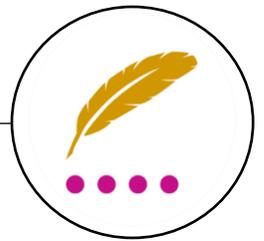


# Place & Time



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Ark John Keats English Department  
Introductory A-level Anthology



Name \_\_\_\_\_

# This booklet

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Successful A-level students read and think about a wide range of Literature.

There are two reasons to do this:

1. To work out their own tastes and preferences. We all like different Literature, and we don't know what we'll like until we've read some of it.
2. To have a wide range of comparison when reading something new. When have I read something like this before? Where does this writing 'fit'?

Your teachers will use this booklet in Term 1 of Year 12 to develop your knowledge and curiosity as readers. You will also find it useful for your coursework unit at the end of Year 12, in which you will need to choose the texts that you write about.

We've chosen texts and extracts carefully because they will give you a background for the main texts we're studying on the course, and because we think you'll enjoy them and find them interesting.

## ***What you need to do***

- Keep it safe.
- Read and annotate each extract with thought, creativity and curiosity.
- Bring it back in September with your notes in it.

The first extract has notes on it to show you what is expected. Please annotate the rest of the extracts to the same standard.

When you annotate the extracts, focus on the following:

- The ways writers respond to place and time. This includes the ways they show settings, locations, contemporary issues, change.
- The form and structure of their work.
- Anything else you find interesting.
- Any questions you have for other readers.

We look forward to discussing these texts with you in September and hearing all of your wonderful ideas.

***- Mrs Jones and Mr Moyser***

# #1 – *Everyman* by anon, 1530



*Morality plays were popular in 15th- and 16th-century Europe. They used allegorical stories to teach a moral message, underpinned by Christian teachings. The characters personified abstract qualities of goodness and evil, virtue and vice, which engaged in a battle to win the soul of the 'mankind' figure. After giving in to the temptation of worldly pleasures and sin, the representative human repented and was saved, just in time to go to Heaven.*

*(Source: The British Library)*

EVERYMAN.

What desyreth God of me?

DETHE.

That shall I shewe the:

A rekenynge he wyll nedes have

Without ony lenger respyte.

EVERYMAN.

To gyve a rekenynge longer layser [leisure] I crave ;

This blynde mater troubleth by wytte.

DETHE.

On the thou must take a longe journey,  
Therefore thy boke of counte with the thou brynge,  
For, tourne agayne thou can not by no waye ;  
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge,  
For before God thou shalte answer and shewe  
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe,  
How thou hast spente thy lyfe, and in what wyse  
Before the chefe lorde of paradyse.  
Have ado we were in that waye,  
For wete [know] thou well, thou shalte make none  
attournay.

EVERYMAN.

Full unredy I am suche rekenynge to gyve.

I knowe the not! What messenger arte thou?

DETHE.

I am Dethe, that no man dredeth.  
For every man I reste and no man spareth,  
For it is Goddes commaundment  
That all to me sholde be obedyent.

EVERYMAN.

O Dethe, thou comest whan I had the leest in mynde !  
In thy power it lyeth me to save ;  
Yet of my good wyl I gyve the, yf thou wyl be kynde,  
Ye, a thousande pounce shalte thou have,  
And u dyfferre this mater tyll another daye.

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DETHE.

Everyman, it may not be by no waye ;  
I set not by golde, sylver, nor rychesse,  
Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke, ne prynces;  
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,  
All the worlde I myght gete ;  
But my custome is clene contrary.  
I gyve the no respyte ; come hens and not tary.

EVERYMAN.

Alas! shall I have no lenger respyte?  
I may say, Dethe gyveth no warnynge.  
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke,  
For all unredy is my boke of rekenynge.  
But, xn yere and I myght have abydyng,  
My countyng boke I wolde make so clere,  
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere.  
Wherfore, Dethe, I praye the, for Goddes mercy,  
Spare me tyll I be provyded of remedy.

DETHE.

The avayleth not to crye, wepe, and praye,  
But hast [haste] the lyghtly that thou were gone this journaye,  
And preve [prove] thy f rendes, yf thou can ;  
For, wete [know] thou well, the tyde abydeh no man,

And in the worlde eche lyvyng creature  
For Adams synne must dye of nature.

EVERYMAN.

Dethe, yf I sholde this pylgrymage take,  
And my rekenynge suerly [surely] make,  
Shewe me, for saynt Charyte.  
Sholde I not come agayne shortly?

DETHE.

No, Everyman, and thou be ones there,  
Thou mayst never more come here,  
Trust me veryly.

