



UNDERVISNINGS
MINISTERIET
STYRELSEN FOR
UNDERVISNING OG KVALITET

Engelsk A

Studentereksamen

Gammel ordning

2. delprøve

kl. 9.00 - 14.00

Mandag den 20. august 2018
kl. 9.00 - 14.00

Answer either A or B

A – Fiction

Write an analytical essay (900-1200 words) in which you analyse and interpret Krishan Coupland's short story "The Sea in Me".

Part of your essay must focus on the use of symbols and on the mother and daughter relationship.

Text

Krishan Coupland, "The Sea in Me", 2016. page 2

B – Non-fiction

Write an analytical essay (900-1200 words) in which you analyse and comment on Alexis Petridis' article "Robbie Williams: 'My main talent is turning trauma into something showbizzy'".

Part of your essay must focus on how the journalist portrays Robbie Williams and on Williams' attitude to show business.

Text

Alexis Petridis, "Robbie Williams: 'My main talent is turning trauma into something showbizzy'", 2016 page 7

*Teksternes ortografi og tegnsætning følger forlæggene. Trykfejl er dog rettet.
Opsætningen følger ikke nødvendigvis forlæggene. Dog følges forlægget nøje, hvor
opsætningen på den ene eller anden måde indgår i opgaven.*

A – Fiction

Krishan Coupland is a graduate from the University of East Anglia MA Creative Writing programme. He has won several prizes for fiction.

Krishan Coupland

The Sea in Me

Sometimes in the bath I plunge my head under the water and will the scars on my neck to open wide like mouths. Nothing. Even if I stay under until my eyes sting and my lungs burn and everything inside me feels like it's about to burst, they stay closed. Perhaps the water's too hot, or too soapy, or maybe even too shallow. Perhaps my brain
5 knows I'm not really swimming.

At the pool it's different. I can drift down to the bottom and sit until my fingers go wrinkly. Only when Mum's not there, of course. When Mum's there I have to train.

What I like most is when I'm the last one at the pool. They switch off the lights and the boys all watch me as they close the pumps and heave in the lane floats. The one who
10 fancies me – his name is Martin – leans on the rolled up pool cover at the far end and calls to me as I emerge.

"It's almost closing time," he says.

"One more length," I say.

And he lets me. He always lets me. Mum would be furious if she knew I wasn't a
15 virgin. She's old-fashioned like that. In secondary school she caught me kissing a boy on the field one time and she dragged me off home and yelled about how I was endangering my career. There's no time for boys, what with training and my competition schedule. That's what she says anyway.

Every trophy I've ever won is in the cabinet downstairs. [...] She's even kept the
20 stupid paper certificates I got for completing my swimming lessons at school.

When my hair went green I told Mum it was because of all the chlorine, and she wrote me a note for school. I like it. Nobody else has green hair, and it's soft and never gets tangled. When I swim without a cap it floats around my head like a coral reef plant and turns with me, follows me slender and obedient like a tail. I like the way it makes
25 me look: mysterious and strange. And sexy, I think.

Walking me home after a day of school and swimming Martin runs his hands through it, makes a fist of it at the back of my head and pulls. My spine turns hot and liquid. He doesn't say anything, but I know he likes it too.

It's hard to spend time with Martin without Mum knowing. Sometimes I don't do
30 my lengths after school and go to his house instead. When I do that I have to fill his bathroom sink with water and dip my swimsuit in it so that it's not dry when I get home. Mum checks these things.

“You’ll thank me later,” she says. She’s been saying it for years. Every morning at six she drives me to the leisure centre with the big pool. That early we’re almost always
 35 the only ones, and I can have the whole pool to practice in. They’ll let me in for free sometimes, if they recognise me from the local paper. Every time this happens Mum goes all quiet and pink and smiley, and I hate it. [...]

After school that evening, just before they close the pool, Martin jumps in with me and pins me against the wall under the diving boards. The sheltered, deepest corner.
 40 With my back against the wall I can’t kick, so it’s only him that keeps me floating. Warm bodies in cool water pressed together. Skin feels different under the surface. Most people never find that out.

“Are you going to come and watch me in the semi-finals?” I ask.

“When?” he says.

45 As well as being a lifeguard Martin wants to own a store someday. He runs a little one at the moment, just selling stuff on eBay. His room is full of it, boxes of clothes piled everywhere in sight. He’s always so busy.

