

**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

**Monday 20 May 2019**

Morning (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **9EL0/01**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced**

**Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing**

**Source Booklet**

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## SECTION A: Voices in 20th and 21st century Texts

### Text A

*This is an edited extract of an article written by senior reporter Patrick Sawyer that was published on the online version of 'The Telegraph', [www.telegraph.co.uk](http://www.telegraph.co.uk), in June 2016. Muhammad Ali was an American professional boxer and activist. He is widely regarded as one of the most significant and celebrated sports figures of the 20th century.*

#### **His longest round: Muhammad Ali's fight with Parkinson's disease.**

By Patrick Sawyer, Senior Reporter  
4 June 2016 • 8:00pm

It was his longest bout, and one that ultimately he could not win.

But Muhammad Ali's long struggle with Parkinson's, to which he succumbed on Friday night, only served to increase the worldwide admiration he had gained before the disease robbed him of his powers.

Ali would come to call it his "trial", a challenge to endure and overcome.

When the superstar began displaying the symptoms of the disease – such as slurred speech and slow body movement – during the late 1970s, it prompted wild speculation among a public not yet familiar with the reality of Parkinson's.

Indeed his condition was not properly diagnosed as Parkinson's until 1984, three years after he retired from the boxing ring.

It is now generally accepted that the disease – which attacks the nervous system and affects one in 500 people – was the result of Ali taking too many blows to the head, particularly in the final years of his career.

Following his four year ban from the sport for refusing to fight in Vietnam, Ali returned to the ring in 1970, having lost some of the speed and lightning reactions that had made him unbeatable during the Sixties.

In a dramatic change of tactics he adopted what he called the 'rope a dope' technique against George Foreman, in October 1974, and Joe Frazier the following year, in which he absorbed his opponents' blows until the other fighter was too tired to respond to Ali's counter-attack.

What followed only aggravated the neurological damage Ali had begun to suffer as a result of these brutal encounters. By now Ali's physical deterioration was obvious. He suffered from permanent fatigue, his mouth drooled saliva and he developed a tremor in his hand.

During a 1991 US television interview with Bryant Gumbel, Ali admitted that the effects of Parkinson's had made him fearful of appearing and speaking in public. But he added that it was something he had to strive to overcome: "I realise my pride would make me say no, but it scares me to think I'm too proud to come on this show because of my condition."

In 1996, Ali faced down those fears on one of the biggest stages of all, when he stepped out of the shadows to light the Olympic flame at the Atlanta Games.

The debilitating effect of Parkinson's was now evident to everyone watching the opening ceremony. His arms shook violently, as did his upper body, moving many in the arena to tears as he struggled to overcome the physical effects of his condition to hold the torch aloft, before reaching down and lighting the cauldron.

Janet Evans, the American swimmer who handed him the torch, said: "It was all about courage. It was written all around his body that he was not going to let [it] do him in. He was still the greatest."

Ali's subsequent public appearances became ever more poignant, as Parkinson's continued to ravage his mind and body.

In October last year Ali, a shadow of his former self, appeared at a Sports Illustrated tribute to him at the Muhammad Ali Centre, in his hometown of Louisville, Kentucky. His last public appearance came in April, when – hunched over and wearing sunglasses – he attended the annual Celebrity Fight Night dinner in Phoenix, which raises funds for treatment of Parkinson's.

It was a tragic end to what had been a majestic life, but Ali appeared to acknowledge it would in part be one of his own making.

In 1975, speaking about those punishing fights with Foreman and Frazier, he said: "I once read something that said – 'He who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life.' Well, boxing is a risk and life is a gamble, and I got to take both."

## Text B

*This is a review of Anna Whitwham's novel 'Boxer Handsome' by the freelance editor, presenter and journalist, Flemmich Webb.*

Book review: 'Boxer Handsome' by Anna Whitwham  
FLEMMICH WEBB Friday 10 January 2014

*Boxer Handsome* is Anna Whitwham's first novel and was inspired by her grandfather, John Poppy, a young featherweight boxer at the Crown & Manor Boys Club in Hoxton. This familial connection gives this exciting debut an authenticity, which allied to a confident writing style, suggests Whitwham has a promising future ahead of her.