## #2 – *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare, 1599



*Brutus, who is planning a violent coup against Rome's leader, Julius Caesar, has neglected his ill wife Portia. Shakespeare set many of his plays in ancient Rome because it allowed him to explore a range of political issues without writing too directly about powerful people in England at the time.*

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;  
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had to resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart

### #3 – *Othello* by William Shakespeare, 1603



*Othello* was subtitled 'The Moor of Venice'. In it, a 'moor' (a North African) is a general in the army of Venice, an Italian city state. In Shakespeare's time, Venice was a diverse, cosmopolitan city. *Othello* has married *Desdemona*, a noblewoman's daughter, in secret. *Desdemona*'s father (under the influence of the play's villain *Iago*) has accused *Othello* of using magic to seduce his daughter. In this extract, *Othello* defends their relationship to the lords of Venice.

OTHELLO

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.  
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

DUKE OF VENICE

Say it, *Othello*.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history:  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven  
It was my hint to speak,--such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:  
But still the house-affairs would draw her  
thence:  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not intently: I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she  
thank'd me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story.  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants*

DUKE OF VENICE

I think this tale would win my daughter too.

## #4 – *The Witch of Edmonton* by Thomas Dekker, 1621



*An innocent woman, Mother Sawyer, is accused by her neighbours of being a witch. Their prejudice leads her to summon the devil, which appears in the form of a talking dog.*

MOTHER SAWYER.

Still vexed! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks  
Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunned  
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn  
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams  
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,  
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,  
That have appeared, and sucked, some say, their blood;  
But by what means they came acquainted with them  
I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,  
Instruct me which way I might be revenged  
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,  
And give this fury leave to dwell within  
This ruined cottage ready to fall with age,  
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,  
And study curses, imprecations,  
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,  
Or anything that's ill: so I might work  
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,  
That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood  
Of me and of my credit. 'Tis all one  
To be a witch as to be counted one:  
Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

*Enter a Black Dog.*

DOG.

Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou art  
Mine own.

MOTHER SAWYER.

Thine! what art thou?

DOG.

He thou hast so often  
Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

MOTHER SAWYER

Bless me! the devil?

(The original front-piece of *The Witch of Edmonton*)

DOG.  
Come, do not fear; I love thee much too well  
To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible,  
It is to such as hate me. I have found  
Thy love unfeigned; have seen and pitied  
Thy open wrongs; and come, out of my love,  
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

MOTHER SAWYER.  
May I believe thee?

DOG.  
To confirm't, command me  
Do any mischief unto man or beast,  
And I'll effect it, on condition  
That, uncompelled, thou make a deed of gift  
Of soul and body to me.

MOTHER SAWYER.  
Out, alas!  
My soul and body?

DOG.  
And that instantly,  
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,  
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

MOTHER SAWYER.  
I know not where to seek relief: but shall I,  
After such covenants sealed, see full revenge  
On all that wrong me?

DOG.  
Ha, ha! silly woman!  
The devil is no liar to such as he loves:  
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar  
To such as he affects?

MOTHER SAWYER.  
Then I am thine;  
At least so much of me as I can call mine own—



## #5 – *Elegiac Sonnets* by Charlotte Smith, 1786



*An elegy is a poem of serious reflection, usually a lament for the dead.*

*(Source: Wikipedia)*

*In her book, Smith combined the form of the 'elegy' with the sonnet form, traditionally a love poem. Elegiac Sonnets led to a revival of sonnet writing in English and made Smith famous. Unusually for a woman in her era, she published all of her work under her own name.*

### **Sonnet IV. To the Moon**

QUEEN of the silver bow!--by thy pale beam,  
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.  
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;  
And oft I think--fair planet of the night,  
That in thy orb, the wretched may have rest:  
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,  
Released by death--to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.  
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor wearied pilgrim--in this toiling scene!

### **Sonnet V. To the South Downs**

AH, hills beloved!--where once, a happy child,  
Your beechen shades, "your turf, your flowers, among,"  
I wove your bluebells into garlands wild,  
And woke your echoes with my artless song.  
Ah! hills beloved!--your turf, your flowers, remain;  
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,  
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,  
And teach a broken heart to throb no more?  
And you, Aruna! in the vale below,  
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,  
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,  
To drink a long oblivion to my care?  
Ah no!--when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,  
There 's no oblivion but in death alone!

## #6 – ‘Jerusalem’ by William Blake, 1804



“Poet, painter, engraver, and visionary William Blake worked to bring about a change both in the social order and in the minds of men. Though in his lifetime his work was largely neglected or dismissed, he is now considered one of the leading lights of English poetry”

(Source: Poetry Foundation)

Jerusalem is one of Blake’s most famous poems, partly because it was later set to music as a hymn, which is still well-known. Less known to some modern readers is the poem’s deeply political message about industrialisation.

