

Student Number \_\_\_\_\_



**ABBOTSLEIGH**

**2012**

**TRIAL HIGHER  
SCHOOL CERTIFICATE  
EXAMINATION**

**English  
(Standard) and (Advanced)  
Paper 1— Area of Study**

**General Instructions**

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Working time – 2 hours
- Write using black or blue pen
- Write your student number on the cover of each booklet

**Total marks – 45**

**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

**This paper must not be removed from the examination room**

## **Section I**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 1**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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

- demonstrate 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 texts **one, two, three** and **four** carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

**Question 1 continues on page 2**

**Question 1 (continued)**

**Text one -Visual text: *Mirror*, a picture book by Jeannie Baker**



**Question 1 continues on page 3**

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text two- Feature Article

## The house that roared

The space is anointed by a golden light in this, the witching hour, but it's the curtain around it that's wondrous. It's a curtain of sound. On this balcony with its little colt of a writing desk and its old, split cane day bed covered by a worn Irish quilt methodically hand-stitched. Across the road is the great roar of the wind in the trees, which could be the sea pummelling nearby cliffs, you cannot tell, and later, quieter, will be the talking dark of crickets and frogs and then in the morning, obscenely early, will be the great raucous cram of birdsong, the shrills and trills and shrieks. "Get up lazybones," it all seems to be saying, "there's so much life to be seizing."

I gravitate to this space to meander with thought and work and to sleep. As do the kids. As soon as I saw it, heard it, I knew I finally had the room of my own. But like everything else in this jostling, cacophonous, brimful life, the rest of them had other ideas. The tin lids gravitate to my little sliver of a sanctuary; take turns to sleep on the old day bed every night, I think for its canopy of stars and its curtain of lovely sound.

Geophony, it's called. The great spill of sound in the natural world. How dreamy to invent a word that enters the lexicon, and soundscape-recordist Bernie Krause has done just that. He can hear environments in detail; his new book is *The Great Animal Orchestra* and as I lie on this balcony I think yes, it is an orchestra, and how strange and terrifying it must have been for those first British settlers, like an alien god had created this world to astound, to terrify; it sounds like it hurts to be in this place. They came from a place of soft days, soft rain, soft light, where the morning quietly clears its throat.

Australia's not like that – it's a full roar into the day, at least where I live. I dreamed of that roar all my years in England; sounds imprinted like acid on the childhood psyche. The insistent shrill of cicadas in a wall of summer heat, the whipbirds' duet, kookaburra's glee; currawongs and magpies and cockatoos. The wind scouring the granite boulders of the high country, rain pummelling tin roofs, bush taut with sound. And the scarier stuff. A sudden rustle in an edgy dark, a growl from a tree, a koala or something else, stumbling badly into a wombat hole with heart thudding, that primal Aussie myth always close: there's something out there. The apprehension was never felt in the benign English forests.

Yet, achingly, I needed something wilder, tougher, untamed over there – there were houses and buildings too soon all the time in the countryside – wanted again a world of grand scale and melodramatic skies and sparseness. In the Northern Territory I'd seen Aboriginal people who'd felt sick when they left their land and I knew something of that, too, a corrosive yearning for my land, for the geophony in my blood. I realised it's not just the blackfella who holds a monopoly on a profound and spiritual connection to this land; the craving can addle any of us. The landscape is a vast seduction. Within it I feel more like myself, the person I once was, perhaps a freer, lighter, childhood self; I'm stilled, strengthened, recalibrated.

So to this little balcony with its wondrous curtain of sound; the calm when I'm on it like a candle lit. Observing the moving heft of the seasons I'm reminded of Philip Larkin's luminous *The Trees*. "Begin afresh, afresh, afresh." As I have. This journey is my most beautiful and strange because it's about coming home. Seeing it, listening to it, with fresh eyes and ears. It's about paying attention to detail with an outsider's eye yet a heart born in this place. I've always been a neophiliac, hungrily seeking the new, yet now, bizarrely – all change. I'm content. Finally. With this, just this.

