	What part of you stays free when your arms and legs are tied?	
GIRL	But all of me is tied. None of me is free.	
WOMAN	Think, child, think.	150
GIRL	But I'm scared! I think I might go mad! I think I want to die!	
WOMAN	Tell me what you see!	
GIRL	Just what you see. Only dark. Why do you ask me when you see the same as I do... nothing.	155
WOMAN	Only nothing?	
GIRL	You know what I can see. Rows and rows of people. Men, women and children. Piled up like wood for fire.	160
WOMAN	And what else?	
GIRL	Why are you asking me these things?	
WOMAN	Don't question your elders! Tell me what you see.	

GIRL	I see a little light. Just a little light through a crack in the roof. Like light through the leaves of a great dark tree.	165
WOMAN	So what part of you is free?	
GIRL	Well... my eyes, I suppose.	
WOMAN	And what else?	170
GIRL	My stomach. I'm hungry. They give us so little.	
WOMAN	And what else? What else is free?	
GIRL	I don't know! Why do you ask me such things? You're not my mother!	175
WOMAN	Tell me what you see.	
GIRL	Ooh. I hate spiders. Sometimes they make webs in the roof of our hut. And I get my mother to throw them outside. And if she's not there I get a big stone and I squash them dead and flat. Squish!	180
WOMAN	And do you see a spider?	
GIRL	Yes. Why else would I talk about him?	
WOMAN	Tell me what he is doing.	
GIRL	Why? What for?	185
WOMAN	Just to pass the time...	

THE CABIN

CAPTAIN	Take this log entry, Boy, and then you can help in the hold.	
BOY	What's to be done in the hold, Captain?	190
CAPTAIN	One thing at a time.	
	We have embarked for Jamaica without incident. As we earlier feared, the fever which was rife on the coast before our departure has taken hold on the ship.	195
	Crew and slaves alike are showing signs of infection.	

BOY	Captain, what happens to the cargo when we get to Jamaica?	
CAPTAIN	We auction them, and if this fever leads to depreciation, it'll be at a loss, though the insurance will provide at least some recompense.	200
BOY	Who will be recompensed, Sir?	
CAPTAIN	Our masters in London, so start praying they are merciful should we lose too many.	205
BOY	Our masters, sir?	
CAPTAIN	Yes, boy, our masters. Do you think there is a man alive who has no masters of one kind or another?	210

THE HOLD

A GIRL peering through the dark at a spider we cannot see. A WOMAN coughing. See how the same web links them all together.

WOMAN	(Coughs.)	215
GIRL	Are you ill? I wish we weren't so tied so I could see your face.	
WOMAN	You are, so you can't. You'll have to use your ears for eyes.	
GIRL	But that is impossible!	220
WOMAN	Don't tie yourself up with words like impossible. Ears can be better seeing than eyes can, if you listen and don't just hear. Now tell me: what is our Anansi doing now?	
GIRL	Anansi?	225
WOMAN	Anansi is the name of that spider.	
GIRL	Look at him! He can hardly get his web started! He scrambles up to that beam, and then falls, and then he creeps up again,	

	then he falls again, and each time he tries he can't get a single thread to stick to that beam. Why doesn't he just give up and start in a new place? Maybe he'll just give up and die...	230
WOMAN	But he is free, and you are not.	235
GIRL	But he's so little and weak. He doesn't know any better. Look at him! He's just trying and getting nowhere.	
	Wait! He managed! He got one little thread onto the beam! A little, little spider with thin, thin legs. Ha! Anansi. Who gave him that name!	240
WOMAN	You may think he's too weak and small to have a name, but that little spider Anansi was once a king.	245
GIRL	Only lions and elephants can be kings.	
WOMAN	And why do you say that?	
GIRL	Because they're the strongest and the most beautiful.	
WOMAN	Listen. I will tell you a story. An Anansi story.	250

THE FOREST OF STORIES

Imagine... A forest of stories. It looks just the way you see it in your mind. A mix of fairy tales you heard as a child to high-tech cartoon fantasy. It is all places and styles. In the forest of stories there is no such thing as time. **255**

The girl is still tied up in the ship, but dimly through the trees we can make out beams, and ropes... or are they branches and creepers. **260**