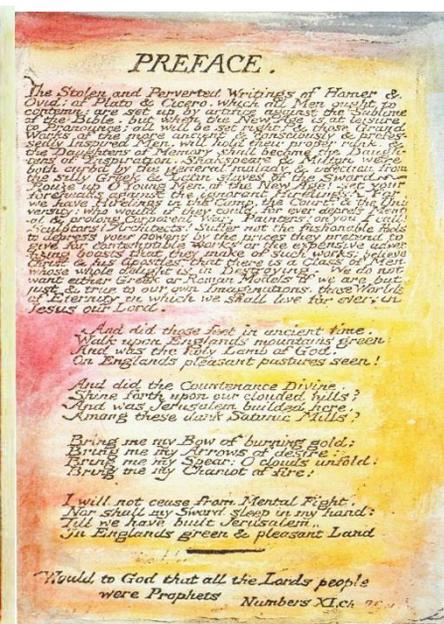
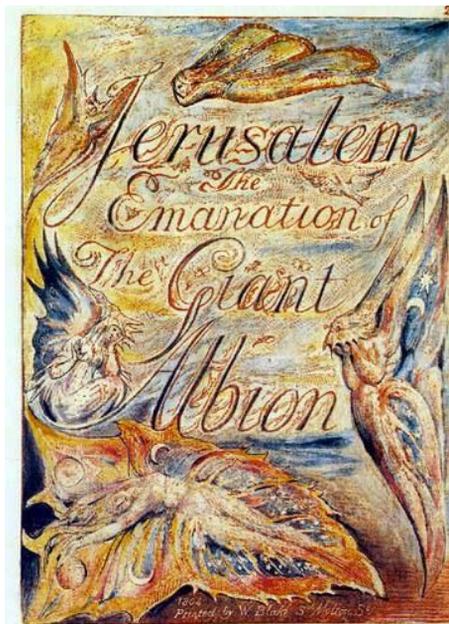
And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my arrows of desire:  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In Englands green & pleasant Land.

Blake’s poetry was originally published in colourful prints that Blake designed and printed himself.



## #7 – ‘To My Brothers’ by John Keats, 1816



*Keats wrote these two sonnets in his notebook on 18 November, 1816. They are addressed to his brothers George and Tom. Tom died in December of the same year. As well as sonnets, these poems are both examples of lyrics. Lyrics are poems that express the personal feelings of the poet, often using highly beautiful language, a traditional ‘poetic’ register and regular meter.*

### **To My Brother George**

Many the wonders I this day have seen:  
The sun, when first he kissed away the tears  
That filled the eyes of Morn; -the laurelled peers  
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean; -  
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,  
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,  
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears  
Must think on what will be, and what has been.  
E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,  
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping  
So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,  
And she her half-discovered revels keeping.  
But what, without the social thought of thee,  
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

### **To My Brothers**

Small, busy flames play through the fresh laid coals,  
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep  
Like whispers of the household gods that keep  
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.  
And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,  
Your eyes are fix'd, as in poetic sleep,  
Upon the lore so voluble and deep,  
That aye at fall of night our care condoles.  
This is your birth-day Tom, and I rejoice  
That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.  
Many such eves of gently whisp'ring noise  
May we together pass, and calmly try  
What are this world's true joys, ere the great voice,  
From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

## #8 – ‘Ozymandias’ by Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1818

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Shelley wrote the poem ‘Love’s Philosophy’, which was in your GCSE Relationships anthology. His work was part of a movement in art, writing and culture called Romanticism. Like other Romantic writers, he used ruins as the setting for some of his work. When you read this poem, think about why the ruined statue might have interested him. Can you also see the influence of Charlotte Smith in Shelley’s writing?

### Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
*‘My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!’*  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

## #9 – *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley, 1818



*Mary Shelley (who was Percy Shelley's wife) wrote Frankenstein in a competition with some friends to write a new scary story whilst on holiday in Geneva. That year, there had been no summer as the sky was blocked for months by smoke and ashes from a volcano. The first vampire tale originated as a short story in the same competition, but Shelley's was the only story that evolved into a full-length novel.*

*In her story, an ambitious scientist, Victor Frankenstein, artificially creates a monstrous creature using body parts stolen from graveyards. In this extract, the creature has escaped Victor and spent a year spying on a French family in Germany, whom he hopes will become his companions.*

"The winter advanced, and an entire revolution of the seasons had taken place since I awoke into life. My attention at this time was solely directed towards my plan of introducing myself into the cottage of my protectors. I revolved many projects, but that on which I finally fixed was to enter the dwelling when the blind old man should be alone. I had sagacity enough to discover that the unnatural hideousness of my person was the chief object of horror with those who had formerly beheld me. My voice, although harsh, had nothing terrible in it; I thought, therefore, that if in the absence of his children I could gain the good will and mediation of the old De Lacey, I might by his means be tolerated by my younger protectors.