The story opens with Bobby fighting childhood friend Connor over a girl. Both amateur boxers in the same boxing club in East London, they are due to fight each other in the ring in a divisional competition in a week's time, but this flurry of fists takes place by the canal, bare-knuckled and brutal. Bobby wins but can't resist a victorious act of brutality that drives subsequent events.

Whitwham acknowledges the value of boxing in society – giving wayward kids a focus, trainers acting as father figures to young men – through Derek, who runs the Clapton Bow Boys Club and keeps an eye out for Bobby and his other charges.

But she doesn't shy away from its brutal side and the thin line that separates regulated fighting in the ring from unfettered violence outside it. Casualties of this world lay strewn throughout the world Whitwham creates. Joe, Bobby's father, was once a decent boxer himself, but is now a sad alcoholic, a broken shell of a man with none of the respect that his fists once commanded. Bobby's mother, a victim of domestic abuse at the hands of Joe, sees history repeating itself as her son follows in his dad's footsteps, a slave to the code of honour that this macho world demands. There's something of Shakespeare's emotionally stunted warrior, Coriolanus, in Bobby. When he meets a local girl, Chloe, he suddenly glimpses an alternative to the world he has inhabited since birth. The tragedy is that he lacks the emotional skills to seize this chance.

Whitwham's writing is as sharp as a one-two combination, short punchy sentences that capture effectively the brooding atmosphere of the East End, the threat of violence at every turn and the savagery of fighting. "Then [he] cracked the bridge of his nose wide open. Skin split. Blood spat. Connor stumbled about headless."

But the book is tender, too, a change of pace that deepens the emotional resonance of the characters. Bobby is uncharacteristically unsure of himself when he first takes Chloe on a date: "She had a grip on him, a spell that held him in awkward moments he couldn't get out of." This is a promising debut, and it will be interesting to see how Whitwham handles subject matter in subsequent novels that is more distant from her own experience.

## SECTION B: Drama Texts

### *All My Sons*, Arthur Miller

- Sue** I married an interne. On my salary. And that was bad, because as soon as a woman supports a man he owes her something. You can never owe somebody without resenting them. (*Ann laughs.*) That's true, you know.
- Ann** Underneath, I think the doctor is very devoted.
- Sue** Oh, certainly. But it's bad when a man always sees the bars in front of him. Jim thinks he's in jail all the time.
- Ann** Oh...
- Sue** That's why I've been intending to ask you a small favor, Ann... It's something very important to me.
- Ann** Certainly, if I can do it.
- Sue** You can. When you take up housekeeping, try to find a place away from here.
- Ann** Are you fooling?
- Sue** I'm very serious. My husband is unhappy with Chris around.
- Ann** How is that?
- Sue** Jim's a successful doctor. But he's got an idea he'd like to do medical research. Discover things. You see?
- Ann** Well, isn't that good?
- Sue** Research pays twenty-five dollars a week minus laundering the hair shirt. You've got to give up your life to go into it.
- Ann** How does Chris?
- Sue** (*with growing feeling*): Chris makes people want to be better than it's possible to be. He does that to people.
- Ann** Is that bad?
- Sue** My husband has a family, dear. Every time he has a session with Chris he feels as though he's compromising by not giving up everything for research. As though Chris or anybody else isn't compromising. It happens with Jim every couple of years. He meets a man and makes a statue out of him.
- Ann** Maybe he's right. I don't mean that Chris is a statue, but...
- Sue** Now darling, you know he's not right.
- Ann** I don't agree with you. Chris...
- Sue** Let's face it, dear. Chris is working with his father, isn't he? He's taking money out of that business every week in the year.
- Ann** What of it?

**Sue** You ask me what of it?

**Ann** I certainly do ask you. (*She seems about to burst out.*) You oughtn't cast aspersions like that, I'm surprised at you.

