



H161

**TRIAL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE 2006
ENGLISH (ADVANCED)
PAPER ONE: AREA OF STUDY**

WEIGHTING: 15%

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS:

- Reading Time – 10 minutes
- Working Time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Hand up EACH SECTION in SEPARATE BOOKLET
- Write your candidate number on each page
- Attempt ALL QUESTIONS

SECTION ONE Total Marks (15)

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

SECTION TWO Total Marks (15)

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

SECTION THREE Total Marks (15)

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

SECTION ONE

Total Marks: 15

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet provided.
Clearly mark this response Section I.
Include your student number.

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the ways perceptions of journeys are shaped in and through texts
- Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine Texts one, two and three carefully and then answer the questions that follow.

Text One – Poem

Tapestry

alliteration → *metaphor*

Countless, fading faces work the tapestry of life
Wheels of time and fortune keep on turning
And where the needle pauses, the fabric now must yield
This moment's stitch, future's thread still yearning.

The hues are many coloured, with threads both frayed and worn
Where challenge and dire strife have left us reeling
And the tatty ragged edges show the darkness and despair
Of raw grief, when Fate's cruel hand was dealing.

extended metaphor

But though the smallest stitches falter briefly in our hands,
Life's tapestry flows on, still unencumbered,
The greater work is splendid; all the knots are on our side
For we see with blinkered eyes and heartbeats numbered.

we initially made the metaphor, we used a metaphor for a period of decades

The tapestry of life stretches endlessly through time
Its threads of light though weekended, yet still holding
As silent hidden hands add their story and their gifts
To humanity's great epic, now unfolding.

longer, deeper, entire, more of time
reminders of humanity, we still have to go

Michelle Williams

an epic
we encounter unexpected moments

Text Two – Travel Journal

In 1977 Robyn Davidson undertook a journey ^{alone} and on camel back from Alice Springs to Shark Bay. She is several hundred kilometres ^{west of Uluru.}

I entered a new time, space, dimension. A thousand years fitted into a day and aeons into each step. The desert oaks sighed and bent down to me, as if trying to grab at me. Sandhills came and sandhills went. Hills rose up and hills slipped away. Clouds rolled in and clouds rolled out and always the road, always the road, always the road.

So tired, I slept in the creek and thought of nothing but failure. I could not even light a fire. I wanted to hide in the dark. I thought it was surely longer than two days, I had walked so far. But time was different here, it was stretched by step after step and in each step a century of circular thought. I didn't want to think like this, was ashamed of my thoughts but I could not stop them. The moon, cold marble and cruel, pushed down on me, sucked at me, I could not hide from it, even in dream.

And the next day and the next day too, the road and the sandhills and the cold wind sucked at my thoughts and nothing happened but walking.

The country was dry. How could the camels be so thirsty and thin. At night, they came into camp and tried to knock over the water drums. I hadn't enough to spare, I rationed them. The map said 'rockhole'. Thank god, I turned off the track somewhere in that haze of elastic time and walked in. More sandhills, then a stretch of gibberflat, wide and dry and desolate with one dead bird, and two empty holes. Some string somewhere inside me was starting to unravel. An important string, the one that held down panic. I walked on. That night I camped in those sandhills.

The sky was leaden and thick. All day it had been grey, smooth, translucent, like the belly of a frog. Spots of rain pattered on me but not enough to lay the dust. The sky was washing me out, emptying me. I was cold as I hunched over my meagre fire. And somewhere, between frozen sandhills, in a haunted and forgotten desert, where time is always measured by the interminable roll of constellations, or the chill call of a crow waking, I lay down on my dirty bundle of blankets. The frost clung like brittle cobwebs to the black bushes around me, while the sky turned thick with glitter. It was very still. I slept. The hour before the sun spills thin colour on the sand, I woke suddenly and tried to gather myself from a dream I could not remember. I was split. I woke into limbo and could not find myself. There were no reference points, nothing to keep the world controlled and bound together. There was nothing but chaos and the voices.

The strong one, the hating one, the powerful one was mocking me, laughing at me.

'You've gone too far this time. I've got you now and I hate you. You're disgusting, aren't you? You're nothing. And I have you now, I knew it would come, sooner or later. There's no use fighting me you know, there's no one to help you. I've got you, I've got you.'

Another voice was calm and warm. She commanded me to lie down and be calm. She instructed me to not let go, not give in. She reassured me that I would find myself again if I could just hold on, be quiet and lie down.

The third voice was screaming.

Diggity woke me at dawn. I was some distance from camp, cramped, and cold to my bones. The sky was cold, pale blue and pitiless, like an Austrian psychopath's eyes. I walked out into the time warp again. I was the only half there, like an automaton. I knew what I had to do. 'You must do this, it will keep you alive. Remember.' I walked out into that evil whispering sea. Like an animal, I sensed a menace, everything was quite still, but threatening, icy, beneath the sun's heat. I felt it watching me, following me, waiting for me.