1 NAMING THE STORIES

ANANSI I am Anansi small and quick
Some folk are bigger, but usually thick **265**
A crafty spider's what I am
I'm never without the smartest plan
The smartest plan and the cleverest head
Is how I keep from getting dead
'Cos the forest is full of every kind **270**
Of creature you can bring to mind
From Tiger to Rabbit to Snake to Bee
And every one is bigger than me
But how do I do it? Wait and see
I can teach you things if you listen to me. **275**
Two legs to dance and two to run
Two are free for banana fun
And the other two apart from those
Are for scratching my head and picking my
nose. **280**
A terrible roar thunders through the forest.
Tiger come this way. One false move and
I'm dead. Tiger's so royal, Tiger's so bold,
Tiger's so strong, that the flowers close up

	when Tiger comes by. The birds pretend to be closed up flowers when Tigers come by. The monkeys pretend to be birds pretending to be closed up flowers when Tiger comes by. And the elephants...	285
TIGER	Anansi!	290
ANANSI	Tiger, Tiger, burning bright. You're the boss by day or night.	
TIGER	Sweet talking me Anansi? Forget it. I've been thinking.	
ANANSI	Thinking? Well, that's big change for you, Tiger!	295
TIGER	What do you mean? Answer me, or I'll pull your arms and legs and brains out one by one.	
ANANSI	Just that you're so busy roaring and stomping about the forest being grand and frightening people and... that sort of thing. Not much time left to think when you've got that kind of schedule. You Royals have it tough.	300
TIGER	I've been thinking about our stories.	305
ANANSI	Stories?	
TIGER	The stories that will be told of our fame, our power and our deeds long after we are gone and (Heaven forbid) forgotten. They will be called Incredibly Grand Magnificent and Wise Beyond Belief Tiger Stories and I shall star in all of them.	310
ANANSI	Oh, that will never do.	
TIGER	What do you mean?	315
ANANSI	Too obvious.	
TIGER	I'll make toothpicks out of your ribs and a hat out of your bum.	

SNAKE	Yum, Yum. A nice little tasty little, juicy little pig. What a shame someone has tried to set him in a trap for me.	355
	Silly, stupid, so, so, dumb: I'll just stretch out my neck and gobble 'um!	
ANANSI	Oh, nits, bugs and maggots! and blast as well! A better trap is what I need. Let's try him with a chicken.	360
	<i>This time <u>ANANSI</u> ties the string to a chicken, which he has amazingly found! He hides behind a bush with the other end wrapped around one of his many hands.</i>	365
SNAKE	My, my, my, what a super, succulent, salivating surprise. What a pity it comes complete with a trap, yet again. I'll just slide my neck sideways and gobble 'um.	
	<i>All <u>SNAKE</u> needs to do is give the string a hefty yank, and <u>ANANSI</u> ends up on his back in the path before him.</i>	370
ANANSI	All right Mr Snake. I give up. It was the only way I could think of saving your reputation but it's failed and I apologise for any inconvenience caused.	375
SNAKE	Reputation? What has setting silly little traps got to do with my supreme reputation?	
ANANSI	Well... now that I can see you close up, as it were, I'm sure that Tiger and Rabbit, Parrot and Monkey and everyone else in the Forest were wrong about you being short.	380
SNAKE	Short! How dare you! I am the longest creature in the whole wide world!	385
ANANSI	Yes, well I know that now, and you know	

that, but everybody else decided that this year's prize for the Longest Creature of the Year should go to... no, I can't say it, you'll only be upset. **390**

SNAKE Who? What? Who gets this prize instead of me? I'm the longest creature in the forest and everybody knows it!

ANANSI Well... we were thinking of giving the prize to that bamboo tree over there... not a very interesting choice, but the committee did agree... **395**

SNAKE A bamboo tree! But any silly, simpering, snivelling little snit can see that I'm longer than that stupid tree! And I'm wise, and superior and intelligent as well! **400**

ANANSI Yes, but none of the committee are here to prove that to, and even I can't tell your real length when you're all coiled up. **405**

SNAKE Oh, for goodness sake. Why do I have to do everything myself? Being the cleverest and most beautiful being in the entire forest (not to mention by far the longest) is so tedious sometimes. **410**

ANANSI Oh, it must be awful being as superior as you.

SNAKE Stop grovelling. Now here's what we do. You cut down the bamboo tree, tie me to it so that all my coils are stretched out, out, out, then you carry me to the Longest Creature of the Year Committee and I win. Is that clear? **415**

ANANSI Perfectly clear, Mr Snake.

SNAKE Well, hurry up then, I haven't got all day! **420**

ANANSI ties SNAKE to the tree. Just as he's finished, TIGER comes back.