“You’ll be fine,” he says. “You’re such a good swimmer. You’re gorgeous.”

Most of the time I wear a scarf to hide the scars, or smother them with foundation.
 50 For swimming though, it does no good. They only open underwater anyway, and nobody’s ever noticed. Mum buys me waterproof foundation. “Looks are important, love,” she says. “You’ve got to win the crowd.”

She doesn’t have a clue. I wonder what would happen if I could show the crowd everything. The translucent, froggy webs between my toes and the cascade of beautiful
 55 green hair underneath my swimming cap. They wouldn’t like it. Would think I was showing off, or that all the success had gone to my head. Nobody can really know what it’s like.

Sometimes I have this dream. In the dream I’m in the water swimming, and it’s the ocean and I’m not alone. There’re all these dark shapes with me cutting through the
 60 water. There’s hundreds of them, but they all stay just behind my eyes, flitting into murk the second I turn my head.

I’m so happy. I want to live there forever and ever. Sometimes I wake and I swear I can taste salt, and it takes me a second to realise that what I taste is actually my tears. No way to know why I’m crying. I’m not sad. The dream just makes me feel happy and
 65 longing. That’s all. It must just be the strangeness of it. [...]

The skin on the back of my legs is rough. One patch right underneath my backside and another below my knee, both of them silvery and splitting into scale. I get out of the bath and feel myself all over, twisting to see my pale body in the mirror. There’s another patch low down on my back as well, the same colour as the surface of an oil spill, rough
 70 and warm and slippery.

Mum drives me to the pool an hour early, while everyone’s still setting up, and we sit in the cafe. I’m allowed an energy drink, but nothing else. She sips nervously at a watery cup of tea. Sometimes I like feeling this way. It feels like sitting in an aeroplane a moment before takeoff. Today what I mostly feel is tired.

75 “Remember your turns,” she says. “They’ll be watching you. I’ll be watching.”

The stands are full of people. Absolutely full, not just scattered like they normally are. Mum’s more nervous than I am. The energy drink has made my stomach feel hot and tight. She lets me have my earphones in for a few minutes while I stretch and warm up, then whips them away. The chlorine smell hits me as I step out of the changing
80 rooms. With echoes and ripples and the pool lights, everything is distorted. This, I think, must be what it’s like to live in a bubble on the bottom of the sea.

“And smile,” Mum hisses to me before she disappears.

Minutes later I’m up on the board, a hundred pairs of eyes pressing into me. Can they see the silvery patch of skin on my leg? Is that what all the whispers are?

85 Noise ripples in here too. The other swimmers like soldiers lining up... Some of them look at me when they think I won’t notice. I hate this part. I want the buzzer to go so I can dive into the water. Once I’m in the water everything’s easy. [...]

I win, of course. I always win. Swimming’s easy for me. Mum says I was born swimming, which is true because she had a water birth. That’s what she says during
90 every single interview. “She was born swimming, this one was.” Actually, as it happens, she does most of the talking anyhow. It’s best that way. I never know the right thing to say.

[...]

Sometimes I think about telling Mum I don’t want to compete anymore. I lie on my bed and line up all my words ready like little soldiers in perfect regiments. Ready to run
95 at her words and stick them through with bayonets. It’s too easy. It isn’t fair. [...]

It does no good. I don’t know how many thousands she has spent on pool fees and swimming lessons and competition entries for me. I don’t know how many hundred hours she’s put into driving me to and from and training. With all that weight behind me there’s no way to stop now.

100 After school I sit on the bottom of the pool and wait. I don’t get cold. I’m never cold in water. My green hair floats up around my head in a big seaweed-coloured cloud, and I watch it. When I’m in water I feel powerful sometimes. I am powerful. I could flick up from the bottom of the pool and swim so fast that nobody could catch me. That’s what all the trophies and the medals and certificates at home mean. Nobody can catch me,
105 even if they tried.

I shut my eyes. And then the dream comes up again, rising like silt: I’m swimming in among those dark slivery shapes, and there are thousands of them, so that the water is them and their shadows and the spaces between them and nothing else. In the ocean I can see for miles.

110 An arm wraps around my stomach and hauls me upward. There’s that skin on skin underwater feeling and I’m plunged into air, up into air, the last water escaping my lungs in a splutter and cough.