"One day, when the sun shone on the red leaves that strewed the ground and diffused cheerfulness, although it denied warmth, Safie, Agatha, and Felix departed on a long country walk, and the old man, at his own desire, was left alone in the cottage. When his children had departed, he took up his guitar and played several mournful but sweet airs, more sweet and mournful than I had ever heard him play before. At first his countenance was illuminated with pleasure, but as he continued, thoughtfulness and sadness succeeded; at length, laying aside the instrument, he sat absorbed in reflection.

"My heart beat quick; this was the hour and moment of trial, which would decide my hopes or realize my fears. The servants were gone to a neighbouring fair. All was silent in and around the cottage; it was an excellent opportunity; yet, when I proceeded to execute my plan, my limbs failed me and I sank to the ground. Again I rose, and exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed before my hovel to conceal my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and with renewed determination I approached the door of their cottage.

"I knocked. 'Who is there?' said the old man. 'Come in.'

"I entered. 'Pardon this intrusion,' said I; 'I am a traveller in want of a little rest; you would greatly oblige me if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire.'

"'Enter,' said De Lacey, 'and I will try in what manner I can to relieve your wants; but, unfortunately, my children are from home, and as I am blind, I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you.'

"'Do not trouble yourself, my kind host; I have food; it is warmth and rest only that I need.'

"I sat down, and a silence ensued. I knew that every minute was precious to me, yet I remained irresolute in what manner to commence the interview, when the old man addressed me. 'By your language, stranger, I suppose you are my countryman; are you French?'

"'No; but I was educated by a French family and understand that language only. I am now going to claim the protection of some friends, whom I sincerely love, and of whose favour I have some hopes.'

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"`Are they Germans?'

"`No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature, I look around and I have no relation or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me and know little of me. I am full of fears, for if I fail there, I am an outcast in the world forever.'

"`Do not despair. To be friendless is indeed to be unfortunate, but the hearts of men, when unprejudiced by any obvious self-interest, are full of brotherly love and charity. Rely, therefore, on your hopes; and if these friends are good and amiable, do not despair.'

"`They are kind--they are the most excellent creatures in the world; but, unfortunately, they are prejudiced against me. I have good dispositions; my life has been hitherto harmless and in some degree beneficial; but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a feeling and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster.'

"`That is indeed unfortunate; but if you are really blameless, cannot you undeceive them?'

"`I am about to undertake that task; and it is on that account that I feel so many overwhelming terrors. I tenderly love these friends; I have, unknown to them, been for many months in the habits of daily kindness towards them; but they believe that I wish to injure them, and it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome.'

"`Where do these friends reside?'

"`Near this spot.'

## #10 – *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen, 1813



*Jane Austen wrote social satires. This means that her novels parody the ways that people in behave in society. In this extract, Jane Bennet has received an invitation to dine with a neighbouring family, the Bingleys. Jane's mother, the scheming Mrs Bennet, is trying to set Jane up for marriage with the wealthy Mr Bingley. The novel's protagonist is Jane's sister Elizabeth, the least conventional of the five Bennet daughters.*

"Can I have the carriage?" said Jane.

"No, my dear, you had better go on horseback, because it seems likely to rain; and then you must stay all night."

"That would be a good scheme," said Elizabeth, "if you were sure that they would not offer to send her home."

"Oh! but the gentlemen will have Mr. Bingley's chaise to go to Meryton, and the Hursts have no horses to theirs."

"I had much rather go in the coach."

"But, my dear, your father cannot spare the horses, I am sure. They are wanted in the farm, Mr. Bennet, are they not?"

"They are wanted in the farm much oftener than I can get them."

"But if you have got them to-day," said Elizabeth, "my mother's purpose will be answered."

She did at last extort from her father an acknowledgment that the horses were engaged. Jane was therefore obliged to go on horseback, and her mother attended her to the door with many cheerful prognostics of a bad day. Her hopes were answered; Jane had not been gone long before it rained hard. Her sisters were uneasy for her, but her mother was delighted. The rain continued the whole evening without intermission; Jane certainly could not come back.

"This was a lucky idea of mine, indeed!" said Mrs. Bennet more than once, as if the credit of making it rain were all her own. Till the next morning, however, she was not aware of all the felicity of her contrivance. Breakfast was scarcely over when a servant from Netherfield brought the following note for Elizabeth:

*"My Dearest Lizzy —*

*"I find myself very unwell this morning, which, I suppose, is to be imputed to my getting wet through yesterday. My kind friends will not hear of my returning till I am better. They insist also on my seeing Mr. Jones — therefore do not be alarmed if you should hear of his having been to me — and, excepting a sore throat and headache, there is not much the matter with me. — Yours, etc."*

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Bennet, when Elizabeth had read the note aloud, "if your daughter should have a dangerous fit of illness — if she should die, it would be a comfort to know that it was all in pursuit of Mr. Bingley, and under your orders."