**Sue** You're surprised at me!

**Ann** He'd never take five cents out of that plant if there was anything wrong in it.

**Sue** You know that.

**Ann** I know it. I resent everything you've said.

**Sue** (*moving towards her*): You know what I resent, dear?

**Ann** Please, I don't want to argue.

**Sue** I resent living next door to the Holy Family. It makes me look like a bum, you understand?

**Ann** I can't do anything about that.

**Sue** Who is he to ruin a man's life? Everybody knows Joe pulled a fast one to get out of jail.

**Ann** That's not true!

**Sue** Then why don't you go out and talk to people? Go on, talk to them. There's not a person on the block who doesn't know the truth.

**Ann** That's a lie. People come here all the time for cards and...

**Sue** So what? They give him credit for being smart. I do, too, I've got nothing against Joe. But if Chris wants people to put on the hair shirt let him take off his broadcloth. He's driving my husband crazy with that phony idealism of his.

*From Act Two, pp 44–45*

***A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams***

**Blanche** He's left?

**Stella** Stan? Yes.

**Blanche** Will he be back?

**Stella** He's gone to get the car greased. Why?

**Blanche** Why! I've been half crazy, Stella! When I found out you'd been insane enough to come back in here after what happened – I started to rush in after you.

**Stella** I'm glad you didn't.

**Blanche** What were you thinking of? (*Stella makes an indefinite gesture.*)  
Answer me! What? What?

**Stella** Please, Blanche! Sit down and stop yelling.

**Blanche** All right, Stella. I will repeat the question quietly now. How could you have come back in this place last night? Why, you must have slept with him!

(*Stella gets up in calm and leisurely way.*)

**Stella** Blanche, I'd forgotten how excitable you are. You're making much too much fuss about this.

**Blanche** Am I?

**Stella** Yes, you are, Blanche. I know how it must have seemed to you and I'm awful sorry it had to happen, but it wasn't anything as serious as you seem to take it. In the first place, when men are drinking and playing poker anything can happen. It's always a powder-keg. He didn't know what he was doing...He was as good as a lamb when I came back and he's really very, very ashamed of himself.

**Blanche** And that – that makes it alright?

**Stella** No, it isn't alright for anybody to make such a terrible row, but – people do sometimes. Stanley's always smashed things. Why, on our wedding night – soon as we came in here – he snatched off one of my slippers and rushed about the place smashing the light-bulbs with it.

**Blanche** He did – *what?*

**Stella** He smashed all the light-bulbs with the heel of my slipper! (*She laughs.*)

**Blanche** And you – you *let* him? Didn't *run*, didn't *scream*?

**Stella** I was – sort of – thrilled by it. (*She waits for a moment.*) Eunice and you had breakfast?

**Blanche** Do you suppose I wanted any breakfast?

**Stella** There's some coffee left on the stove.

**Blanche** You're so – matter of fact about it, Stella.



**Stella** What other can I be? He's taken the radio to get it fixed. It didn't land on the pavement so only one tube was smashed.

**Blanche** And you are standing there smiling!

**Stella** What do you want me to do?

**Blanche** Pull yourself together and face the facts.

**Stella** What are they, in your opinion?

**Blanche** In my opinion? You're married to a madman!

**Stella** No!

**Blanche** Yes, you are, your fix is worse than mine is! Only you're not being sensible about it. I'm going to *do* something. Get hold of myself and make myself a new life!