Nikki Gemmel

Question 1 continues on page 4

Question 1 (continued)

Text three- Poem

I Would Like

I would like  
to be born  
in every country,  
have a passport  
for them all  
to throw  
all foreign offices  
into panic,  
be every fish  
in every ocean  
and every dog  
in the streets of the world.  
I don't want to bow down  
before any idols  
or play at being  
a Russian Orthodox church hippie,  
but I would like to plunge  
deep into Lake Baikal  
and surface snorting  
somewhere,  
why not in the Mississippi?  
In my damned beloved universe  
I would like  
to be a lonely weed,  
but not a delicate Narcissus  
kissing his own mug  
in the mirror.  
I would like to be  
any of God's creatures  
right down to the last mangy hyena —  
but never a tyrant  
or even the cat of a tyrant.  
I would like to be  
reincarnated as a man  
in any image:  
a victim of prison tortures,  
a homeless child in the slums of Hong Kong,  
a living skeleton in Bangladesh,  
a holy beggar in Tibet,  
a black in Cape Town,  
but never  
in the image of Rambo.

by Yevgeny Yevtushenko.

Question 1 continues on page 5

## Question 1 (continued)

### Text Four- Feature article

#### London, preconceived

*Adrian Gill contemplates London as a tourist might, and reflecting on his hometown he sees the city of his childhood, of boiled mince and coal gas.*

Five generations ago, when people left England for Australia the only idea they had of what they were going to find there would have been engravings in magazines and books, topographical studies mostly made by military map-makers, wildlife drawings, and watercolours of the locals that made them look like characters from *The Tempest*. There were of course portentous diaries, like the logs of returning astronauts, sometimes gripping, often tedious with detail. The point is none of this could have remotely prepared anyone for the reality of sailing into Sydney Harbour.

Most of the world was like that. The world past the Channel must have come like a series of great slaps in the face. But now you know everywhere from photographs and films, blogs and holiday gossip. We are on first-name, just-let-yourself-in terms with the world. We know what everywhere looks like, we've eaten their food, we've tried on their shoes, we've covered cushions in their fabric and we use their rice baskets for the laundry. The familiarity actually only makes the reality an ever greater buffet. Nothing makes so much mess in your head as spilt preconceptions.

I'm supposed to be writing a travel piece about London. But my whole knowledge of London is a preconception. I've lived here for nearly 60 years. I can't see it as others see it. I look out the front door and wonder what on earth tourists want to come to this place for, what strange second sight allows them to walk slowly down Piccadilly, cameras cocked, slack-jawed with awe, just sucking up the glittering vision of it all. This place you visit doesn't exist for me.

The city I can still see with a visitor's eye is the one that no longer exists, the city of my childhood. That London of the '50s really was in black and white, mostly black. Every building was covered in a matt blanket of thick soot that sparkled in the rain. It was a city in mourning, grieving for the war, for the empire, for standards, for deference, for hierarchies and class, missing so many of the comfortable and easy assumptions of its grandfathers. Everything was terribly shabby, the streets still blasted with bomb sites, sorry heaps of rubble that 15 years after the Blitz had grown thick with wildflowers and the camps of small boys. The smell of London was coal gas and boiled mince. We ate grey meagre food and carried small brown paper bags with sandwiches of thin white bread and thinner slivers of luncheon meat. Pubs were inhabited by skinny, thwarted men in shapeless thick suits and fraying shirt collars drinking bottles of pale ale. The place was exhausted.

My first memory of London is of a city utterly worn out, hanging off its hinges, clinging to an ancient sentimental belief in its ingrained character and stoicism. Its understatement was a social religion because there was nothing else to feel. Shops were empty, their window displays small pyramids of one type of tin. People saved up to buy very little, and they owned nothing. They made do with the cracked, faded hand-me-downs from before the war, that time when nobody noticed that everything was behind them, that the band had stopped playing and the hush in the air wasn't a well-earned calm but the silence before the fall.