"Oh! I am not afraid of her dying. People do not die of little trifling colds. She will be taken good care of. As long as she stays there, it is all very well. I would go an see her if I could have the carriage."

Elizabeth, feeling really anxious, was determined to go to her, though the carriage was not to be had; and as she was no horsewoman, walking was her only alternative. She declared her resolution.

"How can you be so silly," cried her mother, "as to think of such a thing, in all this dirt! You will not be fit to be seen when you get there."

"I shall be very fit to see Jane — which is all I want."

"Is this a hint to me, Lizzy," said her father, "to send for the horses?"

"No, indeed, I do not wish to avoid the walk. The distance is nothing when one has a motive; only three miles. I shall be back by dinner."

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“I admire the activity of your benevolence,” observed Mary, “but every impulse of feeling should be guided by reason; and, in my opinion, exertion should always be in proportion to what is required.”

“We will go as far as Meryton with you,” said Catherine and Lydia. Elizabeth accepted their company, and the three young ladies set off together.

“If we make haste,” said Lydia, as they walked along, “perhaps we may see something of Captain Carter before he goes.”

In Meryton they parted; the two youngest repaired to the lodgings of one of the officers’ wives, and Elizabeth continued her walk alone, crossing field after field at a quick pace, jumping over stiles and springing over puddles with impatient activity, and finding herself at last within view of the house, with weary ankles, dirty stockings, and a face glowing with the warmth of exercise.

She was shown into the breakfast-parlour, where all but Jane were assembled, and where her appearance created a great deal of surprise. That she should have walked three miles so early in the day, in such dirty weather, and by herself, was almost incredible to Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley; and Elizabeth was convinced that they held her in contempt for it. She was received, however, very politely by them; and in their brother’s manners there was something better than politeness; there was good humour and kindness. Mr. Darcy said very little, and Mr. Hurst nothing at all. The former was divided between admiration of the brilliancy which exercise had given to her complexion, and doubt as to the occasion’s justifying her coming so far alone. The latter was thinking only of his breakfast.

## #11 – ‘Exposure’ by Wilfred Owen, 1918



*Wilfred Owen’s most famous poems were written on the front line during World War One. He died in the war in 1818. Owen’s poetry is heavily influenced by the Romantic poets.*

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us . . .  
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent . . .  
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient . . .  
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,  
    But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,  
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.  
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,  
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.  
    What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow . . .  
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.  
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army  
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,  
    But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.  
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,  
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew,  
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,  
    But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—  
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,  
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,  
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.  
    —Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glozed  
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;  
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;  
Shutters and doors, all closed: on us the doors are closed,—  
    We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;  
Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.  
For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;  
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,  
    For love of God seems dying.

Tonight, this frost will fasten on this mud and us,  
Shrivelling many hands, and puckering foreheads crisp.  
The burying-party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,  
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,  
    But nothing happens.

## #12 – ‘I, Too’ by Langston Hughes, 1926

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*Langston Hughes was an American poet who was the leader of a movement known as the Harlem Renaissance. In this period, America was intensely racially segregated.*

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.  
They send me to eat in the kitchen  
When company comes,  
But I laugh,  
And eat well,  
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,  
I'll be at the table  
When company comes.  
Nobody'll dare  
Say to me,  
"Eat in the kitchen,"  
Then.

Besides,  
They'll see how beautiful I am  
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

## #13 – *Ulysses* by James Joyce, 1922



*Ulysses* is one of the most acclaimed works of 'Modernism', a movement in art, literature and culture that tried to break with tradition. Modernism is hard to define, but modernist writing often draws attention to its own form and can (like it does here) appear as a collage of different materials and symbols. *Ulysses* charts the events of two separate but inter-connected protagonists – Stephen and Leopold – across one day in the Irish city of Dublin. In this extract, Stephen sees a stranger's dog.

The dog's bark ran towards him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. *Terribilia meditans*. A primrose doublet, fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you pining, the bark of their applause? Pretenders : live their lives. The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight, Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory, wonder of a day, and Lambert Simnel, with a tail of nans and sutlers, a scullion crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house. House of... We don't want any of your medieval abstrusities. Would you do what he did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see ! who's behind me? Out quickly, quickly ! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides, sheeting the lows of sands quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If I had land under my feet I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I... With him together down... I could not save her. Waters : bitter death : lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He turned, bounded back, came nearer, trotted on twinkling shanks. On a field tenney a buck, trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His snout lifted barked at the wavenoise, herds of seamorse. They serpented towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They waded a little way in the water and, stooping, soused their bags, and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning. Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a calf's gallop. The carcass lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffing rapidly like a dog all over the dead dog's bedraggled fell. Dogskull, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah, poor dogsbody. Here lies poor dogsbody's body.

