



GCSE

C722U10-B



**ENGLISH LITERATURE  
COMPONENT 1  
Post-1914 Prose/Drama**

1 hour

Sample Assessment for 2022 **ONLY**

	Pages
<i>Lord of the Flies</i>	2
<i>Anita and Me</i>	3
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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

**The use of a dictionary is not permitted in this examination.**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

Answer the **one** question on the **one** text you have studied.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer,

for example, 

2	1
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**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

5 marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures where indicated.

## Post 1914 Prose/Drama

*Answer on one text only.*

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1

### ***Lord of the Flies***

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about the relationship between Ralph and Jack and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel

[40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

Ralph found himself alone on a limb with Jack and they grinned at each other, sharing this burden. Once more, amid the breeze, the shouting, the slanting sunlight on the high mountain, was shed that glamour, that strange invisible light of friendship, adventure, and content.

"Almost too heavy."

Jack grinned back.

"Not for the two of us."

Together, joined in effort by the burden, they staggered up the last steep of the mountain. Together, they chanted One! Two! Three! and crashed the log on to the great pile. Then they stepped back, laughing with triumphant pleasure, so that immediately Ralph had to stand on his head. Below them, boys were still labouring, though some of the small ones had lost interest and were searching this new forest for fruit. Now the twins, with unsuspected intelligence, came up the mountain with armfuls of dried leaves and dumped them against the pile. One by one, as they sensed that the pile was complete the boys stopped going back for more and stood, with the pink, shattered top of the mountain around them. Breath came even by now, and sweat dried.

Ralph and Jack looked at each other while society paused about them. The shameful knowledge grew in them and they did not know how to begin confession.

Ralph spoke first, crimson in the face.

"Will you?"

He cleared his throat and went on.

"Will you light the fire?"

Now the absurd situation was open, Jack blushed too. He began to mutter vaguely.

"You rub two sticks. You rub—"

He glanced at Ralph, who blurted out the last confession of incompetence.

"Has anyone got any matches?"

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2

**Anita and Me**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about Meena's Mama and how she is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel

[40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

Mama rarely raised her voice but when she did get angry, she looked like one of the ornamental statues I had seen on my Auntie Shaila's shrine. The goddess she resembled most when in a strop, the one that both terrified and fascinated me, was Kali, a black-faced snarling woman with alarming canines and six waving arms. Every hand contained a bloody weapon and she wore a bracelet of skulls around her powerful naked thighs. And her eyes, sooty O's of disbelief and also amusement that someone insignificant had dared to step on her shadow.

Mama could look like that at me sometimes, when she had caught me tearing carefully sewn ribbons off my dresses, cutting up earthworms in our back yard with her favourite vegetable knife, and most usually, when I was lying. The size of lie never made a difference to her reaction; it could have been one of my harmless fabrications (telling a group of visiting kids in the park that I was a Punjabi princess and owned an elephant called Jason King), or one of my major whoppers – telling my teacher I hadn't completed my homework because of an obscure religious festival involving fire eating ... She was always furious at the pointlessness of it all; stealing was understandable if distressing, violence antisocial yet sometimes unavoidable, but lying? 'Why do you do this, Meena?' she would wail, wringing her hands unconvincingly, a parody of a Hindi movie mama. 'You are only four/seven/nine ... Isn't your life exciting enough without all these stories?'

Well naturally the answer was no, but I did not want to make mama feel that this was her fault. Besides, I enjoyed her anger, the snapping eyes, the shrieking voice, the glimpse of monster beneath the mother; it was one of the times I felt we understood each other perfectly.

Of course, no one else outside our small family ever saw this dark side of mama; to everyone else, she was the epitome of grace, dignity and unthreatening charm. She attracted admirers effortlessly, maybe because her soft round face, large limpid eyes and fragile, feminine frame brought out their protective instincts. Tragedy, amusement and bewilderment would wash across her face like sea changes, flowing to suit the story of whoever she was listening to, giving them the illusion that they could control the tides. She was as constant as the moon and just as remote, so the admiration of the villagers was always tempered with a deferential respect, as if in the company of minor royalty.

0 3

**Never Let Me Go**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about the relationship between Kathy and Ruth and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

The South Playing Field was the one used most by the Juniors and it was there, in the corner by the poplars, that Ruth came up to me one lunchtime, looked me up and down, then asked:

‘Do you want to ride my horse?’