“You’re okay?” says Martin. “You’re okay? God, I saw you down there and I didn’t know...”

115 I shake myself loose of him. He’s still fully dressed, wet through. “You didn’t need to do that,” I say.

Once he's dry we sit on the bench outside, and he offers me a cigarette. I pinch a little bit of the skin of his forearm between my nails. "Martin," I say.

"Yeah?"

120 "Can we go to the seaside?"

After missing the semis he's so anxious to make things up that of course he says yes. And later in his room when he puts his dick inside me it feels right. Doesn't hurt at least, for the first time in ages. It feels like floating in hot water and I want it to go on forever.

I tell Mum that it's a school trip. She wants to know if there's a form but I tell her
125 no since we're only going for half a day. She makes some noises but doesn't ask bad questions. She makes me a packed lunch with sandwiches and Babybel¹. I leave the house in school uniform and get changed at Martin's house. Martin has a moped. There's only one helmet and he makes me wear it.

"I don't want to," I say. "I want to feel the wind." [...]

130 We're two of the only people to be seen on the whole wide white beach. A girl is riding a horse out in the surf, and there are men in canoes out on the ocean. Martin leaves his shirt and shoes in the box on the bike and holds my hand all the way down the sand. I want to run, but I'd look silly if I did that. The water when we reach it is dark blue-brown and full of sediment.

135 "Are you going to swim?" says Martin.

I nod. Of course I'm going to swim. I can't quite wrap my head around it. This is the same ocean that washes up on the shores of America. Huge. This is where life came from, first of all, before there was anything. It looks right. It smells right. I strip down to my bathing suit and wade in. Martin follows, after rolling up the legs of his shorts. He
140 holds both our phones up at his chest, careful not to get them wet.

It's been years since I last swam in the ocean. The memories are there, all faint and faded apart from the smell: that's something I could never forget. I was barely taller than the waves that now lap at my knees. Dad was there, I remember. It must have been very long ago.

145 When the water's high enough to swim in I lunge down and feel the cold wash of it pass over me and in a second it's not cold anymore. My hair slicks back along my body, then floats as I plunge under and kick. I can feel how powerful I am. Powerful. In the swimming pool I was like a tiger in a shipping container, always swiping at metal and empty air.

150 When I pause and look back Martin is awfully distant. He looks like he wants to follow, but he doesn't know what to do with our things. I wave to him. The waves lift and drop me. I feel like I can breathe clearly for the first time in ages.

When I go under I expect to see them, those shadows from my dream. But there's nothing there. The sediment rushes past like a shoal of tiny fish. I kick deeper. The water
155 feeds into me and I can feel my body elongating, the web between my fingers and toes becoming thicker. I have to go deep, I know. That's where they'll be. I can't hear anything but in the nothing there is sound, I think, some kind of deep and booming voice.

¹ a brand of cheese

I surface again. I'm further out than I thought, and I know that the things from my dream are further out still. Beyond the bay and further, further. I'd have to swim for
160 days to get there. My body bobs in the current, the water pressing against my chest. I want to go back under. I want to kick through the water and have it hold me.

"I was getting worried there," says Martin when I return to him. His shorts are wet against his skin.

"You don't need to worry about me," I say. He kisses me for a while and I wonder
165 if he can taste the things that are different about me. The changedness. The sea in me.

"You look cold," I say at last. He nods.

"Bloody freezing."

"You can go back to the beach. I'm going to have one more swim. Out and back, and then we can go. Is that okay? Please."

170 He looks at me, halfway puzzled, and I feel very sorry for him. "Ten minutes," he says. "You promise?"

I tell him that I promise, and then watch, waist-deep in saltwater, as he makes his way slowly back to land.

(2016)

B – Non-fiction

Alexis Petridis is a British journalist and rock and pop critic for the newspaper *The Guardian*. His interview with Robbie Williams was published on the paper's website in 2016.

Alexis Petridis

Robbie Williams: “My main talent is turning trauma into something showbizzy”

He's sold 75m albums, but he's still racked with self-doubt. He talks about anxiety, addiction and why he still fears being sent back to Stoke-on-Trent.