**Stella** Yes?

**Blanche** But you've given in. And that isn't right, you're not old! You can get out.

**Stella** (*slowly and emphatically*): I'm not in anything I want to get out of.

**Blanche** (*incredulously*): What – Stella?

**Stella** I said I am not in anything that I have a desire to get out of.

*From Scene Four, pp 41–42*

***Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah***

- Clifton** ...I'm not giving you my sympathy, Deli, I'm giving you some fatherly advise...
- Deli** ...Well I don't want it! Not from the man that ran left my mother for some Irish woman.
- Clifton** Oh! Well, it had to come out sometime.
- Deli** Yeah, I hear that after you spend out all your money on her, she run leave you for a younger model. You think we didn't hear? We heard and we laughed.
- Clifton** Well, it's good to know that the gossip express is still going strong...
- Deli** Don't mamaguy me, Clifton. Your money ran dry. You mug me mother and now you're trying to mug me.
- Clifton** I didn't thief nothing from your mother!
- Deli** Yes you did. You build big house with swimming pool off my mother's savings.
- Clifton** Your mother and I split the proceeds of the house...
- Deli** ...that my mother put the deposit down on, that she paid the mortgage on when you spend out the money down the pub and the bookies or running next woman?
- Clifton** I put down my wage packet every week on your mother's table...
- Deli** And then thief it right back.
- Clifton** (*snaps*)...You're a grown man, for Christ's sake, stop acting like a child and use your mind. Your mother going to tell you both sides of the story?
- Deli** There is no other side to the story.
- Clifton** Yes, I did leave, but why, Delroy?...
- Deli** Irish pussy!
- Clifton** I didn't have to leave my home for pussy.
- Deli** Really?
- Clifton** (*calmly*) If I hadn't left, Delroy, I would have died. Your mother suffocated me, child. She suffocated me...
- Deli** ...My mother was a brilliant woman...
- Clifton** Yes she was. Too brilliant for me. And boy, she never let me forget it. Way I talked was too rough, way I spoke was too loud. The way I walked, the way I ate. Jesus, living with that woman was like being in an airless room. It drew all of the life from me...
- Deli** ... That's fucking rubbish, she loved you like –

**Clifton** No she didn't. She was stuck with me.

*(This stops Deli momentarily.)*

Your mother wasn't interested in me, or any other man. You ever see her with anyone new after I left?

**Deli** Raising two children on one income doesn't leave much time to fraternise with the opposite sex.

**Clifton** Sex! Don't let me start, your mother hated sex...

**Deli** *(puts his fingers in his ears)* ...Don't wanna hear this!

**Clifton** She never loved me. Not the way a wife should. And let me tell you, you and Anastasia would have walked down the same street.

**Deli** Rubbish, Anastasia was the only decent thing around me.

*From Act Two, Scene Three, pp 77–79*

***Equus, Peter Shaffer***

- Jill** When Daddy disappeared, she was left without a bean. She had to earn her own living. I must say she did jolly well, considering she was never trained in business.
- Dysart** What do mean, 'disappeared'?
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* He ran off. No one ever saw him again.
- Jill** Just left a note on her dressing table saying 'Sorry. I've had it.' Just like that. She never got over it. It turned her right off men. All my dates have to be sort of secret. I mean, she knows about them, but I can't ever bring anyone back home. She's so rude to them.
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* She was always looking.
- Dysart** At you?
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* Saying stupid things.
- (She jumps off the bench.)*
- Jill** You've got super eyes.
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* Anyway, *she* was the one who had them.
- (She sits next to him. Embarrassed, the boy tries to move away as far as he can.)*
- Jill** There was an article in the paper last week saying what points about boys fascinate girls. They said Number One is bottoms. I think it's eyes every time ... They fascinate you too, don't they?
- Alan** Me?
- Jill** *(sly)* Or is it only horse's eyes?
- Alan** *(startled)* What d'you mean?
- Jill** I saw you staring into Nugget's eyes yesterday for ages. I spied on you through the door!
- Alan** *(hotly)* There must have been something in it!
- Jill** You're a real Man of Mystery, aren't you?
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* Sometimes, it was like she knew.
- Dysart** Did you ever hint?
- Alan** *(to Dysart)* Course not!
- Jill** I love horses' eyes. The way you can see yourself in them. D'you find them sexy?
- Alan** *(outraged)* What?!
- Jill** Horses.

**Alan** Don't be daft!

*(He springs up, and away from her.)*

**Jill** Girls do. I mean, they go through a period when they pat them and kiss them a lot. I know *I* did. I suppose it's just a substitute, really.