I was in the midst of playing with two or three others at that point, but it was clear Ruth was addressing only me. This absolutely delighted me, but I made a show of weighing her up before giving a reply.

‘Well, what’s your horse’s name?’

Ruth came a step closer. ‘My *best* horse,’ she said, ‘is Thunder. I can’t let you ride on *him*. He’s much too dangerous. But you can ride Bramble, as long as you don’t use your crop on him. Or if you like, you could have any of the others.’ She reeled off several more names I don’t now remember. Then she asked: ‘Have you got any horses of your own?’

I looked at her and thought carefully before replying: ‘No. I don’t have any horses.’

‘Not even one?’

‘No.’

‘All right. You can ride Bramble, and if you like him, you can have him to keep. But you’re not to use your crop on him. And you’ve got to come *now*.’

My friends had, in any case, turned away and were carrying on with what they’d been doing. So I gave a shrug and went off with Ruth.

The field was filled with playing children, some a lot bigger than us, but Ruth led the way through them very purposefully, always a pace or two in front. When we were almost at the wire mesh boundary with the garden, she turned and said:

‘Okay, we’ll ride them here. You take Bramble.’

I accepted the invisible rein she was holding out, and then we were off, riding up and down the fence, sometimes cantering, sometimes at a gallop. I’d been correct in my decision to tell Ruth I didn’t have any horses of my own, because after a while with Bramble, she let me try her various other horses one by one, shouting all sorts of instructions about how to handle each animal’s foibles.

‘I told you! You’ve got to really lean back on Daffodil! Much more than that! She doesn’t like it unless you’re *right back*!’

I must have done well enough, because eventually she let me have a go on Thunder, her favourite. I don’t know how long we spent with her horses that day: it felt a substantial time, and I think we both lost ourselves completely in our game. But then suddenly, for no reason I could see, Ruth brought it all to an end, claiming I was deliberately tiring out her horses, and that I’d have to put each of them back in its stable.

0 4

***The Woman in Black***

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about some of the places and locations described in *The Woman in Black*. How are they important to the novel as a whole?

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

The only sounds I could hear above the trotting of the pony's hooves, the rumble of the wheels and the creak of the cart, were sudden, harsh, weird cries from birds near and far. We had travelled perhaps three miles, and passed no farm or cottage, no kind of dwelling house at all, all was emptiness. Then, the hedgerows petered out, and we seemed to be driving towards the very edge of the world. Ahead, the water gleamed like metal and I began to make out a track, rather like the line left by the wake of a boat, that ran across it. As we drew nearer, I saw that the water was lying only shallowly over the rippling sand on either side of us, and that the line was in fact a narrow track leading directly ahead, as if into the estuary itself. As we slipped on to it, I realized that this must be the Nine Lives Causeway – this and nothing more – and saw how, when the tide came in, it would quickly be quite submerged and untraceable.

At first the pony and then the trap met the sandy path, the smart noise we had been making ceased, and we went on almost in silence save for a hissing, silky sort of sound. Here and there were clumps of reeds, bleached bone-pale, and now and again the faintest of winds caused them to rattle dryly. The sun at our backs reflected in the water all around so that everything shone and glistened like the surface of a mirror, and the sky had taken on a faint pinkish tinge at the edges, and this in turn became reflected in the marsh and the water. Then, as it was so bright that it hurt my eyes to go on staring at it, I looked up ahead and saw, as if rising out of the water itself, a tall, gaunt house of grey stone with a slate roof, that now gleamed steelily in the light. It stood like some lighthouse or beacon or Martello tower, facing the whole, wide expanse of marsh and estuary, the most astonishingly situated house I had ever seen or could ever conceivably have imagined, isolated, uncompromising but also, I thought, handsome. As we neared it, I saw the land on which it stood was raised up a little, surrounding it on every side for perhaps three or four hundred yards, of plain, salt-bleached grass, and then gravel. This little island extended in a southerly direction across an area of scrub and field towards what looked like the fragmentary ruins of some old church or chapel.

There was a rough scraping, as the cart came onto the stones, and then pulled up. We had arrived at Eel Marsh House.

0 5

**Oranges are not the Only Fruit**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about religion in *Oranges are not the Only Fruit*, and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

By the time we got to church, the first hymn was under way. My mother glared at me, and I tried to look sorry. We had slid in next to Miss Jewsbury who told me to keep calm.