Robbie Williams emerges from the bedroom of his hotel suite, shakes my hand, explains that he's just woken up – it's 2.30 in the afternoon – and lights a cigarette. The latter comes as something of a surprise. For one thing, we're in the kind of central London hotel where you suspect it's ruinously expensive to ignore the no-smoking rule, but then again, you probably don't worry about that kind of thing when you've shifted something like 75m albums, a figure that doesn't even take into account the ones you sold as a member of Take That¹. But for another, Williams made a bit of a song and dance about giving up smoking when his first child was born, four years ago.

“Well, I did give up smoking,” he says. “But that's the thing with having an addictive personality. One fire goes out and another pops up. And that fire became working out and eating

Minstrels². I transferred the smoking to working out three hours a day, and then eating Minstrels for three hours every night. That's not an exaggeration. And then I stopped the working out and just carried on with the Minstrels and I ballooned to the point where the *Daily Mail*³ suggested I was akin to Elvis⁴ before he died. It was horrible, terrible. I had to go on stage, too: ‘Yeah, I know, I look like Elvis before he died. Sorry, everybody, as I'm pointing at you suggestively, pretending that you think I'm sexy.’”

He laughs. “So I went on this pretty hardcore diet. You woke up and had a boiled egg, then nothing for five hours, then had vegetable broth, then steamed veg, then nothing until the next day. After five days of that, first off, I was really fucking emotional, because you've got nothing, your body's starving. And the second thing is, you just needed something to suppress your appetite, so this started again. I tried to hide it from my wife for five weeks. What I'd do, at

¹ *Take That*: British pop group

² a brand of candy

³ *Daily Mail*: British newspaper

⁴ *Elvis Presley*: (1935-1977) American musician

night I'd hide my mouthwash and hand
 50 sanitiser in a safe place, then wake up
 an hour before she got up, climb out of
 the window, take my top off, so as not
 to smell of anything, then smoke, hand
 sanitiser and mouthwash, top back on,
 55 shoes off so as not to wake her up, climb
 back in the window."

Alas, this elaborate deception came
 to grief. "You know the first smoke
 in the morning, when it makes you
 60 disorientated, but it's quite beautiful?
 There were a few mornings when I
 couldn't get back in the house for at least
 five minutes because I'd be so out of my
 fucking head. And then at one point,
 65 I mouthwashed myself with the hand
 sanitiser. Anyway, I've started smoking
 again. January's the cut-off point, then
 I go on tour and I hope I don't look like
 Elvis before he died. And, you know,
 70 when that fire goes out, hopefully the
 next one isn't sugar. Or anything that will
 put my marriage in jeopardy."

Addiction to Minstrels, inadvertently
 drinking hand sanitiser, starving yourself
 75 on boiled eggs and vegetable broth
 – it goes without saying that this is a
 substantially more rococo¹ response to
 "Oh, I thought you'd stopped smoking"
 than you might expect. But over the
 80 course of the next hour, it transpires
 that it's also very much a standard
 Robbie Williams answer: lengthy,
 frank, involved, testament to what
 Williams describes as his "pathological
 85 oversharing", extremely entertaining and
 somehow leaving you with the sense that
 it must be fairly exhausting to be Robbie
 Williams, even when off-duty.

¹ elaborate

Cigarette in hand, he seems in a good
 90 mood. He dismisses stories that his
 recent single, "Party Like a Russian",
 caused terrible offence in Moscow –
 "I'm grateful for the column inches², I
 could have released a ballad and not got
 95 any column inches, but I think it might
 actually be my biggest hit in Russia"
 – and talks happily about the fact that
 his four-year-old daughter, Theodora,
 might follow him into showbiz. "But if
 100 she does, she won't have to be around
 psychologically damaging people,
 because Dad's already been there. It's
 like: 'Right, those people you're working
 with are cunts, we'll find you some
 105 people that aren't.'"

He appears unbothered even by this
 morning's tabloids, which are packed with
 gripping photographs of removal men
 shifting furniture into his new London
 110 home, the palatial former residence of
 the late Michael Winner³, over which
 Williams fought a lengthy and ultimately
 successful planning battle with his
 neighbour, Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy
 115 Page. This seems very sanguine of him,
 given that he left Britain for Los Angeles
 in the first place because he was sick of
 tabloid intrusion; you would think the fact
 that the paparazzi are camped outside his
 120 house before he has even moved in might
 cause him to reconsider the wisdom of
 coming back.

