GradeMax

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname	Other names

Pearson Edexcel
International
Advanced Level

Centre Number | Candidate Number

Thursday 23 January 2020

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours) | Paper Reference **WET04/01**

English Literature

International Advanced Level
Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

You must have:
Source Booklet (enclosed)
Prescribed texts (clean copies)

Total Marks

Instructions

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

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
  – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

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

Turn over ▶

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SECTION A: Shakespeare

Answer ONE question from this section.

Begin your answer on page 4.

Measure for Measure

EITHER

1 'This is a play full of contrasts, and Shakespeare uses them to powerful dramatic effect.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare achieves dramatic effect through the use of contrast.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 'Time is used to heighten the dramatic intensity of the play.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses time in *Measure for Measure*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

The Taming of the Shrew

EITHER

3 'Comic one moment and serious the next – it is hard for the audience of the play to know when to start laughing and when to stop.'

In the light of this statement, explore the mix of light-heartedness and seriousness in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 'This play shows that characters who are sufficiently determined can usually get what they want.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which determination leading to success is presented in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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Hamlet

EITHER

5 'Despite the wider politics of the play, its main concern is what happens within closely-knit families.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents family drama in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 'Shakespeare does not simply use Laertes as a device for staging a swordfight and bringing the play to its conclusion: Laertes is enormously significant throughout the play.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare uses Laertes in *Hamlet*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

King Lear

EITHER

7 'This play is a study of greed and how it leads to ruin.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents greed in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 'The play sounds continuous warning notes, showing how not to behave as a father.'

In the light of this statement, explore the ways in which Shakespeare presents fatherhood in *King Lear*.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

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

Chosen question number:

Question 1 ☒ **Question 2** ☒ **Question 3** ☒

Question 4 ☒ **Question 5** ☒ **Question 6** ☒

Question 7 ☒ **Question 8** ☒

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS

SECTION B: Pre-1900 Poetry

Answer ONE question from this section.

You must select your second poem from the prescribed list for your studied collection.

The poems are listed in the Source Booklet on pages 3 to 5.

Begin your answer on page 16.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow

EITHER

9 Read the poem *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell on pages 6 to 8 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which unfairness is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)

OR

10 Read the poem *Orinda to Lucasia* by Katherine Philips on page 9 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which contrasts are presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

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Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse*, editor David Wright

EITHER

11 Read the poem *The Tyger* by William Blake on page 10 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a sense of fear is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

OR

12 Read the poem *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey* by William Wordsworth on pages 11 to 14 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which the passage of time is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)

Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

EITHER

13 Read the poem *O that 'twere possible* from *Maud* by Alfred Tennyson on pages 15 to 17 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which an individual voice is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 13 = 25 marks)

OR

14 Read the poem *My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning on pages 18 to 19 of the Source Booklet.

Explore the ways in which a sense of mystery is presented in this poem and **one** other poem from your prescribed list.

In your answer, you must consider relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 14 = 25 marks)

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

Chosen question number: **Question 9** ☒ **Question 10** ☒ **Question 11** ☒

Question 12 ☒ **Question 13** ☒ **Question 14** ☒

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS

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English Literature

International Advanced Level
Unit 4: Shakespeare and Pre-1900 Poetry

Source Booklet

Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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Prescribed poetry

***Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow (Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447**		
Poem title	**Poet**	**Page number**
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The Good Morrow		5
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		6
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Note for prescribed list of poems for English Romantic Verse:
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is counted as the equivalent of five poems.

Prescribed poetry

***The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311**		
Poem title	**Poet**	**Page number**
From In Memoriam: VII 'Dark house, by which once more I stand'	Alfred Tennyson	23
From In Memoriam: XCV 'By night we linger'd on the lawn'		28
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From Maud: I.xviii 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'		38
From Maud: I.xxii 'Come into the garden, Maud'		40
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Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow*

Question 9

***The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn* by Andrew Marvell**

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm; alas, nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But, oh, my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain:
E'en beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean: their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.
    Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
    Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
    Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so

As Sylvio did: his gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men.
With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white - shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as on the foùr winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.
And all the springtime of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
Oh help! O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint.
See how it weeps. The tears do come,
Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam: so
The holy frankincense doth flow.
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go:
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
Oh do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble, and, withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made:
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

Prescribed text: *Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow*

Question 10

***Orinda to Lucasia* by Katherine Philips**

1

Observe the weary birds ere night be done,
How they would fain call up the tardy sun,
With feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too;
They court their glorious planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there.
The drooping flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds,
While brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams, from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur, and demand the day.

2

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:
My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too late I wait,
E'en thou mayst come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse,* editor David Wright

Question 11

***The Tyger* by William Blake**

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Prescribed text: *English Romantic Verse,* editor David Wright

Question 12

Lines

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR

JULY 13, 1798

by William Wordsworth

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. - Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: - feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: - that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, -
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft -
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart -
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. - I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, not any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. - That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. - And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, - both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance -
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence - wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love - oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

Question 13

***O that 'twere possible* from *Maud* by Alfred Tennyson**

I

O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth.

III

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings

To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

IX

Then I rise, the eavedrops falls,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

XII

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest'?

XIII

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Prescribed text: *The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, editor Christopher Ricks

Question 14

***My Last Duchess* by Robert Browning**

Ferrara

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Fra Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
'Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
'Must never hope to reproduce the faint
'Half-flush that dies along her throat:' such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
'Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
'Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

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