'What do you mean?' I whispered.

'Come and talk to me afterwards,' she hissed, 'But not till we're out of sight.'

I decided she had gone mad. The church was very full as usual, and every time I caught someone's eye they smiled or nodded. It made me happy. There was nowhere I'd rather be. When the hymn was over I squeezed a bit closer to Melanie and tried to concentrate on the Lord. 'Still,' I thought, 'Melanie is a gift from the Lord, and it would be ungrateful not to appreciate her.' I was still deep in these contemplations when I realised that something disturbing was happening. The church had gone very quiet and the pastor was standing on his lower platform, with my mother next to him. She was weeping. I felt a searing pain against my knuckles; it was Melanie's ring. Then Miss Jewsbury was urging me to my feet saying, 'Keep calm, keep calm,' and I was walking out to the front with Melanie. I shot a glance at her. She was pale.

'These children of God,' began the pastor, 'have fallen under Satan's spell.'

His hand was hot and heavy on my neck. Everyone in the congregation looked like a waxwork.

'These children of God have fallen foul of their lusts.'

'Just a minute ...,' I began, but he took no notice.

'These children are full of demons.'

A cry of horror ran through the church.

'I'm not,' I shouted, 'and neither is she.'

'Listen to Satan's voice,' said the pastor to the church, pointing at me. 'How are the best become the worst.'

'What are you talking about?' I asked, desperate.

'Do you deny you love this woman with a love reserved for man and wife?'

'No, yes, I mean of course I love her.'

'I will read you the words of St Paul,' announced the pastor, and he did, and many more words besides about unnatural passions and the mark of the demon.

'To the pure all things are pure,' I yelled at him. 'It's you not us.'

He turned to Melanie.

'Do you promise to give up this sin and beg the Lord to forgive you?'

'Yes.' She was trembling uncontrollably. I hardly heard what she said.

'Then go into the vestry with Mrs White and the elders will come and pray for you. It's not too late for those who truly repent.'

He turned to me.

'I love her.'

'Then you do not love the Lord.'

'Yes, I love both of them.'

'You cannot.'

'I do, I do, let me go.' But he caught my arm and held me fast.

'The church will not see you suffer, go home and wait for us to help you.'

I ran out on to the street, wild with distress.



0 6

**The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time**

You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.**

Write about Christopher and how he is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

CHRISTOPHER	What's this?
SIOBHAN	It's your result, Christopher.
CHRISTOPHER	Right.
SIOBHAN	You need to open it and read it.
CHRISTOPHER	Right. <i>He does.</i>
SIOBHAN	Well? What does it say?
CHRISTOPHER	I got an A.
SIOBHAN	Oh. Oh. That's just. That's terrific, Christopher.
CHRISTOPHER	Yes.
SIOBHAN	Aren't you happy?
CHRISTOPHER	Yes. It's the best result.
SIOBHAN	I know it is. How's your dog?
CHRISTOPHER	He's very well. I stayed last week at Father's because Mother got flu and he slept on my bed so he can bark in case anybody comes into my room at night.
SIOBHAN	Right. How are you getting on with your father, Christopher?
CHRISTOPHER	He planted a vegetable patch in his garden. I helped him and Sandy watched. We planted carrots and peas and spinach and I'm going to pick them when they're ready. He bought me a book, which is called <i>Further Maths for A-Level</i> . He told Mrs Gascoyne that I'm going to take Further Maths next year. She said OK.
MRS GASCOYNE	OK.
SIOBHAN	I heard that.
CHRISTOPHER	I'm going to pass it and get an A grade. And then in two years I'll take A-Level Physics and get an A grade. And then I'm going to go to university in another town. It doesn't have to be in London because I don't like London and there are universities in lots of places and not all of them are in big cities. I can live in a flat with a garden and a proper toilet. I can take Sandy and my books and my computer. Then I will get a First-Class Honours degree. Then I will be a scientist. I can do these things.
SIOBHAN	I hope so.
CHRISTOPHER	I can because I went to London on my own. <i>She looks at him.</i> I solved the mystery of Who Killed Wellington. <i>She looks at him.</i> I found my mother. I was brave.