— Tatters! Out of that, you mongrel.

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he lolloped, dawdled, smelt a rock and from under a cocked hindleg pissed against it. He trotted forward and, lifting his hindleg, pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock. The simple pleasures of the poor. His hindpaws then scattered sand : then his forepaws dabbled and delved. Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling, delving and stopped to listen to the air, scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spousebreach, vulturing the dead.

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. Haroun al Raschid. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my face. Smiled : creamfruit smell. That was the rule, said. In. Come. Red carpet spread. You will see who.

## #14 – *The Waves* by Virginia Woolf, 1931

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*Virginia Woolf is another modernist writer. In this book, she writes about the imaginative lives of six children, including Louis who delivers the speech in this extract.*

“Now they have all gone,” said Louis. “ I am alone. They have gone into the house for breakfast, and I am left standing by the wall among the flowers. It is very early, before lessons. Flower after flower is specked on the depths of green. The petals are harlequins. Stalks rise from the black hollows beneath. The flowers swim like fish made of light upon the dark, green waters. I hold a stalk in my hand. I am the stalk. My roots go down to the depths of the world, through earth dry with brick, and damp earth, through veins of lead and silver. I am all fibre. All tremors shake me, and the weight of the earth is pressed to my ribs. Up here my eyes are green leaves, unseeing. I am a boy in grey flannels with a belt fastened by a brass snake up here. Down there my eyes are the lidless eyes of a stone figure in a desert by the Nile. I see women passing with red pitchers to the river ; I see camels swaying and men in turbans. I hear tramlings, tremblings, stirrings round me.

“Up here Bernard, Neville, Jinny and Susan (but not Rhoda) skim the flower-beds with their nets. They skim the butterflies from the nodding tops of the flowers. They brush the surface of the world. Their nets are full of fluttering wings. ‘Louis! Louis! Louis!’ they shout. But they cannot see me. I am on the other side of the hedge. There are only little eye-holes among the leaves. Oh Lord, let them pass. Lord, let them lay their butterflies on a pocket-handkerchief on the gravel. Let them count out their tortoise-shells, their red admirals and cabbage whites. But let me be unseen. I am green as a yew tree in the shade of the hedge. My hair is made of leaves. I am rooted to the middle of the earth. My body is a stalk. I press the stalk. A drop oozes from the hole at the mouth and slowly, thickly, grows larger and larger. Now some- thing pink passes the eyehole. Now an eye-beam is slid through the chink. Its beam strikes me. I am a boy in a grey flannel suit. She has found me. I am struck on the nape of the neck. She has kissed me. All is shattered.”

## #15 – *A Dance of the Forests* by Wole Soyinka, 1960

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*Wole Soyinka is arguably Nigeria's most famous and culturally important playwright. A Dance of the Forests was originally staged as part of Nigeria's independence celebrations, following Nigeria's declaration of independence from Britain in October 1960.*



## #16 – *Field Work* by Seamus Heaney, 1979



*Many of the poems in Heaney's collection – including this one – allude to The Troubles, a long and violent conflict in Northern Ireland, between the British army and various paramilitary groups.*

### **Badgers**

When the badger glimmered away  
into another garden  
you stood, half-lit with whiskey,  
sensing you had disturbed  
some soft returning.

The murdered dead,  
you thought.  
But could it not have been  
some violent shattered boy  
nosing out what got mislaid  
between the cradle and the explosion,  
evenings when windows stood open  
and the compost smoked down the backs?

Visitations are taken for signs.  
At a second house I listened  
for duntings under the laurels  
and heard intimations whispered  
about being vaguely honoured.

And to read even by carcasses  
the badgers have come back.  
One that grew notorious  
lay untouched by the roadside.  
Last bight one had me braking  
but more in fear than in honour.

Cool from the sett and redolent  
of his runs under the night,  
the bogey of fern country  
broke cover in me  
for what he is:  
pig family  
and not at all what he's painted.

How perilous is it to choose  
not to love the life we're shown?  
His sturdy dirty body  
and interloping grovel.  
The intelligence in his bone.  
The unquestionable houseboy's shoulders  
that could have been my own.

## #17 – Men in The Off-Hours by Anne Carson, 2000



### Appendix to Ordinary Time

My mother died the autumn I was writing this. And Now I have no one, I thought. "Exposed on a high ledge in full light," says Virginia Woolf on one of her tingling days (March 1, 1937). I was turning over the pages of her diaries, still piled on my desk the day after the funeral, looking for comfort I suppose--why are these pages comforting? They led her, after all, to the River Ouse. Yet strong pleasure rises from every sentence. In reflecting on the death of her own father, she decided that forming such shocks into words and order was "the strongest pleasure known to me" ( Moments of Being [London 1985], 81).