I tried to conquer the presence with my own voice. It croaked out into the silence and was swallowed by it. 'All we have to do,' it said, 'is reach Mount Fanny, and there is certain to be water there. Just one step and another, that's all I have to do, I must not panic.' I could see what had to be Mount Fanny in the hot blue distance, and I wanted to be there, protected by those rocks, more than anything I'd ever wanted. I knew I was being unreasonable. There was more than enough water to get by on to Wingelinna. But the camels, I'd been so sure they'd do a week comfortably. I hadn't planned on the sudden dryness – the lack of green feed. 'But there'll be water there, of course there will. Haven't they told me so? What if there's not? What if the mill's run dry? What if I miss it? What if this thin little piece of string that keeps

personification
repetition
nature & persona
stretching out time
monotone
cumulative sentence
streams of consciousness

ascending tricolor
personification
hyperbole
repetition
metaphor for control (self control)
questions
sanity

me tied to my camels breaks? What then? Walk walk walk, sandhills for ever, they all looked the same. I walked as if on a treadmill – no progress, no change. The hill came closer so slowly. 'How long is it now? A day? This is the longest day. Careful. Remember, it's just a day. Hold on, mustn't let go. Maybe a car will come. No cars. What if there's no water, what will I do? Must stop this. Must stop. Just keep walking. Just one step at a time, that's all it takes.' And on and on and on went that dialogue in my head. Over and over and round and round.

Late in the afternoon – long creeping shadows. The hill was close. 'Please please let me be there before night. Please don't let me be here in the dark. It will engulf me.'

It must be over the next sandhill surely. No, then the next one. OK, all right, the next, no the next, no the next. Please god, am I mad. The hill is there, I can almost touch it. I started to yell. I started to shout stupidly at the dunes. Diggity licked my hand and whined but I could not stop. I had ~~been~~ doing this for ever. I walked in slow motion. Everything was slowing down. *been - the next, the next, the next*

And then, over the last sandhill, I was out of the dunes. I crouched on the rocks, weeping, feeling their substance with my hands. I climbed steadily, up the rocky escarpment, away from that terrible ocean of sand. The rocks were heavy and dark and strong. They rose up like an island. I crawled over this giant spine, where it emerged from the waves in a fuzz of green. I looked back to the immensity of where I had been. Already the memory was receding – the time, the aching time of it. Already, I had forgotten most of the days. They had sunk away from memory, leaving only a few peaks that I could recall. I was safe. *note*

Text Three - Website

Australian National Maritime Museum's Welcome Wall

Australian National Maritime Museum Welcome Wall

Back Forward Stop Refresh Home Full-Fill Print Mail

http://www.anmm.gov.au/vw/vw.htm

Home
Search
Registration
Information
Feedback
Hot Links

WELCOME WALL

This exciting project pays tribute to the millions of people who crossed the world to settle in Australia.

Last Updated: 31/08/01 4:00:03

Click Here To Continue

Internet zone

different view

more than just a wall of names of people

WELCOME WALL

WELCOME WALL

THE WELCOME WALL - A NATIONAL TRIBUTE TO ALL IMMIGRANTS

In one of history's great migrations, more than six million people have crossed the world to settle in Australia.

To honour their achievements a Welcome Wall 100 metres long is being built next to the National Maritime Museum at Darling Harbour (Sydney). It's close by the Pyrmont docks where millions of new settlers first stepped ashore in Australia.

As a truly national project The Welcome Wall honours migrants wherever they landed and wherever they live.

This database stores historical information about the people named on the Welcome Wall—when and how they came, who they came with and where they lived. These stories are also accessible on a computer terminal in the Museum foyer.

The Welcome Wall has received generous support from its principal sponsor, **Optus**, and by corporate supporters. It costs just \$105 (including GST) to commemorate your family name in bronze, and record their story on our database.

Click Here To Continue

Internet zone

more than just a wall of names of people

action

WELCOME WALL

PRINCIPAL SPONSOR

'yes' OPTUS

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of journeys are shaped in and through texts
 - Describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
-

	Marks
Question 1	
<i>Text One – Poem</i>	
a) (i) Identify ONE idea about journeys represented in the poem.	1
(ii) Explain how techniques help the composer to convey this idea.	2
<i>Text Two – Travel Journal</i>	
b) Analyse how Robyn Davidson uses language to bring her journey alive for responders.	3
<i>Text Three – Website</i>	
c) How does the website use both written and visual techniques to represent ideas about journeys.	3
<i>Texts One, Two and Three</i>	
d) Which ONE of these texts do you find the most effective in exploring the concepts of journeys? Justify your answer by making detailed reference to all THREE texts.	6

End of Section I

SECTION II

15 Marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet provided.

Clearly mark this response Section II. Include your student number.

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

- express understanding of journeys in the context of your studies
- organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 2 (15 marks)

Write a journal entry which reflects on a significant journey undertaken.

The journey may be real or imagined.

End of Section II

SECTION III

15 Marks

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the booklet provided.

Clearly mark this response Section III. Include your student number.

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

- Demonstrate understanding of the concept of journeys in the context of your study
 - Analyse, explain and assess the ways journeys are represented in 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)

"A journey is not so much about where you go but what occurs on the way."

How have composers used texts to explore the importance of the journey?

Refer closely to your prescribed text, ONE text from the BOS stimulus booklet, and other related texts of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

Prose Fiction: Twain, Mark, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

Poetry Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, *The Complete Poems*

End of Paper 1