TIGER	Anansi, I don't know how you do it, but I suspect your methods are not quite honest.	
SNAKE	So, where is my prize?	425
TIGER	Anansi, I don't know what Snake means, but the Stories we live in will be called Anansi stories from this day on. As for you, Mr Snake, have you any idea how stupid you look?	430
SNAKE	I'll get you for this, Anansi, you... you... Arachnid!	
ANANSI	Using what for legs, my friend? You're all tied up, you cannot bend When you can squiggle from your tree Then you can settle things with me Your strings are tied, your trap is set And scissors aren't invented yet. And that, my friends, is why they call the stories after Anansi... that's me!	435 440

ON BOARD

THE HOLD

Listen... even in the darkest dark there is laughter.

GIRL	So Anansi was the weakest and the strongest at the same time.	445
WOMAN	Yes. You listen and you learn. When I was a child my mother told all the Anansi stories to me, and now we are together I will tell some of those stories to you.	450
GIRL	But you're not my mother.	
WOMAN	What good is your mother to you now?	

GIRL	I don't know.	
WOMAN	Can she make you strong?	
GIRL	The thought of her does.	455
WOMAN	Listen! You must be strong the way Anansi is strong. Strong on the inside. And you do have a mother.	
GIRL	But she isn't here!	
WOMAN	Africa is your mother.	460
	I will teach you stories. They are a treasure no-one can steal, even if they have stolen your body.	
	Tell me what you see.	
GIRL	No!	465
WOMAN	Tell me, girl: tell me what you see.	
GIRL	The beginning of a web in the dark. How strong those tiny threads must be for Anansi to swing from them.	
WOMAN	Strong enough, you see? From inside himself he finds the strength to make his web: just enough and no more. Enough is all he needs to catch a fly.	470
GIRL	How did you know a fly was in the web? I didn't see it till you spoke, and you can't see the web at all!	475
WOMAN	Do I need to see something to know it's really there?	
GIRL	No, I don't suppose so.	
WOMAN	So it is with strength.	480

THE CABIN

*See how two men share such a small space.
Miles and miles apart.*

BOY (Reading.) Last night I heard them singing

	down below. The song was as deep as the sea, but warm, not cold. I don't know if I want to know what it's like down in the hold.	485
CAPTAIN	What is that book there? The little blue one.	490
BOY	It is nothing, Captain, just a kind of diary.	
CAPTAIN	A diary? That sort of nonsense is for lasses. Put it away and get on with your work.	
BOY	But you keep a diary, Captain.	
CAPTAIN	These are the ship's journals and accounts. The ship's log.	495
BOY	But they still tell a story.	
CAPTAIN	The only story that counts, young man. The story that says that money makes the world go round.	500
BOY	Is Mr Newton wrong, then, to talk of gravity?	
CAPTAIN	Smart talk me, young fellow, and I'll whip you.	
BOY	Sorry, Father.	505
CAPTAIN	Captain.	
BOY	Captain.	

THE HOLD

GIRL	Mother? Are you there?	
WOMAN	I was walking in the forest.	510
GIRL	But you're all tied up, like me!	
WOMAN	Weren't you listening?	
GIRL	All I can hear is crying. People are getting sick.	
WOMAN	You must listen even more carefully. Not	515

with sick ears but with your forest ears
that hear the health of the sick and the last
breath of the healthy.

*Peer into the darkness. See, in the
background, two sailors untying a body and
dragging it out of sight. Hear their mumbled
curses. What or who are they cursing?* **520**

GIRL Oh, look! Mama, look! They're dragging
away a man! He doesn't move!

WOMAN Silence! Don't let them notice you! **525**

GIRL But what are they doing? How rough and
cruel their language sounds. Like animals.

WOMAN You're still not listening. Animals are never
cruel. They only live, and die.

GIRL Well, the pale men deserve to die. **530**

WOMAN Who can say who deserves to live or die.
Listen again. What do you hear in them.

GIRL Hard noises. They act as if we aren't really
here. If they try to drag me away from you
I'll bite them till they bleed. **535**

WOMAN Then they'll flog you, and what will you
have achieved? Haven't you seen them flog
the others? To them you're not a person,
just a thing.

GIRL Will they eat us? **540**

WOMAN Not the parts you can see. They eat your
soul and leave your body empty. I pity
them. Live well, die well, that's all.

GIRL And pity them?