"Well, the intense media spotlight that
 used to shine on me doesn't shine on me
 125 anymore," he says. "There's a story about
 the house, but it's not really about me, it's

² column inches: presseomtale

³ Michael Winner: (1935-2013) English film director

about warring neighbours, *Stella Street*¹. They might be around for a couple of months to see if they can see me throwing
 130 things at Jimmy Page's house."

He hasn't thrown anything, although he did celebrate his victory in the planning dispute – a lot of which centred around underground excavations – by
 135 performing a version of Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" on stage, changing the lyrics to: "I'm gonna dig a big hole and fill it full of shit." No, he says, he hasn't spoken to Page. And no, he wasn't
 140 wary of picking a fight with rock's most celebrated dabbler in the occult.

"Well, you know, I've done a bit of time with Aleister Crowley² myself. I've read some of his books. What did I learn
 145 from it? That it's above my intellectual pay grade. That I didn't understand what I was getting into, and that I could probably do myself some damage. 'Oh, I'm out of my depth here,' that's what I picked up."

We move on: quite clearly I've not been invited here to discuss his relationship with the written oeuvre of the Great Beast³. Williams, 42, has a new album out, *The Heavy Entertainment*
 155 *Show*, which reunites him with Guy Chambers, with whom he co-wrote most of his biggest hits. It's his 10th album and he's alternately very hawkish about its chances of success and, in his words,
 160 "neurotically obsessed" with its potential failure. It's partly just his nature, he says. "I'm neurotic and I find things to worry about, and if there's nothing to worry about, I make something up."

¹ *Stella Street*: British comedy television series about the imagined lives of celebrities in a street in London

² *Aleister Crowley*: (1875-1947) English occultist

³ *Great Beast*: nickname for Aleister Crowley

165 "When we got put together in Take That, we were told it wasn't going to last, you'd be lucky if you got five years. Even during the sort of imperial phase of my career, I'd be thinking: 'Is it stopping
 170 now?' I'm 25 years in now, but I'm still sort of waiting for the rug to be pulled from underneath me, for it all to be put back in a box and taken away from me, and for me to be sent back to Stoke-on-
 175 Trent: 'See, you're right, this is ultimately what you wanted, because you wanted to sabotage this, be found out for the charlatan you are, and you have to go and work for your mum at the flower shop.'"

180 "So I think, underneath everything, that's what's propelled me forward, and also made me terrified at the same time. Not that working for my mum in the flower shop would be a terrifying prospect, it's just that my life's better
 185 now." [...]

He says he's not even sure where he fits into the pop landscape any more; a look at the singles chart just before "Party
 190 Like a Russian" was released left him "thinking: 'I'm fucked', literally, 'Oh, fuck, I'm fucked.'" If that seems a slightly melodramatic assessment of the situation, it's certainly quite hard to imagine anyone
 195 else making an album like *The Heavy Entertainment Show*, where daft jokes and crowd-pleasing anthems sit alongside stuff such as "Motherfucker", a song addressed to his two-year-old son, Charlie, forewarning
 200 him about his family's history of mental illness. "Well, it's true, there is a history of mental illness that runs through my family and through the whole human family, and the likelihood of my children having
 205 some sort of mental dysfunction is pretty high. But I'm forearmed, I've got a lot of

information, and I don't think they could do anything worse or get to a worse place than I did."

210 Certainly, it's hard to avoid the feeling that Williams seems much happier now than he did during the mind-blowing-statistics years. I briefly met him in 2005, at the absolute zenith of
215 his fame, when he invited a handful of journalists to a London studio to hear his forthcoming album *Intensive Care*. He turned up bearing a sheaf of papers, announced he had sat up all the previous
220 night Googling everything we had ever written about him, and started arguing with everyone present about perceived slights dating back years. I left feeling a bit sorry for him: all that success and
225 fame and adulation, and you're up all night killing yourself because you think a critic misinterpreted a lyric on one of your album tracks six years ago. "Yeah," he says, "but words are heavy, and we're
230 human. There were a lot of people who were touching the buttons of everything negative that I felt about myself, and it was all there in black and white. It's the kind of thing that starts to make you feel
235 agoraphobic and second-guess everything you do. There it is, in black and white, everything that I think about myself has been written down in this kind of intellectual way, where I cannot escape
240 the fact of 'yeah, that's the sad cunt I am'. Anger about it kind of propelled me forward, but it's not a quality I can afford to have right now, being a dad."