And whom do we have to thank for this pleasure but Time?

It grows dark as I write now, the clocks have been changed, night comes earlier---gathering like a garment. I see my mother, as she would have been at this hour alone in her house, gazing out on the cold lawns and turned earth of evening, high bleak grass going down to the lake. Or moving room by room through the house and the silverblue darkness filling around her, pooling, silencing. Did she think of me---somewhere, in some city, in lamplight, bending over books, or rising to put on my coat and go out? Did I pause, switch off the desk lamp and stand, gazing out at the dusk, think I might call to her. Not calling. Calling. Too late now. Under a different dark sky, the lake trickles on.

How vanished everyone is, Virginia Woolf wrote in letters to several people in 1941. And to Isaiah Berlin, Please knock on my little grey door. He did not knock; she died before. Here is a fragment from February of that year:

It is strange that the sun shd be shining; and the birds singing.

For here,

it is coal black: here in the little cave in which I sit.

Such was the complaint of the woman who had all her faculties entire.

~~She did not sufficiently. She had no grasp of~~

(Berg Collection of the New York Public Library)

Reading this, especially the crossed-out line, fills me with a sudden understanding. Crossouts are something you rarely see in published texts. They are like death: by a simple stroke---all is lost, yet still there. For death although utterly unlike life shares a skin with it. Death lines every moment of ordinary time. Death hides right inside every shining sentence we grasped and had no grasp of. Death is a fact. No more or less strange than that celebrated fact given by the very last sentence of her diaries (March 24, 1941):

L. is doing the rhododendrons.

Crossouts sustain me now. I search out and cherish them like old photographs of my mother in happier times. It may be a strange stage of grieving that will pass. It may be I'll never again think of sentences unshadowed in this way. It has changed me. Now I too am someone who knows marks.

Here is an epitaph for my mother I found on p. 19 of the Fitzwilliam Manuscript of Virginia Woolf's *Women and Fiction*:

*such  
abandon  
ment  
such  
rapture*

~~Obviously it is impossible, I thought, looking into those  
foaming waters, to  
compare the living with the dead make any comparison  
compare them.~~



### Look We Have Coming to Dover

*'So various, so beautiful, so new...'*  
– Matthew Arnold, *'Dover Beach'*

Stowed in the sea to invade  
the lash alfresco of a diesel-breeze  
ratcheting speed into the tide, with brunt  
gobfuls of surf phlegmed by cushy come-and-go  
tourists prow'd on the cruisers, lording the ministered waves.

Seagull and shoal life  
Vexin their blarnies upon our huddled  
camouflage past the vast crumble of scummed  
cliffs, scrambling on mulch as thunder unbladders  
yobbish rain and wind on our escape, hutched in a Bedford van.

Seasons or years we reap  
inland, unclocked by the national eye  
or stab in the back, teemed for breathing  
sweeps of grass through the whistling asthma of parks,  
burdened, ennobled, poling sparks across pylon and pylon.

Swarms of us, grafting in  
the black within shot of the moon's  
spotlight, banking on the miracle of sun –  
span its rainbow, passport us to life. Only then  
can it be human to hoick ourselves, bare-faced for the clear.

Imagine my love and I,  
our sundry others, Blair'd in the cash  
of our beeswax'd cars, our crash clothes, free,  
we raise our charged glasses over unparasol'd tables  
East, babbling our lingo, flecked by the chalk of Britannia!

## #19 – *Jerusalem* by Jez Butterworth, 2009

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*“On St George’s Day, the morning of the local country fair, Johnny ‘Rooster’ Byron, local waster and modern-day Pied Piper, is a wanted man. The council officials want to serve him an eviction notice...”*

*(Source: book blurb)*

## #20 – *NW* by Zadie Smith, 2012

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*Zadie Smith's novel is set in North West London and traces the lives and journeys of several interconnected characters across the city.*



## #21 – ‘Sticks’ by George Saunders, 2013

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*This short story by the American author George Saunders is from his collection Tenth of December. Below is the entire story (not an extract).*

### STICKS

Every year Thanksgiving night we flocked out behind Dad as he dragged the Santa suit to the road and draped it over a kind of crucifix he'd built out of metal pole in the yard. Super Bowl week the pole was dressed in a jersey and Rod's helmet and Rod had to clear it with Dad if he wanted to take the helmet off. On the Fourth of July the pole was Uncle Sam, on Veteran's Day a soldier, on Halloween a ghost. The pole was Dad's only concession to glee. We were allowed a single Crayola from the box at a time. One Christmas Eve he shrieked at Kimmie for wasting an apple slice. He hovered over us as we poured ketchup saying: good enough good enough good enough. Birthday parties consisted of cupcakes, no ice cream. The first time I brought a date over she said: what's with your dad and that pole? and I sat there blinking.