**Alan** *(to Dysart)* That kind of thing, all the time. Until one night...

**Dysart** Yes? What?

**Alan** *(to Dysart: defensively)* She did it! Not me. It was her idea, the whole thing!... She got me into it!

**Dysart** What are you saying? 'One night': go on from there.

*(A pause.)*

**Alan** *(to Dysart)* Saturday night. We were just closing up.

**Jill** How would you like to take me out?

**Alan** What?

**Jill** *(coolly)* How would you like to take me out tonight?

**Alan** I've got to go home.

**Jill** What for?

*(He tries to escape upstage.)*

**Alan** They expect me.

**Jill** Ring up and say you're going out.

**Alan** I can't.

**Jill** Why?

**Alan** They expect me.

*From Act Two, Scene Twenty-Eight, pp 74–75*

***The History Boys, Alan Bennett***

- Dakin** So? Supposing we get a question on Hitler and the Second War and we take your line, sir, that this is not a crazed lunatic but a statesman.
- Hector** A statesman?
- Irwin** Not a statesman, Dakin, a politician. I wouldn't say statesman.
- Dakin** Politician, then, and one erratically perhaps, but still discernibly operating within the framework of traditional German foreign policy...
- Irwin** Yes?
- Dakin** ...and we go on to say, in accordance with this line, that the death camps have to be seen in the context of this policy.
- (Pause.)*
- Irwin** I think that would be...inexpedient.
- Hector** Inexpedient? Inexpedient?
- Irwin** I don't think it's true, for a start...
- Scripps** But what has truth got to do with it? I thought that we'd already decided that for the purposes of this examination truth is, if not an irrelevance, then so relative as just to amount to another point of view.
- Hector** Why can you not simply condemn the camps outright as an unprecedented horror?
- (There is slight embarrassment.)*
- Lockwood** No point, sir. Everybody will do that. That's the stock answer, sir...the camps an event unlike any other, the evil unprecedented, etc., etc.
- Hector** No. Can't you see that even to say etcetera is monstrous? Etcetera is what the Nazis would have said, the dead reduced to a mere verbal abbreviation.  
What have we learned about language?  
Orwell. Orwell.
- Lockwood** Alright, not etcetera. But given that the death camps are generally thought of as unique, wouldn't another approach be to show what precedents there were and put them...well...in proportion?
- Scripps** Proportion?
- Dakin** Not proportion then, but putting them in context.
- Posner** But to put something in context is a step towards saying it can be understood and that it can be explained. And if it can be explained that it can be explained away.
- Rudge** 'Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.'
- (Hector groans.)*

**Irwin** That's good, Posner.

**Posner** It isn't 'good'. I mean it, sir.

**Dakin** But when we talk about putting them in context it's only the same as the Dissolution of the Monasteries. After all, monasteries had been dissolved before Henry VIII, dozens of them.

**Posner** Yes, but the difference is, I didn't lose any relatives in the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

**Irwin** Good point.

**Scripps** You keep saying, 'Good point.' Not good point, sir. True. To you the Holocaust is just another topic on which we may get a question.

**Irwin** No. But this is history. Distance yourselves.

*From Act Two, pp 72–74*

***Top Girls, Caryl Churchill***

- Jeanine** I'm saving to get married.
- Marlene** Does that mean you don't want a long-term job, Jeanine?
- Jeanine** I might do.
- Marlene** Because where do the prospects come in? No kids for a bit?
- Jeanine** Oh no, not kids, not yet.
- Marlene** So you won't tell them you're getting married?
- Jeanine** Had I better not?
- Marlene** It would probably help.
- Jeanine** I'm not wearing a ring. We thought we wouldn't spend on a ring.
- Marlene** Saves taking it off.
- Jeanine** I wouldn't take it off.
- Marlene** There's no need to mention it when you go for an interview. / Now Jeanine do you have a feel for any particular
- Jeanine** But what if they ask?
- Marlene** kind of company?
- Jeanine** I thought advertising.
- Marlene** People often do think advertising. I have got a few vacancies but I think they're looking for something glossier.
- Jeanine** You mean how I dress? / I can dress different. I
- Marlene** I mean experience.
- Jeanine** dress like this on purpose for where I am now.
- Marlene** I have a marketing department here of a knitwear manufacturer. / Marketing is near enough advertising. Secretary
- Jeanine** Knitwear?
- Marlene** to the marketing manager, he's thirty-five, married, I've sent him a girl before and she was happy, left to have a baby, you won't want to mention marriage there. He's very fair I think, good at his job, you won't have to nurse him along. Hundred and ten, so that's better than you're doing now.
- Jeanine** I don't know.
- Marlene** I've a fairly small concern here, father and two sons, you'd have more say potentially, secretarial and reception duties, only a hundred but the job's going to grow with the concern and then you'll be in at the top with new girls coming in underneath you.