WOMAN Shh! Look, and learn. **545**

*A SAILOR and the BOY come past, but stop
and look and say...*

SAILOR Now see this old 'un here, Boy. We have to
keep an eye on her for the fever. If she looks

	any worse than this it's over the side.	550
BOY	But why?	
SAILOR	Orders, lad. It's for the sake of the others. Come on with you. It stinks like Death's own backyard down here and you're white as a little ghost yourself.	555
	<i>They go on their way, brushing aside a spider's web as they pass.</i>	
GIRL	That one was just a boy my age.	
WOMAN	They don't come in just one size, child. Even these great conquerors can't build a person from nothing. They grow just like you.	560
GIRL	I know it, mother. That's our secret, like spinning the web.	
WOMAN	Now you're showing strength. Weave your little web, like a dream in the dark, and wait, wait, wait.	565
GIRL	But what are we waiting for?	
WOMAN	Not knowing is part of the strength of it.	
GIRL	But they are throwing people away!	570
WOMAN	Riddle me this. Riddle me that.	
GIRL	What is your riddle?	
WOMAN	Listen to my story.	

THE FOREST OF STORIES

*In this story animals and people are mixed
up together. **SOLIDAY** and **GRAN** are
human, so is the **KING**. **SOLIDAY** is a hero,
any hero you like.* **575**

1 THE WORLD BLOTTED OUT

ANIMALS	Leopards leap and bunnies bounce Peacocks preen, flamingoes flounce The forest of Stories is alive With birds on the wing and bees in the hive. With a buzz and a flap we dance the day We dance our cares away With a shriek and a squawk we dance the day We dance we dance our cares away. <i>Thunder rolls across the darkening sky.</i>	580 585
ANIMALS	Mancrow's coming! Despair and death! Close your eyes and bate your breath! Huge as horror, vast as night Blotting the sun out, eating light Close your eyes and bate your breath Mancrow's coming! Despair and death! <i>In comes <u>MANCROW</u>, as dark and huge and horrible as any of you would expect a creature called Mancrow to be.</i>	590 595
MANCROW	Bring me babies, bring me your eggs I'll drain your skulls to the desperate dregs I'll suck out your eyes and empty your veins I'll guzzle your guts and I'll feast on your brains	 600

I've eaten them old and I'm hungry for new **605**
And once I've had them I'll devour all of
YOU!

*There is a lot of screaming and panic – just
as you'd expect!*

2 THE PROCLAMATION

610

SERVANT Hear ye! Hear ye! O yes! O no! O maybe!
Hear ye here and hear ye there
Hear left ears right here and right ears over
there!

KING Oh, dearest friends... **615**

SERVANT Ears of the living, ears of the dead...

KING O public true...

SERVANT On either side of the average head...

KING Shut UP!

SERVANT I was merely doing my job, sire. **620**

KING Yes, well, you've done it. Now scam.

SERVANT Typical.

KING What was that?

SERVANT Mythical, sire, I said mythical.

KING What is? (*He whispers to the SERVANT.*) **625**

Look, I've got the public to address here
and they don't just sit and gawp, you
know... as a rule...

SERVANT I said mythical, sire, this huge Mancrow
bird eating up the whole world and **630**
everything... selfish, I call it...

KING Don't tell them the whole proclamation!
I'm supposed to be king! I am King!

Ladies and Gentlemen, good and true
Boy have I got news for you **635**
Mancrow's back – as you have heard

(He glares at the Servant.)
 The mythical, magical, murderous bird
 Whose wings have plunged us into night
 And fearful; fumbling, fidgeting fright! **640**
 Whoever can save us from this threat
 In addition to untold wealth will get
 The hand of my daughter and the rest of
 her too
 If they can PROVE they're the one who **645**
 slew
 This horrible, hungry, hideous hawk.
 Now, let's see some action and less fancy
 talk.

3 THE INITIATION **650**

GRAN	Soliday! Soliday!	
SOLIDAY	Here, Gran.	
GRAN	But what are you doing? You've just BEEN out hunting!	
SOLIDAY	This isn't ordinary hunting, Gran.	655
GRAN	Now, Soliday. I may be old and splintery- boned...	
SOLIDAY	Gran...	
GRAN	Don't interrupt me when I'm enjoying being a miserable old woman! I may be old and creaky-kneed...	660
SOLIDAY	Gran, I'm going...	
GRAN	I may be old and...	
SOLIDAY	No, really you're not!	
GRAN	crotchety-fingered, but...	665
SOLIDAY	Gran, I'm going to help the King...	
GRAN	I may be old and...	
SOLIDAY	Look, I've said you're not.	