0 7

**A Taste of Honey**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.**

Write about the relationship between Jo and Helen and how it is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

HELEN	What's these?
Jo	Self-portraits. Give 'em here.
HELEN	Self-portraits? Oh! Well, I suppose you've got to draw pictures of yourself, nobody else would. Hey! Is that supposed to be me?
Jo	Yes.
HELEN	Don't I look a misery? They're very artistic though, I must say. Have you ever thought of going to a proper art school and getting a proper training?
Jo	It's too late.
HELEN	I'll pay. You're not stupid. You'll soon learn.
Jo	I've had enough of school. Too many different schools and too many different places.
HELEN	You're wasting yourself.
Jo	So long as I don't waste anybody else. Why are you so suddenly interested in me, anyway? You've never cared much before about what I was doing or what I was trying to do or the difference between them.
HELEN	I know, I'm a cruel, wicked woman.
Jo	Why did we have to come here anyway? We were all right at the other place.
HELEN	I was fed up with the other place.
Jo	You mean you're running away from somebody.
HELEN	You're asking for a bloody good hiding, lady. Just be careful. Oh! She'd drive you out of your mind. And my head's splitting. Splitting in two.
Jo	What about me? Don't you think I get fed up with all this flitting about? Where's the bathroom? I'm going to have a bath.
HELEN	You're always bathing.
Jo	I'm not like you. I don't wait until it becomes necessary before I have a good wash.
HELEN	You'll find the communal latrine and wash-house at the end of the passage. And don't throw your things about, this place is untidy enough as it is.
Jo	That's all we do, live out of a travelling-bag.
HELEN	Don't worry, you'll soon be an independent working woman and free to go where you please.
Jo	The sooner the better. I'm sick of you. You've made my life a misery. And stop sneezing your 'flu bugs all over me. I don't want to catch your cold.
HELEN	Oh! Get out of my sight. Go and have your bath.
Jo	You can get your own coffee too. Why should I do anything for you? You never do anything for me.



0 8

**An Inspector Calls**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.**

Write about the theme of responsibility in *An Inspector Calls* and how it is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

INSPECTOR	<p><i>(taking charge, masterfully)</i> Stop!  <i>They are suddenly quiet, staring at him.</i>          And be quiet for a moment and listen to me. I don't need to know any more. Neither do you. This girl killed herself – and died a horrible death. But each of you helped to kill her. Remember that. Never forget it. <i>(He looks from one to the other of them carefully.)</i> But then I don't think you ever will. Remember what you did, Mrs Birling. You turned her away when she most needed help. You refused her even the pitiable little bit of organized charity you had in your power to grant her. Remember what you did—</p>
ERIC	<p><i>(unhappily)</i> My God – I'm not likely to forget.</p>
INSPECTOR	<p>Just used her for the end of a stupid drunken evening, as if she was an animal, a thing, not a person. No, you won't forget. <i>(He looks at SHEILA.)</i></p>
SHEILA	<p><i>(bitterly)</i> I know. I had her turned out of a job. I started it.</p>
INSPECTOR	<p>You helped – but didn't start it <i>(Rather savagely, to BIRLING.)</i> You started it. She wanted twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-two and sixpence. You made her pay a heavy price for that. And now she'll make you pay a heavier price still.</p>
BIRLING	<p><i>(unhappily)</i> Look, Inspector – I'd give thousands – yes, thousands—</p>
INSPECTOR	<p>You're offering the money at the wrong time, Mr Birling. <i>(He makes a move as if concluding the session, possibly shutting up notebook, etc. Then surveys them sardonically.)</i> No, I don't think any of you will forget. Nor that young man, Croft, though he at least had some affection for her and made her happy for a time. Well, Eva Smith's gone. You can't do her any more harm. And you can't do her any good now, either. You can't even say 'I'm sorry, Eva Smith.'</p>
SHEILA	<p><i>(who is crying quietly)</i> That's the worst of it.</p>
INSPECTOR	<p>But just remember this. One Eva Smith has gone – but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us, with their lives, their hopes and fears, their suffering and chance of happiness, all intertwined with our lives, and what we think and say and do. We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish. Good night.</p> <p><i>He walks straight out, leaving them staring, subdued and wondering.</i></p>

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***The History Boys***

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.**

The characters in *The History Boys* have different views on teaching and education. Write about some of these views and how Bennett presents them at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

*Staff room.*

HEADMASTER Mrs Lintott, Dorothy.