Plus, he says, "we live in a very
245 different world than we used to. I don't think someone who'd left a pop band would feel the same way now. You know,

one of One Direction¹ being seen walking around Glastonbury² isn't the same as
250 me walking around Glastonbury in 1995. There was a sort of indie fundamentalist mentality that was with us all the way through the 90s that was very apparent to me, where I was literally looked
255 down on when I was in conversation with a lot of people in various drinking establishments." [...]

It looks angry written down, but Williams says it all with a kind of
260 resigned self-deprecation. Still, it casts a slightly different light on those photos of him, visibly the worse for wear and puppyishly following Oasis³ around Worthy Farm⁴ in 1995. Twenty years on,
265 when pop stars are subject to infinitely more serious critical appraisal than so-called-indie artists these days – when whatever passes for indie music these days frequently sounds indistinguishable
270 from mainstream pop – it's hard to imagine the kind of widespread consternation that the sight of a boyband member daring to breathe the same rarefied air as the Gallagher brothers⁵
275 once caused.

"I was the underclass, because of who I was and where I'd come from, people had this contempt for me. There was this utterly pervasive contempt. When
280 I was at Glastonbury it felt like the rest of the festival was like: 'What the fuck are you doing here, you cunt?' And I sort of wanted to be OK with the big boys, I wanted to be accepted, there's

¹ *One Direction*: British pop group

² English music festival

³ British Rock Band

⁴ *Worthy Farm*: site of Glastonbury music festival

⁵ *Gallagher brothers*: Liam and Noel Gallagher, members of Oasis

285 a playground mentality that carries on
 through life and at that time, I wanted
 to be accepted by the bullies, and that
 became part of the very fabric of my
 DNA: 'Oh, I'll be accepted by these
 290 people eventually, right, here's my new
 album. Oh, they're not accepting me,
 they're not coming.' Now, I think I'm
 further down the road with it: 'Look, this
 is who I am, this is what I'm capable of.'
 295 About three albums ago, I sort of realised:
 'They're definitely not coming, it's not
 happening.' I can be quite philosophical
 about it." He smiles. "But then equally
 not, depending on what time of day it is."

300 In fact, he says, he's still riven with
 self-doubt. "I've been searching for
 confidence, real confidence, something
 of substance. It's never coming, but I've
 realised I'm fucking brave. And I have
 305 a way of making trauma look confident
 on stage, and that's my talent. My main
 talent is turning trauma into something
 that looks showbizzy. Something happens
 once I put my foot on a stage and very
 310 rarely does the mask slip. I don't go up
 on stage alone, I go there with Robbie

Williams. He turns up. Sometimes he
 doesn't and I have to do it myself and
 that's when the trauma of backstage plays
 315 itself out on stage. But most of the time he
 turns up."

Besides, he says, fatherhood changed
 his outlook. Today, he's not driven
 by the desire to be the biggest star in
 320 the country, or to find the approval of
 critics and his peers, but "making sure
 that we've got a very nice roof over our
 heads."

Oh, come off it, you've sold 75m
 325 albums. Surely you don't need to work.

"But I do. Because I had three years
 off and shit stopped working. My brain
 stopped working. There is a monetary
 aspect to this, but when I say I need to
 330 work, I need to because of that classic
 thing: people retire and then they die.
 I've got a great job, and it's a great hobby
 really, but it's something I need to do.
 And it sounds dramatic, but you die inside
 335 if you don't. So I need to do that."

(2016)

Anvendt materiale (til brug for Copydan):

“Tropical cyclone”. *Wikipedia* website, viewed September 2017. (en.wikipedia.org)

“Hurricane Harvey Update”. *Texas A&M University Corpus Christi* website, viewed September 2017. (www.tamucc.edu)

Krishan Coupland. “The Sea in Me”. 2016. Nicholas Royle (ed.). *Best British Short Stories 2017*. London: Salt Publishing, 2017.

Alexis Petridis. “Robbie Williams: ‘My main talent is turning trauma into something showbizzy’”. *The Guardian* website, October 30, 2016, viewed September 2017. (www.theguardian.com)