We left home, married, had children of our own, found the seeds of meanness blooming also within us. Dad began dressing the pole with more complexity and less discernible logic. He draped some kind of fur over it on Groundhog Day and lugged out a floodlight to ensure a shadow. When an earthquake struck Chile he lay the pole on its side and spray painted a rift in the earth. Mom died and he dressed the pole as Death and hung from the crossbar photos of Mom as a baby. We'd stop by and find odd talismans from his youth arranged around the base: army medals, theater tickets, old sweatshirts, tubes of Mom's makeup. One autumn he painted the pole bright yellow. He covered it with cotton swabs that winter for warmth and provided offspring by hammering in six crossed sticks around the yard. He ran lengths of string between the pole and the sticks, and taped to the string letters of apology, admissions of error, pleas for understanding, all written in a frantic hand on index cards. He painted a sign saying LOVE and hung it from the pole and another that said FORGIVE? and then he died in the hall with the radio on and we sold the house to a young couple who yanked out the pole and the sticks and left them by the road on garbage day.

## #22 – *Citizen, An American Lyric* by Claudia Rankine, 2014

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When you are alone and too tired even to turn on any of your devices, you let yourself linger in a past stacked among your pillows. Usually you are nestled under blankets and the house is empty. Sometimes the moon is missing and beyond the windows the low, gray ceiling seems approachable. Its dark light dims in degrees depending on the density of clouds and you fall back into that which gets reconstructed as metaphor.

The route is often associative. You smell good. You are twelve attending Sts. Philip and James School on White Plains Road and the girl sitting in the seat behind asks you to lean to the right during exams so she can copy what you have written. Sister Evelyn is in the habit of taping the 100s and the failing grades to the coat closet doors. The girl is Catholic with waist-length brown hair. You can't remember her name: Mary? Catherine?

You never really speak except for the time she makes her request and later when she tells you you smell good and have features more like a white person. You assume she thinks she is thanking you for letting her cheat and feels better cheating from an almost white person.

Sister Evelyn never figures out your arrangement perhaps because you never turn around to copy Mary Catherine's answers. Sister Evelyn must think these two girls think a lot alike or she cares less about cheating and more about humiliation or she never actually saw you sitting there.

Certain moments send adrenaline to the heart, dry out the tongue, and clog the lungs. Like thunder they drown you in sound, no, like lightning they strike you across the larynx. Cough. After it happened I was at a loss for words. Haven't you said this yourself? Haven't you said this to a close friend who early in your friendship, when distracted, would call you by the name of her black housekeeper? You assumed you two were the only black people in her life. Eventually she stopped doing this, though she never acknowledged her slippage. And you never called her on it (why not?) and yet, you don't forget. If this were a domestic tragedy, and it might well be, this would be your fatal flaw—your memory, vessel of your feelings. Do you feel hurt because it's the "all black people look the same" moment, or because you are being confused with another after being so close to this other?

An unsettled feeling keeps the body front and center. The wrong words enter your day like a bad egg in your mouth and puke runs down your blouse, a dampness drawing your stomach in toward your rib cage. When you look around only you remain. Your own disgust at what you smell, what you feel, doesn't bring you to your feet, not right away, because gathering energy has become its own task, needing its own argument. You are reminded of a conversation you had recently, comparing the merits of sentences constructed implicitly with "yes, and" rather than "yes, but." You and your friend decided that "yes, and" attested to a life with no turn-off, no alternative routes: you pull yourself to standing, soon enough the blouse is rinsed, it's another week, the blouse is beneath your sweater, against your skin, and you smell good.

The rain this morning pours from the gutters and everywhere else it is lost in the trees. You need your glasses to single out what you know is there because doubt is inexorable; you put on your glasses. The trees, their bark, their leaves, even the dead ones, are more vibrant wet. Yes, and it's raining. Each moment is like this—before it can be known, categorized as similar to another thing and dismissed, it has to be experienced, it has to be seen. What did he just say? Did she really just say that? Did I hear what I think I heard? Did that just come out of my mouth, his mouth, your mouth? The moment stinks. Still you want to stop looking at the trees. You want to walk out and stand among them. And as light as the rain seems, it still rains down on you.

## #23 – *The Water Cure* by Sophie Mackintosh, 2018

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*In this novel, three sisters live in an isolated community with their parents: their father 'King' and their mother. The family run a treat and clinic that purges women of the toxins of the dangerous toxins of the outside world and of their violent experiences of men.*