MRS LINTOTT Headmaster?

HEADMASTER These Oxbridge boys. Your historians. Any special plans?

MRS LINTOTT Their A Levels are very good.

HEADMASTER Their A Levels are *very* good. And that is thanks to you, Dorothy. We've never had so many. Remarkable! But what now – in teaching terms?

MRS LINTOTT More of the same?

HEADMASTER Oh. Do you think so?

MRS LINTOTT It's what we've done before.

HEADMASTER Quite. Without much success. No one last year. None the year before. When did we last have anyone in history at Oxford and Cambridge?

MRS LINTOTT I tend not to distinguish.

HEADMASTER Between Oxford and Cambridge?

MRS LINTOTT Between centres of higher learning. Last year two at Bristol, one at York. The year before ...

HEADMASTER Yes, yes. I know that, Dorothy. But I am thinking league tables. Open scholarships. Reports to the Governors. I want them to do themselves justice. I want them to do you justice. Factually tip-top as your boys always are, something more is required.

MRS LINTOTT More?

HEADMASTER Different.  
I would call it grooming did not that have overtones of the monkey house.  
'Presentation' might be the word.

MRS LINTOTT They know their stuff. Plainly stated and properly organised facts need no presentation, surely.

HEADMASTER Oh, Dorothy. I think they do.  
'The facts: serving suggestion.'

MRS LINTOTT A sprig of parsley, you mean? Or an umbrella in the cocktail? Are dons so naive?

HEADMASTER Naive, Dorothy? Or human?  
I am thinking of the boys. Clever, yes, remarkably so. Well taught, indubitably. But a little ... *ordinaire*?  
Think charm. Think polish. Think Renaissance Man.

MRS LINTOTT Yes, Headmaster.

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**Blood Brothers**

*You are advised to spend about one hour on this question.*

**You should use the extract on the opposite page and your knowledge of the whole play to answer this question.**

Write about Mrs Lyons and how she is presented at different points in the play.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the play as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the play [40]

*5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *is lirting the 'We Go Dancing' line as MRS LYONS appears in the kitchen.*  
 MRS JOHNSTONE *gets a shock as she looks up and sees MRS LYONS there. The two women stare at each other.*

MRS JOHNSTONE *(eventually nodding):* Hello.

MRS LYONS How long have you lived here?

*Pause*

MRS JOHNSTONE A few years.

*Pause.*

MRS LYONS Are you always going to follow me?

MRS JOHNSTONE We were rehoused here ... I didn't follow ...

MRS LYONS Don't lie! I know what you're doing to me! You gave him that locket didn't you? Mm?

MRS JOHNSTONE *nods.*

He never takes it off you know. You're very clever aren't you?

MRS JOHNSTONE I ... I thought I'd never see him again. I wanted him to have ... a picture of me ... even though he'd never know.

MRS LYONS Afraid he might eventually have forgotten you? Oh no. There's no chance of that. He'll always remember you. After we'd moved he talked less and less of you and your family. I started ... just for a while I came to believe that he was actually mine.

MRS JOHNSTONE He is yours.

MRS LYONS No. I took him. But I never made him mine. Does he know? Have you told ...

MRS JOHNSTONE Of course not!

MRS LYONS Even when – when he was a tiny baby I'd see him looking straight at me and I'd think, he knows ... he knows. *(Pause.)* You have ruined me. *(Pause.)* But you won't ruin Edward! Is it money you want?

MRS JOHNSTONE What?

MRS LYONS I'll get it for you. If you move away from here. How much?

MRS JOHNSTONE Look ...

MRS LYONS How much?

MRS JOHNSTONE Nothin'! Nothing. *(Pause.)* You bought me off once before ...

MRS LYONS Thousands ... I'm talking about thousands if you want it. And think what you could do with money like that.

MRS JOHNSTONE I'd spend it. I'd buy more junk and trash; that's all. I don't want your money. I've made a life out here. It's not much of one maybe, but I made it. I'm stayin' here. You move if you want to.

MRS LYONS I would. But there's no point. You'd just follow me again wouldn't you?

MRS JOHNSTONE Look I'm not followin' anybody.

MRS LYONS Wherever I go you'll be just behind me. I know that now ... always and forever and ever like, like a shadow ... unless I can ... make ... you go ...

**END OF PAPER**