GRAN	rustily-elbowed...	
SOLIDAY	Yes, alright then, so you're a decrepit old windbag!	670
GRAN	Then look me in the eye. That's where the truth is. Stand up to me, and you can probably manage this scrawny old Mancrow and still have time to fetch me some mangoes on the way home. Hold still. <i>(Looks him in the eye.)</i> You'll do.	675
SOLIDAY	Wish me luck then, Gran. I'm off to kill Mancrow with my very own bow.	
GRAN	Wait. You need arrows.	680
SOLIDAY	Oh, I'll whittle them as I go along.	
GRAN	No ordinary arrows will do. Wait, I said. I'm a sharp old woman as you know And I've six sharp points before you go. <i>She seems to conjure from nowhere six spectacular arrows.</i>	685
	This is for hope: without it we quail This is for wits: without them we fail This is for fear: your fear makes you strong This is for anger at everything wrong This is your name, simple and true And this is the secret held only by you. Now go, without a word. You have everything you need.	690
4	<u>THE BATTLE</u>	695
MANCROW	Good morning to you, Soliday.	
SOLIDAY	Good morning to you, Mancrow, bird of darkness.	
MANCROW	And how might I help you, Soliday? It's far too late to run away.	700

SOLIDAY Just sit still then, ugly one
And eat my arrows one by one.

MANCROW Pipsqueak!
Trying to kill me? You pitiful thing!
It's like tying up the night with a noose of string **705**
Trying to shoot stormclouds with a straw
I'll skewer you through with a single claw!
*One by one, SOLIDAY fires the arrows in the
order given by GRAN.* **710**

SOLIDAY Take that!

MANCROW Your hope means nothing to me...

SOLIDAY And that!

MANCROW Your wits are far too wee!

SOLIDAY And that! **715**

MANCROW Your fear is justified...

SOLIDAY Take that!

MANCROW Your anger's empty pride.

SOLIDAY And that!

MANCROW Your name will be snuffed out... **720**

SOLIDAY AND THIS!

MANCROW What's 'this'? Your faith? Your doubt?
Your sins? Your patience? Mercy? Might?
That's odd... I usually get this right.
Which means I'm wrong, which as King **725**
said
Means that I might as well be...
Thud. He's dead!
*SOLIDAY takes a feather. Anansi appears
from where he's been watching and steals* **730**
one.

ANANSI If in doubt, chicken out.
If there's a prize, improvise.

When you've a thirst, get there first.
 If there's liquor, get there quicker. **735**
 I am the man that killed Mancrow...

5 THE REWARD

ANANSI I am the man that killed Mancrow...
KING The day is saved! The sun is bright!
 Weakness has triumphed over might! **740**

ANANSI What do you mean, weakness? Getting this
 feather took me all I've got!

KING I know, dear boy, I know. And to prove I'm
 as good as my word allow me to offer in
 marriage my daughter Patricia. **745**

PATRICIA But I'm married already, Daddy.
KING Very well, then: my daughter Arabella.
ARABELLA I'm not your daughter, I'm your Aunt.
ANANSI Couldn't we just start the banquet while
 you all sort yourselves out? **750**
 He starts to eat.

KING My daughter Lucretia. Where is she?
ARABELLA Mancrow ate her last week.
KING My daughter Anastasia.
BOB I'm not your daughter Anastasia, I'm your **755**
 son, Bob.

ANANSI Look, I'm quite happy with just the huge
 banquet, really...

KING But what, pray, is this?
 Enter SOLIDAY with a feather. ANANSI **760**
 scuttles off with the food.

KING And just who do you think you are?
SOLIDAY I am the man that killed Mancrow.
KING I've heard that one before. Look me in

	the eye. (<u>SOLIDAY</u> does.) Oh. Then who is... and indeed where is...? Scoundrel! Imposter! After him!	765
	<i>The <u>SERVANTS</u> chase around the stage and come at last to a locked door. They bang on the door.</i>	770
SERVANTS	Knock, knock.	
ANANSI	Who's there?	
SERVANTS	Never mind who we are, we are looking for Anansi.	
ANANSI	But how do I know who you are?	775
SERVANTS	Ask us knock, knock.	
ANANSI	Knock, knock.	
SERVANTS	Who's there?	
ANANSI	I thought you wanted to know who YOU were.	780
SERVANTS	NO! We want to know who YOU are!	
ANANSI	Knock, knock.	
SERVANTS	Who's there? (That's better.)	
ANANSI	Come in and find out!	
	<i>They do, but...</i>	785
SERVANTS	He's gone!!!	
KING	(Handing rewards to <u>SOLIDAY</u> .) This is for hope: without it we quail This is for wits: without them we fail This is for fear: your fear makes you strong This is for anger at everything wrong This is your name, simple and true And no-one can pass on your secret but you.	790
ANANSI	(<i>Sneaking onto the stage.</i>) Off they go to the wedding bed Me? I'll stay just me... and fed. Live on the outside, grab what I can	795