**Jeanine** What is it they do?

**Marlene** Lampshades. / This would be my first choice for you.

**Jeanine** Just lampshades?

**Marlene** There's plenty of different kinds of lampshade. So we'll send you there, shall we, and the knitwear second choice. Are you free to go for an interview any day they call you?

**Jeanine** I'd like to travel.

**Marlene** We don't have any foreign clients. You'd have to go elsewhere.

**Jeanine** Yes I know. I don't really...I just mean...

**Marlene** Does your fiancé want to travel?

**Jeanine** I'd like a job where I was here in London and with him and everything but now and then – I expect it's silly. Are there jobs like that?

**Marlene** There's a personal assistant to a top executive in a multinational. If that's the idea you need to be planning ahead. Is that where you want to be in ten years?

**Jeanine** I might not be alive in ten years.

**Marlene** Yes but you will be. You'll have children.

*From Act Two, pp. 53–55*

**Translations, Brian Friel**

**Yolland** Maire.

*(She still moves away.)*

Maire Chatach.

*(She still moves away.)*

Bun na hAbhann?

*(He says the name softly, almost privately, very tentatively, as if he were searching for a sound she might respond to. He tries again.)*

Druim Dubh?

*(Maire stops. She is listening. Yolland is encouraged.)*

Poll na gCaorach. Lis Maol.

*(Maire turns towards him.)*

Lis na nGall.

**Maire** Lis na nGradh.

*(They are now facing each other and begin moving – almost imperceptibly – towards one another.)*

Carraig an Phoill.

**Yolland** Carraig na Ri. Loch na nEan.

**Maire** Loch an Iubhair. Machaire Buidhe.

**Yolland** Machaire Mor. Cnoc na Mona.

**Maire** Cnoc na nGabhar.

**Yolland** Mullach.

**Maire** Port.

**Yolland** Tor.

**Maire** Lag.

*(She holds out her hands to Yolland. He takes them. Each now speaks almost to himself/herself.)*

**Yolland** I wish to God you could understand me.

**Maire** Soft hands; a gentleman's hands.

**Yolland** Because if you could understand me I could tell you how I spend my days either thinking of you or gazing up at your house in the hope that you'll appear even for a second.

**Maire** Every evening you walk by yourself along the Tra Bhan and every morning you wash yourself in front of your tent.

**Yolland** I would tell you how beautiful you are, curly-headed Maire. I would so like to tell you how beautiful you are.

**Maire** Your arms are long and thin and the skin on your shoulders is very white.

**Yolland** I would tell you...

**Maire** Don't stop – I know what you're saying.

**Yolland** I would tell you I want to be here – to live here – always – with you – always, always.

**Maire** 'Always'? What is that word – 'always'?

**Yolland** Yes – yes; always.

**Maire** You're trembling.

**Yolland** Yes, I'm trembling because of you.

**Maire** I'm trembling, too.

*(She holds his face in her hand.)*

**Yolland** I've made up my mind...

**Maire** Shhhh.

**Yolland** I'm not going to leave here...

**Maire** Shhh – listen to me. I want you, too, soldier.

**Yolland** Don't stop – I know what you're saying.

**Maire** I want to live with you – anywhere – anywhere at all – always – always.

**Yolland** 'Always'? What is that word – 'always'?

**Maire** Take me away with you, George.

*From Act Two, Scene One, pp 65–67*

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### Source information

#### SECTION A

**Text A:** taken from: [www.telegraph.co.uk](http://www.telegraph.co.uk)

**Text B:** taken from: Edexcel Anthology

#### SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

<i>All My Sons</i>	Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2009
<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>	Tennessee Williams, Penguin Modern Classics, 2009
<i>Elmina's Kitchen</i>	Kwame Kwei-Armah, Methuen Drama, 2003
<i>Equus</i>	Peter Shaffer, Longman, 1993
<i>The History Boys</i>	Alan Bennett, Faber & Faber, 2004
<i>Top Girls</i>	Caryl Churchill, Methuen Drama, 2008
<i>Translations</i>	Brian Friel, Faber & Faber, 1981

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