

BRISBANE WATER SECONDARY COLLEGE  
SENIOR CAMPUS

# English (Standard) and English (Advanced)

Area of Study

**2010**

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
MID COURSE EXAMINATION

**General Instructions**

Write your number at the top of each sheet of paper used.  
Start each section on a separate sheet of paper.  
Hand in each section in a separate bundle.

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen

**Total marks – 45**

**All sections are of equal value.**

**Section I: – 15 marks**

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

**Section II: – 15 marks**

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

**Section III: – 15 marks**

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

## Section I

### Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question for each text on separate sheets of paper.  
Write your number on the top of each sheet of paper you use.

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In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate your understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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### Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine the following texts carefully then answer the questions following on Page 7.

#### Text One – Song Lyrics

#### Minority

I want to be the minority  
I don't need your authority  
Down with the moral majority  
'Cause I want to be the minority

I pledge allegiance to the underworld  
One nation under dog  
There of which I stand alone  
A face in the crowd  
Unsung, against the mould  
Without a doubt  
Singled out  
The only way I know

'Cause I want to be the minority  
I don't need your authority  
Down with the moral majority  
'Cause I want to be the minority

Stepped out of the line  
Like a sheep runs from the herd  
Marching out of time  
To my own beat now  
The only way I know

One light, one mind  
Flashing in the dark  
Blinded by the silence of a thousand broken hearts  
For crying out loud she screamed out to me  
A free for all  
\*\*\*\* 'em all  
You are your own sight

'Cause I want to be the minority  
I don't need your authority  
Down with the moral majority  
'Cause I want to be the minority

One light, one mind  
Flashing in the dark  
Blinded by the silence of a thousand broken hearts  
For crying out loud she screamed out to me  
A free for all  
\*\*\*\* 'em all  
You are your own sight

'Cause I want to be the minority  
I don't need your authority  
Down with the moral majority  
'Cause I want to be the minority  
(I wanna be...) the minority (x4)

Green Day

**Text Two: Advertisement**

**Text two is on the next page.**

...the PARTY...  
...back at their PLACE...  
...I was feeling...  
...INDUSTRIAL...  
...like nothing...  
...MY WAY...  
Well, apart from that police officer  
who pulled me over and tested me  
for drug driving. If you do drugs  
and drive you will be caught.  
That's the reality.



Question 1 (continued)

**Text Three Prose: Home**

Taken from *The View from Castle Rock* by Alice Munro

I sit with my father and my stepmother—whose name is Irlma—at the kitchen table, drinking whiskey. Their dog Buster lies at Irlma's feet. My father pours rye into three juice glasses until they are about three-quarters full, then fills them up with water. While my mother was alive there was never a bottle of liquor in this house, or even a bottle of beer or wine. She had made my father promise, before they were married, that he would never take a drink. This was not because she had suffered from men's drinking in her own home—it was just the promise that many self-respecting women required before they would bestow themselves on a man in those days.

The wooden kitchen table that we always ate from, and the chairs we sat on, have been taken to the barn. The chairs did not match. They were very old, and a couple of them were supposed to have come from what was called the chair factory—it was probably just a workshop—at Sunshine, a village that had passed out of existence by the end of the nineteenth century. My father is ready to sell them for next to nothing, or give them away, if anybody wants them. He can never understand an admiration for what he calls old junk, and thinks that people who profess it are being pretentious. He and Irlma have bought a new table with a plastic surface that looks something like wood and will not mark, and four chairs with plastic-covered cushions that have a pattern of yellow flowers and are, to tell the truth, much more comfortable than the old wooden chairs to sit on.

Now that I am living only a hundred miles away I come home every couple of months or so. Before this, for a long time, I lived more than a thousand miles away and would go for years without seeing this house. I thought of it then as a place I might never see again and I was greatly moved by the memory of it: I would walk through its rooms in my mind. All those rooms are small, and as is usual in old farmhouses, they are not designed to take advantage of the out-of-doors but, if possible, to ignore it. People may not have wanted to spend their time of rest or shelter looking out at the fields they had to work in, or at the snowdrifts they had to shovel their way through in order to feed their stock. People who openly admired nature—or who even went so far as to use that word, *Nature*—were often taken to be slightly soft in the head.

In my mind, when I was far away, I would also see the kitchen ceiling, made of narrow, smoke-stained, tongue-in-groove boards, and the frame of the kitchen window gnawed by some dog that had been locked in before my time. The wallpaper was palely splotted by a leaking chimney, and the linoleum was repainted by my mother every spring, as long as she was able. She painted it a dark color—brown or green or navy—then, using a sponge, she made a design on it, with bright speckles of yellow or red. That ceiling is hidden now behind squares of white tiles, and a new metal window frame has replaced the gnawed wooden one. The window glass is new as well, and doesn't contribute any odd whorls or waves to what there is to see through it. And what there is to see, anyway, is not the bush of golden glow that was seldom cut back and that covered both bottom panes, or the orchard with the scabby apple trees and the two pear trees that never bore much fruit, being too far north. There is now only a long, gray, windowless turkey barn and a turkey yard, for which my father sold off a strip of land.