Be myself – quick spider man.
I am the man that killed Mancrow.

800

ON BOARD

THE HOLD

GIRL	Why does Anansi keep looking for trouble?	
WOMAN	Because if you have wits like Anansi you have to use them. Like a knife, you have to keep them sharp. And like a knife, you can use them rightly or wrongly: to cut bread with, to live, to kill, or to harm yourself. One little knife against all these men: that's all you've got. Keep it hidden!	805
GIRL	Mother?	
WOMAN	One more question, and that's all.	
GIRL	What do they do with the people they don't throw away?	
WOMAN	Do you want to know the truth?	815
GIRL	Yes.	
WOMAN	They sell, they buy, they buy and sell.	
GIRL	I knew it.	
WOMAN	Then why did you ask?	
GIRL	Because I want to know what's to happen to me. You see, Mother, they won't throw me away.	820
WOMAN	Go to sleep.	

ON DECK

Smell... The salt of the sea crashing the bow. The clean fresh wind singing in the ropes. The putrid stench oozing up from the

825

moaning grates.

The BOY sits crying in a corner.

- SAILOR** What's all this? You're a lad, a big 'un an' all. You don't cry. **830**
- BOY** I don't feel big.
- SAILOR** You're big enough to birch, which is what Captain will do if he finds you here like this. You don't let your side down. **835**
- BOY** But I'm not on anybody's side. Nobody's on mine.
- SAILOR** Not now, maybe, but one day you'll be Management, and that's the right side to be on, I reckon. Better'n mine, at any rate. **840**
- BOY** May I...?
- SAILOR** Now there is no time for knot-tying, if that's what you are after.
- BOY** May I ask you something?
- SAILOR** What can I tell you that you don't know already from your fancy books? **845**
- BOY** That's not the same and you know it. Books don't listen, fathers don't listen. All I get is told things.
- SAILOR** So what is it? I'll be flogged if I dawdle here all day. **850**
- BOY** What colour is God?
- SAILOR** (*Laughs.*) Blow me! If that doesn't take it for a question to end them all! What do you mean, lad? **855**
- BOY** Well if He's a man like they say, only a man that's always good and never dies, then what colour is He?
- SAILOR** All I know is what they told me as a lad, and that's that we're all of us made in His image. **860**

BOY	So that man they threw in the sea today...	
SAILOR	Is that what you were crying about?	
BOY	Listen! That means that man looks just as much like God as you or I?	865
SAILOR	No, no. You're out of your depth there, Boy. Slaves are different... more like, beasts, or so they reckon.	
BOY	Isn't it true! I saw a girl today, down... down there...	870
SAILOR	Your trouble is too much imagination. You think too much and some thoughts is plain dangerous.	
BOY	But she wasn't a beast! She was just like me!	875
SAILOR	I've no time for this. A man is a man and a beast is a beast. The good book says that men were given to rule over beasts as they see fit, and neither you nor I are free to question that. Now let me be. Beasts or no, I'm just doing my job, and if throwing away spoiled cargo is part of it, then who am I to argue. If you want to know more, young sir, ask yourself whose fiddle your father dances to and why he jigs at all. Aye, there's a God to be reckoned with!	880 885

THE CABIN

BOY	<i>(Reading.)</i> Today they threw a man away. The sea was grey, so was his face. But the sea looked angry and he looked like he was asleep.	890
CAPTAIN	I warned you, boy... <i>He takes the diary and hits the boy.</i>	
BOY	But those are my thoughts...	

CAPTAIN	I leave you to work on the ledgers and you betray me.	895
BOY	Let me have it back, Father. Please.	
CAPTAIN	<i>You'll take this book and you'll throw it overboard. Then I might consider forgiveness for that and your other acts of dalliance.</i>	900
BOY	But I haven't done anything.	

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