I still see glimpses of that city. It's still here: a smell, an aggressive weed lifting a paving stone, the heavy reverie of a Sunday afternoon, the taste of cheap bread with a smear of marg. And of course before I was born there was the Olympics, run on a cinder track that had been collected from the fireplaces of the populace, where athletes sewed their own shorts and vests and bought their own packed lunches with their ration cards, where it rained. And there was a grim but fierce hope that this was the start of something better, that next time it would be brighter, and there would be bands, and there would be butter.

Question 1 continues on page 6

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

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of belonging are shaped in and through texts
  - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
- 

Question 1 (continued)

**Text One - Visual text**

- a) Identify ONE idea about of belonging conveyed in the text. 1
- b) Explain how the composer uses visual features to convey this idea? 2

**Text Two - Feature Article**

- c) How does Nikki Gemmel explore the connection between places and belonging? 2

**Text Three- Poem**

- d) How does the structure of the poem help you to understand the shifting attitude to belonging explored in the poem ? 3

**Text Four- Feature Article**

- e) From his contemplations of London from a tourist's perspective what has Adrian Gill come to understand about belonging? 2

**Texts One, Two, Three and Four- Visual text, Feature article, Poem and Feature article**

- f) Choose TWO texts and evaluate how effectively they convey the idea that a sense of belonging is determined by an individual's connection to place. 5

**End of Question 1**

## **Section II**

**15 marks**

**Attempt Question 2**

**Allow about 40 minutes for this section**

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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
  - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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### **Question 2 (15 marks)**

Use **ONE** of the following quotations as a stimulus for a piece of writing that explores the ways identity, place or relationships contribute to a sense of belonging .

**Please indicate at the top of the first page which item you have selected.**

- a) Within it I feel more like myself.
- b) I'm content. Finally. With this, just this.
- c) The city I can still see with a visitor's eye is the one that no longer exists, the city of my childhood.
- d) I can't see it as others see it.



## Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

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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 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)

*Relationships, acceptance and understanding lie at the heart of belonging.*

Evaluate this statement in light of your study of belonging.

In your response you must make detailed reference to your prescribed text and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

**The prescribed texts are listed on page 9**

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction or Nonfiction**
  - Tan, Amy, *The Joy Luck Club*
  - Lahiri, Jhumpa, *The Namesake*
  - Dickens, Charles, *Great Expectations*
  - Jhabvala, Ruth Praver, *Heat and Dust*
  - Winch, Tara June, *Swallow the Air*
  - Gaita, Raymond, *Romulus, My Father*
  
- **Drama or Film or Shakespeare**
  - Miller, Arthur, *The Crucible: A Play in Four Acts*
  - Harrison, Jane, 'Rainbow's End' from Cleven, Vivienne et al
  - Luhmann, Baz, *Strictly Ballroom*
  - De Heer, Rolf, *Ten Canoes*
  - Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*
  
- **Poetry**
  - Skrzynecki, Peter, *Immigrant Chronicle*
    - \* *Feliks Skrzynecki*
    - \* *St Patrick's College*
    - \* *Ancestors*
    - \* *10 Mary Street*
    - \* *Migrant Hostel*
    - \* *Postcard*
    - \* *In the Folk Museum*
  
  - Dickinson, Emily, *Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson*
    - \* *This is my letter to the world*
    - \* *I died for beauty but was scarce*
    - \* *I had been hungry all the years*
    - \* *I gave myself to him*
    - \* *A narrow fellow in the grass*
    - \* *A word dropped careless on the page*
    - \* *What mystery pervades a well!*
    - \* *Saddest noise, the sweetest noise*
  
  - Herrick, Steven, *The Simple Gift*

**End of Paper**