The front rooms have been repapered—a white paper with a cheerful but formal red embossed design—and wall-to-wall, moss-green carpeting has been put down. And because my father and Irlma both grew up and lived through part of their adult lives in houses lit by coal-oil lamps, there is light everywhere ceiling lights and plug-in lights, long blazing tubes and hundred-watt bulbs. Even the outside of the house, the red brick whose crumbling mortar was particularly penetrable by an east wind, is going to be covered up with white metal siding. My father is thinking of putting it on himself. So it seems that this peculiar house—the

kitchen part of it built in the eighteen-sixties—can be dissolved, in a way, and lost, inside an ordinary comfortable house of the present time.

I do not lament this loss as I would once have done. I do say that the red brick has a beautiful, soft color, and that I've heard of people (*city* people) paying a big price for just such old bricks, but I say this mostly because I think my father expects it. I am now a city person in his eyes, and when was I ever practical? (This is not accounted such a fault as it used to be, because I have made my way, against expectations, among people who are probably as impractical as myself.) And he is pleased to explain again about the east wind and the cost of fuel and the difficulty of repairs. I know that he speaks the truth, and I know that the house being lost was not a fine or handsome one in any way. A poor man's house, always, with the stairs going up between walls, and bedrooms opening out of one another. A house where people have lived close to the bone for over a hundred years. So if my father and Irlma wish to be comfortable combining their old-age pensions, which make them richer than they've ever been in their lives, if they wish to be (they use this word without quotation marks, quite simply and positively) *modern*, who am I to complain about the loss of some rosy bricks, a crumbling wall?

But it's also true that in a way my father wants some objections, some foolishness from me. And I feel obliged to hide from him the fact that the house does not mean as much to me as it once did, and that it really does not matter to me now how he changes it.

"I know how you love this place," he says to me, apologetically yet with satisfaction. And I don't tell him that I am not sure now whether I love any place, and that it seems to me it was myself that I loved here — some self that I have finished with, and none too soon.

**Question 1 (continued)**

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In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate your understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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**Complete questions (a) – (c) on separate paper.**

**Text One – Song**

- (a) What attitude towards ‘belonging’ is expressed in the song? (1 Mark)
- (b) How is this attitude to belonging expressed in the song lyrics? In your answer discuss TWO language features. (3 Marks)

**Text Two – Advertisement**

- (c) How are TWO features (visual or language) of the advertisement effective in suggesting negative aspects of the desire to belong? (2 Marks)

**Complete questions (d) and (e) on separate paper.**

**Text Three - Prose Non Fiction**

- (d) Explain how the ending of the extract expresses the narrator’s view of the connection between a sense of belonging and place? (1 Mark)
- (e) - Choose TWO language features Munro uses to convey the narrator’s idea of belonging in the extract. (3 Marks)

**Complete question (f) on a separate paper.**

**Texts one, two, three and four**

- (f) Each text presents an interesting perspective of belonging. Which TWO texts do you think present their perspective most effectively?

Support your opinion by referring closely to the language forms, features, structures and visual features used by the composer of these TWO texts, as well as brief examples to support your points. (5 Marks)

## Section II

### Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section  
Complete this section on separate paper

15 marks

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In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of belonging in the context of your studies
  - use language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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### Question 2 (15 marks)

Use ONE of the following extracts in a piece of writing which expresses an understanding of the concept of belonging.

*Use Either*

Stepped out of the line  
like a sheep runs from the herd.

*Or*

I thought I was indestructible.

*Or*

I thought of it then as a place I might never see again.

*Or*

I do not lament this loss as I would once have done.



### Section III

#### Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Complete this section on separate paper

15 marks

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In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of belonging in the context of your study
  - analyse, explain and assess the ways belonging is represented in and through a variety of texts
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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#### Question 3 (15 marks)

Texts represent the past and the present as influencing a sense of belonging.

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, discuss how your prescribed text and TWO other texts of your own choosing represent this aspect of belonging.

The prescribed texts are listed below.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction** - Tara June Winch, *Swallow the Air*
- **Poetry** - Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
  - \* *St Patrick's College*
  - \* *Feliks Skrzynecki*
  - \* *Ancestors*
  - \* *Migrant hostel*
  - \* *In the Folk Museum*
  - \* *Post card*
  - \* *10 Mary Street*